

The Truth Seeker.

DEVOTED TO

SCIENCE, MORALS, FREE THOUGHT, FREE DISCUSSION, LIBERALISM, SEXUAL EQUALITY, LABOR REFORM, PROGRESSION,
FREE EDUCATION, AND WHAT EVER TENDS TO EMANCIPATE AND ELEVATE THE HUMAN RACE.

OPPOSED TO

Priestcraft, Ecclesiasticism, Dogmas, Creeds, False Theology, Superstition, Bigotry, Ignorance, Monopolies, Aristocracies,
Privileged Classes, Tyranny, Oppression and Everything that Degrades or Burdens Mankind Mentally or Physically.

"Come now and let us reason together;" Let us hear all sides; Let us divest ourselves of prejudice and the effects of early
education; Let us "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good."

Vol. 2. No. 9.

{ D. M. BENNETT,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. }

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Notes and Clippings.

A SLEEPY deacon, who sometimes engaged in popular games, hearing the minister use the words, "Shuffle off this mortal coil," started up, rubbed his eyes and exclaimed, "Hold on, it is my deal!"

A TERRE HAUTE paper says: "The same wise providence which scourged Egypt with toads and Kansas with grasshoppers, kindly permits the Terre Haute Gas Company to furnish the meanest gas in the United States."

REV. J. H. TODD, of Sioux City, played a rather neat little joke on his wife the other day. While she was unsuspectingly engaged in half-soling his winter trousers, he quietly slipped out at the back gate and eloped with a milliner.

A METHODIST CLERICAL SCANDAL.—The Rev. John Beahart, a Methodist clergyman of Boston, has been arraigned at Malden, for bastardy. The complainant is a former domestic in the family of the accused. The defendant gave bonds for his appearance.

THE Province Journal gives another instance of alleged clerical delinquency, the transgressor in this instance being a Seventh-Day Baptist, who was formerly employed by the Young Men's Christian Association as a missionary. It is very strange that so many cases of this kind should occur just now.

THE Sun, in speaking of the "Brooklyn business," says: "In the Beecher case there is one thing that the public will neither fail to understand while it is going on, nor forget after it is over, Any compromise or arrangement or settlement, except through a trial in court, is a confession that HENRY WARD BEECHER is a guilty man."

MAYOR WICKHAM will soon be installed into office in this city, and will be the third Mayor the city has had in the space of about thirty days—the first time such an event ever occurred here. Mayor Havemeyer died within about a month of the expiration of his term. Mayor Vance was his legal successor, so soon to be supplanted by the Mayor elect.

STEPPING DOWN AND OUT.—It is reported in Toledo that the Rev. John A. Hudkins, who had been preaching to a United Brethren congregation in Mt. Ayre, is a bigamist. He married a young maiden from Pennsylvania last Summer, and it was said that she was wife No. 3. He has strengthened suspicion by running off to Canada.

THE sisters of a Baptist church at Raleigh, N. C., held a public meeting the other day, and raised a subscription to release their pastor, who was in jail on a charge of bastardy. When the fine had been paid, the sisters marched to the jail door and received the reverend gentleman with open arms. The scene is described as deeply affecting.

A MISSING BAPTIST CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. H. Shipe, pastor of the Herbertsville (N. J.) Baptist Church for over a year, has left the church and his whereabouts is unknown. For some time charges have been pending before the trustees and officers of the church in relation to certain irregularities, and it is believed he disappeared to avoid public scandal.

A LECTURER on the evolution theory recently held forth to the congregation of a truly orthodox church in an inland village of Pennsylvania. Great was the indignation of his auditors at hearing him denounce the atheistic teachings of Darwin and Spencer. He appreciated the point upon learning afterward that the people, who had never heard of the English writer on social science, thought he was referring to their beloved pastor, the Rev. Ichabod Spencer.

THE REV. JOHN S. GLENDENNING has resumed preaching pending the appeal of his case to the Synod, which will not meet for several months. His beloved flock manifests great affection for him, and hang with great fondness upon the sweet words he utters.

His theme, like his co-sufferer, Henry Ward Beecher, was "Cast thy burdens on the Lord, and he will sustain you." It is probably a very comfortable thought when a clergyman is arraigned for his immoralities, to feel that the Lord is bearing his burdens and helping him through his difficulties. It strikes us, however, the Lord has other and better employment than sustaining adulterous clergymen. We advise the Eliza Janes and the Anna Marias of that congregation to beware of their smiling, fascinating pastor, and if he pays them visits at night, to not allow him to extend them to a late hour. Let them remember poor Mary Pomeroy.

Since this was written, we see Mr. G. has had the good sense to decline regular preaching until after the Synod have assembled in October next. It is thought the Presbytery brought influences to bear to cause him to think the cause of Christ will be better served by his preserving silence. In this one matter of declining to preach while under charges of a criminal character, he differs from the distinguished Brooklyn pastor.

ANOTHER PREACHER IN TROUBLE.—The Reverend W. H. Johnson of Rahway, N. J., was not long since caught in a very disreputable business. A farmer who had been missing chickens from his hen house was on the alert for the thief. Discovering early one morning that some one had visited his chickens, and had taken four or five of them away, and seeing tracks in the snow he followed him to the depot, where he found the Rev. Mr. Johnson with several chickens in a basket, waiting for the cars. He recognized the fowls as his own and questioned the Reverend chicken thief so closely that he acknowledged the crime and could do little but hang his head in shame. Several of his neighbors soon gathered around, and one of them in discussing the offense remarked, that it was not a very good year for preachers, and cited the cases of Beecher, Glendenning and others. It turns out that this Johnson had, for a considerable time, been stealing chickens from different persons, and since it is found out has discontinued preaching for the present. It may be proper to state this Reverend gentleman belongs to the African branch of the church, but had a regular license to preach, and has been regarded as a pious man. Though in temporary disgrace just now, he is by no means the greatest offender among his brethren of the cloth, who assume to be guides and patterns for their coifing followers; nor are the chickens hofeloniously purloined the only kind which the dear souls seem to have a penchant for.

THE peculiar literature of the Brooklyn scandal is accumulating. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Miss Edna Dean Proctor have favored us with a pair of gushing "paroxysmal" epistles, in which appears a good understanding and a due amount of mutual admiration.

Judge Lord, the eminent jurist of Massachusetts, has given in the *Springfield Republican* an able review of the case from Beecher's letters and admissions, and shows conclusively that Beecher's guilt of the charges made against him, is the only reasonable decision that can be arrived at.

Mr. Beecher, in his paper, the *Christian Union*, again asserts his innocence, trusts his case with God, and professes anxiety to have the case hastened to a speedy trial. This brought out a reply from Mr. Tilton, in which he shows that Beecher and his lawyers have used their inge-

nuitly to prevent the case coming to a trial, unless the court enjoins him to bring evidence of adultery between Mr. B. and Mrs. T. on two days only. He claims the adulterous practices between the pair extended over a period of fourteen months or parts of three years, and that if the case is allowed to come to trial, he can prove by F. D. Moulton, Mrs. Moulton and others that the crime was confessed by Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton.

In view of this fact, he deems it unjust to compel him to confine his evidence to two days only, and thus prevent his using all the testimony that bears upon the case. He seems to fear the purpose of Beecher is to so fetter him by the specious plea for a "bill of particulars," he (Tilton) will be compelled to withdraw the civil suit, and that then Beecher, under pretence of magnanimity, will withdraw the criminal suit commenced against Tilton, and thus prevent the matter ever coming to trial. He closes by saying: "I ask all just men to join with me in declaring that, if Mr. Beecher shall still further clog and hamper the civil action on the one hand, and at the same time shall withdraw the criminal prosecution on the other, thus using both these cases only to prevent me from submitting to a jury the general fact of his long-continued adultery; Mr. Beecher shall then be deemed to have confessed judgment, and must stand self-acknowledged as guilty before the civilized world."

THE "KATY KING" BUSINESS in Philadelphia has been a little unfortunate. This somewhat noted resident of "the bright world beyond," had put in many appearances in the most satisfactory manner. She had conversed with many, had received many endearing tokens of regard from admiring friends. The distinguished Robert Dale Owen and others had witnessed her repeatedly; had taken her hand and arm, and realized how natural and life-like it appeared; had even been permitted to pass their arms around her waist, and to convince themselves that she was so thoroughly "materialized" as to appear like a veritable woman of flesh and blood and bones. Everything passed off pleasantly, and Katy King was fast becoming a very popular "spirit," and numbers flocked to see her. Many valuable presents were made her, and in return she gave her friends pieces of her dress and clippings from her hair, which preserved their permanence in a remarkable manner. Thus matters moved agreeably along until a gentleman to whom Katy closely approached discovered she had an offensive breath—whether from onions, garlic, bad teeth or a foul stomach, we are not informed—and this little fact did not quite comport with his ideas of refined "spirit life," and his suspicions were aroused. He discovered, too, this spirit Katy bore a very strong resemblance to a young lady he had seen at his boarding house hard by. He watched the matter closely, and when fully convinced of her identity, he approached the young lady upon the subject, and ultimately she acknowledged she was Katy King, and showed him the light gauzy dresses she had worn when representing Katy, and the numerous presents she had received.

It was found she had made her entrance and exit into and from the cabinet by means of a pannel or secret drawer in the partition, and with her artful representations, she had succeeded in "deceiving the very elect." The philosopher and close observer, R. D. Owen, had faithfully attended upon Katy's seances, and has he not detailed the whole "wonderful affair" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and characterized the same as the most remarkable representations of spirit power? Now, however, since the fraud is exposed, the good man is compelled to acknowledge himself deceived by dishonest mediums.

A lesson is to be learned from all this. If Mr. and Mrs. Holmes have been frauds, it does not prove that all others are. Chaff does not disprove the existence of wheat, and all the lies in the world do not falsify one truth. But so long as money is to be made in the roll of mediums, it is not strange, perhaps, that dishonesty is resorted to. The public must be chary, and not believe too readily all representations made. "Try the spirits, that ye be not deceived."

[Written expressly for THE TRUTH SEEKER.]

The Witch of the Wine-Mark.

A Tale of the Royal Colony of Massachusetts.

BY LOTHAR LOGOS.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Sloucher and Huskins turned away from the ferry, after having been outwitted by old Giles, the Fanatic, as already noticed, was in no very good humor.

"This is a pretty affair!" he exclaimed to the witchfinder. "Worst, and all because of that son of perdition, Miles, who no doubt deceived us at the villa, so that he should have time to dispatch a messenger to town to apprise the witch Ravenswood of her danger."

"I can't explain how she escaped," returned Peter, "and the wonder is, that the ferryman should have taken her across so readily, and yet have refused us so promptly."

"My opinion is," rejoined Solomon, "that he may not, perhaps, have taken her over at all; but on learning from her all that was on foot, stowed her away somewhere until this tempest has blown over." For although his appearing as if after having left her on the other side stands somewhat in his favor, he may have only just entered his boat at some point, after having disposed of her on this shore, and rowed out on the river and then in again at the ferry, to mislead her pursuers."

"It may be as you say," answered Peter, "and what's more, she may be stowed away in his own house by this time, although I scarcely think that either he or that daughter of his would venture to harbor her or have anything to do with her if she told them the true state of the case; for the law is strict with regard to harboring a witch."

"We must capture her! We must capture her!" almost roared Sloucher. "She is a witch! yes, the woman Ravenswood is a witch! and she is now likely hidden in the ferryman's; we must set a watch upon his house until morning, if we are unable, in this storm and at this late hour, to get enough of our people together to force our way into it; for this Giles is a daring and dangerous fellow that one or two only must not venture to deal with."

"Good!" said the witchfinder. "You are wise. Let us set a watch upon the ferryman's, and see what will come of it."

The latter few sentences of this conversation were carried on not more than three or four feet from the point where Red Wing had stepped aside, and, as already observed, stood against a tree in the path that the Fanatic and his companion were pursuing, and where they paused for a few moments in the eagerness of their observations, to decide upon the course they were now to adopt in relation to poor Alice. The Indian was so close to the two conspirators he heard every word they uttered; and having ascertained the whole scope of their designs for the time being, he, as known to the reader, set about thwarting them in the manner already described.

One of the most active and infamous emissaries of Sloucher was a villain called "Nat the Noose," from the circumstance of his having, on a certain occasion, strangled with a rope an alleged witch who had escaped from prison, and whom he had overtaken, and was barbarously dragging back to jail again. He had slipped, in a noose, the end of the rope about the young creature's neck, and because of her being unable to keep pace with him after he had seized her, he hauled her along the ground until life became extinct.

This scoundrel, who was a most forbidding wretch both mentally and physically, had been at the villa with the party that hoped to capture Alice, and had but just left the ferry with his companions, when it was supposed, from the absence of Giles' boat, that she had escaped across the river, and when the Fanatic and the witchfinder had decided to remain and await the return of the ferryman.

It was in search of him, therefore, that the two conspirators determined to proceed after their suspicions had been aroused in relation to the truth of the story told by Giles regarding the crossing of the river with the young girl. Sloucher knew that no more trusty spy could be set on the ferryman's, and that in case of their being unable to make any further move for that night, it would be advisable to dispatch him at once to look after the case, so that they might have an opportunity of laying their hands upon the fugitive before she reached The Heights, being well assured that through the instrumentality of John Langton and the numerous friends of the Fitz Raymonds, they might meet with not only powerful but dangerous opposition while attempting to seize their intended victim.

Nat the Noose was not found so readily as they supposed he would have been; for it was not until after Red Wing had grabbed Titmouse and dragged him away to the ravine that he was discovered and informed of the mission he was to undertake at once. His lower jaw fell in a sort of silent demoniacal chuckle when he learned of the suspicions of the conspirators and the part that he was now called upon to play in the infamous drama. The truth is, if Sloucher was a

victim of the fascinations of Miss Ravenswood and was endeavoring to get that poor, wronged, young creature into his power, the Noose had fallen head and ears in love with the ferryman's daughter, Martha, from whom he already had had so many rebuffs and sharp cuts that a spirit of revenge was beginning to usurp the place of the more tender passion. Not that he had yet given up all idea of his suit, for he was one of those wily and indomitable fellows that hunt down their prey steadily, and never despair of accomplishing their ends, no matter how nefarious.

To be authorized, then, to keep an eye on the ferryman's house, and to enter it if necessary, was something in his favor, for he knew that in carrying out the views of the Fanatic and the witchfinder he should be sustained by both the Church and the State, and that no matter what excesses he might commit in the pursuance of what he termed his duty, they would be passed over with as much leniency as was the murder of the poor girl whom he had strangled with the rope.

Well armed and wrapped up, then, he left the witchfinder's, where he had received his final instructions and to which he accompanied the conspirators when they had fallen in with him, and as this unholy rendezvous was some distance from old Giles', he did not arrive at the latter until, as formerly mentioned, the dwarf had been borne away by the Indian.

It was late, therefore, when he reached the house of the ferryman, where he cautiously approached the door and the window alternately for the purpose of reconnoitering the interior, as Red Wing and Titmouse had done not very long previously. Like them, however, he was unable to get a glimpse through these channels of what was transpiring inside, and following the same train of investigation that had characterized their operations, he proceeded to examine the building most minutely in the hope of discovering some aperture, no matter how small, that might forward the designs of the conspirators or perhaps aid his own projects with regard to Martha.

Quick of eye, he soon detected the small, red gleam that had already attracted the attention of the Indian and the dwarf, and was quickly able to ascertain through the crevice between the logs, that Martha only was in the house, and that possibly she was awaiting the return of her father, who, as the wind and rain had ceased, had probably been summoned to the ferry by some belated passenger, or who, if he had deceived the conspirators, might now in reality have borne Miss Ravenswood across the ferry. He kept his eye to the aperture for a few moments, and perceived that Martha was in deep thought. Had he not feared the speedy reappearance of the ferryman, he would doubtless have sought admittance on the pretext of warning her and her father that they were suspected of harboring a witch, and in the hope of establishing more friendly relations between him and them through some offer of mediation in their behalf with the Fanatic and Huskins. But instead of this move he thought it more advisable to retire a few paces from the house and await in silence the return of the ferryman, whose approach could now be observed at some little distance, as the sky was beginning to clear, and the tempest had subsided almost completely.

He now took up his position under a huge beech whose branches well-nigh touched the roof of the building, and leaning against the trunk of the tree he fell into a train of musing, during which the time flew rapidly, and from which he was ultimately awakened suddenly by the crackling of some underbrush, not in the direction of the ferry, but from a totally opposite point. Presuming it to be caused by some wild animal, he was about to look to his weapons when he perceived the ferryman approaching cautiously and disappearing almost beside him as suddenly as if the earth had opened and swallowed him.

Astounded beyond measure for a moment, the spy scarcely dared to breathe; but speedily recovering himself, he bounded forward, and at once found himself standing by the opening to the root-house from which the fugitive and her protector had emerged earlier in the night, and which was almost level with the earth.

It was but the work of an instant to descend the steps and try the rough wooden-door that had been just closed by old Dick. It yielded to his pressure on raising the latch, when, through a brief gleam of light that illumined the end of the passage leading to the cellar, he caught a glimpse of the receding form of old Giles, and the next moment all was dark again.

From the direction of this passage the spy was satisfied it communicated with the house, and that it afforded a means of egress from the latter. Once decided upon this point he speedily followed in the footsteps of the ferryman, and in the course of a very few seconds found himself in the cellar, into which the light from the fire above flickered here and there through the flooring, and from which he could hear with the utmost distinctness every syllable uttered by old Dick and his daughter, who were now engaged in anxious conversation within a single foot of him.

"And won't it be very cold and solitary for the poor lady?" asked Martha on having been informed by her father that he and Alice had reached the cave without any mishap.

"Oh, no!" returned the ferryman, "not for a few days; for we have decided that she shall make her

way to The Heights when Sloucher and his fiends have ransacked that quarter thoroughly, and satisfied themselves that she is not there. I will take her across when I find the coast clear and all safe."

"She has food, and plenty of furs to keep her warm I know," said Martha, "but what is she to do for drink and fire for even the short period you speak of?"

"There is a beautiful spring in the cave," replied the ferryman, "and as for fire, I warned her to be very careful, although I left her my tinder box and some brimstone matches. The cave is not dark as you might suppose, but rather otherwise owing to numerous fissures in the rock. It is besides quite dry and warm from the fact that it is small and not deep in the earth. However, it is the only place I know of that bids defiance, for the time being, to the prying eyes of the infamous villains Sloucher and Huskins, or those of that vagabond and murderer who is more dangerous than either of them—Nat the Noose."

On hearing these latter complimentary remarks the scoundrel in the cellar ground his teeth, and drawing a knife from his belt plunged it into the empty air. He was, however, anxious to hear how Martha received these observations, and was quickly all attention again.

"Yes," she rejoined, "you may well say that that villain, the Noose as they call him, is more dangerous than either of them; for I am certain there is not a more desperate or cruel wretch in the whole settlement. One glimpse of his horrible countenance is enough to satisfy any one that he is not only a villain of the deepest dye, but one of the most hideous looking objects in existence."

"You must be cautious, Martha, and not let your impressions of this scoundrel get abroad," continued the ferryman, "for should they come to his ears there is no saying what mischief the villain might work us."

"But where is this cave? Tell me the precise spot," said Martha, "for I am determined to steal to it to-morrow evening and spend the night with the poor lady. You say it is not more than a mile from this, and that it is close to the river. I can reach it and leave it unobserved, or without exciting suspicion, for I frequently walk along the shore in that direction."

"It is," replied her father, "quite close to the deep ravine that is so hard to enter, and that opens on the river. When you pass this about ten yards, turn to your left a few paces, and you will observe huge masses of vines falling down the face of a cliff. The opening of the cave is behind this screen; but if you are determined on paying the place a visit you must reach it before dark, else you will have difficulty in making it out. It is a lonely spot, and I would advise you to be most cautious, for it is rumored that some Indians have been discovered prowling about this locality lately; and you know that scarcely two years ago every house along the river was sacked by them, and this is why I have now put our furs beyond their reach until I can find a market for them."

"I wish, dear father, you had never traded for them," she answered, "as the knowledge that you possess them has gone abroad, and you know how dangerous that is in these uncertain times."

"True, girl," returned Giles, "but as they are now beyond the reach of the red-skins, there is nothing to be feared regarding them. I forgot to say, however, that I gave Miss Ravenswood to understand that I would if possible convey to her mother the intelligence that she is beyond the reach of the Fanatic and his crew for the present. I promised, also, that I would by some means keep the poor, young creature apprised of all that was taking place in relation to her, in so far as I was able to make myself acquainted with the movements of her enemies."

Both the ferryman and his daughter were educated far beyond their station, having seen better days; and Martha, feeling how severely the loss of books should be felt by Alice in her solitude, determined to share her own scanty library with her. Upon reflection, however, she began to consider that the poor, young lady would now be so absorbed with regard to her own ultimate fate she might not be expected to devote much if any time to reading. She therefore dismissed the idea she had just entertained in relation to taking the books, and merely decided to proceed alone to the cave on the following evening so as to reach it about dusk. This arranged in her own mind, she observed, in continuation of the conversation:

"Is it not a wonder that some of the Indians have never discovered this cave, and that you alone stumbled on it?"

"Why, yes," returned Giles. "But that they have never found it out I am satisfied, else Red Wing, who was with us so often a couple of years ago, would have mentioned the circumstance to me."

"What a noble fellow that Red Wing was," she answered, "and what a sweet creature, his wife. I wonder where they are now; for I am satisfied that whatever depredations some of his tribe may have committed when they were encamped near the ravine he was no party to their robberies."

"Not he!" returned the ferryman, "and I have heard that the government is now sorry that they treated him and the good red men who stood by him so harshly."

"Well," replied Martha, "I haven't much faith in

the remorse of the authorities for any act of cruelty or wrong they may have committed; for as long as they continue to fill their dungeons with innocent persons, and to sacrifice human life so wantonly in support of one of the most degrading superstitions that ever disgraced any people, there is nothing to be hoped from them in any other relation."

As it was now long past midnight, Martha entered the snug little room already known to the reader, but not before she had laid down her father's sturdy settle-bed, that during the day formed a comfortable seat by the fire, and prepared it affectionately for him as usual. Soon a sanctified kiss and good-night told Nat of the Noose that his ears had a holiday. So when he found that silence reigned throughout the building he cautiously retraced his steps along the dark passage to the root-house, and soon emerged into the open air with a glare of fiendish triumph in his terrible eyes, more demoniacal than that which lit up the gloomy features of the Fanatic when he discovered the crimson rose-leaf on the beautiful arm of Alice.

The instant the Noose entered the town, late as it was, he posted off to the house of Huskins, determined not to sleep before he had apprised the witchfinder of the success of his mission. Contrary to his expectations he found a light still burning in the well-known window, and more unexpected still, on entering the building he was ushered into the presence of the Fanatic, who had not yet separated from his fellow conspirator.

When Sloucher perceived him he supposed that he had grown weary of watching and had come to report his inability to learn anything of Miss Ravenswood. Impressed with this idea, he launched forth against him in no very measured language, and at once classed him among the children of the Evil One.

"Don't be in such haste," returned the Noose to some bitter observation. "Wait until you are sure of your tongue. I have not said a word yet. You say all. Yes, you, who know nothing about it."

"What is it then?" observed Huskins, who was beginning to surmise that, possibly, their messenger might have something important to say. "Come Nat, let us have it; for if you have failed now, it is not often that such a thing happens to you."

"I have not failed," rejoined the villain, "for I know where Alice Ravenswood is concealed, and can lead you to the very spot this moment. But as there are more witches than one to be disposed of just now, and as another who is more dangerous can be secured at the same moment you lay hands on the one that has escaped you to-night, let us sit down and discuss the matter, for it is a serious one."

The instant Sloucher heard what had been said by the Noose, he leaped to his feet and exclaimed, as he shook him by the shoulder:

"Is it true? Is it true? Have you found the witch Ravenswood, and is she completely in our power?"

"She is completely in our power," replied the spy, "and what's more, I have evidence as clear as day, that Martha Giles is even a more terrible witch than the woman Ravenswood; because, not more than an hour ago, I saw her with these two eyes, astride of a broomstick going down the chimney of her own father's house, with a monkey astraddle behind her and one before her. I crept after her, through a dark passage that I discovered leading from a root-house close by into the cellar, just under the fire place, beside which she and the monkeys were sitting and chatting together. I heard every word they said and found out that they had been just visiting the witch Ravenswood in a cave near by, where she had been conveyed a short time before by the ferryman, who had deceived you in regard to her. I know where to lay my hand on her at any moment, for it is arranged that she is to lie concealed in the cave until The Heights beyond the river are searched for her, and then when it is found that she's not there, the ferryman will take her over and hide her among her friends or with the Fitz Raymonds. I advise, therefore, that we put off her seizure until to-morrow evening after dark, when she is to be visited again by her sister witch, and when we can entrap them both at the same moment, for they are to be quite alone in among the rocks."

"Are you sure," exclaimed Huskins, "that you saw this Martha on the broomstick, and heard her conversation with the monkeys?"

"Just as sure as I see you this moment," replied the villain, "for I was quite close to her when she flew past me, and afterwards was nearer to her and her two familiars than I am now to you."

"And did you understand her clearly as to where the witch Ravenswood is hidden?" ejaculated the Fanatic.

"As clear as the sun," said the Noose, "and what's more, on her father's return from hiding this woman, both the monkeys disappeared in a flash of blue flame when they heard him at the door, while this Martha soon seated herself beside him, and began to speak to him about the runaway."

"And what did he say?" growled Huskins, "for you know I have had my doubts of both him and this daughter of his for some time, and hinted as much to him at the ferry to-night. That she is a witch and a dangerous one I can well believe; so if we can manage to lay our hands on both her and her imp of a sister

in the cave to-morrow night, the name of the Lord will be glorified."

"Yea, verily!" drawled out Sloucher, as his small, sunken eyes burned green, "the cause of the elect will be exalted and honored by such a capture; for, of late, we have suffered severely through the machinations of these children of the Evil One."

"Let us meet here, then, one hour after nightfall," said the witchfinder, "and proceed with sufficient force to capture these emissaries of Satan in their stronghold. The same party that was with us at the villa will be sufficient for our purpose."

"Well devised, brother Huskins," twanged out the Fanatic, "but we must keep our own counsel lest these witches might in some way get an inkling of our intentions, and escape us finally and forever."

"I will warn some of the bulwarks of the Faith to be here at the appointed hour, and Nat can see the rest," said Huskins.

"Very good!" exclaimed the spy. "All is safe and sure! I'll see one or two of the servants of the Lord who were with us at the ferry, and tell them that some of the brethren will meet them here at the hour you have mentioned."

"It must now be verging towards morning," said Sloucher with a yawn that swallowed up his whole face in a gloomy gulf studded around the edge with jagged and broken fangs; "let us, therefore, seek some repose, so that we may be refreshed and able to smite the enemies of the Lord at the time set down and make them a terrible example in the sight of the nations. But before we part, let us have a word of prayer."

With cruelty in their eyes and adultery and murder in their hearts, these three sanctified scoundrels now prostrated themselves before the Author and Giver of every good gift, and dared to ask a blessing upon the infernal work before them. Sloucher shook the rafters with his heavy artillery, while Huskins and the Noose worked in the "Amen!" In due time they arose to their feet again, and a few moments afterwards there was silence and darkness in the house of the witchfinder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Be Still and Wait.

BY FREDERIC R. MARVIN, M.D.

Be still, O Soul!
Immortal Fates with tireless fingers work,
And from the tangled threads of time
Do weave the garment of eternity.
Be still, and wait.
The loom hath many threads;
But the swift shuttle runneth well.
A day, a night, and lo! between two hours
The fabric falls.
Be still and wait,
For thou shalt wear the garment of eternity,
The shining robe of immortality.

Lecture of B. F. Underwood.

"What Have You to Offer in the Place of Christianity?"

[The following is from the Milwaukee Sentinel of Nov. 21st.]

B. F. Underwood delivered the Sunday evening lecture at the Grand Opera House last night, the subject being an answer to the question, "What have you to offer in place of Christianity?" The gentleman was introduced by Mr. Spencer, and at once plunged into his subject.

First it was necessary to glance at the leading dogmas of Christianity. The Christians say they have the conception of God. The Freethinkers say in reply the conceptions of God vary with the ages in which they prevail. All these ideas are not external verities, but transient, whilst the power called God remained ever the same. Freethinkers say man makes God in his own image, or, with Ingersoll, "An honest god is the noblest work of man." The question is, not what we will give in the place of the transient image, but what in the place of the power?

ALL FREETHINKERS RECOGNIZE THIS POWER,

but are unwilling to limit it, condition it, give it qualities. Freethinkers call the power a phenomenon, meaning something they cannot account for. They deny the Christian belief that led them to address God as "our father," and to attribute infinity and omnipotence to him, in that shape worshipping him, and making him an enlarged edition of men. The Freethinker says we will not recognize this power as entire or feminine, but simply as a power unknown.

Secondly, the Christian believes in creation; that God suddenly awoke, and spoke a universe into existence. The Freethinkers substitute the idea that the universe never had a beginning, but was from and will be to all time. As the child says: "God cannot make a three-year old colt in a minute." The Freethinker looks upon nature and calls it matter. Since it was not created, there is

NO NEED OF A CREATOR.

For the idea of miracles they substitute the grand conception of law, or uniformity of action. Nature operates in a certain manner; by experience we find these methods do not vary. They are not suspended for the benefit of an individual; and Freethinkers came to the conclusion that this law is universal and has always prevailed. The Christian religion is based on the conception that God varies nature; and here they joined issue. They believe that natural life, species, and civilized society evolved, and that the whole process of expansion came without any special intervention of God.

Sometimes the Christian says: Where do you get your ideas of morality without God? The Freethinkers find the Christian not a rational system. For instance, they cannot reasonably explain the origin of evil. Christians say God made everything good, to begin with. What the Freethinkers consider good is everything that promotes happiness, and everything evil all that is calculated to do injury and cause misery. They do not believe, because God approved or disapproved, that things are right or wrong; but that it is right or wrong according as it promotes our good or works our evil.

FALLEN STATE OF MAN,

and the Christian's view that God caused this as a punishment, the Freethinkers substitute the idea that man is not a fallen but a rising being, and as the ages roll on, man is improving, and the defects of his mind and body are the result of his imperfect state. Going back to the rude days of dwellers in caverns, we demonstrate with absolute certainty that the farther we go, the lower we find man to be.

The Christians say they have a plan of redemption, to save the soul. The Freethinker does not consider it right that salvation shall depend on the shades of a man's belief. The wisest men differ. The beliefs of men depend very much on their education, surroundings, bringing up, for which they are in no way responsible. Freethinkers substitute the practical idea that the development of character and works shall determine man's right to happiness. As to the scheme of the forgiveness of sins, the Freethinkers have

NO SCAPEGOAT THEORY

by which men can get rid of the responsibility of wrong-doing, and would substitute the simple idea, that as a man sows, so he shall reap. We see everywhere the demoralizing tendencies of this Christian belief. We see murderers professing a belief in Christ's saving grace; whilst we are choking them, and they tell us that in a few minutes they are going to the angels; yet if they were to step down, free, we would not see them under our roof-trees. Freethinkers say there is no forgiveness in nature; nothing by which the consequences of an act can be avoided. Whatever a man does, the results and responsibility are enduring, and can never be wiped out. Every man and woman ought to take the responsibility of their actions, and not expect to have it wiped out by the blood of an innocent person shed eighteen hundred years ago. [Applause.]

As to

THE SYSTEM OF PUBLIC WORSHIP,

the Christian scheme is to make man a worm of the dust, and God beyond glory. He advocated glorifying man, and letting this power called God look out for itself. Instead of building churches, let us build school-houses and institutions dedicated to man. [Applause.] He would not destroy churches; they fill a want that is for the time felt, and by and by would have them teach something practical and good.

For the future life, the Freethinker will remind the Christian that Christians are beginning themselves to have doubts on the subject. His idea is that a homoeopathically small proportion of people go along a narrow, flinty road to heaven, and the rest go pleasantly to hell. Better the whole race should be annihilated than one should suffer such torments and the other enjoy ecstasies through all ages. There may be, beyond the portals of death, a region of unbounded bliss, but this is yet unproven; and we have in this world and life enough to do, and the best preparation for another world is doing our duty in this.

Freethinkers do not propose to substitute anything for the Bible. They accept the Bible. It is

THE HERITAGE OF MANKIND;

the property of the ages, come down to us to be accepted for what it is worth; although it is to be interpreted differently to the interpretation put upon it by superstition and ignorance. A conception that runs through the bible is that man is light, and woman the satellite that draws life from it. The clergymen themselves reject the code of poverty; and surely the Freethinkers might reject what they thought proper. They do accept Jesus as a brother, a noble man, whose virtues have been exaggerated. For prayers he advocated self-reliance, and for the Christian Sabbath he would substitute a day of rest, peace and innocent enjoyment.

The lecturer was rewarded with frequent applause; and at the close of the lecture several persons enrolled their names as supporters of a continued course of Winter evening subscription meetings in behalf of free thought.

The Truth Seeker,

A JOURNAL
OF REFORM AND FREE THOUGHT.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

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"A Happy New Year."

To every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, we wish a "Happy New Year"—one freer from trouble, care and vicissitudes than the one just closed. We would that the poor shall not want for food, and that the severity of the weather pinch them not for the want of clothing and comfortable homes. We wish the ignorant may not grope in darkness, but that knowledge and truth may shine upon all. We wish the galling bonds of superstition and error may be removed from the mental limbs of the sons and daughters of men, and that the truth and the right may ever be uppermost in the entire human family. We wish to see a feeling of brotherly love and paternal good-will actuate all mankind, that each one may find happiness in trying to increase the happiness of his fellow beings. We wish to see selfishness placed so far in the back-ground that we will at all times feel anxious about the welfare of others—that we regard the whole human race as brothers and sisters, and that we feel willing to do all we reasonably can to aid them in the struggle of life.

May we learn wisdom by the experiences the passing years afford us, and as time flits so rapidly on may we all have the good sense to wisely improve it in adding to our stores of knowledge good resolves and good deeds. If affliction and adversity visit us, may we learn to endure with patience that which we cannot prevent, but in every succeeding year we may use the constant effort to make ourselves and the world a little better and a little happier.

The Bible.

NO. XVII.

Some of our Liberal friends think it almost a waste of time in this latter part of the nineteenth century to bring arguments to show that the Bible is not the word of God, and that it is unworthy the blind adoration which the Christian world accord it. They think in this scientific age, men of sense and education no longer believe it was written with the finger of the Almighty, or at the direct dictation of the Supreme Ruler of the universe, and that the implicit confidence, that it is perfect and infallible, which the world has long felt in that book is fast dying out, and that very little more needs to be said about it.

But when we remember that the book is issued by millions, that immense sums of money are spent in scattering it broadcast over the land, that public libraries, reading rooms, schools, hotels, boarding houses, families, hospitals, asylums, prisons, ships, steamboats, and railroad cars, are furnished with it gratis; that it is kept for sale in every town and hamlet in the land; that it is gotten up in all conceivable styles, and prices running from fifty cents to twenty dollars per volume; that every family in the land must have at least one, and many of them several, that it is crowded in every where; that it is the foundation upon which is built the superstructure of one of the most injurious systems of superstition and error the world has ever known; that it has been, and is to-day, one of the greatest barriers to the advancement of science and mental liberty; that for centuries its influence has chained down in bigotry and darkness millions of human beings, we can readily understand how it is a great impediment to the onward progress of the human mind, and that it contains the errors and absurdities of past dark, superstitious ages, and of a mistaken, misguided people. We can readily understand the blind veneration and worship which millions yield to it is the great obstruction to the onward march of the human intellect. This is the antagonist we have to contend with, and it is idle to undervalue its importance, or to inadequately estimate its strength. So long as the Bible is worshiped and accepted as the infallible word of God, so long will mankind be led by

wily priests; so long will mankind still hug the delusions of the past, when they should be stepping forward into the brighter sunlight of intelligence, science, mental freedom, reason and common sense.

In our investigations and criticisms of the Bible, we wish always to treat it fairly, and not unnecessarily shock the feelings of any who entertain an exalted opinion of it. We regard it as a human production only, and believe it wrong to charge such a tissue of impossibilities, contradictions, absurdities, obscenities, details of savage ferocity, carnage and bloodshed, of lascivious immoralities, cruel intrigues and murderous incentives there narrated, upon the Supreme Power which pervades the universe. It is wrong to charge this Power with being the weak, fickle, changeable, cruel, malicious, revengeful, blood-thirsty, and unjust monster which that book makes the Jehovah of the Jews to be.

It is quite time the world of mankind have a higher and more exalted ideal of the Supreme Power which pervades all worlds, and is equally the parent of all nations and all existences, than to believe he delighted in or ever authorized wars and bloodshed, and the plundering and extermination of one tribe or race of barbarians by another, or that he indulges in anger, passion, vindictiveness, cruelty, and injustice. These absurd ideas of Deity all belong to the past, and it is quite time the world had outgrown them. There is no more reason why we should go back four thousand years for our ideas and conceptions of Deity, and of his ways with mankind, than for instruction in the arts and sciences; in astronomy, geometry, chemistry, mathematics, agriculture, the art of printing, telegraphy, the power and uses of steam, and scores of other sciences and arts in which the moderns far outstrip the ancients. Why should we go back to them for our religious views any more than for our philosophic, scientific or artistic? Their ideas of all these were crude and imperfect and had not been developed by the superior intelligence and the spirit of progress peculiar to the modern mind.

We have opportunities and facilities for studying and comprehending Deity quite equal to those enjoyed by the ancients and it is not necessary we should go to them for their vague conceptions and errors. We of course have the right to inform ourselves in reference to them, but are under no obligations to accept their religious crudities and errors. We admit the Bible contains beautiful passages, poetical imagery, and good morals, but to less extent than the sacred writings of the Hindoos, Chinese, Persians and other nations, more ancient than the Jews. All the ancient nations imagined they held direct converse with God and had their prophets and sacred writings. The Christian world adopted the Jewish system, and Jewish scriptures, without any imperative reason why they should do so. If they want the most ancient, the purest, and the least bloody, they certainly will not select the Jewish scriptures, or the Jewish God.

As other articles are crowding for admission we will defer till our next our remarks upon the egress of the Israelites from Egypt, and their forty years' journey through the wilderness.

THE names of trial subscribers are coming in freely, but we wish a still greater number. True, the price we ask scarcely pays for the paper and press-work, but it is a good way to introduce the paper to those who never saw it, and a fair percentage we hope will become steady patrons.

Friends, please take a little interest in the matter, and send in good rousing lists of names. THE TRUTH SEEKER is not nearly as widely known as it ought to be. We hope every person friendly to the cause will take an active interest in extending its circulation. If every patron will make a reasonable effort, the list may be increased ten thousand. Remember we send THE TRUTH SEEKER to trial subscribers, post-paid three months, for twenty-five cents. Send in the names. We shall make a liberal present to the one who sends us the largest number of names of trial subscribers within sixty days.

Send in the names of friends and acquaintances who need the truth. Many of you can make a present of the paper to half a dozen friends at this low rate without much inconvenience. Send in the names.

Death-Beds of Infidels.

On no subject do our Christian opponents more persistently use detraction and misrepresentation than with regard to the dying hours of unbelievers. They seem to think if they can only make it appear that Freethinkers quail in the hour of death and recant in their dying moments, they have practically overthrown our strong arguments against the fallacies of their creed. Nothing is more common than for them to assert that all Infidels recant at the hour of death, and call upon priests to pray for them and intercede with God in their behalf, and thousands of times have they positively asserted that Voltaire recanted on his death-bed and that Thomas Paine repented at the hour of death, and renounced his life-long convictions. These assertions are entirely false, and though printed in books, magazines and papers, and though announced thousands of times from the pulpit and in common conversation, still are they wholly false, and without the slightest foundation in truth.

Our attention has, several times recently, been called to this matter by letters from friends, and by reading extracts from newspaper articles upon the subject. Even *Harper's Weekly* not long since contained a false statement that Thomas Paine died an intemperate death and loudly recanted and renounced his previous religious views. There is not a word of truth in this, and we wonder respectable journals will lend themselves to peddle out such worn-out falsehoods. It seems to be a very pleasant service to them to slander and abuse that good man, Thomas Paine, than whom none did more to inaugurate and establish liberty and free government in this land, but because he had the honesty and independence to avow his religious views, though in opposition to the claims of priests and church dignitaries.

A man's life is more than his death, and it matters little what a man may say on his death-bed, when subdued by disease, affected by medicines, influenced by surrounding zealots and friends, with life and strength nearly exhausted. It would not be strange if, under such circumstances, a man should say things and express sentiments not fully in keeping with his previous life and belief, and were it so it would prove nothing one way or the other. But, we repeat, these assertions about the death-bed recantations of Infidels are all false. We boldly assert, and challenge a disproval, that not one prominent Infidel ever recanted at the hour of death, or renounced the honest convictions of his life.

That Christians have often shown fear at the hour of death, and lost confidence in their religious faith and their certainty of heaven, there are numerous cases which can be cited. Even he who they call their Lord and pattern emphatically finched in the hour of death, and, unlike Socrates, who met his death placidly, calmly and heroically, he cried out in anguish and terror, with a loud voice, "*Eli, Eli, lama Sabachthani?*" (My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me?)

Brother Henderson in an article in another column gives some facts as to the death of Voltaire, and our next will contain a fuller article on the subject from another pen, which will obviate the necessity of our saying anything upon that particular case. We will however give the facts as to the death of Paine, who perhaps oftener than any other Infidel, has been slandered and vilified by Christian traducers.

Thomas Paine died on the 8th day of June, 1809, in this city, aged seventy-two and a half years. There are several yet living in this city who were here at that time. He was some time sick previous to his death, dropsy and debility of the stomach being among his ailments. His mind was clear up to his death and never for a moment did he evince a disposition to recant or renounce the religious views of his life.

He was, as a matter of course, frequently visited by officious clergymen, who importuned and wearied him with their harangues, and they were intent on extracting from him some expression which they could distort into a recantation, but failing in this they reported that which was untrue. A Rev. Mr. Milledoller and a Rev. Mr. Cunningham were among these persistent visitors, and a few days before Mr. Paine's death the latter said to him: "You have now a full view of death, you cannot live long, and whoso-

ever does not believe in Jesus Christ will surely be damned." Mr. Paine replied: "Let me have none of your Popish stuff. Get away with you. Good morning; good morning." The other clergyman attempted to address him, but he objected, and after they left he turned to his housekeeper, and said, "Don't let them come in again; they trouble me."

Another clergyman, Dr. Manley, the last day of Mr. Paine's life, put this question to Mr. Paine: "Do you wish to believe that Jesus is the son of God?" and Mr. Paine's answer was, "I have no wish to believe on the subject," and these were the last words he spoke, as was testified to by Amasa Woodsworth who owned the house in which Mr. Paine died, and who visited him nearly every day during his last sickness, and was present on the occasion referred to.

That Mr. Paine did not recant or renounce his previous views was fully attested to by Mr. Willet Hicks, a Quaker preacher, who lived near him, and often visited him in his last sickness; by Mr. Jarvis, the particular friend of Mr. Paine, who saw him two days previous to his death; by Mr. Piggot, a very respectable gentleman, who visited Mr. Paine in company with his brother, who was a clergyman. He testified that Mr. Paine received them with politeness, but when he learned they wished to convert him, or to change his views, he abruptly closed the interview, and expressed a wish that they would take their departure.

Mr. Thomas Nixon and his friend Mr. Pelton visited him expressly to see if he had changed his views, also B. F. Harken, an attorney who many years after resided in Chambers street. As they were aware falsehoods in Voltaire's case had been industriously circulated, and believing they would be in Mr. Paine's, they questioned him closely and they took his replies down in writing, and they all gave written testimony that Mr. Paine did not recant.

This also agrees with the concurrent evidence of Mrs. Hadden, his housekeeper, his special friend Mrs. Bonneville and several others who visited him frequently during his last sickness. He died strong in the faith in which he had lived and the statements of those who assert to the contrary are utterly false.

The religious views of Infidels and Skeptics are very comfortable to live by and are perfectly safe to die by, let the howlers about the devil and hellfire talk to the contrary notwithstanding. We repeat we never knew a prominent Infidel who, in the hour of death, quailed before the grim visitor, or renounced the settled, honest convictions of his previous life. When Christian maligners assert to the contrary they depart from the truth.

We hope at a no very distant day to lay before our readers a succinct history of the Lives and Deaths of noted Infidels, including the Sages and Philosophers of ancient times, the Skeptics of the middle ages, and the Free Thinkers of modern times.

Christianity Examined.

NO. III.

These are "Christmas times"—in fact it is on Christmas day that we write this article. Immense preparations are made in the Catholic and Episcopal churches for the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ. Evergreens for Christmas trees, festoons, wreaths, trimmings, crosses, stars, hearts, and the various kinds of similar ornamentation are furnished in great profusion. To look upon the sloop and schooner loads of evergreens that are brought to this city for Christmas purposes, one would think square miles of the hills bearing spruces, firs and cedars, must be denuded of their young growth. "Wax candles," "crucifixes," and "Virgin Mary's" are also staple articles of trade with certain classes just now, as well as an innumerable amount of toys and playthings, which are brought from Europe by ship loads for "Christmas times" in the United States. To walk through one of our popular commercial streets and witness the thousands of "holiday goods," toys, etc., exposed on the counters and in show windows is enough to dazzle the eye and bewilder the imagination.

It is the common impression among Christian people that all this ado—all these preparations to observe this celebration and feast of the 25th of December is

from the fact their Lord and Master was on this day born into the world, and was first laid in the manger of a stable in Bethlehem eighteen hundred and seventy-four years ago. This, however, is extremely problematical. It is a matter of great doubt whether such a person actually lived, and if he did, it is by no means settled what year he was born, what month, or what day of the month. The early Christian authorities are very much divided upon this point, and it is extremely difficult for the most studious to arrive at a fixed conclusion in the matter. It was claimed by some his birth took place on the 25th of the Egyptian month *Pachon*, answering to the 50th of May; others, that it was on the 24th of *Pharmuthi*, corresponding with the 19th of April. The Egyptians kept the feast of Jesus on the 6th of January, and St. Epiphanius assures us it was fully established the birth of Jesus occurred on this day; but St. Clement, of Alexandria, much more ancient and learned, fixes his birth on the 18th of November of the twenty-eighth year of Augustus.

Despite the disagreement of the ancient Fathers as to when Jesus was born, it is by common consent now supposed the feast of Christmas is to commemorate his birth, and that the custom is of Christian origin. Here is another great error. The feast on the 25th of December was observed more than a thousand years before the Christian era. Its origin was probably with the sun worshipers of Persia and other nations, and was held in commemoration of the "birth of the sun," for on this day it has its birth, or, as we all know, begins its rise in the heavens, leaving gradually the night and death into which it had for months been sinking, and this is why the days from the 25th of December begin to increase and lengthen. In this feast, held in honor of the birth of the sun, we doubtless discover one of the original ideas upon which the Christian fable is founded. It is well known by students in ancient history and ancient religions, that religious worship and traditions were connected with the motions of the sun and heavenly bodies. The course of the sun in its yearly journey through the signs of Zodiac—*Virgo*—"the Virgin," *Taurus*, "the ram" or "lamb," accounts to some extent for the origin of the fabulous *virgin* and *lamb*. All systems of religions have evolved or grown out of pre-existing systems and traditions, and it is not difficult to understand how the Christian theory could, when knowledge was scarce in the world, by the manipulations of cunning and skillful persons, be made to appear probable, and caused to be adopted.

It is not a little curious that while the birth of Jesus was said to have occurred on the 25th of December, when the sun begins to rise in the heavens, and the days begin to lengthen, the birth of his herald, John the Baptist, was fixed on the 25th of June, when the days begin to shorten, or the sun begins to sink in the heavens. This may account for the somewhat mystical language attributed to the Baptist, when he said of his master: "He must grow, and I must become less."

It was a great matter of dispute in the early centuries of the Christian era, as we observed, when the birth of Jesus really occurred; and much blood was shed in trying to settle this disputed point. It is more than doubtful whether the correct day was finally settled upon. The stronger party compelling by force the weaker party to submit does very little towards establishing a truth. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in his evening meeting a few days ago, in referring to the bloody contentions among the early Christians about the birth of Christ, admitted that the contestants did not probably come within "several rods" of settling the matter correctly, and he seemed to think it made very little difference to us whether they settled the matter right or wrong. He alluded also to the ancient Druids in Britain, and how they used to believe the Nymphs of the Wood hid themselves under the evergreens when Winter came on, and staid there until Spring thawed them out, and how they thought by putting the green boughs into their houses they would call the good spirits there. From this source the English, doubtless, obtained their custom of decorating their churches with evergreens at the feast of the 25th day of December.

The more we examine into ancient history the

more we learn the observance of the feast of the Winter solstice did not originate with Christians, any more than Jesus was the *original* "Son of God," which men claimed was born of a virgin, and the more we see Christians have set up false claims as to the originality of their dogmas and creeds. This is on a par with the claims they urge of originality of moral sentiments and inculcations. They would have us think Christianity has almost a patent for all the sublime, moral truths and utterances the world has been blessed with, and one of the strong proofs they advance in support of their religion is the superiority and originality of the moral teachings of Jesus over everything of the kind that had preceded him. Here, again, they are in error. Even as the whole Christian fable about the miraculous conception and birth of its reputed founder is a story borrowed from the legends of the old Pagan nations, so also were the best teachings and moral sentiments of their Jesus put into his mouth by his biographers hundreds of years after they had been uttered by others.

Even if we admit Jesus lived and spoke the sayings that are attributed to him, he was not the first that uttered similar sublime sentiments, and we claim the morality and beauty of the instructions and inculcations of those who lived and died from four hundred to twenty-five hundred years before he was born are as sublime, as true, and as divine as those he delivered. Our want of room will permit us to give but a few quotations here of the moral teachings of the semi-divine personages who preceded Jesus many centuries, but we will select a few.

Firstly, we will present a few passages from the ancient *Vedas* of India—the sacred writings of the Brahmans, which Sir William Jones and Max Muller informs us, were written from one thousand to two thousand five hundred years before the time of Christ, and even before the time of Moses. We ask the candid reader to notice if there is not as much of beauty and truth, as much of the evidence of inspiration in the sacred writings of the old heathens as is presented in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures:

"Any place where the mind of man can be undisturbed is suitable for the worship of the Supreme Being."

"The vulgar look for their gods in water; the ignorant think they reside in wood, bricks and stones; men of more extended knowledge seek them in celestial orbs; but wise men worship the Universal Soul."

"There is one living and true God; everlasting, without parts or passion; of infinite power, wisdom and goodness; the Maker and Preserver of all things."

"The way to eternal beatitude is open to him who without omission speaketh truth."

"God, who is perfect wisdom and perfect happiness, is the final refuge of the man who has liberally bestowed his wealth, who has been firm in virtue, and who knows and adores the Great One."

Several volumes are made up of sublime moral teachings of similar character. The following are a few of the inculcations attributed to Christna, the Hindoo "Son of God," who, it was claimed, was born of a Virgin, had a band of disciples, and was finally executed on the cross:

"As a man throweth away old garments and putteth on new, even so the soul, having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth others which are new."

"Wise men, who have abandoned all thought of the fruit which is produced by their actions, are freed from the chains of birth, and go to the regions of eternal happiness."

"He who can bear up against the violence produced from lust and anger in this mortal life, is properly employed and a happy man."

"The more happy in his heart, at rest in his mind, and enlightened within, is a *Yogee*, or one devoted to God, and of a godly spirit; and obtaineth the immaterial nature of Brahm, the Supreme."

"My servant is dear unto me, who is free from enmity the friend of all nature, merciful, exempt from all pride and selfishness, the same in pain and pleasure, patient of wrong, contented, constantly devout, of subdued passions and firm resolves, and whose mind and understanding are fixed on me alone."

"He also is my beloved of whom mankind are not afraid and who is not afraid of mankind; and who is free from the influence of joy, impatience and the dread of harm."

"He, my servant, is dear unto me who is unexpected, just and pure, impartial, free from distraction of mind and who hath forsaken every enterprise."

"He also is worthy of my love, who neither rejoiceth nor findeth fault; who neither lamenteth nor coveteth, and, being my servant, hath forsaken both good and evil fortune."

(Continued on Page 8.)

The Jews and their God.

CHAPTER IV.

Theology claims man fell from a high station of moral perfection, in which God had placed him, to that of total depravity. Being thus outwitted by the Devil, it has been, and now is, the sole object of the Jewish God to destroy this Devil and all his works; and to do this he calls to his aid his son—who, theology claims, is as old as his father, equal in power and in wisdom—and an innumerable host of angels, together with the assistance of man, in an organized capacity.

We have already shown the organization in the Garden of Eden, that it was vanquished by the Devil, and the designs of their God thwarted and a general smash-up took place; also the organization in the days of Enoch was demolished by this Devil, and a general state of wickedness prevailed over the face of the earth. Here ended the second organization in a general triumph of the Devil over God, his opponent.

We shall now speak of the third organization, which was commenced with Abraham, carried out through Jacob, and completed by Moses. First a trade was made between Abraham and his God, and a land contract entered into, the same as any two land speculators, each party covenanting to fulfill certain stipulations named in the agreement. Abraham was to do thus and so on his part, and for so doing his God agrees and promises to give a warranty deed to him and his seed forever, an everlasting possession of a certain tract or parcel of land, naming and describing its boundaries, flowing with milk and honey, indicating its extra goodness above all other lands. This tract of land was at that time inhabited by a race of people called Gentiles, the same as America was by the Aborigines of this country. The treatment of our American Indians at the hands of our professed Christians faintly shows the treatment the Canaanites received at the hands of a nation who acted as the executioners of a God of vengeance who had commanded their utter destruction. We would ask here, if that is called a possession in the promised land of Canaan above, as the land of Canaan is claimed a type, may we expect the Aborigines of heaven will be driven out at the point of the sword after the resurrection of the Jewish and Christian saints, as theology grants heaven to no others?

How was the possession of the promised land obtained? Was it in accordance with justice and the Golden Rule? We answer, no! The land was found in the possession of a strong, war-like people. And the Jews were commanded by their God to kill and destroy, and to take possession by force. To this they demurred, with tears in their eyes (see Numbers xiv), which caused their God to fly into a desperate rage, upbraiding them for cowardice, declaring in his wrath, they were unworthy even to see the land. We will illustrate: A covenants with B to give him a certain tract of land; B finds C upon the premises who shows fight. B informs A of the fact, A flies into a pet, and swears, "you cowardly pup, you shall not set your foot upon it; but I will give it to your children, who will accept my conditions." And the possession is taken afterward in a sea of human blood.

Friendly reader, the Jews taking possession of the land of Canaan under the dictation of God is now before you in its true light. It truly is a case without a parallel. Here was a nation of people, whose God was their Lord, and who had commanded, "Thou shalt not kill;" also, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed;" likewise, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods." This same God now curses and upbraids this same people for refusing to kill and to take that which belongs to another. Here our Christian friends may meet us by claiming the Canaanites had forfeited their title to life and property by transgressing God's laws. Supposing we admit this, and apply it in all like cases (which would be just), that the transgressing of God's laws works a forfeiture of life and property, *what a hell on earth this would make if put in practice, and the Christians the authorized executioners.* Nevertheless upon this idea the Jewish religion was based; and was by the Christians carried out for centuries, and would be now if they had the power.

The blessing of religious freedom, the value of which can not be estimated, arises from the fact that the power of the Jewish God grows weaker in proportion as man advances in civilization, and human rights are respected. But the Jews failed to conquer the world, and the Christians have about given up the idea, except Catholics and Mormons. The latter persons organized in Kirtland, Ohio, under a bible pattern; three persons forming the presidency of the church, the same as the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost form the head of all things; and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob formed the head of the Jewish nation. Next are their twelve apostles, representing the twelve sons of Jacob, and the twelve apostles of Christ. Then seventy elders, representing the Jewish sanhedrim, and Christ's seventies. All under the power of the two priesthoods, Aaronic and Melchisedek. With this bible organization, and the acknowledgement that Jesus is the Jehovah God, made flesh and dwelt among us, now enthroned in heaven, who had "set his

hand again the second time to recover his people." (We would say the second time proved the first a failure.)

Under a firm belief in the Jewish God, and the fulfillment of the prophecies written in the bible, they assumed, and firmly believed they were the chosen of God; and taking the bible view that the Gentile world had filled up their measure of iniquity, and were ripe for destruction.—Isa. xi:11, 24, 25.

The reader can better realize the position the Mormons held by reading the prophecies in the bible, and in proportion as his confidence is in the prophecies, so will he justify the movements of the Mormons. They commenced in doing and carrying out the fulfillment of the prophecies in Kirtland, Ohio, then in Jackson Co., Mo., then at Nauvoo, Ill. But civilization and human rights overpowered them, and drove them out, the same as the Jews were. A firm, unshaken belief in the God of the Jews, and in the fulfillment of prophecies in the bible, was the soul and life of their religion, and is justly chargeable for every move the Mormons made. The result of this people has placed the Jewish God and the bible, as infallible guides, before the world in the truest light of any other sect now on earth. Yet our Christian friends call them a deluded set. Why? we ask. The answer is easy; the Mormons carried out the prophecies, precepts and examples in practical life which are recorded in the bible, while the Christian relies upon his faith in his God and bible, without practice, selecting a few of the rites and ceremonies that suit the times, and the balance of his time he uses in prayer, asking his God to do that which he won't do himself.

We shall examine the third church of God, or religious organization, as found on record. At the commencement, or the time this national church separated itself from other nations, Moses killed an Egyptian, hid him in the sand, and fled his country; and this was claimed to be a sign that God had appointed him as their deliverer. In due time, after this, Moses had an interview with a spiritual personage whom he sometimes calls God, at other times he is called an angel; at times he could be seen and talked with face to face, not only by Moses but by others. Invariably when seen he was in the form of a man, having all the attributes and disposition of a savage king. Uncivilization was stamped upon almost every act on his part, corresponding in full with the low, undeveloped condition of man at that age of the world. And how could it be otherwise, he being one of them, having only changed bodies and location, without reform? Possessing power as he did he undertook to organize and raise up a nation, with a full determination to conquer the world, and bring all nations to bow in subjugation to him. The Jews were by him intended to stand at the head of all nations; who should come and worship at Jerusalem, as the capital of the earth. But in all this he failed, for the want of wisdom. He not only failed in conquering the world, but failed in governing the Jews as a nation; whom he cursed and turned off as unmanageable, and has never shown his face since, and who can blame him after such a failure?

What, or who, can better portray the character of the Jewish God than in the character of an ambitious tyrant, who seeks glory and honor through blood and carnage, meting out acts and threats of unsatisfied vengeance to the full extent of his power?

Next to Moses killing the Egyptian were the plagues in Egypt. In this Moses and his God barely succeeded; the power and influence of other like spiritual personages, influencing and controlling the magicians or mediums of Egypt, the same as all other nations, show as their records do, a universal similarity throughout. As for blood and carnage, Moses and his God starts out to excel all other Gods and nations, all for the express purpose of glory and honor. But not being satisfied on this point, when death and mourning filled the land of Egypt, Moses' God brought his psychological force, or spiritual power, to bear upon the organs of the mind of king Pharaoh, that he thereby might achieve to himself a great name and get him honor among other nations and their Gods. For this purpose he controlled and changed the king's mind until he completed the king's ruin. It would make my thoughts too lengthy on paper to give the one-hundredth part of the exhibitions of blood and carnage that followed in the wake of the Jews and their God. As for the contentions and disputes between Moses and his God proves Moses was more than God's equal in wisdom and reasoning powers, and often in these disputations God came out second best, yielding to Moses' superior wisdom, abandoning his own purposes and adopting Moses' counsel instead of his own.

This may be a theological mystery No. 13, yet easily accounted for. Moses had the advantage of a later and better education, being learned in all the wisdom and arts of Egypt in his day, and was well calculated to give counsel. This his God well knew, and to execute his savage, revengeful disposition upon his own people, would have shown his weakness, and it would have been a proverb in the land, and a disgrace among the nations. This Moses saw, and persuaded his God not to execute his wrath upon his own people. This proves Moses possessed more wisdom, reason and humanity than God, and God appealed to him in these words: "Let me alone, that my wrath may

wax hot against them, and that I may consume them." This also proves Moses had held him in check before; it also proves Moses was master as to wisdom and reason, but not in power. In the latter Moses feared his God, and oft times had to be still and quiet, lest God could not be restrained.

We have often thought it was well for the children of Israel, that Moses and God had not both been mad at the same time. As it was, only three thousand lost their lives, instead of the whole nation. Can it be true Moses prevented God from killing off about four hundred millions of human beings? If he did, he did well.

This whole affair is ridiculously absurd under any other view, than that God was of no higher order than himself. See the destruction of the lives and property of the Canaanites, infants and mothers, each alike suffering death, while virgins, young and beautiful, were saved alive, to be used as wives and concubines. Theologians may tell us, it was God's object in all this, to destroy the Devil and his works. But where can the Devil be brought in, in the case of Pharaoh changing his better judgment, in not letting the Israelites go, when the Jewish God said he did it himself? (Yet it compares well with the Devil's general character, according to theology.) But the destruction and tormenting of King Pharaoh and his host, was the work of the Jewish God, not the Devil. Mystery No. 14.

Nothing but a revengeful tyrant would punish a man for doing that which he himself caused him to do. We find on several occasions this God doing a Devil's work, supposing no other person than a Devil would deceive a man, and then punish him for being deceived. But what does the Jewish prophets say on this subject? They say the Lord, who was Israel's God, deceived them.—Jeremiah xx. 7; Ezekiel. xiv. 9. These men were inspired to write the truth. They also say their God or Lord put a lying spirit in the mouth of four hundred of King Ahab's prophets at one time, and they lied. We ask, how could they help it? Can theology tell us? The bible says the lie they told was concocted in heaven, suggested by a spirit, and sanctioned by the Jewish God, while sitting on his throne, in the midst of all his angelic hosts.—1 Kings, xxii. 23. It was the same with King Pharaoh, when God controlled his mind expressly to get him a great name, all at the expense of the king.

We pass over, without noticing one thousand and one circumstances of a similar character, low and savage in their nature, that would now disgrace any of our present heathen nations, yet we will name one or two instances where the wrath of the Jewish God was appeased. In one case, the heads of seven men were cut off and stuck upon a pole, so as the sun could shine upon them; this was well pleasing in his sight. One other case: The God was displeased with King David, and not being fully avenged on David, exposed to shame his wives upon the housetop, by his son Absalom, who, in the sight of the sun, prostituted his father's wives, and the Lord said "he should do it in the sight of all Israel." It truly shows wisdom and good sense in other nations to look with scorn and contempt upon the Jews and their God, (being under his tuition and his direct dictation,) yet they grew worse and worse, more wicked and steeped in crime, living as they did under, "thus saith the Lord," which proves the control their God had over them did not lead to moral goodness.

The Romans, as a nation, were far superior in kindness and moral goodness, yet were driven, by necessity, to kill them on account of the blind faith they had in their God, which prevented them from surrendering. (See Josephus.)

Theologians claim that their God forsook and left them as a nation on account of their wickedness, and the bible sustains this orthodox view, and it proves the correctness of our reflecting thoughts, that the Jews, as a nation, and their God as a moral governor, was a complete failure. The third organization closing as it did, under the most heart-rending destruction, without a parallel in the history of man. Thus ended the third organization, got up by this Jewish God, according to the claims of theology. A reform in the moral condition of man, was never more necessary, so far as the Jews were concerned.

The Devil thus gaining a victory over the third organization, and but little done, if any, toward destroying him and his works. (Poor encouragement so far.) But it is claimed by our theologians, the Jewish God left the Jews, that he might associate with the Gentiles, who he once called "heathens" and "dogs;" but in fact they possessed more moral goodness than the Jews; such as old Cornelius, his equal was hard to find; also Father Job, the only perfect man named in the bible, were Gentiles.

Thus the condition of man gave rise to a new and better system of religion, and a new organization was entered into, embracing equality and universal brotherhood, taking the place of bigotry and tyranny in a great measure. This organization had in it the spirit of reform and progression, with many other things leading to virtue and moral goodness, which originated in a social band of angels (spirits), which caused the angelic world to rejoice, and many made their appearance at the time, singing songs of gladness with great joy.

This system of religion being so foreign and different from that taught by Moses and his God, it was said by the Jews to be of the Devil, and they treated it as such, and put to death the founder and prime mover in this grand reform. But the same God was acknowledged by a large portion of the adherents, yet he was never known throughout the organization to have shown his face or any of his parts. But our divines say he overshadowed a virgin, and she brought forth a son, and he officiated in his stead. But be this as it may, he did not act in any sense like the Jewish God, providing he was by him begotten. He took no delight in murder and rapine, he discarded revenge, and condemned retaliation, sympathized with man in all his afflictions, a friend to the sinner and those who erred, taught moral goodness in all he said and did, was mild and loving in his ways, except when talking with the Jewish priests. For this no one will blame him, who can realize what a cursed set they were. (This expression does them no injustice, though it is harsh.) It is out of the question for a father to produce a son so unlike himself. He resembled the Jewish God in no sense whatever as to character, disposition or animal passion. It was a libel and gross slander, to charge him as being the son of the Jewish God. He acknowledged the God of nature, only referring to the Jewish God when remonstrating against them, but claimed universal fatherhood and brotherhood, and himself the son of man in the common sense of blood relation. This the Jews called blasphemy, and treated as such.

This organization was like all before it, inasmuch as it had the ruling passion of man; and having gained a victory under the generalship of Constantine, tyranny ruled, and the sword and bludgeon again was instituted. Here the fourth organization fell, merging itself into what was called the Church of Rome, and from that into the present Roman Catholic Church, called by the Protestants the Devil's church. Here ends the fourth organization, falling as it did into the hands of the Devil.

Here we would say, notwithstanding its fall and failure, there were prophets, seers or mediums in it, who looked down through time, saw this organization represented to their spiritual view under the figure of a woman, called "the great whore, the mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth," and she was drunk with the blood of those who had respect for moral goodness. How strange indeed, that blood and carnage were once the delight of a merciful God! Now the Church of Rome is charged with being drunk with the blood of saints, those who belonged to the class of which Jesus was one, who suffered and died under the hands of gods, high priests, clothed with the power of the priesthood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My Creed.

I do not know if future life
Has weal or woe for me;
I only know his laws of love
Forever more shall be.

I do not know that for my sake
A Jesus bled and died;
I think of all who for truth's sake
The world has crucified.

I do not know where God abides,
Nor of his great white throne;
I stretch my hand in darkness,
And childlike touch his own.

I do not know if works and faith
Will buy me heaven's joy;
The holy right to bless mankind
Is heaven without alloy.

I do not know that earth's ones,
In endless pain shall moan;
I only know that God is love,
And he will claim his own.

I know not that for one man's sin
All men to grief are born;
I only know the truth of this,
"Blessed are they that mourn."

I do not know that wrong and might
Will wrap the world in sin;
For right is right, since God is God
And right the day must win.

I do not ask that for truth's sake
I constant praise shall find,
If no reproach come to my name,
The blessing were not mine.

Among the pitfalls round our way
All of us blindly move;
Be careful! If thy brother falls
Give him thy hand in love.

Northumberland, Pa.

D. L. H.

THE Mohammedans of Constantinople, in a pamphlet called "Asia's Cry of Anguish," complain that their religion is likely to be overrun by English, Dutch and Russian "barbarians." The claim is put forth that Mohammedanism represents all of science and culture that Asia possesses, and Asiatics are besought to combine and resist the invaders.

Theology.

(Continued from our last.)

Nature is an outbirth of soul: natural existences are representative, corresponding to spiritual or substantial causes. Material substance has no definite form nor shape of its own; form is an effect, the result of the spiritual potentiality, its actual dynamic energy being manifested in the production of form.

Wherever form is manifested, there must be an interior and divine principle, termed spirit, soul or substance, which principle in its essence is life or love, the form and embodiment is wisdom, truth practically expressed, which is goodness. Therefore love, wisdom, truth and goodness exist in the divine humanity or Grand Man.

Love and wisdom can, by no possibility, exist outside of man's spiritual perceptions; that is, they cannot become objective to him as abstract principles or substances; we cannot, by the most strenuous effort, conceive a form, called love, neither can such form be created nor produced; also, as an individualized entity, there is and can be no such existence as wisdom.

What then is love? It is the going forth of the potentiality of the soul in action; potential life can only reach fullness of perfection in its activity.

To evolve and bring forth to freedom and spontaneous action, this divine life principle is the true aim of all philosophy and science.

As all general effects are made up of an infinite variety of particular causes, the general advancement, development and progress of humanity is made up of the free, spontaneous action of each individual, just as the general character of an individual is made up of the numerous and varied motives which successively actuate him.

Every individual atomic man, being part of the universal or Grand Man, is qualified to fulfil and perform some special function and use, existing in truthful relation to part or parts of such universal man, absorbed in the performance of such use; feeling a spiritual attraction or gravity to perform it; losing consciousness of self in seeking, promoting and advancing the happiness of all, he individually contributes to the glorification of the divine humanity.

The "regeneration" or "renewing of the mind" in individuals; the development, civilization and glorification of humanity is attended with great difficulties and numberless trials; they must be experienced, for man having once perceived the beauty and attractiveness of a higher life, has no peace, rest nor satisfaction whilst remaining in those internal associations, habits and manners, which he perceives are inimical to such superior state; not that the condition and state of his fellows is so bad; not external matters pertaining to society, but rather the state and condition of the self, the individual and inner man, and from which he earnestly desires to be liberated, crying, "who will deliver me from the body of this death?"

This is the transition state, the beginning of wisdom.

What is wisdom? Truth applied to life and use practically, ultimating in goodness; goodness being predicated of wisdom, being the ultimatum of truth in practical application to life and use in accordance with wisdom.

What is truth? That which concerns the realities and actualities of life, relating and belonging to individual collective and aggregate human life; of the system; the planet, the universe, it is one and inseparable, indivisible and eternal.

To man, individual man, it is a ray of light, illuminating his understanding; truth or light is received in the understanding, (as a receiver or receptive vessel), by and through the will; the mind of man seeking truth is open to its reception, and persistence in the seeking or pursuit of truth, its reception by the understanding, subsequent digestion and appropriation through the will to life and use is "regeneration;" there is and can be no other.

This gives nutriment and real growth to the man in his aspirations toward the infinite; since humanity is made up of individuals, the same action and consequent state or condition in the whole, make up the glorification of humanity.

Goodness, then, we repeat, is the reception of truth in the understanding, by the will and its application to life and use, by its loves and affections, unconsciously and spontaneously; there is, and can be no personification or personal expression of love and wisdom, goodness and truth, except by and through man; it is in man, not outside of him, these principles will be found.

Further, we have been led to believe, by education and other influences thrown around us in childhood, that the sensual portion of our nature is our enemy. This is a gross error; the sensual is as sacred and holy as the spiritual, and as necessary, for there can be no real, conscious existence of the individual until an actual phenomenal one has been acquired on the sensuous, physical plane of earth life.

Nature and history are portals or entrances into the realm of consciousness, they constitute an inevitable matrix, a preliminary mould or womb for the ultimatum and birth into spiritual life.

Nature, in its objective bearing, attesting the omnipresent, vitalizing principle on the lower and sensuous plane; history equally attesting man's subjective reaction upon nature, his steady and continuous rise by successive ascensive and discrete degrees toward the infinite, his spiritual consciousness (the keystone of the arch of life), insuring to him continuity of existence and eternal progression.

We, therefore, assert that the evils which effect the sensual nature of man are not the greatest, being in themselves only effects of internal and spiritual causes, (phenomenal only,) the supposition that they are, however, constitutes one of the greatest hindrances to the reception of truths, by which alone humanity can be elated and glorified.

The greatest and most mischievous evils are those false and erroneous ideas concerning God, the creation of man, his fall, total depravity and utter sinfulness, the unnatural and miraculous conception and birth of Jesus as a Savior, his sacrificial sufferings and death, physical resurrection and ascension to effect an atonement, expiatory and mediatorial, with God for man; the doctrines also of the Holy Spirit, his workings and strivings with man; repentance and faith in such Savior as being superior to a life morality, charity and use; these and others growing out of and connected with them, are the real obstacles to the reception of regenerating truth; such teachings are poisonous to the mind, paralyzing, weakening and destroying its life and power, the virus has penetrated and permeates the whole Christian world.

These doctrines and teachings modify the institutions of society, enslave and destroy individual thought and spiritual life, demanding that reason shall be subservient and subordinate to faith or educated belief in an utter impossibility, impossible because contrary to the order and rule of action of unchangeable love and wisdom. Before man can rise to a position capable of receiving, possessing power to digest and apply truth, he must be vastated, emptied of all such fables, fables which are now degrading, enslaving and crushing to the human soul.

Truth is one, as God is one; this infinite life principle permeates all material and spiritual existence, there can be no antagonism with perfect qualities and essences, if it were possible to exist in the realms of infinitude, an empire of sin, misery and endless wretchedness. God, as a principle, would be there: there can be no empire, no power at war with infinite principles; of this principle is the life of all things, the love of all things, and the death of all things; life and death are one.

It is of and through this infinite principle, the lightning's flash, the tempest and storm rages, the hurricane or zephyr blows, the world moves silently and harmoniously in its orbit with its sister planets; the whirlwind, hurricane, earthquakes, floods, fires, destruction and devastation by any and all means; frost, flood and flame are all of this omnipresent and eternal principle.

The general warmth of Spring, the returning vigor and growth of the vegetable world, after the dreariness and seeming death of Winter, clothing the bosom of earth with beauty, foliage and flowers, the sunshine and clouds, grief and joy, sorrow and gladness, love and happiness, hatred and misery, life and death, each and all are manifestations of the same infinite and eternal life principle, God.

As perfection must, of necessity, be free from the limitations which environ all finite existence, there can be no goodness, wisdom nor love; no wickedness, ignorance nor hatred; no subjective nor objective, but containing within its own infinite and eternal constitution the principles of all harmony, unconsciously active in accordance with its own intrinsic quality and essence; without either extension or progression, neither time nor space, high, low, great nor small, its presence will "extend through all extent," "live through all life," fill, bound, and equal all.

The great totality of all beings, the coronation of the universe, as man, finite man is the coronation of physical nature.

God and goodness are synonymous, being the ultimatum of truth, its practicable application to life and use in accordance with wisdom; the natural, logical and inevitable conclusion is that there can be no expression or personification of principle, except in and through man, universal man.

When the human mind is expanded and developed, when its varied elements assume "form and order," when its qualities and attributes become harmonized and adapted to each other, reconciled and in a state of oneness, then the oneness of the life principle, wherever and however manifested, will be perceived, for the individual human mind will become more and more pantheistic as it advances in goodness, wisdom, love and harmony.

For "all souls shall be in God, and shall be God, and nothing but God be."

God and man are one. The divine humanity is the incarnation of the divine in man universally. J. F.

It is said that the resignation of the Rev. Adirondack Murray was accepted in 1:14, the fastest time on church record.

(Continued from Page 5.)

"He also is my beloved servant, who is the same in friendship and hatred, in honor and in dishonor, in cold and heat, in pain and pleasure; who is unsolicitous about the event of things; to whom praise and blame are as one; who is of little speech, and pleased with whatever cometh to pass; who owneth no particular home, and who is of a steady mind."

"The man born to divine destiny is endued with the following qualities: Exemption from fear, a purity of heart, a constant attention to the discipline of his understanding, charity, self-restraint, religion, study, penance, rectitude, freedom from doing wrong, veracity, freedom from anger, resignation, temperance, freedom from slander, universal compassion, exemption from the desire of slaughter, mildness, modesty, discretion, dignity, patience, fortitude, chastity, unrevengedness, and freedom from vain-glory; whilst those who come into life under the influence of the evil destiny, are distinguished by pride, hypocrisy, presumption, anger, harshness of speech and ignorance."

BUDDHA, another demi-god, who was claimed by his numerous disciples to possess an equally divine and human nature, and like the last, these were inculcated and written centuries before Christ's time, taught as follows:

"A man who foolishly does me a wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love, the more good shall go from me. The fragrance of these good actions always redounding to me, the harm of the slanderous words returning to him."

"A man who cherishes lust and desire, and does not aim after supreme knowledge, is like a vase of dirty water, in which all sorts of beautiful objects are placed; the water being shaken up, men can see nothing of the beautiful objects therein placed; so lust and desire, causing confusion and disorder in the heart, are like the mud in the water—they prevent our seeing the beauty of supreme reason. But if a man, by the gradual process of confession and penance, comes near to the acquirement of knowledge, then, the mud in the water being removed, all is clear and pure; remove the pollution, and immediately, of itself, comes forth the substantial form. So the three poisons—covetousness, anger, delusion—which rage within the heart, and the five obscurities—envy, passion, sloth, vacillation, unbelief—which embrace it, effectually prevent one from obtaining supreme reason. But once get rid of the pollution of the heart, and then we perceive the spiritual portion of ourselves, which we have had from the first, although involved in the net of life and death."

"If a man commits a sin, let him not do it again; pain is the outcome of evil."

"If a man does what is good, let him do it again; let him delight in it; happiness is the outcome of good."

"Let a man overcome anger with love; let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by the truth."

"He who holds back rising anger like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver; other people are but holding the reins."

"There is no fire like passion, no shark like hatred, no snare like folly, no torrent like greed."

"He who, by causing pain to others, wishes to obtain pleasure himself, entangled in the bonds of hatred, will never be free from hatred."

"Not to commit any sin, to do good, and to purify one's mind, that is the teaching of the Awakened."

BUDDHA'S FIVE COMMANDMENTS.—1. Not to destroy life. 2. Not to obtain another's property by unjust means. 3. Not to indulge the passions, so as to invade the legal or natural rights of other men. 4. Not to tell lies. 5. Not to partake of anything intoxicating."

CONFUCIUS, the Chinese reformer and philosopher, taught as follows, more than five hundred years before Christ:

"When you go abroad, behave to every one as if you were receiving a great guest, as if you were assisting at a great sacrifice."

"Do not to others as you would not wish done to yourself. What you do not want done to yourself, do not do unto others."

"Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles."

"Have no friends not equal to yourself."

"When you have faults, do not fear to abandon them."

"To subdue one's self and return to propriety, is perfect virtue. If a man can for one day subdue himself, and return to propriety, all under heaven will ascribe perfect virtue to him."

"The superior man is modest in speech, but exceeds in actions."

"The way of the superior man is three-fold. Virtuous, he is free from anxieties; wise, he is free from perplexities; bold, he is free from fear."

"The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort. The superior man thinks of the sanctions of the law; the small man thinks of the favors which he may receive."

We must for the present be content with the few quotations here given, which are but a very small fraction of the voluminous teachings of these reform-

ers, and to omit entirely the sayings of others of the ancients. We trust, however, by the above, we have shown morals as pure, sentiments as sound, as beautiful in conception and expression as the most admired enunciations attributed to Jesus, and were made by others long before his time. Even the "Golden Rule," which is claimed to be the most sublime and God-like of all his utterances, was not first taught by him, but was distinctly taught by Confucius more than five hundred years before he taught it. Could the sayings and teachings of those ancient heathen philosophers and reformers be incorporated into the Christians' Bible, how easy it would be for them to recognize their superior and divine character, and accord to them the same adoration they yield to what their bible now contains? The absurd claim of our Christian friends, that the "beatitudes of Jesus" originated with him, and that Christianity is parent of all the morality in the world, we see falls completely to the ground.

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To those who send us \$4.00 we will send THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1875, The Ladies' Own Magazine for 1875, with sixty-four pages, and a fine Oil Chromo in sixteen colors, The Herald of Health, a monthly of forty-eight pages and Shakespeare's Complete Works.

To those who will send us four new subscribers, who have not before been upon our books, remitting us \$7.00, we will send a copy of THE HEATHENS OF THE HEATH of 500 pages in paper. To those who will send us six new subscribers, we will send a bound copy of the same. All sent post-paid by mail.

TO TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS we send THE TRUTH SEEKER three months for 25 cents.

THE TRUTH SEEKER three months and Blakeman's Two Hundred Poetical Riddles for 35cts.

THE TRUTH SEEKER three months and Lamb's Essays or Scottish Chiefs, Robinson Crusoe, either of Marryat's novels, Burns' Poems for 50cts.

THE TRUTH SEEKER three months and Shakespeare's works complete for 80cts.

Let all our readers become agents for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and let us see how far we can extend its circulation.

To those of our patrons who have already so generously renewed and wish the books named, we will send as follows: Blakeman's Poetical Riddles, 10cts. (This is half-price and is made only to those who have renewed their subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER). For 25cts. additional we will send either Lamb's Essays of Elia, Sterne's Sentimental Journey, Burns' Poems, Robinson Crusoe, The Scottish Chiefs, Colleen Bawn, The Arabian Nights or either of Marryat's Novels sent post paid. Who wants standard works at half price?

AFTER THIS NUMBER the postage on all newspapers will have to be paid in advance by publishers. We shall make no extra charge for THE TRUTH SEEKER on this account. We only ask that the patronage be generous.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS.—This eminent Magnetic Physician is now treating the sick with great success by his Magnetic Powder. We would recommend to those who require the services of a reliable physician to send to him. His powder is \$1 per box. His address is Vineland, N. J.

A Great Convenience.

A PATENT BINDER.

We have made arrangements with the manufacturers of Koch's Patent Binder made to fit THE TRUTH SEEKER, so we can send them, post-paid by mail, with heavy board, cloth back and marbled paper sides, at 90 cents. All cloth, with THE TRUTH SEEKER handsomely stamped on the front in gold letters, for \$1.10. This is an excellent invention; numbers of the paper can be easily and firmly inserted, and it holds them as securely as a bound book. It is the best thing of the kind that has been gotten up. It saves the numbers from getting lost, soiled or worn, and makes them a convenient volume for reference. Those who wish one, will let us know.

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.—Bro. Wilson's paper makes its appearance regularly, and seems to improve as he becomes more accustomed to the editorial harness. It is a very readable, well printed paper. We are pleased to learn his subscription list is growing these hard times, and his hopes are cheering that his paper will become a permanent success. Let our Spiritualistic friends not forget him. His price is \$2 for fifty-two numbers, or \$1 for half that number. Bro. Wilson is a hard worker, and deserves encouragement. His address is Lombard, Ill.

THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE No. 1, Vol. 1, of this new publication of thirty-two pages, by Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., is upon our table. It is well gotten up, ably edited, and is well calculated to fill a place not hitherto occupied with the Spiritualistic public. The price is \$1.50 a year, or 15 cents single numbers. Let there be a generous disposition to aid the new candidate for public favor. Address S. WATSON, 225 Union street, Memphis, Tenn.

THE NORTHWESTERN MAGAZINE.—We intended to notice this new visitor in our last number. The Freeman was merged into this excellent publication. It is Liberal and Literary. It is presented in good style, the articles are well written, and it richly deserves a place on the centre-table of every Liberal in the country. It contains sixty-four pages, and is not surpassed in a literary point of view by any magazine in the country. W. S. BURKE, Editor; STREET, WHITE & BOWEN, Publishers, 121 Lake St., Chicago. Price, \$2.50.

EATING FOR STRENGTH is the title of a medium volume of 160 pages, by Dr. M. L. Holbrook, of this city. It comprises, 1st. The Science of Health. 2d. Receipts for Wholesome Cookery. 3d. Receipts for Wholesome Drinks. 4th. Answers to ever recurring questions. It is a concise, practical, useful publication which has immediate reference to our health and well being. The recipes alone are worth double its price. Sent by mail for \$1. We have it for sale.

ACHILLE'S WRATH.—A composite translation of the first book of Homer's Iliad. Prepared by our friend, P. Roosevelt Johnson, M.D., of Sag Harbor, N. Y. A neat pamphlet of 42 pages from the press of Colby & Rich. It is a compilation from the principle translations of the best part of Homer's great Poem, which has not been excelled in four thousand years. Every person wishing the greatest poem the world has yet produced, should send for a copy. Price, 25cts. We have it.

Donations.

Jacob Reedy, \$2 75; J. M. Kendall, \$1; Wm. Reichkoff, \$1; O. W. Lackey, 50c.; E. McGee, 50c.; Wm. McLenn, J. H. Alexander, Augustus Bailey, A. L. Grinnell, C. B. Lusk and Eliza Purchas, 25c. each.

We trust we feel duly grateful to our kind friends, and ask them to accept our sincere thanks.

THE daily papers inform us Mr. Beecher has recently placed another mortgage of \$15,000 upon his Brooklyn home. Some of the unregenerate are so lost as to wonder how a humble follower of the "meek and lowly Jesus," whose income amounts to the handsome sum of \$60,000 per year, should find it necessary to repeatedly mortgage his home. Do his lawyers require such munificent pay, or can it be possible he has any use for "hush-money?"

G. L. Henderson's Article.

NO. IX.

WOMAN vs. PRIEST.

"The survival of the fittest" was well illustrated two years ago in Washington Prairie, Winneshiek Co., Iowa, where I had been sent for to reply to a gentleman of the Methodist persuasion, who proposed to show that Christianity was the best religion, because it enabled men to die happily, while men of science dreaded to meet the last scene which restored man to the inorganic world from whence he came. The house was unusually crowded, as it was known that I was there, and a reply was expected.

The gentleman spoke long and loud, until both he and his audience were exhausted, but finally closed about the time when the candles had burned low in their sockets, so that if any more speaking was done, it would have to be in total darkness. As he closed, a call was immediately made for me to take the platform. The gentleman said he would be glad to hear the reply, but he must defer that pleasure, as the lights were about to expire at this important crisis.

A woman's voice was heard in the far corner of the room. "Ladies and gentlemen keep your seats. I am happy to announce that I have a good supply of candles here. When I came in this evening I noticed that every candle had been cut off to a uniform length and were intended to last only while the Christian continued to speak. But, as I wished to hear both sides, I sent my son home as fast as he could ride to bring a dozen of new candles, and here they are," as she began deliberately to put them in the place of the expiring candles, amid bursts of applause and laughter.

The discomfited clergyman at once saw that he had been outwitted by a woman, who had probably read with care the memorable text, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." Mrs. James Daniels is therefore a case in point illustrating the truth of the law of the survival of the fittest. You can imagine the benediction which she received from the Reverend gentleman, as he sat down to hear the facts about the death-bed scenes of Voltaire, Humboldt, David Hume, Adam Smith, Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson, whose lives and deaths are worthy the imitation of all good men and women, as compared with the terrible death scenes of Luther, Henry the VIII., Queen Elizabeth, Dr. Johnson, and other Christians.

The Protestants accuse the Catholics of vile misrepresentation when they write about the death of Protestant saints. But when Catholics write about the death-beds of philosophers whom they both equally hate, every word is accepted as divine truth, and is published by the London and American tract societies, and greedily swallowed by the faithful as a matter of fact.

On the evening referred to, when, thanks to a shrewd woman's wit, we were enabled to furnish the believers in miracles a double share of light.

First. Mrs. Daniels made a pyrotechnic display to the disgust of the reverend gentleman who had spent two hours in blackening and falsifying the memory of men such as Voltaire and then intended to leave the whole shrouded in darkness.

Second. Under the light of authentic history and Mrs. Daniel's candles, I went on to show the following facts relative to the death of Voltaire as given by Condorcet.

First. Voltaire lived and died nominally a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and in all that he wrote against superstition he had to so write that if tried for heresy he could, like Queen Elizabeth of England, or Cervantes of Spain, make it impossible for men to show that there really was heresy in his writings. In those days to oppose Christianity was to incur the risk of the rack, the gallows or the fagot in this world, and an endless hell in the next. Voltaire was trained among the Jesuits, and he became a consummate master of their own art. For he well knew that he wrote with the halter around his neck, and he had to launch his thunderbolts of sarcasm against the Church and the fathers, and still show outward respect for them and their dogmas. Writing of Abraham he says: "We must say nothing of what is divine in Abraham since the scriptures have said all. We must not even touch, except with a respectful heart, that which belongs to the profane—that which belongs to geography, with chronology and custom; for these being connected sacred history are so many streams which preserve something of the divinity of their source.

The account according to the *Register* is as follows:

Gen. ix, 26, "And Terah lived seventy years and begat Abraham, Nahor and Haran." 32d verse, "And the days of Terah were two hundred and five years, and Terah died in Haran." Chapter xxii, 1, "Now the Lord had said unto Abraham, get me out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land which I will show thee, and I will make of thee a great nation."

"It is sufficiently evident from the text," says Voltaire, "that Terah having had Abraham at the age of seventy, died at the age of two hundred and five; and Abraham having quitted Chaldea immediately after the death of his father, was just one hundred and thirty-five years old when he left his country. This is nearly the opinion of St. Stephen in his discourse to the Jews, (Acts 7th chapter).

But the Book of Genesis also says (chapter xxii, 4,) "And Abraham was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran.

This is the principle cause (for there are several others) of the dispute on the subject of Abraham's age. How could it be at once a hundred and thirty-five years and seventy-five. St. Jerome and St. Augustine say that this difficulty is inexplicable. Father Calmet, who confesses that these two saints could not resolve the problem, thinks he does it, by saying that Abraham was the youngest of Terah's son, although the book of Genesis names him the first, and consequently the eldest.

According to Genesis, Abraham was born in his father's seventieth year; while, according to Calmet, he was born when his father was one hundred and thirty. Such a reconciliation has only been a new cause of controversy.

Consequently the uncertainty in which we are left by both text and commentary, the best we can do is to adore without disputing. So that according to Genesis xii and iv Abraham would be five years older than his father.

"According to Moreri, there were in his day, seventy systems of Chronology founded on the history dictated by God himself. There have since appeared five new methods of reconciling the various texts of scripture. Thus there are as many disputes about Abraham as the number of his years (according to the text) when he left Haran. And of these seventy-five systems, there is not one which tells us precisely what or where this village of Haran was. What thread shall guide us in this labyrinth of conjecture and contradiction from the first verse to the very last? Resignation with the above sample of this style of writing you will see that Voltaire was compelled by Christian tyranny to write like a Jesuit.

So I shall proceed to show that because of the same tyranny he was compelled to die like a Jesuit.

The Abbe Gauthier confessed Voltaire, and received from him a profession of faith, by which he declared he should die in the Catholic religion in which he was born. When this circumstance became known, it offended enlightened men more than it edified the devotees. The curate of St. Sulpice ran to his parishioner (Voltaire) who received him with politeness, and gave him, as was his custom, a handsome offering for the poor. But mortified that the abbe's hand anticipated him, he pretended that he ought to have required a particular profession of faith, and an express disavowal of all the heretical doctrines which Voltaire had been accused of maintaining. The abbe declared that by requiring everything, all would be lost. During this dispute, Voltaire recovered, Irene was played and the profession of faith was forgotten. But, at the moment of his relapse, the curate returned to Voltaire absolutely resolved not to inter him if he could not obtain the desired recantation.

"The curate was one of those men who are a mixture of hypocrisy and imbecility; he spoke with the obstinate persuasion of a maniac, and with the flexibility of a Jesuit. He wished to bring Voltaire to acknowledge at least the divine nature of Jesus Christ—a dogma, to which he was more attached than to any other; and for this purpose he one day aroused him from his lethargy by shouting in his ear, "Do you believe the divinity of Jesus Christ?" "In the name of God, sir, speak to me no more of that man but let me die in peace."

He died on the 30th day of May, 1778.

The curate was dissatisfied with his recantation, and declared that he was obliged to refuse him burial, but he was not authorized in this refusal; for according to law it ought to have been preceded by excommunication. He was buried at Secliers, and the priests agreed not to interfere with the funeral.

However, two pious ladies of distinguished rank and very great devotees, wrote to the bishop of Troyes to engage him in opposing the burial; but, fortunately for the honor of the bishop, the letters did not reach him till after the funeral. No wonder that the Church hated him after death as much as they had feared him while living; for according to their own statement he is now a saint in glory and yet they admit that he died as he had lived—the friend of Reason and the enemy of superstition; for his last words uttered the conviction that the man-god of the Church was to him but a man.

Condorcet concludes his admirable life of Voltaire in the following words:

"It ought not to be forgotten that Voltaire, when in the height of his glory, and while, throughout Europe, he exercised a power over the minds of men hitherto unparalleled. The expressive words—'The little good I have done, is my best of works' was the unaffected sentiment that held possession of his soul.

Thus and much more I was enabled to say in behalf of the glorious dead, because a woman had wit enough to outwit a Protestant Jesuit in the glorious free State of Iowa.

TEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE SEA. — The Western Union Telegraph Company has opened offices at Fair Play and Alma, Colorado. The latter place is supposed to be the highest regular telegraph station in the world, being ten thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

Friendly Correspondence.

W. E. CRANDALL, St. Catharine, Mo., writes: I would not do without THE TRUTH SEEKER, if it costs me the price of a cow. Set me down as a life subscriber. It is my Bible, Hymn and Prayer Book.

C. L. HEATH, Angola, Ind., sending in the names of fifteen new subscribers, writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER is the best paper of the kind I have ever seen. My papers are doing missionary work here, and are universally liked. Yours, &c.

S. F. WOODARD, Osborn, Ohio, writes: I take more papers by one-half than I get time to read, but I cannot think of neglecting THE TRUTH SEEKER, the brightest gem of them all. In quality, your paper is a success. May it prove so financially. The cause of truth needs sharp, vigorous and manly strokes. Rest not till you have torn down the ancient strongholds of bigotry, superstition and ignorance.

AN ESTEEMED FRIEND writes us thus: At home, Lamar Co., Texas, Nov. 13th 1874, 11½ o'clock p. m. My very much respected friend, D. M. Bennett, Yours of Oct. 23rd came to hand in due time. I was glad to hear that you were not only living but working. I have trembled many times for the life of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I think I admire it more than any journal I ever read.

I don't recollect when my paid time is out. I shall send \$2 in this letter to add what I have already paid. Your articles on the Bible are truly delicious. I read "Old Abe and Little Ike," to a congregation a few Sundays ago. I have written out my creed, and read that in several congregations last summer. It is a strong dose. I have been a Methodist, and I have been a Cumberland Presbyterian. But now I regard myself as a confirmed disbeliever in the Bible—I hold that it is no more the word of God, than Webster's Unabridged, or any other book.

But Brother Bennett, I believe in being a GOOD MAN. I don't allow myself to do anything which my conscience condemns. I think I am as happy a man as any Christian I know of in the world. Well, the clock has struck 12, so, I am into to-morrow—I must correct the date of my letter, so here goes. Nov. 14th 1874. Now I must fold, put \$2 in envelope, back, and then go to bed. I was born 1799, Jan. 31. I guess my race is nearly run, but my health is fine at the present. Farewell. J. A. RUTHERFORD.

THOS. H. DODGE, Oxford, O., writes: FRIEND BENNETT:

John M. Starn is very wise, And lauds your paper to the skies. He says he can't have it a minute Unless he reads what there's in it. So enclosed you will find \$3.50 to pay his and my subscriptions to this volume.

So send it along without delay, Don't stop to wait another day. I am trying to get you more subscribers, for I think THE TRUTH SEEKER is one of the best papers in the world. I send you a few verses that I hurriedly wrote about my niece and her baby. If you will publish them in your paper they will doubtless please the boys on "Long St."

Clara's got another baby,
Darling, precious little "tyke,"
Grandma says, and she knows surely,
That you never saw its like.

Isn't it a beaming beauty,
Lying there so sweet and snug—
Mrs. Dye pray stop your scandal,
Darling's nose is not a pug.

Some one says, "'tis pa all over,"
Whereat pa turns rather red,
And to scan his features quickly
To the looking-glass has fled.

But recovers his composure
When he hears the nurse's story.
Who admits that, of all babies,
This indeed's the crowning glory.

Now aunt Mary says she guesses,
Says, indeed, she knows its Pa's;
That 'twill prove to be a greater
Man than e'er its father was.

Proving thus the modern thesis,
Held by reverend doctors sage—
That in babies, as in wisdom,
This is a progressive age.

Uncle Tom looks on, and wonders
At so great a prodigy;
Close, and closer still he presses,
Thinking something brave to see.

Up they hold the babe before him,
While they gather in a ring.
But alas the staggered uncle
Vainly tries its praise to sing.

As he stares, the lovely infant,
Nestling by its mother's side,
Opens its little mouth, and smiling,
Gurgles forth a milky tide.

Uncle tries to hide his blushes,
Looks about to find his hat,
Stumbles blindly o'er the cradle,
And upsets the startled cat.

Why, oh why such awkward blunders?
Better far have stayed away;
Nor have thrust yourself where women
Hold an undisputed sway.

Do you think that now they'll name it
As they meant to, after you?
Wretched mortal, let me answer,
You're deluded if you do.

Round about the noisy women
Pass the helpless stranger now:
Raptured with each nascent feature,
Chin, and mouth, and eyes, and brow.

And for this young bud of promise
All neglect the rose in bloom;
Eldest born, who, quite forgotten,
Pouts within his lonely room.

Blow the whistle! Ring the car-bell!
That the waiting world may know;
Publish it through all our borders,
Even unto Mexico.

Seize your pen, oh dreaming poet,
And in numbers smooth as may be,
Spread afar the joyful tidings,
Clara's got another baby.

UNCLE TOM.

Elder Zebedee Harkins.

Sermon No. 2.

[Reported by THOMAS A. DIDYMUS.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

"Go ye into all the world and preach my Gospel to every creature. He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved, but he that believeth not, shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

The Elder is in the habit of reading a whole chapter as a prelude to the regular exercises, but last Sunday he only read the four verses quoted, and laying down the Bible, he picked up the hymn-book and lined out that holy war song:

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?"

Brother Stutsman pitched the tune, and the whole congregation joined in and sang with as much enthusiasm as the boys in blue were wont to sing:

"We'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

The Elder's prayer was rather long, and as it contained nothing new, it will be omitted.

On rising from his knees—he always bends the knee and bows the head when he addresses the Lord of hosts—he asked brother Stutsman to sing:

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.
He whom I fix my hopes upon."

Before old Uncle Ben Allison and Aunt Sally Stuart—both of whom sing with more unction than time, and more spirit than understanding, and who always come out a stave or two behind at the close—had ceased to roll the last dying sentence of this inspiring hymn from their divinely-tuned throats out upon the palpitating air, the Elder had opened his bible and begun to read his text—none other than the lesson already quoted. Closing the holy volume with great deliberation, and removing his spectacles, he began his sermon.

"My beloved brethren and sisters, and you my impenitent fellow-traveler to the bar of God, I want to call your attention to the fact that the Scriptures of divine truth are plain and easy to understand. 'He that runs may read,' and the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. If we will only take the Lord at his word, it's all plain sailing.

Secondly, I want you to take notice, my beloved congregation, who it was that used the language quoted as my text. It was the Lord Jesus Christ himself—the Word of God. Therefore this text comes to us with all the power and authority of a direct, and positive, and unequivocal command from on high.

There are several points in this text, but I will confine myself to the three most important.

First, The plan of salvation.

Secondly, The means of salvation.

Thirdly, The consequences of rejecting the gospel.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach my gospel to every creature." This, my beloved brethren, was the last command of our blessed Lord before he ascended to his Father and our God.

He had taught them by precept and example for three years in the wilderness, and on the mountain and in the synagogue. They had heard the words of everlasting life, as they fell from his blessed lips, and now as he was about to leave them and take up his abode at the right hand of the Majesty on high, he commands them to go into all the world and preach the words of life he had preached to them. Thus we see, my beloved brethren, the great plan of salvation depends on preaching.

Yea, 'by the foolishness of preaching are men saved,' says the Apostle Paul. "Thank God for this gospel plan of salvation. And right here I want to notice, and refute one of the heresies of these modern times. It is this: Some of our own preachers, and many of other denominations, not to speak of the Universalists and Unitarians, who are all Infidels, and don't deserve to be counted among the Lord's hosts; I say some even of our own preachers have been carried away with the idea of progress, and are preaching a new gospel, and not the gospel of our risen Lord.

They talk about intellectual and moral development, and call religion a science, and all such blasphemous and anti-Christian stuff. Now this is all a trick of the Devil, and all these learned, scientific and philosophical preachers are the Devil's allies. They are not preaching the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, but the doctrines of Pagan philosophers, and modern Spiritualists and Infidels. Hear brother Paul on this point. He says to his brethren, 'I am resolved to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.' And again he says: 'If any man preach any other doctrine than this, let him be accursed.'

Amen. Thank the Lord, we have got a gospel that is perfect, unchangeable and easy to preach, and the weakest mind can understand it.

And this brings me to the second point in my discourse. The means of grace or salvation: 'He that believeth shall be saved.' That's the condition, my friends. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is all that is required, and this has power to save the vilest of the vile. The thief on the cross, or the murderer on the scaffold can look to Jesus and live, for has he not said: 'He that cometh to the Father in my name, shall in no wise be cast out.' And again he says: 'Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that shall ye receive.'

Yes, my beloved brethren, faith is the saving power of the gospel of Christ. If salvation depended on knowledge, none but the wise could get to heaven. If it depended on righteousness, the whole world would be damned, for there is none righteous in all the land. But, bless God, all can believe, and therefore all can be saved.

By faith are ye saved, and that not of yourselves. Ah! my beloved brethren and sisters, faith is what we need. By faith Enoch walked with God three hundred years, and then God took him bodily to himself, that he might not taste death. By faith Noah built the Ark, whereby he and his family were saved, while all the unbelievers were drowned by the flood. By faith Abraham offered up his favorite son Isaac at the command of God. By faith Sarah conceived and bore a son in her old age. By faith the walls of Jericho fell down. By faith Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and it obeyed him, and ceased to go down for the space of three hours. By faith Samson slew the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. By faith Moses smote the rock in the wilderness, and the waters gushed forth to quench the thirst of the multitude. By faith Elijah was caught up to heaven in a chariot of fire. By faith the mouths of the lions were stopped, so that they could not hurt Daniel. By faith the three Hebrew children escaped from the fiery furnace unhurt. By faith have the lepers been healed, the lame made to walk, the blind to see, and the dead raised, and by faith alone can ye who are dead in sin be raised from your helpless state, and made to rejoice in the new birth of the Gospel of Christ.

Brethren, this is a comforting doctrine; a glorious gospel. Thank God, we have nothing to do but believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and all our sins are blotted out, and we become heirs of salvation, because his righteousness is imputed to us.

The blessed Savior died on the cross for us. Yes, bless God,

'He died for you, he died for me,
He died to set the sinner free.'

Yes, he died to set the sinners free indeed. That's true, ain't it Sister Barnes? "Yes, glory be to God, it is true," responded Sister Barnes. Thank the Lord, we who have passed from death unto life, and been translated from the kingdom of darkness, to the glorious kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, know what it is to be saved by faith. Satan may rage, and his infidel crew imagine vain things, we shall not be moved, for we know in whom we have believed.

Being born of the spirit, we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous. We know that our Redeemer liveth, and because he lives we shall live also. Bless the Lord, brethren, this is a glorious hope, the hope of salvation through Jesus Christ, and it's a glorious salvation, my brethren, that awaits those who have been redeemed through the blood of the Lamb, for whereas we were children of the Devil, and as such subject to the wrath of God; now we are children of the kingdom of light and joint heirs with the Lord Jesus Christ to an everlasting inheritance

In the mansion above, where all is love,
Where sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.
There we shall bathe our weary souls
In seas of heavenly rest.
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across our peaceful breast.

But what shall I say to you, my poor unfortunate fellow-traveler to the bar of God?

My text not only assures the believer of salvation, but it also declares that 'He that believeth not shall be damned.' And this brings me to the third and last part of my sermon.

The consequences of neglecting the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, 'Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature; he that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.'

There stands the word of God as plain and as positive as it is possible to make it, and with this text before your eyes, how can you escape the damnation of hell if you neglect this great salvation that is offered to you on such easy terms, namely, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

'It is not of works, lest any man should boast.' No, my dying friend, works will not save you; it is faith, and faith only, that can do that. Though you should spend your whole life in doing good, if you have not faith it would profit you nothing, for the righteousness of man is but filthy rags in the sight of

God, and your good deeds count for nothing at the judgment seat of Christ.

No, my friends, the only thing that will avail you in that terrible day is the wedding garment, the robe that has been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

He that believeth not, shall be damned. Do you realize the full import of that terrible sentence, my friends? I am afraid you don't. If you did, you would not waste a moment of your precious time, but would make haste to close in with the terms of offered mercy. You would flee from the wrath to come as you would from a terrible monster.

It is an awful thing to be torn in pieces by a lion or a tiger, but it's more awful to fall into the hands of the living God and feel the rod of his vengeance. His wrath waxeth not toward those that deny his name, but his mercy abounds toward them that call upon his name in faith. He is long suffering and tender in his mercies, but the day of his wrath kindleth as an oven, and the wicked are consumed before it.

It's got to be fashionable in these latter days for preachers to explain away the passages in this blessed book that speaks of hell and the wrath of God. But the preachers that do such things are deceiving the people and endangering their own soul's salvation.

I tell you, my friends, the language of this bible is plain and can't be misunderstood, unless you want to misunderstand it. And this blessed book says: 'These'—meaning the wicked—'shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.'

And the rich man died also, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and one had not on a wedding garment, and the Lord commanded that he be cast into outer darkness, where there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. And again I read, 'All whose names are not found written in the Lamb's book of life shall be cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.'

It's no use for Beecher and the rest of the Universalists to try to get over or explain away these passages. It can't be done, and any preacher that attempts to do it is either a fool or a hypocrite, and I warn you, my dying congregation, not to be deceived by any such infidel palaver as these new fangled preachers get off in the name of Christianity. They are wolves in sheep's clothing. They use the livery of heaven to serve the Devil in. Behold! they have their reward in big salaries, and the flattery of the rich and fashionable sinners.

But my lost friends, Elder Harkins don't dare to pervert the word of God as these preachers do, for he knows that the everlasting fate of your immortal souls hangs upon the issue of his preaching. If so be you accept the gospel, all is well, but if you reject it the red-hot mouth of hell yawns to receive your immortal souls.

O that I had the voice of the seven trumpets, that I might reach the dull ear of every unconverted sinner in the whole land, and tell them as I tell you now, that as long as you neglect the gospel of Christ, you are hair-hung and breeze-shaken on the very verge of the bottomless pit.

You have no lease of life. You are not sure you will live another year, another month, another day. No, no! my friends, you are not sure of another hour of life. If you leave this place to-day, without making your peace with God, his mercy may fail before the sun rises to-morrow morning, and you awake to find yourself in hell, beyond the reach of human help or divine mercy, there to sink in endless woe, forever and ever, and as often as you could rise to the surface of that awful lake of boiling brimstone, you would join the great host of the damned of all ages and nations in the one eternal cry, 'How long, O how long am I to be tormented in these flames?' And the only answer you would get, my dying friends, would be the echo of your own voice, as it rolled back to you from the cavernous walls of your gloomy abode and the fiendish laugh of devils as they mocked at your wails of anguish and rejoiced at your endless woe.

Hark! what is that that comes wafted across the plains of heaven, and the echos of which reach the very confines of hell? It is the song of the redeemed host that walk the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem.

You strain your eyes to catch a glimpse of joys you never can taste, and your ears to catch the last dying notes of music that is to you but the funeral dirge of your dead hopes. There in that happy throng is your pious mother, who has prayed for you and plead with you in tears and agony of soul. But her days of praying and sorrowing are past. She rests from her labors, and her works do follow her. She looks to your doleful abode. Ah! she sees her child. You lift your hands toward her, and cry out in the agony of despair, 'Mother! O mother, pray for me!' The redeemed and sainted mother replies: 'My child, your doom is just. God doeth all things well. To him be glory, and honor, and power, and dominion, and majesty for ever and ever,' and in a moment your mother is lost in the throng of the heavenly host, while you sink down in despair, and the waves of hell swallow you up.

This is no fancy picture, my dying friends, but the everlasting truth of God as found in the gospel of Jesus Christ, and I warn you and beseech you by the

pains of everlasting damnation, and by the mercies of God, that you look to the Lord and live; for, as Moses lifted up a brazen serpent in the wilderness, that whosoever looked toward it might live, even so hath Jesus Christ been lifted up on the cross, and the sinner has only to believe on him and live. Yes, Jesus, the blessed Lamb of God, died on the cross to save you, and now he stands all the day long with bleeding hands and pleading tongue, saying, sinner, come to me and live.

O the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary;
The Lamb that was slain,
But liveth again
To intercede for me.

Brethren, sing

'Come humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
With all your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve.'

If there is one soul within the sound of my voice that desires to flee from the wrath to come, let him come forward and let that fact be known."

During the progress of the song, which was sung with great unction by the entire congregation, the Elder kept up a vigorous attack upon the sinner's stronghold by means of a steady fire of exhortation, and after they had closed the first song, and run into the following camp-meeting chorus,

"I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in his arms;
In the arms of my dear Jesus,
O! there are ten thousand charms."

some half-dozen young girls, from ten to fourteen years of age, went forward and knelt at the altar.

This, of course, involved the necessity of a prolongation of the services, and a large number of the congregation retired.

Your reporter begs to be indulged in a few reflections on the Elder's sermon. It seems to me that the Rev. Zebedee failed to do justice to his text, in omitting to impress upon the sinner the importance of baptism. The text says, "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved." Now it strikes me that, according to the text, baptism is as imperative a condition as faith.

Again, the text speaks of *certain* signs that should follow them that believe.

Now the Elder professes to believe. Let him prove his faith by casting out a few devils, or by swallowing a dose of strychnine or prussic acid, or by letting a rattlesnake bite him, or let him try his hand at healing the sick by his saintly touch and the power of prayer. A few such miracles as is here promised would overturn Tyndal's theories effectually, and probably convert him to Christianity.

Letters to a Preacher.

NO. II.

"I want you and your husband to understand that your sentiments have nothing to do with my estimate of your characters. I do not know any person in our village that I could more unhesitatingly trust in questions of truth and honesty, and I believe in real benevolence, for all of which I thank Jesus Christ, as all my knowledge of the world's history does not give me two persons of the moral status I attribute to you, outside of Christian influence, and this will be a good time to re-assert the absence of the scientist outside the shadow of the cross. It is bad logic in you to call this an assertion, while I can cite you to them in Christian countries, and you cannot find them outside."

FRIEND B.: It is hardly a fair proposition to ask me to find scientists "outside the shadow of the cross," as a proof that Christianity does not in itself advance science or morality, for the "shadow of the cross" rests on all the most civilized and enlightened nations of the globe. Christian missionaries are scattered wherever they can gain admittance, and thus Christianity plants the cross in all localities where there is science or morality, and then claims the credit of all the goodness and intelligence that is found beneath its shadow, whether those so shadowed are themselves Christians, Infidels or Pagans. As well say science and morality only flourish where sewing machines and steam engines are found. And besides, what is Christianity? And the cross, *what is that?* Only relics of Paganism, both of them. The cross was in use ages before the reputed birth of Christ, and Christ himself is only a myth created out of some ancient Pagan deity. At least we have so little evidence of any other origin for him, that we may safely conclude this to be the correct one.

The Christian religion itself is all the time changing, expanding, enlarging and widening itself, so that it may seem to its devotees to be leading science, while in reality science is actually forcing the "shadow of the cross" to yield step by step, and point after point, dogma after dogma, and superstition after superstition is given up, till at last the most advanced Christians of the *Index* and *Golden Age* stamp, bear no semblance to the Puritans of Plymouth Rock, the believers in the old, blue laws of Connecticut, than the enlightened scientist of the Nineteenth Century does to the old fogey who thinks the world a flat sur-

face, and the sun, moon and stars made and set in the firmament especially for its lights.

But as I said in my first letter, there are scientists and moralists in all lands and all places, (though not being a traveler in those countries) that are "outside of the shadow of the cross." I may not be able to "cite thee to them" of my own personal knowledge.

John Fiske, speaking of ancient Athens, says: "The Greeks esteemed more highly the beauty of the body than that of its covering." Now is not that real science? the science of life, health and true beauty; while we, beneath the "shadow," cover, hide and smother, pad, stay, prop and lace our bodies, and are oftentimes ashamed to have feet, hands, or even face seen in public gatherings; and the lame, ill-shapen and deformed fill our hospitals, and throng in the dark, filthy alleys of our cities, a disgrace to the civilization which, in this respect, is so far behind that of the Greek age, which took such pride in the perfection and beauty of the physical proportions of the race.

Fiske also says: "There has been no other community of which the members have, as a general rule, been so highly cultured, or have attained individually such completeness of life." The Athenian public was, on the whole, the most highly cultured public that has ever existed. Their moral and religious life sat easily on them, like their own graceful drapery, and did not weary them like the hair-cloth garment of the monk. They were free from that dark conception of a Devil which lent terror to life in the Middle Ages. They had an open, child-like conception of Religion, and as such it was a *sunny* conception. They were the most profoundly cultivated people of all ages. A larger proportion of men lived complete, well-rounded, harmonious lives in ancient Athens, than in any other known community," notwithstanding the fact (?) that they were not "shadowed by the cross," and "they had no word for the idea of virtue." Respectfully,

ELMINA P. D. SLENKER.

Land Reform.

Each human being has a natural right to an equal, inalienable and individual share of soil and sovereignty in townships and democracies throughout every State and nation.

CAWKER CITY, MITCHELL CO., KANSAS, }
Oct. 21st, 1874.

LEWIS MASQUERIER—Dear Sir: I have just been reading your article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 1st, and have also read several articles in the *Investigator* upon the same subject, and I have come to the conclusion to write you and give you something of an idea of this, "the far West" in establishing Homes for the many homeless.

Here where there is such vast quantities of land, embracing the finest soil and climate in the world, I think would be just the spot to begin the work. More than four years ago, and soon after I embraced Infidelity, feeling that my opinions ostracized me socially, and longing to live where I could enjoy the blessing of corresponding sympathies, I determined to make an effort to build up, if possible, in some available spot, a society of Liberals, I came here to this point and established a beautiful site for a city, with a thousand natural advantages of geographical position, locality, etc.

Soon after I came here, a company of men from Milwaukee, Wis., came on and laid out this place, and finding I had the advantage of them in all respects, they resolved to beat me out of my quarter if they could. The story is too long to relate, but suffice it to say, after three and a half years of law in contesting me, I won. When I came here there was not a habitation to be seen, and the country swarming with Red-skins. Now, although the country is new, the settlements extend one hundred and seventy miles west of us still. We have good school-houses, and, as a matter of course, churches with two lazy ministers to support. Near here and near my land lie 4,500 acres of beautiful land, belonging to four different railroads in the State, and adjacent to this is thousands of acres of beautiful prairie, inviting labor to unfold their rich and unfailing resources. This point is forty-five miles from the Kansas Pacific Railroad south, sixty miles from the Missouri and Burlington Railroad on the north, and 375 miles east of Denver City.

The principal business to be carried on here would be stock-raising and wool-growing, and the Solomon river has some good water-powers, by which mills and factories might be propelled.

I like your ideas of social life. I don't wholly endorse Woodhull. I think she is an extremist, and her theories unnatural communism; can only exist under some theory that fetters the mind, and is also unnatural, for it is natural for a man or woman to desire the full control of their persons and labor. But I am extremely liberal, and am willing every one should enjoy their domestic relations as they see fit, but must all conform for their general good to a constitution, framed so as to secure to each and every one an *individuality*, and to the whole, *security*.

Our prospects for railroads here are not very encouraging at present. Before the great financial crash, several were proposed running east and west. That there will be roads here is only a question of time, for the demands of the country are constantly on the increase, and there must be some outlet to the vast productions of this valley to market. The mining regions of Colorado

will ever furnish a market for the produce of Kansas.

This article is growing more lengthy than I first anticipated, and the subject being now open, I would respectfully invite your correspondence upon the subject, and if we can succeed in getting 10,000 Liberals to settle here upon small homesteads, and by co-operation of labor and means, build up the foundation of the future social life, I shall die content in the knowledge that there has been one step taken toward the ultimate happiness of the human race. Very respectfully, I am yours.

MARIE M. DEFORD, M.D.

REPLY.—Dear Friend: I heartily sympathize in all your good intentions and efforts. But while we are all more or less demoralized by the form and pressure of surrounding institutions, we can only escape from them by slow degrees, or by very short stages of civilization. If it were possible that some few of us could develop the thorough principle of rights, wrongs, and the remedies of all evil, why should we not reach the last stage of a perfect civilized form of society, with as little revolutionary struggle as we now strive to advance to some petty measure of reform? This could be done, if men could learn to give heed to the thorough principles of rights and wrongs, which would put them outside of the "ring" of all the present institutions of society and government.

I behold you contending with men demoralized by the present erroneous political economy of society; with men making use of property only to monopolize and swallow up other property, by grasping at large tracts of land, which should never have been desecrated by setting a money valuation upon it. If every human being was established in the natural right to an equal, inalienable and individual share of soil or homestead and sovereignty in township democracies, subject to no liability to alienate by any consideration whatever, such as debt, sale, tax, mortgage, etc., who then could acquire any other tract of soil or homestead, so as to extort tribute in the form of rent, when there were none but those who had homes of their own? Under this system, homesteads might be exchanged for each other by simply paying the difference in value. Here, too, no one could accumulate anything in any way but through labor and the natural aid of children. No one would hire out his muscle to servilely delve upon his neighbor's homestead, instead of his or her own. They might socially exchange an equal time of labor for labor on the same terms as the exchange of products, according to the time of labor with the materials added. Under this form of economy, no millionaires could arise. The few hundred dollars which these might accumulate upon their homesteads, would only be expended in improvements upon them, or in patronizing the arts.

I see, too, that you speak of laying out these kind of cities that consist of piling up houses against each other, to burn up by acres, and that only produce a destitute population, that depend on the uncertainty of trade, and whose meagre twenty-five by one hundred foot lot, is not enough for horticulture and an independent living. But by securing all upon inalienable homesteads, never to be divided down below the minimum of ten acres, the least for a family support, sufficient to raise all the grain, roots, fruits and forest trees, thus combining farm and park as one, with dwelling, barn and shop on every homestead, surrounded by this vegetation, the whole country would be reduced to a rural city all over the earth, while every six miles square of it would be organized as a township democracy, with a central exchange mart and town hall, wherein to meet and vote directly for the very little law or judicature then needed.

In our land reform movement, under George H. Evans, I furnished a plan for laying out a village in the centre of each township, with streets running from central circular public grounds to the cardinal points, which varied the size of the lots from the centre outward. But I consider that I have improved upon this idea by planning the whole township into a rural city, wherein the houses are surrounded with sufficient soil to raise all vegetables, where each can both farm and manufacture, or do only one. Mankind must eventually be forced into some such system as this in self-defence against the monstrous growth of present cities, concentrating capitalist landlords, traders and manufacturers commanding four-fifths of the product of labor at starvation prices, while creating paupers, criminals and wretchedness. The present over-growing cities must become ruins, leaving only enough of the warehouses, foundries, ship-yards, etc., in the sea and river ports of the earth for accommodation of commerce. Think no more, my friend, of building up little pauper-breeding villages, but get every one upon an equal, inalienable and individual homestead, which will be far more easy to induce mankind to embrace than the error of communism, which I am pleased to find you have not been deluded into. I would gladly aid you to arouse the ten thousand settlers you want, but the gloom of years is coming over me, and I have no power to move poor, conservative, ignorant and suffering humans. They will suffer themselves to be hurled by hundreds of thousands into each other in war, but no such number can be aroused to settle Kansas into a land reform State.

LOUIS MASQUERIER,
2d Cor. Sec., L. R. S.,
99 Java St., Green Point, N. Y.

New-York Liberal Club.

DECEMBER 11th, 1874.

R. A. GUNN, M.D., delivered a lecture, subject, "Co-education of the Sexes."

He commenced by showing the defects in the present system of education, one of which was a false delicacy by which the child was kept in profound ignorance of its own structure, and the various functions of the body. Another serious evil resulted from the foolish practice on the part of parents and teachers of meeting the enquiries of the child by lying and deceptions. This practice originating in a false modesty was attended by the worst possible results, as it tends to reproduce hypocrisy and cunning instead of frankness and truthfulness, which are virtues most admirable in either young or old. The physical development of the girl is prevented by her dress from playing in the dirt, and basking in the sun, and thereby acquiring like her brother a vigorous frame.

Girls learn much quicker than boys, but as the boy must prepare for some profession, he has an incentive to work, while the girl must look to marriage alone as the ultimate end and aim of her existence; and the wily mama stoops to all the despicable arts of husband hunting. Thus bad food, insufficient exercise, uncomfortable clothing, tight lacing, all combine to unfit the girl to become the future mother; and she, feeling her unfitness, often desires to shirk the duties of maternity, and procures abortion to avoid the great risk that nearly every falsely educated American woman incurs in becoming a mother.

The lecturer went on to show that a rational education would remove many of the evils which now result from false methods of teaching. Never lie to a child; let there be no Santa Claus fables, no superstition. Let the dress of the girl be plain and convenient, so that, like her brother, she may play freely in the open air. Let there be more play than study. Let the children of both sexes play together and study together. Let their studies be more objective than subjective. He denied that there was any sex in mind, or that there was any physiological hindrance to the complete education of woman, as was assumed by Dr. Clark and Maudsley. He affirmed that there was not sufficient data to support the assumption that the menstrual period in woman would hinder her from pursuing any course of education or industry, provided her physical education in early life was natural. He cited the women among the peasantry of Scotland, Wales, and Germany, who performed an equal and in many cases a greater amount of labor than the men.

In the name of justice he demanded that every road be left open for every human being, man and woman, and that like labor will receive like compensation. Let woman have an opportunity to become self-sustaining, and when she marries it will be for love and not for the sake of a home.

He closed with a fine passage in which he predicted what would occur when the light of science should illuminate the world; when man and woman should dwell side by side in intelligence, equal before the law.

The audience manifested their appreciation by long and enthusiastic applause.

Messrs. HALLOCK, LAMBERT, HOEBER and ELLSBERG, as physicians, followed, in discussing the lecture, and, with some exceptions, generally coincided with the spirit of the address.

Mr. DAWSON took some exceptions to the propriety of delivering such lectures before mixed assemblages; but in this matter the opinion of the great majority of the audience was clearly against him.

Dr. GUNN, in his closing remarks, said science embraces all subjects, and its teaching must reach every human ear; and there is no subject which can be of more interest than that which relates to the structure and functions of the human body. To dispel the popular ignorance it is necessary for the men of science to instruct the populace from the public platform. He deprecated the false modesty which could say limb, but would blush at the word leg, for to the pure all things are pure. For science must perform the special work of stripping superstition of its mystery, and ignorance of its crimes, thereby substituting knowledge for belief and happiness for misery.

Am I a Free Lover?

Who ever loved by compulsion? I didn't. Don't believe Falstaff ever did. He might as well give reasons by compulsion.

Hannibal, when twelve years old, is said to have sworn on the altar of the gods eternal enmity to Rome. I never swore eternal enmity to anybody.

Some go to the altar and swear eternal love to one little heap. How well they keep the swear your deponent saith not. The understanding is they'll not love any other heap. I infer that such is the understanding, for if the swearer looks in any other direction there is trouble in the wigwam.

Sylvester, the Pillar Saint, wasn't a free lover, was he? He wouldn't allow a woman to come within a mile of his pillar. The Empty Barrel Saint wasn't either; but who wants to be a Pillar Saint, or an Empty Barrel Saint?

Jacob Dox, of Geneva, Ontario Co., N. Y., some sixty years ago, was elected to the Legislature. Jacob would do the Legislature swear, but to never fight a duel he wouldn't swear. He didn't expect to fight a duel, but wasn't to be so tied up. So stubborn was Jacob that the House had to back down. That sort of swear got its quietus then and there.

Was the Nazarine a free lover? What a question! Is our Governor elect a free lover? I don't believe that he ever went to the altar and swore he would, or wouldn't, love, or hate, anybody in particular.

I'm some like His Excellency in some things. In the little matter of love, I square myself by the rules of our church. What church? What church do sensible people belong to? The Church of Humanity sure. By the rules of our church I can love every body if I've a mind to.

Do I love everybody? How do you wish me to answer that question? I have a way of setting a thing out, so as to make it appear just as it is. I love everything that to me is lovable—everything that is pretty.

As far back as I can remember, the prettiest, the most lovable of anything I could see or think of was a good little girl in her native innocence. To me such are angels—more than angels. I never worship; don't believe in it. It is undignified; self-respect forbids it. I reverence all that is reverenceable—adore all that is adorable. Have heard tell of an Individual, all of the masculine persuasion, three masculines grown together, like Siamese twins, only more of them. I never made his (their) acquaintance—could not see anything adorable in monstrosity.

This side, my Ideal Man—the two moietyies become one on the angel plane—my ideal better moiety claims my highest adoration, as the best exponent of the most loving—most lovable—moiety of the sublime center of all vitality on the democratic platform of this little universe.

If any kind of ignorance be bliss, why is not ignorance of humanity's lower planes, in ways that are dark, as blissful ignorance as any of the ignorances? How sad to meet mere caricatures of humanity, who have neither father nor mother, and never had. They who rushed the little, squalid things into existence had not children in all their thoughts.

Of the damning cases where the weaker vessel is forced into sexuality against the better feelings of her soul, by the worse than brutality of the he, delicacy forbids to make mention. The offspring of such embrace are worse than motherless. Instead of maternal affections, the poor little miseries are met with frowns and loathing. [Loud cries of order. Let the curtain fall.]

Jupiter is a prettier world than this—prettier folks there. They have had more time to get themselves up in good shape. This will be a prettier world sometime. Iconoclasts, God's faithful servants, are now smashing up the old theologic images—brushing away the rubbish preparatory to laying the foundation of a new earth—new generative order, in pursuance of uncontaminated physiological law.

And the new heaven will be then in the effulgent brightness of Divinity in Humanity. Amen. P.

A Remarkable Bequest.

A LETTER FROM BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The following has just been handed us by a friend from the far west, who assures us it is direct from Salt Lake City. It will be seen the distinguished and venerable Patriarch of Utah Valley makes a most magnanimous offer to his friend, the eloquent pastor of Brooklyn Heights. Will it be accepted?

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Dec. 1, 1874.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.:

My Dear and Reverend Brother—Permit me to tender to you my warmest sympathy in this your hour of tribulation, and to offer to you an asylum from the troubles and annoyances of a narrow-minded, monogamic, sectarian community by which you are surrounded. Come out like a noble man, that nature intended you should be; openly avow and advocate your real belief and practice of Polygamy, and come with your many true and spirit wives and reside with us, where you and they will, whenever you openly recognize them as such, be respected by all. Do not remain where the highest and holiest attributes of your nature are looked upon by your neighbors with disgust and horror.

My most dear and reverend friend, I am getting old, my days of usefulness in certain respects are drawing to a close. For some years I have been looking for some one worthy and competent to take my place. I recognize in you sufficient ability in all respects. It only requires that you should openly avow your real doctrines. Come among us, and conform to our church regulations, viz: Openly marry your several, now wives defacto, and I am ready to surrender to you the leadership of this great people, and assign and turn over to you such of my younger wives as may prefer a more vigorous head. Consider this matter well. I must soon surrender my place, and go to my long home. I desire that my mantle fall upon one worthy, and thou art the man.

Hoping you will recognize the errors of attempting to live a Polygamous life, and advocate Monogamy, I remain, with great respect, truly your brother,
B. YOUNG.

Organization.

It is with the greatest pleasure we lay the following letter before our readers. We rejoice that the young city of Peoria is able to enroll such a respectable number of Freethinkers and free enquirers, with such a distinguished leader at their head. Let Liberals in all parts of the country act upon this noble example and go and do likewise. If they cannot count one-half or one-quarter as many names, let them not fail to step forward and organize. It is time for the Liberals of the United States to show some zeal and energy in the cause of Truth and Progress, and fear not to let their light shine. We hope soon to have some good reports to make from our own quarter. We shall be glad to often hear from our Peoria friends, and to lay a summary of their proceedings before our readers.

PEORIA, ILL., Dec. 17, 1874.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER—Dear Sir: We have just organized a Society in this city, and call it the "Peoria Free Thought Association." Col. Robert G. Ingersoll is our President. We meet at the Union Turner Hall every Sunday afternoon and discuss a theological or philosophical subject. The society is yet in its infancy, but it numbers about sixty or seventy members. We are now making arrangements to have a scientific lecture also, at every meeting. Our Society is open for the admission of members of every denomination, creed and belief, irrespective of sex or color, and our constitution guarantees them the privilege of expressing their views upon the subject for debate in full, and without any restraint whatever, except such as decorum may demand. Notwithstanding the broadness of our platform and the cordiality shown those who attend our meetings, the "faithful ones" have stood aloof, and about a hundred namby-pamby, milk and water, weak-kneed "doubters" are waiting for the verdict of orthodoxy before joining our Society. More anon.

DAN R. SHEEN,
Cor. Sec. P. F. T. Ass.

To the Rev. S. H. Platt.

DEAR SIR: I see by notice in the Brooklyn Eagle that you intend to give some lectures at the De Kalb Ave. M. E. Church on Sunday mornings, in vindication of the Christian God, the Christian Bible, the Christian Experience, against the assumption of Modern Skepticism, and the deductions of modern Scientists.

Shall I be deemed impertinent if I ask you to discuss this subject in a candid, honest manner? My past experience tells me this is very rarely done.

The "man of straw" you generally attack is of your own creation. The foundations on which this Christian superstructure rests are taken for granted, but it is those very foundations that are called in question to-day. Paley's Evidences does not meet the objection of to-day; for this is an age, as Froude says, of skepticism, and "it is covering the whole land like a mist," and therefore in your coming lectures we ask you to prove first that the records of the Bible are historically true. We assert that it is all allegory, metaphor, fable and imposture, and hold ourselves in readiness at all times to give a reason for our belief. Second, is the Christian Bible divinely inspired?

Is it the potential "Thus saith the Lord" from Genesis to Revelations? or is it only the "sayings of Solomon" that are inspired? Please tell us how much of this Bible we must believe as being inspired to-day? Third, is there any proof outside the Bible that such a person as Jesus Christ ever lived, moved and had his being on this earth? We say, we can find no historical evidence that he ever did exist. Now, as our only desire is to discover the truth, we should be pleased to discuss this subject with you in the pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and we pledge ourselves to examine your arguments with fairness and candor; but it may be, not to be outdone in liberality, you will permit a discussion in your own church. If so as we think we can give a good reason for the faith we believe in, we will then and there compare our opinions, and see which has the better way.

Yours for Truth, WM. WILLICOTT,
362 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dec. 22, 1874.

THE REV. DR. CUYLER says that if, "by some extraordinary and terrible process," Brooklyn should suddenly be deprived of all the religion in it, property would depreciate fifty per cent. in value in twenty-four hours. This is the way of estimating the temporal value of religion that suggests great possibilities in real estate. Admitting the soundness of Dr. Cuyler's assertion, the sure method of "bulling" the market, is to build a church on every corner.

Scientific Department.

On the Perception of the Invisible.

BY G. F. RODWELL.

(Continued from No. 7.)

Let us endeavor to visualize some of the invisible actions which are perpetually taking place around us, such as the assumption of heat by a mass of metal, and the reception of sound and light by the brain. Having recognized from the foregoing remarks the fact that the senses are limited in their capabilities of observation, and otherwise may often give fallacious results, we must at the outset provide ourselves with a suitable organ of observation. And here we must beg the reader to grant us a few important concessions; we must divest ourselves of this "muddy vesture of decay," if we wish to hear the music of the spheres; our bodies will be in the way if we wish to glide amongst ultimate atoms. We will therefore dispossess ourselves of the material part of us, retaining only the eye and the ear, associated with our normal intellectual powers. But the eye can only be directed towards one point at once, and if a rapidly-moving body passes it, the moving body (like the whirled stick) will appear to be drawn out on account of the persistence of its image on the retina; hence we must have a more complete instrument of vision. Let us then imagine a sphere whose entire surface is studded with eyes, and let us call this organ of vision, for the avoidance of repetition, the *oculus*. We must grant it, moreover, the power of contracting to the size of an atom, and of penetrating where the luminiferous ether can penetrate; the faculty of seeing in the dark; infinite velocity in any direction, or across any position of rest; power of clearly distinguishing the most rapid motion, and of seeing the imagined but ordinarily unseen; and lastly, power of resisting any extremes of temperature. These gifts being conceded we have an instrument of vision well suited to our purpose, an all-powerful eye; potent as the winged-eye which hovers over the head of Osiris in the Hall of Perfect Justice, when the heart of the deceased trembles in the balance.

We will now accompany the *oculus* on its first voyage of discovery. We have before us a little ingot of silver; we magnify it a few billion times, until, for example, it is as large as Australia, and enter it as an *oculus*. We make ourselves as small as possible, and perfectly elastic, or all our eyes will be put out, and we shall be pounded to pieces, for we are surrounded on every side by small, black, elastic atoms of silver, nearly as large as peas. They are whirling round and round in various planes with exceeding rapidity, in circles about ten feet diameter. It reminds us a little of the effect produced when we look up at a heavy snow-storm accompanied by just enough wind to give the flakes a whirling motion in mid-air; only here the white flakes are exchanged for little black spheroids which move rhythmically. We soon perceive that the velocity augments, the circles become larger, a lurid light surrounds the atoms, the mass no longer preserves its shape; it has exchanged the solid for the liquid condition, and settles down as a vast lake of molten silver. The circles of revolution of the atoms are but slightly larger, they appear now to be eleven or twelve feet diameter. The motion still increases; in other words, the molten silver continues to acquire heat, when suddenly it commences to boil; the atoms, whose velocity has considerably augmented, leave the circular path in which they had hitherto moved, and fly off tangentially, moving rectilinearly through space. Now we fix our eyes on an atom, and notice that although its velocity is enormous, it does not make so much progress as we might have expected, because it perpetually comes into collision with other atoms; thus it does not get even a hundred feet of continuous rectilinear motion, its path through space is zigzag, because it is constantly diverted from its straight course by collision with neighboring atoms. Thus the direction of its motion is changed several hundred times in a second. The atoms are perfectly elastic, and bound off from each other whenever collisions occur.

The *oculus* now leaves the interior of the mass, and having reached the outside, notices a vast greenish cloud of silver gas floating above it. Presently the rectilinear motion slackens; the gas is cooling; the atoms approach each other until at length they come within the range of their cohesion, which compounds its own rectilinear attractive force with the motion of the atoms into the former circular motion; they abandon their rectilinear angular velocity. The cloud of silver vapor condenses; a gigantic rain of molten silver falls; the drops are spheroidal and ellipsoidal masses as large as the dome of St. Paul's; they solidify into a lengthened ridge of silver mountains. Again the *oculus* enters the mass, and finds the atoms still actuated by their ceaseless circular motion of heat. But on looking towards one end of the ridge, the inception of a new kind of motion is perceived; the particles are assimilating an elliptical motion, which travels rapidly from end to end: the mass is conveying an electric current. The atoms of silver, still retaining their elliptical motion, now as-

sume a peculiar helicoidal motion in varying planes: the mass is under the influence of a magnet. The *oculus* then goes outside again and stations itself near the base of one of the shining silver mountains; it looks up at the bright lustrous sides, and sees the ether-waves dashing down upon them from infinite space; it notices also that the motion of the waves differs from that of the atoms—they cannot assimilate it. Consequently the ether-waves are dashed back, like great sea-waves dashing on a rock-bound coast; in a word, they are reflected, and to some extent scattered, as ether-foam.

Once again, the ingot of silver is placed in a Cycloæan melting-pot, together with some sulphur: the *oculus* places itself at the bottom of the mass, and diligently watches. The melting-pot is placed in a furnace; motion is rapidly assimilated by the atoms, more quickly by the sulphur than by the silver; at length a white atom of sulphur and two black atoms of silver are seen to coalesce, separate from the rest of the mass, and sink to the bottom as a molecule of sulphide of silver. The molecule continues the motion of heat which the individual atoms had before possessed, but the three coalesced atoms now act as one. The motion is observed to differ altogether, both in kind and velocity, from that of the single atoms; and the *oculus* no longer recognizes either the sulphur or the silver as separate bodies; the compound molecule now forms indeed a new substance. The individual atoms of the molecule also move relatively to each other. The combination of the two atoms of silver with one atom of sulphur continues until the whole mass of silver has become a new substance. A few million atoms of sulphur remain in the melting-pot in excess; they move more and more rapidly as the heating continues, and ultimately float away and are seen no more.

Here ends our first voyage with the *oculus*. We have seen some actions which are fairly familiar to many of us. We have endeavored to visualize the assumption of heat by a mass of melted metal; the continued assumption resulting in fusion and vaporization; the subsequent condensation of the vapor; the conveyance of an electric current by the metallic mass; the action of a magnet upon it; the reflection of light from its polished surface; and finally, its union with sulphur under the influence of the force of chemical affinity.

Whither shall we travel now? To the fiery maelstroms of the sun? To the zone of Saturn? To a cloud of planetary matter condensing into new worlds? Or shall we float with the light of Arcturus and a Lyre into the spectroscope of Mr. Huggins? Since we have attempted to visualize the infinitely little, let us now transport the *oculus* to the infinitely great, and place it in the midst of a new solar system about to be formed.

The *oculus* speeds through space; it sees an earth-lit moon; it reaches Mars during mid-winter, it examines the belt of Saturn with interest, and it gains some entirely new ideas about space of four dimensions. It passes the region

"where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand."

At length, far out of sight of our solar system, it comes to a firmamental desert, and sees beneath it an extended nebulous mass, some ten trillion miles in extent; the mass is hazy and cloud-like, and is gradually contracting its limits, until at length it condenses into a semi-solid spherical mass, intensely radiant, in fact still white-hot. The sphere assumes rotatory motion, and as the motion augments it bulges out more and more in the direction of its motion; then some dozens of masses of molten matter of different sizes are given off from the circumference of the rotating mass. These fly out in orbits more or less eccentric, and revolve around the great central body, the remains of the original parent mass, still far larger than any of its offspring. These new worlds possess rotatory motion of their own; one has a girdle; one is accompanied by little moons; some follow a very elliptical path; some rush off into infinite space in hyperbolic curves. The great central mass, now the sun of a vast system, keeps his attendant worlds in order; the greater number revolve about him with regularity. But one of the worlds, a few times larger than our moon, has by the velocity of its impulse been projected into a large and very elliptical orbit, which brings it within the sphere of attraction of a distant but enormous sun. Then, as a ship is drawn into a whirlpool, is the errant world drawn to its destruction. It circulates about the greater body, not in a curved path which returns into itself, but in an ever-narrowing spiral. At last comes the final crash; it rushes into the sun with a velocity of more than a million miles a second, and the heat generated by the collision volatilizes the destroyed planet. A thin, fiery cloud is now all that remains of what had a short time before been a world. All this, and much more, the *oculus* perceives, and then returns to earth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"He was killed by Providence," was the Ohio verdict in the case of a man who was struck by lightning.

Being Tapped.

BRO. BENNETT:—I am sorry to be unable to send you a full score of subscribers from here to your valuable semi-monthly TRUTH SEEKER, for it is truly one of the most consistent and effective taps that was ever inserted into the overgrown but decaying tree of ecclesiasticism. Every truly progressive mind and lover of humanity, can only wish that it might have as speedy result as the boy thought tapping his mother for dropsy would have.

The story runs, the mother was sick; the doctor came and said she must be tapped; the boy began to cry, and when asked what he cried for, said: "Father, don't have mother tapped, for nothing in our house was ever tapped that lasted a week." However, with the vast amount of fear, superstition, ignorance and credulity prevailing among the priest-ridden, and with such an unbounded supply of clerical cunning and dishonesty, we may not even hope that the life forces of the gigantic tree of ecclesiasticism, though mortally diseased, can be exhausted in a week; yet with a tap such as is contained on every page of your valuable paper, the last drop of vitality in it must be finally extracted, and the poor old mother of harlots be buried away "in the sight of the sun," and the presence of her worshippers.

It is a clear case, that when a professedly religious system becomes so notoriously false and corrupt, that its ablest defenders dare not submit it to the test of science, reason, and the enlightened judgment of mankind, the poor thing has "done its do," and must subside and make room for something that can and will, to take its place.

The ignorance, credulity, and hypocrisy, so plainly commingled in church history, leave no room for doubt now, that priestcraft in the past has so falsified, belittled and slandered the name and character of God (or good) that they dare not meet the plain issue of their own teachings and the legitimate fruits of their pious (?) slanders.

Only call to mind that villainous story of the sons of God (angels) taking unto themselves wives of the sons of men, and breeding a race of giants in those days, palmed on to poor, ignorant, and stupid men and women as God's holy word.

Then call to mind the thousands of priest-ridden dupes who, on a Sunday, will sit in the oldest rocking chair in the house, and with a pair of the oldest spectacles on their nose, will read that fable with a holy relish, pulling on a long face while rolling their eyeballs skyward, groaning out half audible sounds—"how holy!—how heavenly!—nothing so refreshing as the inspired word!—so full of warm gushing mercy and heavenly condescension!—bless God for his holy book!" we never should have known that had it not been for the goodness of God!

Then think of that nice little speck of "sacred literature," thrown in, it must be supposed by way of inspired condiment, about old righteous (?) Lot after coming out of Sodom with his two heaven-saved daughters.

Drunk! so drunk he didn't know what was up. *O tempora! O mores!* Is that not a sublime lesson to be read in our schools on bible physiology?

Theological goggles off, take a pitying look at poor Uriah, a side view at fascinating Bathsheba, and a square front look at King David, the heavenly tuned Lyre.

Time fails me and space forbids, yet I must come down to our era and mention a case spoken of in our scripture wherein a very noted Christian gentleman called Gabriel was badly mixed up in the "overshadowing" business. And while in mind will enquire of Bro. John Syphers, whether he can discover any broken links in the chain which connects that circumstance with "nest-hiding" of our day. From first to last the connection is complete so far as I can see. And unless what was right once is wrong now; what was truth once is a lie now; what would save a man once would damn him now; and unless what was once in harmony with the divine nature is opposed to it now, the Plymouth pastor stands exonerated—that is, on bible grounds.

Bathsheba was beautiful, so was Elizabeth.

Uriah was troublesome, so was Theodore.

He must be killed, the latter crushed.—

Therefore in Christian charity sing:

Who crushed Theodore?
I, says brother Hank, when I took him in the flank,
And I crushed Theodore.
Who struck at Moulton?
I, says Henry Ward, with a warrant from the Lord,
And I struck at Moulton.
Who stole Elizabeth?
I, says brother Beecher with my Plymouth wand and
sereecher,
And I stole Elizabeth.

Now let us all again p-r-e-y. So mote it be, *alms* amen. W.

A CLERGYMAN of Reading, Pa., has made a hit by introducing "personals" in prayers. Here is a sample: "Lord, have mercy on John Shanahan, who keeps a saloon near the old bridge. Either lay him on a bed of sickness or have him moved out of town."

Altman's New Price List.

MORRIS ALTMAN begs to state to his old friends and patrons that he has made extensive reductions in his various departments, and earnestly calls attention to the following quotations. The fullest satisfaction is guaranteed in every instance, and all goods not suiting will be exchanged, or the money returned in full.

N. B. To insure the immediate dispatch of orders by mail a P. O. Order, Draft, or Registered Letter must accompany each. Goods by express sent C. O. D. Packages can be sent by mail at the rate of 2c. for 4 ounces and 1 cent for every additional two ounces, or fraction thereof under four pounds.

We refer to A. T. Stewart & Co., H. B. Claflin & Co., E. S. Jaffrey & Co., J. B. Spellman & Co., and all the leading Houses in New York City, also to D. M. Bennett, Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and G. L. Henderson, Banker, both of whom are well known to all Liberals, and especially to the readers of this paper, as to our responsibility and integrity.

Notion Department.

All goods incidental to this Department not herein comprised are in stock, and will be furnished at equally low prices.

Clark's O. N. T. Spool Cotton, warranted, at 68c. per doz.
Clark's Cotton on black spools, warranted, at 68c. "
Brook's glazed Cotton, white, black and col'd, 68c. "
Coat's white, black and colored cotton, at 68c. "
Corticelli's and Belding's bl'k and col'd
Sewing Silk, 100 yds. at 10c. per spool.
Corticelli's black and col'd Button Hole
Twist at 2c. "
Knitting Cotton, white and colored, at 9c. per ball
Milward's best Helix needles, at 5 cents per paper.
Crowley's patent Helix needles, at 5 cents per paper.
Milliner's best needles, at 6 cents per paper.
Best American Pins, at 6 cents per paper and upward.
Best English Pins, finest manufacture, warranted, at 10 cents per paper.
Patent Safety Pins, at 6 cents per dozen, in all sizes.
French Hair Pins, two papers for 3 cents, in all sizes.
Best English Hair Pins, at 6 cents per paper, all sizes.
Best English Hair Pins, assorted sizes, at 8 cents per box.

English Pin Books, black and white assorted, at 15 cents.
Mourning Pins, at 6 cents and upward.
Buttons of every description, in all the leading styles, greatly reduced. From 10 cents to \$1 per doz.
Black and colored Alpaca Braids, 6 yard pieces, at 6 cts.
"Can't-Break-'em" Corset Steels, at 10 cents a pair.
Cotton Corset Laces, at 18 cents per dozen.
Linen 3 yards long, at 5 cents each, 55 p. doz.
Linen Shoe Laces, at 4 cents per dozen, all lengths.
Whalebones, at 45 cents per dozen, full lengths.
Jet Beads, all sizes, every variety, in latest novelties, at 5 cents per bunch.
Bl'k Alpaca from 25 cents to 50 cents in good makes.
The celebrated "Buffalo" Brand, pure Silk Lustre, at 82 cents per yard; equal to that sold at \$1.00.
Dress Goods of every kind, style and price.
Bl'k Waterproof Cloth, a superior quality, at 92 cents.
The very best English Waterproof cloth at \$1.38.
Navy Blue Waterproof Cloth at \$1.13 per yd.
Medium and clear Blues from \$1.25 to \$1.75.
White and colored Flannels at all prices.
Ladies' Suits in Empress Cloths, Merino's, Cashmeres, Lateen, and all other cloths from \$10 to \$60 per suit, made and trimmed in latest styles.

"This Department is replete with the thousand and one articles incidental to it, but which cannot be enumerated in this advertisement."

MILLINERS, STOREKEEPERS AND DRESSMAKERS will be supplied with goods on unusually advantageous terms, and every care and despatch, will be used in filling orders.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

One of the largest, and the most elegant and original assortment of Imported Novelties to be found in this city, is now in stock, including the following specialties. All goods selling lower than at any other house.

A beautiful assortment of French Flowers in Roses, Buds, Pansies, etc., from 10c. to \$5.
Floral Dress Trimmings and Bridal Wreaths, branched to order, in any style.

A fine assortment of Pompons, Feathers and Wigs.
An extensive assortment of Fancy Feathers, very rich, from 25 cents up to \$20.

All the newest shades of Ostrich and Plume de Cock Bands for trimming, from 65 cents and upward.
All the newest styles of blue steel and jet ornaments at the lowest prices.

Elegant Ostrich Plumes, in all the latest shades, \$2 and up.

The latest shapes in Felt Hats, at 85 cents to \$1.25.
Elegant Imported Felt Hats, best quality, at \$1.15 to \$3.
Drab Felt Hats, in the latest, most fashionable styles, 85 cents and up.

Silk Velvet Hats, of our own importation, in all qualities, at great bargains from \$4 to \$10.
Evening Bonnets, elegantly trimmed, from \$20 to \$35.
Carriage Bonnets, exquisite in design and quality \$15 to \$30, already trimmed in the latest styles.

Ladies' and Misses' trimmed Bonnets and Hats for general wear, in all shapes and shades, at \$6 and upward.
Children's Bonnets and Misses' Round Hats, from \$5 to \$15, ready trimmed.

Infant's Caps in all the new styles, at great bargains, or made to order at lowest prices.
Mourning goods made to order at the earliest notice.
Sent in neat boxes, perfectly.

Altman's New Price List.

SILKS.

Black Silks, of excellent quality - - \$1 \$1 19 and \$1 25
Better and wider - - \$1 33 \$1 50 and \$2.
Black gros-grain Silk, very rich and good, \$1 50 to \$2 50
The very best grades, - - 3 and 3 50
Colored Trimming Silks, all shades, - - \$1 38 and 1 50
Colored Dress Silks at - - \$1 25, \$1 50, \$2 00 and 2 50
Black Satins, beautiful lustre, at - - 1 50, 1 75 and 2 00
Colored Satins at - - 1 50, 2 00 and 2 25
Black and Colored Velvets at - - 1 50, 2 00, 2 50 and 3 00
Silk Cloak Velvets at - - 5 00, 6 00, 8 00 and 10 00
Velveteens at - - 60c., 75c. and \$1 00, worth 1 50
Hath Sashes in every shade and color.
Sash Ribbons in all colors and widths, from 65c. up.
Colored Fringed Sashes, all the new shades, at very low prices.

Laces and Embroideries.

These goods will all be found Extraordinary Bargains, and includes

Hamburg edging at 10 cts. per yard and upwards.
Real Guipure Laces at 25 cts. per yard and upwards.
Black Thread Lace at 20 cts. per yard and upwards.
Valenciennes edging from 5c. per yard and upward.
Patent Valenciennes edging from 6c. per yard upwards.
Beaded black Yak Laces at 25c. per yard and upwards.
Beaded black Yak insertion at 38c. per yd and upward.
Black Yak Laces at 18c. per yard and upward.
Cluny Laces from 15c. and upward.
Colored blonde Laces, from 10c. per yard and upward.
White blonde Laces from 9c. per yard and upward.
Spanish Laces for Scarfs at 50c. per yd and upward.
Black Lace Veils, all patterns, at 50c. per yd and upward.
Black Silk Fringe at 23c. per yd. Black Silk beaded Fringe 35c. per yd. and upward.
Black Silk Galoon 5c. per yd. and upward.
Black Bullion Fringe from 20c. per yd and upward.
Black Beaded Gimp at 20c. per yd and upward.
Large assortment in Hamburg Embroideries.
Large lot of Hamburg insertion at 6c. per yd.
Swiss Medalion Embroideries, great variety at very low prices.
Lace Tidies in every variety at 10c. and upward.

Ladies' Underclothing,

A Valuable Reduction in prices has taken place in this Department, and we imperatively state that no other house can compete with the general inducements we offer. We quote the following as a sample:

Ladies' Fine Chemises, warranted Muslin, finished superbly on Wheeler & Wilson machine. French corded band, extremely neat, 80 cts.

Ladies' Fine Chemises finished as above, with 75 tucks, yoke back and front, handsomely stitched, corded braids and sleeves, at \$1.50.

Ladies' Chemises en pointe French pattern with fine hand-made needlework edging and inserting, at \$1.48.

Ladies' Night Robes, Utica Mills Muslin, pointed, tucked, and ruffled yoke back and front, full length, at \$1.10.

Ladies' Night Robes, tucked and embroidered yoke, Masonville Muslin, trimmed and embroidered collars and cuffs, reduced from \$2.95 to \$2.25.

Ladies' Night Robes, greatest attraction in stock, made of best muslin, with diagonal puffing and embroidered yoke, back and front, (new shaped) puffed and embroidered pointed collars and cuffs, at \$3.50. Worth \$6.50 to \$7.

Ladies' Night Robes—another attractive article—entirely "our own style," just received, made with diagonal tucks, puffing and embroidery, robe front; very elaborate, \$5 to \$6.

Ladies' Fine Muslin Drawers, trimmed with deep hem and wine tucks at 75 Cents.

Ladies' Fine Muslin Drawers, trimmed with tucks and ruffle and diagonal tucking at 85 cents.

Ladies' Fine Muslin Drawers, with deep hem, cluster of tucks and needle work inserting, handsomely finished on Wheeler & Wilson Machine, at \$1.25.

Ladies' Demi-train Walking Skirts, with double ruffle, cluster of tucks, at \$1.

Ladies' Fine Walking Skirts, made of Lonsdale Muslin, with cambrie flower, six inches deep, diagonal puffing and tucking with needle-work inserting five inches deep at \$5.

Train Skirts, fine muslin, deep hem, cluster of tucks six inches long, at \$1.90.

Ladies' Train Skirts, very elaborate, with one row of tucks, puffs, inserting and puffs over, with deep cambrie ruffle, at \$5.50.

Ladies' Masonville muslin Underskirts, with ruffles and cluster of tucks, at 95 cents.

Ladies' Cambrie Toilet Sacques, trimmed with fine ruffling, at \$1.40.

Linen and Muslin Pillow-Cases and Pillow-Stands, in plain ruffles and needlework inserting, &c., on hand and made to order. Chemises, square-tucked bosoms, trimmed with ruffles, 75 cents.

French Flounce Skirt, at \$1.20.

Corset Covers, trimmed with Hamburg edging, inserting, ruffling, tucks, &c., at 80 cents to \$1.50.

HOSIERY, etc.

Ladies' Iron Frame Hose, excellent quality, at 25c. per pr.

Ladies' full regular made Hose, at 25c. per pr.

Ladies' fine Balbriggan Hose at \$2 50 per 1-2 doz.

Ladies' Striped Hose in every variety at 46c. per pr. and upward.

A full line of Ladies' Cashmere and Woolen Hose at lowest prices.

Children's White and Colored Woolen Hose, a particular specialty.

Gents' full regular Half Hose, cheapest in the city, at 25c a pair.

Gents' Merino and Cashmere Hose at 41c. and upward.

Gents' Shaker Socks, not to be equalled, at 31c. per pair.

Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, at 12c. and upward.

Gents' Linen Handkerchiefs, superior quality, at 18c. and upwards.

Gents' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, all Linen, at 39c. up.

Altman's New Price List.

We have just received a fine assortment of Ladies' and Gents' Kid Gloves, including the following specialties. Single button blk and col'd Kid Gloves at 50c. per pair, Next grade better at 95c. per pr. Warranted.
"ALTMAN" Kid Glove, our own make, in black and all fashionable shades, at \$1 25 two-buttoned, every pair taken back and a new pair given if they rip or tear.
"Josephine" real Kid Glove, perfect quality, at \$1 95 per pair.

"Lucca" Kid Glove, an excellent wearing glove, at 95c per pair, two button.

Gauntlet Glove, every color and shade, 63c. and upward.

A large assortment of Woolen Gloves for Ladies', Gents' and Children at the lowest prices, from 25c. to \$1 00 per pair.

Gent's Fine French Dogskin Gloves, every color, at \$1 29 per pair.

Gents' fine French Gloves, excellent wear, at 95c. per pair.

Ladies' 3 4 and 6 button, every shade, \$1 40 and 11 80.

Full assortment of Cloth and Wollen Gloves, from 25cts. to \$1 per doz.

Gent's Furnishing Department.

This department is replete with a splendid assorted stock, and our prices are such as undersell any other establishment, where quality is included.

100 doz. Gents' Merino Shirts and Drawers, at 50c. and up.

75 " " Clouded, all sizes, at 64c. "

75 " " Red Flannel woven very fine, \$1 69 "

Our own make Dress Shirts, perfect fit, made of Wamsutta Muslin, fine linen bosoms, open or closed at back, at \$12 per half doz.

Extra fine perfectly fitting Dress Shirts, New York Mills Muslin with Richardson's best linen bosoms, made in any style to order, at \$14 per half dozen.

Gents' White Dress Shirts as low as \$1 each.

Gents' Merino Under Shirts at 85c. up to \$2 00.

Gents' Suspenders, every variety, at 25c. up.

Gents' Windsor Scarfs, best quality, at 89c. and up.

" Wide end colored Ties, endless variety, at 45c.

" Collars and Cuffs in all the latest styles.

" Collars pure Linen, latest styles, \$2 00 per doz.

" Columbia 3 ply linen collars, at \$1 90 per doz.

" Turn down collars at \$1 75 per doz.

" 3 ply cuffs at 25c. per pair.

" St. James Cuff, 3 ply, all linen, at 31c. per pair.

" Elmwood Paper Collars at 25c. per box.

" Superior Paper Cuffs at 32c. per box of 10 prs.

" Common Paper Collar at any price per box.

A large assortment of Boys' Merino Shirts and Drawers at 50 cents.

Boys' and Children's full regular made Shirts and Drawers at 73c. and upward.

Children's Merino Dresses, all sizes at \$1 25 upward.

Ladies' and Misses' Merino Vests and Drawers at all prices.

Toilet Department Jewelry, &c.

Tooth Brushes, excellent to best, from 10c. and upward.

Nail " " " " 14c. "

Hair " " " " 28c. "

Dressing Combs " " " " 10c. "

Hand Mirrors, elegant designs, " 31c. "

Tortoise-shell Back Combs, " 25c. "

Ladies' Rubber Belt Buckles, " 25c. "

Jet " " " " 25c. "

Ladies' Jet Earrings, in latest designs, 10c. "

" Real Garnet Sets, " 38c. "

" Bracelets of all kinds, " 38c. "

" Beaded Belts, " 75c. "

" Leather Belts, " 20c. "

" Rubber Belts, " 45c. "

" Beaded Pockets, " 50c. "

" Leather Satchels, in newest styles, at \$1.50 and up.

" Real Russia Leather Satchels, from \$4.50 and up.

" Morocco Pocket Books, from 18 cents and upward.

" Real Russia Leather Pocket Books, from 35c. up.

" Shawl Straps, " " " " from 45c. and up.

Children's School Bags, " " " " 81 to 89 cents.

Ladies' Ties, " " " " 28 cents and upward.

" Linen Collars, " " " " 7 cents

" Linen Cuffs, " " " " from 5 cents per pair.

" Neck Ruffling, " " " " from 15c. and upward.

" Undersleeves, " " " " from 45c. and upward.

Gilt and Jet Earrings, Pins and Bracelets, from 25 cents per pair, or as high as \$5 per set, according to quality and design. We guarantee that, in the exercise of our own judgment, on receiving as near a description as possible of what is required, and the price desired to be paid, we will give entire satisfaction or refund the money on return of goods C. O. D.

Ribbons of all styles, colors and widths, at prices that will astonish customers.

In Velvet, Velveteens, Satins, and all kindred goods, we have a full stock, of which we cut on bias at wholesale prices.

We have on hand 5000 pieces of the Worsted Ball and Twisted Fringes, now so much in vogue, which we are offering at the unheard of low price of 48 cents per yard, in all colors.

Forty different styles of the latest designs in Beaded Gimps and Fringes, now so fashionable, which we offer at from 25 cents per yard up to \$3, according to the quality and design. I will personally attend to all orders coming through the Liberal papers, and having, for many years, filled orders for the readers of this paper, my judgment may be relied upon in the proper selection of purchases.

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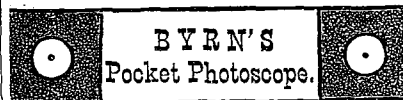
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Odds and Ends.

WHEN a man ain't good for anything else he is about right to sit on a jury.

FIRE is said to be a dissipated element because it goes out almost every night.

THE color of the wind was discovered by the man who went out and found it blew.

"O YE WOMEN!" exclaimed a platform orator, and a voice in the crowd responded "Ah men."

THE proprietor of a Boston eating saloon advertises a "sacred clam chowder every Sunday evening."

GRUMP accidentally sat on a red hot coal, and spent the night following in trying to turn so he could see his wound.

"WILLIE, I'm going to heaven," she wrote, "and you will never see me again," which was pretty heaven on Willie.

A SCHOOLBOY spelled "sob," and then defined it thus: "It means when a fellow don't want to cry and it bursts out itself."

AN Ohio girl who went to Saratoga in hopes to find a count came back engaged to a man who makes waterproof blacking.

AN old lady upon taking her first ride in the cars, remarked when the train ran off the track: "You fetch up rather sudden; don't ye?"

THE body of a man murdered at Little Rock had thirty-four bullets in it, and the printers thought that the obituary ought to be leaded.

SOMEBODY advertises a preparation for keeping a lady's hands free from chaps. A report that she has no money would do the same thing.

NOTHING will sooner tempt a bachelor to abandon his resolution to marry, than to sleep in the adjoining room to a couple with a colicky baby.

THE latest case of indolence is reported of John Hole, who in writing his name simply uses the letter J and punches a hole in the paper for the remainder.

"WHEN I put my foot down, I'll have you to understand," said Mrs. Nojoker, "that there's something there." On investigation it was found to be a No. 11 shoe.

AN Indiana clergyman sued a newspaper for libel, and dropped dead within a week. The *Detroit Free Press* says these fellows will learn something by and by.

"I AM busy ploughing, and cannot entertain company," was the substance of a note sent by an Illinois belle in reply to an intimation that a gentleman desired to visit her.

MISS BACON, who lived out West, knew Beans and married him. The occasion is far too serious, however, for the perpetration of a single one of those too palpable jokes.

A boy coasting at Brattleboro' came up behind a lady and took her feet out from under her in such a way that she sat down on the sled and was carried to the foot of the hill.

AND when that blushing San Francisco bride showed the check for \$1,000,000 to her husband, he burst into tears and exclaimed, with intense fervor, "And even this shall not separate us!"

A PARTY of Sioux Indians stole a patent ice cream freezer, thinking it was a hand organ, and all the big medicine men turned the crank a week before they concluded there was no music in it.

TWENTY-ONE girls of Kenosha, Wis., have "Resolved, That if the young men won't come and see us, we will go and see them." And the young men are stepping down and out, and taking to the woods.

READING the great Spurgeon's declaration that "a cigar is a thing to thank God for," a school boy in Rome bought a cigar. He was afterwards seen hanging over a fence, but he was not giving thanks.

AN improvident Danbury youth entertains a high appreciation for the State prison, which he regards as "the only place where a fellow is not dunned for his board and washing every Saturday night."

A LADY went into a carpet store recently and pointing out a carpet, asked the proprietor what it was. "Brussels," says the proprietor. "Brussels," quoth the lady, passing her hand over it. "Seems to me the bristles don't stick up much."

A HEN-PECKED husband closed his testimony in his action for divorce from his wife as follows: "I don't want to say anything agin the woman, Judge, but I wish you could live with her a little while, and you'd think I had told the truth."

A PARTY of young men were out serenading a few nights since. They sat on the pavement, which had been recently paved with a tar solution. Next morning the rear of six pairs of pants dotted the walk, and music is heard no more around that cottage.

THE Rev. Mr. Rexford of San Francisco is not an admirer of some of the Bible celebrities. In a late sermon he said that Job was a stupid fool, with a character beneath contempt, and that the author of Ecclesiastes was a poor, forlorn, morbid-minded creature.

"STEP in," said a cheap clothier to a countryman; "The cheapest goods in the market." "Have you any fine shirts?" "A splendid assortment, sir." "Are they clean?" "Of course, sir—clean, to be sure." "Then," said the countryman gravely, "you had better put one on."

LAWYER—How do you identify this handkerchief? Witness—By its general appearance, and the fact that I have others like it. Counsel (cutely)—That's no proof, for I have got one just like it in my pocket. Witness (innocently)—I don't doubt that, as I had more than one of the same sort stolen.

WHEN the duchess of Edinburgh wants to talk nicey-nicey to her boy baby all she has to say is, "And was it its own muzzy's blessed little Albert Alexander Alfred Ernest William?" And then that overburdened infant goes into convulsions that would wist the back bone right out of a plebeian baby.

As my wife at the window one beautiful day stood watching a man with a monkey, a cart came along with a broth of a boy, who was driving a stout little donkey. To my wife then I spoke, by way of a joke, "There is a relation of yours in that carriage." To which she replied, when the donkey she spied, "Ah, yes! a relation by marriage."

A GERMAN living near Louisville, went into the city to get a doctor for his father, who was very sick. On his way back with the physician, he was met by one who said his father was dead. "Mein Gott," exclaimed the afflicted son, "vat expenses. Only three weeks ago mein sister-in-law was dead, and now comes some more funeral expenses."

"How much is your stick candy?" inquired a boy of a candy dealer. "Six sticks for five cents." "Six sticks for five cents, eh! Now, let me see. Six sticks for five cents, five for four cents, four for three cents, three for two cents, two for one cent, one for nothin'. I'll take one." And he walked out, leaving the candy man in a state of bewilderment.

"Now, then, Joseph, parse courting," said a teacher to a rather slow boy. "Courtin' is an irregular active transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, and singular number, and so on," said Joseph. "Well, but what does it agree with?" demanded the teacher. "It agrees with all the gals in town!" triumphantly exclaimed Joseph.

A WONDER-STROCK CHINAMAN.—While the gale was at its height a nobby-looking Chinaman was walking behind a young lady dressed in the extreme agony of fashion, when a sudden gust of wind blew the Celestial's tail forward and wrapped the end of it around the lady's neck. Being frightened, she grabbed the end of the queue to snatch it away, but pulled in the wrong direction. The Chinaman also made a grab to recover his property, but he got hold of one of these long curls, and when he took a pull at it the whole of the lady's top hair, hat and all, came off. If ever you saw a Chinaman astonished, it was that one.

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Priestcraft, Ecclesiasticism, Dogmas, Creeds, False Theology, Superstition, Bigotry, Ignorance, Monopolies, Aristocracies,
Privileged Classes, Tyranny, Oppression and Everything that Degrades or Burdens Mankind Mentally or Physically.

"Come now and let us reason together;" Let us hear all sides; Let us divest ourselves of prejudice and the effects of early education; Let us "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good."

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Notes and Clippings.

EIGHT hundred thousand more women than men in England.

WHY was Ruth very rude to Boaz? Because she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

No FRENCH play will hereafter, dating from Jan. 1, 1875, be allowed to be acted in Alsace or Lorraine.

"HELL closed for repairs," was the title of the Rev. Mr. Lutz's sermon, in New Haven, on New Year's night.

It is proposed to send out expeditions from India to Bentineck Island and the Andaman Islands to observe the eclipse of the sun in April next.

It is said that sixty different nations now burn American kerosene. Germany, in 1873, consumed 62,116,773 gallons, at a cost of \$11,479,151; Belgium, 22,618,550 gallons, costing \$5,127,408; England \$2,000,000 worth, and Ireland about \$1,341,765 worth.

A ROMAN says that a very important discovery has been made on the Esquiline Hill, consisting of seven statues in fine preservation. There is a remarkable bust of Commodus, several heads, and many fragments. All these have been found in one room not yet entirely excavated. There are indications of the presence of other objects.

A HARD TIME FOR PAPERS.—It is stated that over two hundred papers and periodicals have ceased to exist within the last two months for want of patronage. Hard times affect papers as readily as any interest in the country. It is hoped the friends of Free Thought will feel sufficient interest in THE TRUTH SEEKER to prevent its starving.

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN UNDER A CLOUD.—This time it is the Rev. Luke Miles, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in Norwich, Conn. He has "stepped down and out" with a considerable sum of money belonging to his congregation, and which was raised for the building of a new church. There is said to be a "lady in the case" also, as usual.

DISGRACEFUL SCENE IN CHURCH.—Cincinnati, Dec. 25. There was a stunning sensation to-day in one of our high-toned Episcopal churches (St. John's) on the occasion of the Christmas services and Communion. The rector of this church, the Rev. C. B. Davidson, died recently, and his place has not yet been supplied. To-day another minister, of Covington, had been secured to officiate. Unfortunately, the latter gentleman had partaken rather freely of egg-nogg before going to church; and worse still, when he got there he dived into the jug of Communion wine, drinking long and often of the rich juice of the grape. He managed to get through the formal services decently, but by the time he commenced on his Christmas sermon, the mixture of egg-nogg and wine had so worked upon his brain that he was badly "off," wandering sadly. He rambled around, jumping from one topic to another in such a way that all could see that the man was drunk. At last, when the thing became unbearable, the wardens gave the signal and the congregation, a small one, got up quietly and left with dignity, leaving the minister to talk to empty benches.

CELIA BURLEIGH SAYS: "I see no reason why a girl should not be taught the use of the jack-knife, hammer, and saw, to drive a nail, tighten a screw or put up a shelf in her room. She should, if possible, have a garden, and be taught to take a pride in her acquaintance with Nature, in her good health and ability to endure fatigue. Each should be taught what is traditionally proper for the sex to which he or she belongs, but I shall be very far from saying, 'Only this and nothing more.'"

A NUMBER of lady gymnasts are in regular practice at the rooms of the Olympic Club in San Francisco. They do their contortions in slippers, striped stockings, loose pants, and other things, in which costume they are said to look sweetly pretty. They run, jump, swing, pull weights, and do lots of difficult things. The schoolmarm are given to practice on the trapeze and horizontal bar, while it is noticed that the married women mostly devote their efforts to practice in swinging the heavy clubs.

ONE night recently, a Detroit policeman, passing a certain house about 10 o'clock, saw a man drop from a window, and heard smothered cries inside. He seized the man for a burglar, but soon found that he had the owner of the house in his clutches. "Well," said the officer, "it looked suspicious to see you drop out of a window that way." "Well," replied the man, heaving a sigh, "when the old woman gets her dander up I ain't particular about what road I take to get out of the house."

"MIND is a property of matter. There can be no mind without matter, and there can be no matter without mind. When the matter is simple in its composition, its mental tendencies are simple; as it becomes more varied in its composition its mental tendencies become more complex. The various tendencies of the human mind are not in reality more wonderful than the tendency which impels two ships to approach each other in a calm. For what can be more wonderful than that which can never be explained? 'Every system which would escape the fate of an organism too rigid to adjust itself to its environment, must be plastic to the extent that the growth of knowledge demands.' 'For religion to oppose science proved disastrous in the past, and it is simply fatuitous to-day.'"

PREFERRING TO GO TO HELL.—An English teacher enjoining upon the members of a training class their duty of giving to children bright and happy thoughts of religion, used this illustration of the danger of the opposite course:

He said a little girl was once asking her elder sister about heaven.

"Do they play in heaven?" she inquired.

"No, they do not play there."

"What do they do?"

"They sing and are good."

"Are there no toys there?"

"No, not any."

"No dolls, nor balls, nor Noah's arks?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then," said the little one, "I shall take my dolly and go to hell."

A SCHOOLMASTER who had lately become a proud father "so reported," had occasion to punish one of his pupils, who was doomed to write a composition. It was a much dreaded effort, and was jerked off in the following manner: "On Babies; by 1 who knows. Babies are small, pet animals. Their chief fodder is new milk. You can't tell how old they are when they are born, for they haven't got no teeth. They run to taller, and if they didn't yell some of it off, it would be dangerous to take one of 'em near the fire, that is if you're afraid of grease spots. They are the most selfish critters any one knows of. Like 'children of a larger growth,' only more so, they are bound to have what they think they want, 'sink or swim, live or die,' that is, if they can't get it, but if they can have it, they 'don't want any on their plate,' and won't have it. They have no more concern for the future to come, any more than they care who was their great-grandfather. Some of them don't even know their own father, and may be never will. Enough said."

STILL ANOTHER.—Rev. A. B. Burdick, of River Point, R. I., according to the Providence Dispatch, has been guilty of improprieties of a social character with female lambs of his flock, and he has been notified by the officers of his church to preach no more until the matter has been duly investigated. When will inexperienced young ladies learn to beware of these oily-tongued, false-hearted tempters—these bogus teachers of morality and purity?

ANOTHER FALLEN CLERGYMAN.—Winchester, Pa., was lately astounded by the promulgation of the fact that Rev. Joseph Stillim had ruined Miss Sarah Hall, a young lady of high standing in society, and of heretofore unblemished character. The discovery of her ruin has thrown the young lady into a state of temporary insanity. In her sane moments she says he quoted the Bible to prove that his conduct was in accordance with the dictates of the Word of God.—N. Y. Sun.

THE Annual Auction Sale of pews in Plymouth Church was recently held, at which the Pastor pleasantly presided. The bidding was very lively, and many pews sold at a premium of over \$500 each in excess of the regular rentals. The aggregate sales amounted to \$58,325—some \$12,000 more than last year. Mr. Beecher's popularity is not waning with his faithful flock of twenty-three hundred, and many of them have evinced a determination to sustain him and adhere to him, no matter what crimes he may be proved guilty of. It is a very wealthy congregation—gold and greenbacks, houses and lands, goods and chattels it has in abundance. It is admitted it stands at the head of the Christian Church in the United States; but the conviction with many is becoming settled that its purity and honesty are not commensurate with its riches. The resemblance between this church of rich men and their amorous pastor, with his salary of \$20,000 a year, and the lowly Jesus and his penniless, homeless followers, is not so close as to mislead even an ordinary observer. If these rich men find ready entrance into heaven, why not the average men of the world?

A CERTAIN deacon, who was a zealous advocate for the cause of temperance, employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlor. In repairing a corner near the fireplace, it was found necessary to remove the wainscot, when lo! a "mare's nest" was brought to light, which astonished the workman most marvelously. A brace of decanters, sundry junk bottles—all containing "something to take"—a pitcher and tumbler were cosily reposing there in snug quarters. The joiner, with wonder-stricken countenance, ran to the proprietor with the intelligence. "Well, I declare," exclaimed the deacon, "that is curious, sure enough. It must be that old Captain B. left those things there when he occupied the premises thirty years since." "Perhaps he did," returned the discoverer; "but, deacon, that ice in the pitcher must have been well frozen to have remained solid."

THE GREAT BEECHER SCANDAL SUIT is at length in actual progress, and some eight days have already been devoted to it. Some four days were consumed in obtaining a jury, and with it both sides seemed satisfied, especially Mr. Beecher's. It is composed almost entirely of orthodox Christians, embracing Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptist, Lutherans and Catholics. If this dozen Christian gentlemen find the clergyman an innocent, injured man, we trust our Liberal friends favorable to Mr. Beecher will feel it is "all right."

Five able attorneys are engaged on either side, besides several aids. Gen. S. Morris opened the case for Mr. Tilton, occupying two days and part of another. His arraignment and argument, including Mr. Beecher's numerous letters, make a strong case against the Reverend gentleman. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher are in attendance at court, as well as Mrs. Tilton a portion of the time. In view of all that has been said and divulged in reference to these parties, it is a novel picture to see them sitting hour after hour within a few feet of each other without recognition. It is hoped the whole truth will be reached before the trial terminates, which bids fair to last for two weeks to come. Many predict the jury will not agree, but like the general public be divided in their verdict.

(Written expressly for THE TRUTH SEEKER.)

The Witch of the Wine-Mark.

A Tale of the Royal Colony of Massachusetts.

BY LOTHAIR LOGOS.

CHAPTER IX.

Long before the sun had set on the day of the departure of Maurice Fitz Raymond on his military campaign, the party to which he belonged began to comprehend fully that the service in which they had engaged was likely to be no child's play.

Maurice had been appointed to the command of a few followers from Charleston, who, were it not for his example and influence, would not have joined the expedition as the authorities well knew.

He had not, of course, the most distant idea of the conspiracy of Sloucher and Huskins against Alice, else he should have been by her side to defend her freedom with his life.

Singular enough it was, that while the Fanatic and his sleuth hounds were ready to pounce upon her and to consign her to the depths of a dungeon, a terrible and inexorable enemy was hovering about the path that he and his little party were pursuing, and that at one and the same moment, both his own life and that of his betrothed were exposed to sudden and imminent peril.

Of the danger of his own situation, however, he soon became aware; for scarcely had he and his followers proceeded a dozen miles in the direction of Cape Ann, when a couple of scouts fell back upon them with the intelligence that a small party of Indians, perhaps to the number of twenty or thirty, had been just discovered skulking ahead on one side of the way.

This was not very pleasant news, but as the whole force of the whites, when concentrated, had nothing to fear from an encounter with so small a body, he still moved onward, his little command being only a short distance ahead of another small body of adventurous volunteers, the commander of which was now, of course, informed of the precise state of affairs.

It being considered advisable, however, that the whites should, under the circumstances, keep as close together as practicable, the latter body quickening their pace, soon came up with the former. Maurice, not choosing to fall back, as the movement might countenance the idea that he was over-sensitive in relation to the danger that threatened him.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and shortly after both divisions had become united, that the scouts again came in with the information that they were certain the small force of Indians they had first discovered, was lying in ambush about a mile further on, in the very path the campaigners were pursuing, and that there was no doubt a sudden and deadly attack would be made upon the advancing body.

Every precaution was now taken necessary to the repelling of the savage, and to the teaching him a bitter lesson, if such could be effected. That he was mainly armed with bow and arrow, knife and tomahawk, was supposed probable; but that he had some fire-arms could scarcely be doubted. If, however, as the scouts had reason to believe, he was not in anything like force so much the better; but as nothing could be positively known on this point until an onset was made, it was decided to push forward and take the chances as they happened to present themselves.

On, then, the dauntless little body moved, every eye and ear on the *qui vive*, and every finger on a trigger. As they approached the spot indicated by the scouts, it was discovered that the red man had taken up his position on one side of a narrow entrance to a deep ravine, among some underwood that crowned a ledge of rock which rose on the right of the pass.

When, however, the whites appeared about to enter the ravine, at a signal from their commanders, they suddenly dashed out of the track, and in a few seconds were in among the Indians, who, thrown into confusion by so unexpected a movement, as well as by a deadly volley that accompanied it the moment they were perceived, fled in every direction, without striking a blow, leaving five of their number dead behind them, and bearing off one or two who were wounded. This success, which was cheering in the extreme, raised the hopes of those who knew but little of the wiles and the cruel cunning of the red man, and who was not sensible of the fact that he seldom accepts a defeat as final, and is never taught a lesson short of absolute extermination.

As night was about to set in dark, dismal and stormy, the little body of whites encamped on the edge of the forest among some rocks by the sea shore where, an elevated open space, surrounded by heavy timber, afforded them dry ground and a favorable position for meeting successfully any sudden descent that might be made upon them before morning.

Now, however, the rain began to descend in torrents, and the wind to all but uproot the forest that soon commenced to thunder with the hoarse cannonade of falling pines. The animals that carried the

baggage began to tremble with terror in the appalling tumult that surrounded them, while the tents, that had not been securely pitched, were one and all blown absolutely from their fastenings, and the fires completely extinguished. A comfortable mouthful was therefore out of the question; so that wet and cold, and in a measure hungry, the poor young soldiers to the number of fifty or sixty, had to content themselves, officers and men, with whatever food they could pick up in the light of a horn lantern, which enabled them to dispose of themselves, as best they could, in the shelter afforded, to some extent, by the rocks and the gigantic trees scattered about them.

In this position they lay all night; as when the wind and rain had abated, no one appeared desirous to renew his efforts to secure more comfortable quarters, inasmuch as the attempt would involve a labor which would have to be continued until almost daylight before it could be anything like successful. The fact, also, of their being fatigued, and of their having, in a measure, become familiar with their discomfort, prompted them to await the arrival of dawn before they should set about seeing to their tents or attempting to prepare a warm meal.

Maurice, although wrapped in a heavy cloak, slept but little. He knew enough of the Indian character to feel that the party that had been so suddenly defeated a few hours previously, would hang upon the footsteps of the whites, with a view to avenging their fallen comrades; and besides, now that he was surrounded with darkness, he gave himself up alternately to the thoughts of Alice and of the possibility of an attack being made, at any moment, upon the position of the party.

While the tempest, which had begun to fail about midnight, was still sobbing around him; he could scarcely banish from his mind the reflection that there was something terrible in the Christian creeds that created so much disorder and bloodshed. Here were two Christian nations, the French and the English, at war, each suborning the red man to carry death and destruction to the other, and both drawing the sword in the name of the God of battles, and asking the Supreme Being to consecrate their atrocities by lifting the light of his countenance upon them. Nor was this all; for in the very midst of the highest civilization known to the settlement, and with the bible in one hand, those who proclaimed themselves the servants of the Lord, were committing offenses so heinous against their own flesh and blood, that history stands appalled at their iniquity. Not sex, nor age, nor condition was spared in their fanatical onslaughts, and all, as alleged by them, "for the glory of Him who brought peace and good will into the world."

It was gray dawn before he closed his eyes, so intensely was he moved by these various reflections; but just as he was about to glide into the regions of dreams, the bugle sounded to arms, and the next moment the pickets were driven in before a small body of French and Indians, who were advancing rapidly upon the post.

In an instant every man was on his feet, with his arms in readiness; but before any disciplined move could be made, the enemy was in upon the camp, when a hand-to-hand encounter the most frightful at once ensued.

At first, owing to the uncertain light, friend and foe appeared mixed together in the most inextricable confusion; but as the sky gradually became brighter, the lines between them were drawn with fearful distinctness, and the work of death was resumed with awful earnestness and effect.

The men that were commanded by Maurice and his brother officer, although new to the field, performed prodigies of valor. Emulated by the example of their superiors, as sword in hand they both dashed in among the thickest of the enemy, blood soon began to flow in streams.

As the bodies engaged were nearly of equal strength, the one seemed resolved upon the extermination of the other; so that, in an incredibly short period, the space around the prostrate tents was strewn with the dying and the dead of both parties. The French fought gallantly, but were not sustained adequately by the Indians, who skulked with their bows and arrows behind the trees and rocks; while even those who had fire-arms, could not be prevailed upon to keep the ranks—from the fact, as it became afterward known, that they were greatly intimidated, having belonged to the party that had suffered so severely on the previous day.

Notwithstanding this defection, however, the issue of the conflict was beginning to wear a doubtful aspect for the colonists, when Fitz Raymond, perceiving the fact, urged on his men once more, the commander of the remainder of the party behaving gallantly also.

At this juncture, and while the contest raged fearfully around him, he encountered a French officer whose sword, like his own, was literally dripping with gore. As if tacitly recognizing each other as leaders upon whom the issue of the day depended, they stepped aside and were quickly standing almost foot to foot in a small open space that, by mere accident, had not been encumbered with the fallen.

The appearance of the two men thus pitted against each other, seemed to have an electric effect upon

both parties, whose numbers were now terribly thinned, for they fell back as if by common consent, apparently impressed with the idea that the issue of this single-handed encounter was to decide the day in favor of the one body or the other.

As good fortune would have it for the colonists, Maurice was a swordsman of rare skill; and, now, as the two blades began to flash in the rising day, it was evident that the antagonists were well matched.

The Frenchman, who was the commander of the party on whose side he fought, was a noble looking fellow, and as brave and as chivalrous as a man could be; for he had made a sign to his men to keep aloof until the encounter was ended, while the officer who had the second party of colonists in charge, not to be outdone by an enemy in this relation, gave his men also to understand that they were to ground their arms, and, so long as their antagonists held aloof, to follow their example. Even the Indians seemed to comprehend the whole affair, and to share the spirit that prompted it.

A thrust from the Frenchman was parried with the speed of lightning, and returned with a dangerous adroitness that made him compress his lips and rivet his eye more keenly upon that of his antagonist. Fitz Raymond was cool and collected, and knew, from the manner in which his blade had been foiled, that his life hung upon the cast of a die, as it were. That the slightest carelessness or injudicious move on either side carried death with it was obvious; so that now each of the antagonists knew that his hour or that of his adversary had possibly come.

Another few seconds and the swords rained fire, while each combatant advanced or retreated as he happened to press the other, or to be pressed by him in turn. A slight scratch that soon reddened on the Frenchman's hand, told that he had had a narrow escape; and this conviction so chafed him, that he again assailed Fitz Raymond, but this time with a glow of mortification and anger which so disturbed him, that again the swordsmanship of Maurice made itself felt, but still in a very trifling degree. This second evidence of the skill of his opponent so inflamed him, however, that he determined to make short work of it. So, bounding forward with the most deadly intent, he sought to deal his powerful foe one of those adroit and deadly *coups* which are regarded as a *dernier resort* by some swordsmen, but the fates were against him, for the next instant he was run clean through the sword arm, and his weapon dropped from his hand. He stood erect, as if waiting the *coup de grace* from the victor; but instead of receiving the expected death-stroke from the hand of Maurice, his sword was restored to him; and as both of the main bodies of the antagonists had evidently had enough of it, a truce was agreed upon, during which the French commander, in gratitude for the nobility displayed toward him, restored to freedom a colonial officer whom he had taken prisoner a few days previously, placing him in the hands of Maurice, who acknowledged the act in becoming terms.

After this, the dead on both sides were buried, and the wounded cared for so far as circumstances would admit, when all that remained of both parties separated—the Frenchman and his thinned following, winding their way with their Indian allies whither they would. The colonial soldiers, now that the excitement of the single combat was over, withdrew from the scene of carnage to a point where they pitched their tents once more, with a view to rest and refreshment, but determined, from their terribly reduced numbers, to retrace their steps to Boston at once with the intention of recruiting their ranks, for they were now only a mere handful, although in the prisoner that had been restored to liberty, Maurice not only recognized a powerful ally, but an old friend.

In the meantime, affairs at the villa were in a terrible state. Mrs. Ravenswood suffered the most inexpressible torments and forebodings regarding the fate of her beautiful daughter; and as may be presumed, her agony was intensified when hour after hour passed away without the re-appearance of Titmouse. At last she found herself constrained to retire to her chamber, where she lay tossing upon a weary and tear-bedewed pillow until the arrival of the dawn, a little after daylight, with an account of the cause of his delay, and the welcome intelligence that he had received from old Giles, as he passed his house, of the safety of Alice for the time being; but at what particular point, or under what circumstances, the ferryman refused to divulge.

As the day advanced, the fact of Miss Ravenswood having been denounced as a witch, and of a warrant having been granted for her apprehension, became known far and wide, while her sudden disappearance from the house of her friends in town, and her escape from her pursuers, was bruited abroad also. Such news travels apace, and as it reached The Heights before noon, Florence Fitz Raymond, in the direst dismay, prepared to visit the villa and to learn from the lips of Mrs. Ravenswood herself, the particulars of the terrible case.

Just, however, as she was about to summon John Langton, the Fanatic and Huskins made their appearance, together with a number of the men who had been with them at the ferry on the preceding night. No sooner had Sloucher and the witchfinder present-

ed themselves, than the former began with his usual sanctified drawl, to excuse their intrusion to Florence, whose eyes flashed fire, and who, stung to the quick at the idea of the monstrous and unfounded charge preferred by them against Alice, met them in a manner they little expected, and which they were in no position to resent, as her brother was defending the interests of the colonists, and as she herself had sufficient influence to get the scoundrels ducked in the river, although they visited her dwelling under the authority of the law, however she might suffer ultimately for causing them to be treated so unceremoniously. John Layton and all the domestics were soon at her side when they heard her voice in the hall, as she demanded of the Fanatic his right to invade her house unannounced and uninvited; although she was quite well aware of the cause of the visit.

"We appear under the sanction of the law, and as the servants of the Lord," twanged out the Fanatic, "to sieze upon the person of the woman Ravenswood, a vile witch, to whom we believe you have afforded shelter, as that godless ferryman informed us that he had landed her on this side of the river last night."

Now the visit to The Heights had been concocted by Sloucher, so that it might be supposed that neither he nor Huskins had the slightest idea of the place where the poor young fugitive lay concealed, and that any suspicion on that head might be lulled to sleep, so that the visit of Martha to the cave should not be prevented by any surmise that Miss Ravenswood was suspected of being still on the Boston side of the river. The move was adroit enough, but as Florence knew nothing of this feature, of the case, she replied indignantly, and with the utmost scorn to the scoundrel who addressed her,

"You, a servant of the Lord? Say rather an emissary of the foul fiend himself who has filled your heart with lust and with lies! I know why it is that you and your bloodhounds are now on the track of Miss Ravenswood. It is because that, not long since, while seated by the side of my brother on the terrace of her own home, she gave you to understand that your presence was no longer agreeable at the villa. There is more known regarding your nightly prowlings beneath her chamber window than you wot of. John Langton, there, could tell you something that he heard from one who knows of your infamous rhapsodies and your criminal presumption in relation to that young lady. But, remember, the day of your power is drawing to a close. Lady Phipps has already heard that you are whispering witchcraft with regard to her also; and this, sooner or later, seals your doom."

The eyes of the Fanatic seemed to disappear altogether, and his features turned an ashen grey as these words smote his ear, while his ponderous jaw fell as he peered for an instant into the angry face of the speaker. Recovering himself quickly, however, he returned with his usual demoniacal self-possession:

"It is the witch Ravenswood we want, fair lady, and not your ungodly words. So deliver her to us at once, ere we turn your house inside out."

"Yes, yes!" chimed in Huskins, "it is the witch we want, and we must have her or know for what."

"The witch! the witch!" echoed the remainder of the party of intruders, "we must have her or know for what—"

"Go find her where you may, if it's a witch you want!" roared John Langton. "But this much I say, that if Miss Alice Ravenswood was even beneath this roof, you should only take her hence over my dead body! And as for your turning the house inside out, just let me see the first man of you that dare lay a finger upon a single article in it, or even cross the threshold of one of its rooms."

"Well spoken, John Langton," said the servants one and all, together with some of their friends who had already gathered in the hall. "And it is time," they muttered in chorus, "that this witchfinding business was put an end to, and the sooner we begin to do it the better."

At this threat, the two leaders and their creatures began to draw in their horns; while Sloucher, fearing some personal violence might be offered them, commenced to discourse on the necessity of all good Christians aiding the servants of the Lord in ridding the earth of the agents of the Evil One, who were now working their infernal spells throughout the land, "in the shape of beautiful maidens."

"The only infernal spells that are now being wrought in our midst," exclaimed Miss Fitz Raymond, "are wrought by a host of secular scoundrels and clerical monsters, who, steeped in ignorance and superstition, as well as in every infamous lust, have been wallowing in blood and crime for more than one generation; and all, as they allege, under the special sanction of that great disturber of mankind and obstruction to human progress—the Bible. Containing, as it does, a warrant for the commission of almost every sin known to the annals of infamy, and inculcating social views, and morals repulsive to every pure mind, you and your fellow-conspirators avail yourselves of its monstrous precepts and debasing innuendoes as authority for the perpetration of the crimes and for the indulgence of the lust that are born of your own hearts, and that render you dead to every feeling that ennobles humanity. The ghoul of your religion has been wading knee-deep in human

gore under the banner of the Cross for nearly seven centuries, and feeding upon the hideous repast of millions of our race that have fallen in the red and revolting highway of the so-called soldiers of Christ. From Calvary to Plymouth Rock, leading by the way of the nations of both hemispheres, your course has been one of blood and rapine; and now you are, in this latter day, but illustrating that you possess, in connection with all your other monstrosities, a cannibalism which sets all human ties at naught, and prays upon even those of your own household."

At the close of this fierce assault, the Fanatic and the witchfinder thought it best to withdraw quietly from the scene of action. So, with muttered threats and imprecations, they turned away and were quickly by the river again, where they entered the boat of the ferryman who had brought them from the opposite shore, and who now, seemingly without any interest in their search for Alice Ravenswood, recrossed the ferry, amused secretly at the ill-humor of Sloucher.

It was far advanced in the afternoon before Florence reached the villa, where she soon learned all that had transpired in relation to Alice. John Langton, who had long been the favored suitor of Martha, was in instant consultation with Robert Miles, who had been endeavoring to sooth his own sweetheart, Emily Graham, poor Alice's maid, who had but just returned from a visit to her friends, and had only heard a moment previously of the flight of her mistress. The two men determined to pay a visit to the ferryman; but as Giles had warned the dwarf that no one from the villa should approach his house during the day, it was resolved to wait until night before they should start for his dwelling.

About eight o'clock, or an hour or two after dark, Martha set out for the cave in pursuance of her resolution to spend the night with Miss Ravenswood, who, as may be presumed, passed a weary and anxious day in her solitary retreat. A short period afterwards, by a strange coincidence, John and Robert left the villa, and the Fanatic and his party started from the witchfinders—the friends of Alice taking the road to the house of the ferryman, and Sloucher and Huskins, together with half a dozen other blood-thirsty wretches, proceeding cautiously, under the guidance of Nat the Moose, in the direction of the cave, the locality of which the Moose had refused to indicate to any one, lest a premature movement on the part of Sloucher or the witchfinder, might destroy his prospects of laying his hands on Martha. To these conflicting elements now abroad in relation to poor Alice, there should be added one more, that of Red Wing, who, with two stalworth Indians of his tribe, had, since nightfall, been moving about the entrance of the ravine that opened on the river, intending to drop down to the ferry about nine or ten o'clock, in hopes of getting some information from his old friend Dick, not only in relation to the intentions of the Government regarding his own people, but with reference to the case of Miss Ravenswood, in which he had become deeply interested.

The Lesson of History.

BY T. A. BLAND.

Certain races of Asiatic origin, notably the Chinese and Hindoos, have maintained an existence on the planet, while race after race of Europeans have arisen, flourished, and disappeared, or sunk into obscurity. China was an old country, thickly populated with a highly civilized people, when Rome was founded; when England had no population but a few naked savages, when America was in possession of the now extinct mound builders.

China is still a populous and wealthy empire, whose inhabitants have all descended by direct line from progenitors who lived in China before the Pyramids of Egypt were built, before the foundations of Babylon were laid, ages and ages before Rome was founded. Why this difference in the ability of races to maintain an existence? History contains a full solution of the problem, and the philosophical student has no difficulty in understanding it.

Useful labor has always been and still is universally respected in China, and the whole people—from the Emperor to the poorest subject, are required by law and custom to maintain habits of industry. Idleness is a sin and disgrace in the eyes of the Chinese.

The history of those nations that have arisen, flourished a while, and disappeared or sunk into contempt, shows that honest toil was held in contempt by all of them.

Food, clothing, shelter, and all of the good things of life are the results of labor, the just reward of the industrious worker; and the God of the universe has declared through the constitution of nature, in the pages of history, and by the mouth of the prophet, that he who will not work shall not eat, and the people that despise labor shall be cut off from the face of the earth, as unworthy and contemptible cumberers of the ground.

It required a period of seven hundred years for Rome to reach the climax of her greatness and the height of her folly and sinfulness. Her decline was by rapid stages, her fall a hopeless one, her degradation complete, her extinction, a matter of time. No

nation has ever arisen from obscurity and poverty, to greatness and wealth, so rapidly as the United States of America. But as no people ever had such contempt for, and antipathy to honest labor as the Americans, it requires no prophet's foresight to read the horoscope of this country.

True, from necessity a large proportion of our people are actively at work in various industries, but only from necessity. Almost without exception those who can live on inherited wealth, or by their wits, do so, and those who cannot envy these, and toady to them as though they were a superior order of men. Even the literary or professional man, though ever so talented or cultivated—if poor—ranks below the wealthy idler, in American society. And the man or woman who lives by hard work, on the farm, in the shop, the factory, or the kitchen, is under universal social ban. If the worker is a small but independent farmer, he is but a clodhopper; if a skilled artisan, he is a greasy mechanic. But if he or she is a hired worker, the still more odious term *servant* is used. These terms express the popular estimate placed upon the most useful classes in this country.

"I think I shall sell my farm and put my money into bank stock," said a young farmer in our hearing recently. "Why do you wish to do that?" said the person addressed. "Well for several reasons. Labor is so high and unreliable, that a man can't make anything farming unless he works like a hired man; and my father left me enough to keep me without work if I invest it properly, and I don't propose to be a clodhopper, or a drudge. I could live like a gentleman on the interest of my money, if I was to sell my farm, and I've made up my mind to do it."

"That suits me exactly," said his wife, who was present. "Why, would you believe it? I can't keep a servant in the country. The American girls are too proud to do kitchen work, and the Irish and Dutch all want to live in the city; so you see its absolutely necessary for us to move to the city."

This man's father worked hard and lived close for fifty years to accumulate this wealth for his son; and this woman's mother was her own servant during her whole life. Labor was respectable when they were young.

But the dry rot of idleness, and the malignant cancer of snobbery, have made a combined attack upon the vitals of society within the last fifty years, and although the symptoms were mild at first, they have recently become so violent as to produce in the minds of all intelligent social science doctors, the gravest apprehensions, and most serious doubts as to the fate of the patient. And the wisest of them are convinced that naught can save us from speedy and complete ruin—social and political—and ultimate annihilation, but an entire change of sentiment, and consequent change of habit, on this subject of labor. The honest worker *must* be respected, and the idler—he be rich or poor—put under ban. Snobbery must perish, and true democracy come into its lawful inheritance.

Labor is not shunned because it is disagreeable, but because it is not *respectable*. To be known as a laborer who earns his bread is to be excluded from polite society. Neither intelligence nor culture have much to do with determining one's social status in America; that is settled by his habits. If you live on inherited wealth—no matter how obtained—or if you are sharp enough to dead beat your way in some successful, hence honorable game of fraud, you are an aristocrat of the true American type, but if you through choice or necessity, earn your bread and raiment, you are but a mud-sill, a commoner, a drudge.

This is the reason American boys leave the farms and workshops, and factories, and American girls refuse to do housework, or any other sort of work. Through this monstrous heresy, our cities and villages are being overrun with idlers, our prisons with thieves; the almshouses with paupers; the brothels with girls who believe that a life of the basest sort is more *respectable* than one of honest industry.

People of America are not these things so, and will you allow this most contemptible, this most vile, this most fatal of all the heresies inherited from our European ancestors, to continue to poison the atmosphere of the republic, paralyze the energies of our people, sap the foundations of our liberties, destroy the usefulness of the rising generation, and annihilate the anglo-saxon race?—*The Ladies' Own Magazine for November.*

CHURCH quarrels are almost as common as they are disgraceful, but they seldom amount to more in the present age than mere wordy battles. But certain staid churchmen in Lancaster county were belligerent last Sunday week after a more carnal fashion. The circumstances are briefly these: Muddy Creek Church, in that county, was the field, and a dispute about a charter the cause of a pitched battle between a German Lutheran and a Reformed congregation, joint occupants of the church building. A lawsuit to which resort was had not having settled the difficulty, and both parties essaying to take possession of the church, a forcible laying on of hands, likewise of fence palings, etc., made up a very pretty fight, which was not quelled until some county constables intervened with the persuasive argument of revolvers.

The Truth Seeker,

A JOURNAL

OF REFORM AND FREE THOUGHT.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

No. 335 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Bible.

NO. XVIII.

In our Bible article in our issue of Dec. 15, we noticed the Bible account of the dealings of its God with the Egyptians, when he wished them to let "his people" go, and how he brought the plagues of frogs, lice, locusts, killing fish, turning all the water into blood, sending terrible lightning and hail-storms that broke down trees and drove nearly everything to the earth, killing off all the cattle, and finally the first-born of every family in the land. How, upon the inflictions of these various scourges, Pharaoh's heart would relent and he consented to let the Israelites depart, when God immediately hardened [it again, and caused him to prevent their going, thus necessitating more cruelties, devastations and loss of life to bring around the desired result. We saw, also, that the Israelites were authorized by God to dishonestly wrong the Egyptians out of all their valuables, gold, silver, jewels and their best wearing apparel. It may be difficult for many to understand how the kind Father of all—the Supreme Power of the universe—could thus engage in spreading suffering and destruction over a vast country, and incite one portion of his people to swindle and defraud another portion. It is hard to realize or believe that such is the conduct of the good, impartial, benevolent Being men fondly imagine presides over the destinies of his creatures, who is all love and kindness to every human being and to all animate existences, but the Bible tells us so, and we have either to believe it or conclude there is some mistake about it, and that it is simply an imperfect rendition of an old legend.

The narrative states after the Israelites left Egypt the Lord again hardened Pharaoh's heart and caused him to raise his armies and pursue them to the Red Sea. Certain destruction seemed imminent, but Moses stretched out his rod and the waters parted and were piled up like a wall on the right hand and on the left, and the Israelites walked through on dry ground, when the Lord once more hardened Pharaoh's heart and induced him and all his hosts to rush in after them, when the waters closed back upon them and drowned every man and every horse, so that not even one was left. In this way God is said to have "got unto himself great honor."

There are several very difficult things to believe about this story, and if they were narrated anywhere else than in the "word of God," a sensible person could not be found in the world who would believe them. The matter of water being piled up like a wall on either side, leaving a dry roadway for hundreds of thousands of people, horses and cattle, through the mud and sediment that must inevitably lie at the bottom of the sea, was a most singular occurrence. In no other instance was water ever known to act in that manner. It is a fluid so elastic that it always seeks its level at once, and ever moves in unison with the universal law which controls it. If it did comport itself in the manner thus described, the invariable laws of nature were changed, and God may be said to have acted against himself for the sake of showing a special favor to a portion of his offspring, and overwhelming with destruction and death another portion.

Such extravagant statements are however much easier made than sustained by proof. It so happens this remarkable affair is attested to by no historian or writer save the unknown one who wrote the story under consideration. The Egyptians have histories dating back long anterior to the time of Moses and they have no account of one of their great kings and all his hosts being drowned in the Red Sea by this device which the Lord planned for them. If such a thing had ever occurred it is altogether probable their histories and literature would have contained some account of it; whereas not the slightest allusion to it has ever been found.

This story is of the same character as that of the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night which went before the Israelites in their forty years' tramp through the wilderness; and of the water suddenly flowing out of the dry rock at Horeb when Moses struck it with his rod; also of this vast concourse of 600,000 people being fed for years with manna which descended from heaven like dew, and was about the size of Coriander seed, and when the people tired of this food and loathed it and murmured at their fare, the Lord became very angry and sent his fire among them which burned and consumed them that were in the uttermost parts of the camp. This fire was not stopped until Moses cried out unto the Lord, when he was kind enough to stay his anger and quench his fire.

The grief of the people was so great at the sameness of their diet, that Moses entered a formal complaint to the Lord, and asked him to kill him and thus relieve him of his burden and responsibility in the charge of the people. This seemed to so soften the mind and purposes of the Lord, that he agreed to give the people all the flesh they wanted to eat, not for one, two, five, ten or twenty days, but for a whole month, and until it came out at their nostrils and it became loathsome unto them.

The statement goes on to say a wind went forth from the Lord and brought from the sea (a singular place, by the by, to get quails from,) such a vast quantity of quails that they covered the ground for a day's journey on every side of the camp to the depth of two cubits, or over three feet. This is unmistakably the most extensive quail story the world has ever been favored with, and it illustrates the tendency the Lord exhibited on so many occasions of "overdoing the thing," and when he got angry to go from one extreme to the other. He seemed to act upon the principle of "feast and famine." If this vast supply of quails could have been apportioned to the people as they required them, as the manna was said to have come, the stock provided on this occasion would have lasted them for years.

It is not strange they were able to gather large quantities of these fowls; the story says those who gathered the least, gathered ten homers, equivalent to forty bushels. What prevented them from gathering four hundred bushels or four thousand bushels each, we cannot see, when the birds covered the ground in such profusion. It seems unnecessary they should have been gathered at all, more than they were already.

This quail feast would truly have been a rich treat to the flesh-hungry wanderers who had been so long without animal food; but, unfortunately for them, while the flesh was still between their teeth, and before it was chewed, the Lord's wrath was again kindled against them, and he smote them with a very great plague, and it seems a vast number of them were then slain and buried, for simply craving animal food, and for which reason the place was called *Kebroth-hattavah*, and whether this means "Pigeon-roost," or "Quail-camp," we are not Hebrew scholar enough to decide.

How much effort it required on the part of the Lord to produce this supply of quails, we are unable to judge, as the narrator does not inform us, but from a human point of view, it must have been a great feat. Anderson, the Scotch Wizard, and Hermann, the great prestidigitateur, frequently produced half a dozen pigeons or so, apparently from a boiling kettle, but that was nothing in comparison to a bed of quails fifty miles in diameter and three or four feet deep, and all blown from the sea. We beg pardon for drawing comparison for a moment between the feats of the Lord and those of Anderson and Hermann, but really it seems a pity to have wasted such a fine lot of quails—to produce them only to putrify and cause a deadly plague. We feel confident neither Anderson nor Hermann would have done this—first raise the hopes of a hungry people, and then after they got the food into their mouths, but before they had time to chew it, to smite them with a deadly plague, even had they the power.

Seriously, these childish tales about the Deity getting angry and doing weak, silly things on so many occasions, are utterly unworthy the Supreme Power of the universe, and it is singular sensible people will continue to give credence to these old stories and do

all they can to compel others to believe them. These legends and tales may have answered very well for a barbarous people thousands of years ago, but they are utterly unfitted to the intelligent, scientific mind of the present day. It is an absorbing question among thinking people of our age as to what is the principle of life and motion which is found to exist everywhere in the universe and inherent in every molecule of matter in whatever form. It is a debatable point whether this living principle is outside of matter and superior to it, or whether it is part and parcel of it and inseparable from it. The more intense thought is brought to bear upon this great and almost unknowable question—the better it is understood that the force which exists in the Universe—the principle of all life and motion—the Supreme Power which is denominated Deity, Lord and God, is not confined to our planet, our solar system, or our constellation, but pervades equally the boundless, eternal universe of which our globe forms but an infinitesimal part.

In this elevated view of the ever-present Power, how imperfect, how absurd, how utterly silly appears these ancient Jewish legends and tales about their Jehovah who was so fickle, who so often got angry with his helpless creatures, who busied himself in getting up plagues of frogs, lice, locusts, quails, etc., to tantalize, torment and destroy them. It is certainly high time these puerile notions of Deity gave place to more sensible views; that the vagaries of a barbarous time should be unceremoniously set aside and instead be adopted the teachings of science, the axioms of truth, and the dictates of common sense.

Are We Really Progressing?

In the Marine Court of this city, Judge McAdam presiding, in a suit between Mrs. A. M. Truman vs. Woodhull, Claflin & Co., a few days since, Joseph Treat was prohibited by the Judge, at the instance of C. F. Brooke, attorney for defendants, from giving evidence in the case; not because he was an incredible, untruthful witness, nor because his statement of a fact is not just as correct as another person's, nor because he is not a citizen of the State, or the United States, but because he did not subscribe to such a religious belief as the judge thought he ought to, or that he did not believe in such kind of a God as is prescribed by others.

This ruling in a court of justice (?) seems more fitted to the times of religious intolerance, a few centuries back, or in the Dark Ages, than to this advanced part of the Nineteenth Century, when the teachings of science and increasing knowledge is more and more shaking to the very foundation, the creeds and superstitions of the past; when the teachings of Humboldt, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Mill, Draper and many other scientific minds are being accepted by intelligent men in all parts of the civilized world. Is it still to be the ruling of our courts that, in order to be allowed to bear testimony in an ordinary suit, a person must believe in a Pagan God, a Jewish God, a Christian God or some other God that is a person, having body, parts and passions, and occupying, as such a being must, but a single point in the entire Universe? In short, must he subscribe to any particular set of opinions before he can give evidence in our courts? Are we really advancing with science, reason and intelligence, or are we groping backward toward superstition, proscription and intolerance?

To the questions from the attorney, "are you an Infidel?" "are you an Atheist?" Dr. Treat admitted that he was what is commonly understood by those terms. The Judge then asked, "Have you any religious ideas?" and the reply was, "I am a Scientist, and accept that postulate of science which makes the Universe the only Infinite, Eternal and self-Existent." "You cannot testify," was the immediate decision.

We hope all our judges are not to be McAdams, or so Mac-adamized that a person who honestly believes the inherent powers and forces of the Universe are eternal like the Universe itself, will have equal privileges in court, and elsewhere with those who imagine God to be a person in the form of man, occupying a throne somewhere in the ethereal regions of space, and governed by the passions and incentives of anger, cruelty, vindictiveness and revenge.

Christianity Examined.

NO. IV.

In our last we gave a few extracts from the sacred writings of some of the Asiatic nations which were written hundreds and thousands of years prior to the Christian era and a portion before the time of Moses even, in order to show our readers that in point of morality and purity of the teachings of these ancient, seers, sages, philosophers and reformers were not inferior to the inculcations attributed to Jesus and that the best even of his doctrines were not original with him but had been taught by others hundreds of years before he was born. We will give a few more of these quotations that it may be better seen various nations and religions in the world besides the Jews and Christians have sacred writings and divine instructions by no means inferior to those of the nations named. And we here again make the assertion, that if we had been educated to regard these teachings with the same veneration with which we have been reared to regard the Hebrew and Christian scriptures, they would seem to us as equally inspired, divine, and holy.

ZOROASTER the Persian philosopher and prophet who is held by different authorities to have lived from seven hundred to fourteen hundred years before Christ, taught thus :

"I raise my hands in adoration and worship ; first, all true works of the divine spirit and the intelligence of the good mind, that I may be partaker of this blessedness. To those works and the earth-soul do I offer up my prayer.

"With pious sense will I approach Thee, thou wise and living, with the prayer that thou grant me the earthly and spiritual life. Through truth are these blessings to be attained, which the self-luminous sends to those who strive therefor.

"Long as my strength shall last to worship, so long will I continue in search after truth.

"Thee I conceive as the original first, as the one, supreme, both in nature and in mind, father of the good disposition,—since with clear eye I beheld thee, as the essential substance of truth.

"All good do I accept at thy command, O God, and think, speak and do it. I believe in the pure law. By every good work seek I forgiveness of all sin. I keep pure for myself the serviceable work and abstain from the unprofitable. I keep pure the six powers—thought, speech, work, memory, mind and understanding.

"I repent of all sins, all wicked thoughts, words and works which I have meditated in the world, corporeal, spiritual, earthly and heavenly, I repent of in your presence, ye believers.

"I confess myself a Zarathustrian, an opponent of the Daevas, devoted to the belief in Ahura, [Ormuzd] for praise, adoration and satisfaction.

"I praise the best purity, I hunt away the Dews, I am thankful for the good of the Creator, Ormuzd, with the opposition that comes from Gava-Mainyo. I am contented and agreed in the hope of a resurrection. The Zarathustrian law, created by Ormuzd, I take as a plain act. For the sake of this I repent of all sins.

"That which was the wish of Ormuzd the creator, and I ought to have thought, spoken or done and have not; that which was the work of Ahriman, and I ought not to have thought, spoken or done, and yet have ; of these sins I repent, with thoughts, words and deeds."

HERMES MERCURIUS TRISMEGISTUS a noted king of Egypt, and placed among the Pharaohs before the time of Moses ; in the DIVINE PYMANDER, a work which has been translated into several languages and deemed authentic by eminent writers, wrote as follows :

"That part of the soul which is sensible is mortal, but that which is reasonable is immortal.

"Every essence is immortal. Every essence is unchangeable. Every thing that is, is double.

"None of the things that are, stand still. Not all things are moved by a soul, but every thing that is, is moved by a soul.

"Heaven is the first element. Providence is Divine Order. Necessity is the minister or servant of Providence.

"What is God? The immutable or unalterable good. What is man? An unchangeable evil.

"Holy is God, the Father of all things.

"Holy is God, whose will is performed and accomplished by his own powers.

"Holy art Thou, that by Thy word hath established all things. Holy art Thou of whom all Nature is the image.

"Holy art Thou, whom Nature hath not formed. Holy art Thou, that art better than all praise.

"Accept these reasonable sacrifices from a pure soul, and a heart stretched out unto Thee.

"I believe Thee, and bear witness, and go into the life, and light."

THE PYMANDER contains by another writer the following Song or Psalm :

"Let all the nature of the world entertain the hearing of this hymn. Be open, O Earth, and let the treasure of rain be opened. Ye trees, tremble not, for I will sing and praise the Lord of creation, and the All, the One. Be opened, ye Heavens, ye winds, stand still and let the immortal circle of God receive these words.

"For I will sing and praise Him that created all things, that fixed the earth and hung up the heavens, and commanded the sweet water to come out of the ocean into all the world inhabited, to the use and nourishment of all things, or men.

"That commanded the fire to shine for every action, both to God and man.

"Let us together give him blessing, that rideth upon the heavens, the Creator of all Nature.

"O, all ye powers that are in me, praise the One, the All. Sing together with my will, all ye powers that are in me.

"O holy knowledge, being enlightened by thee, I magnify the Intelligible Light, and rejoice in the joy of the mind.

"This is God, that is better than any name, this is he that is secret; this is he that is most manifest; this is he that is to be seen by the mind; this is he that is visible to the eye; this is he that hath no body; and this is he that hath many bodies, rather there is nothing of any body that is not of him, for he alone is of all things.

"And for this cause he hath all names, because he is the One Father."

ORPHEUS, of ancient Greece, 1,200 years before Christ, thus sublimely taught :

"There is one unknown Being, prior to all things and exalted above all. He is the author of all things, even of the eternal sphere and all below it. He is Life, Counsel and Light, which all signify One Power, the same that drew all things, visible and invisible, out of nothing. We will sing that eternal, wise and all-powerful Love, which reduced chaos to order.

"The Empyrean, the deep Tartarus, the earth, the ocean, the immortal gods and goddesses, all that is, that has been, or that will be, was contained in the fruitful bosom of Jupiter. He is the final and the last, the beginning and the end. He is the Primæval Father, the immortal Virgin, the life, the cause, the energy of all things. Thine is One only Power, One only Lord, One universal King."

PYTHAGORAS, another Grecian philosopher and instructor, thus taught 600 years before Christ :

"There is one Universal Soul diffused through all things—eternal, invisible, unchangeable; in essence like truth, in substance resembling light; not to be represented by any one image, to be comprehensible only by the mind; not as some conjecture, exterior to the world, but in himself entire, pervading the Universal Sphere.

"Unity is the principle of all things, and from this Unity went forth an infinite duality.

"Truth is to be sought with a mind purified from the passions of the body. Having overcome evil things, those shall experience the union of the immortal God with the immortal man.

"Every man ought to speak and act with such integrity that no one would have reason to doubt his simple affirmation.

"Do what you believe is right, whatever people think of you.

"It is either requisite to be silent, or to say something better than silence.

"It is impossible he can be free who is a slave to his passions.

"We should avoid and amputate by every possible artifice, by fire, sword and all various contrivances;—from the body, disease; from the soul, ignorance; from the belly, luxury; from a city, sedition; from a home, discord, and at the same time from all things, immoderation."

Prayer of SOCRATES 500 years before Christ.

"O Beloved Pan, and all ye other Gods of the place, grant one to become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatever outward things I may have, may be at peace with thee within.

"May I deem the wise man rich, and may I have such a portion of gold as none but a prudent man can either bear or employ. Do we need anything else, Phædrus? For myself I have prayed enough."

We could give, would space allow, many quotations from the voluminous writings and teachings of Socrates, Zeno, Plato, Aristotle and others, all of whom lived hundreds of years before Christ and left much behind, of their deep and pure thoughts. These teachings of the ancients perhaps have no direct connection with the subject of Christianity ; but our object in giving them is to show our readers that Jesus, who never wrote anything himself, was not the first to inculcate moral sentiments ; that philosophies as deep, instructions as elevating and morals as pure as his were taught by others, long before he came upon the earth. And we repeat, had we been reared

to regard the utterances of these Heathen philosophers and teachers with the same reverence that we have been required to pay to the sayings of Jesus, they doubtless, in our eyes would have seemed equally as profane, equally as wonderful and equally as divine.

In our next we will probably give some extracts from other ancient reformers and teachers, after which we will resume the direct examination of Christianity, with a view of ascertaining its origin, early history, characteristics, its cruelties, persecutions, bloodshed, and its general influence upon mankind.

[NOTE. In our last, in mentioning some of the signs of the Zodiac, we inadvertently named *Taurus*, where it should be *Aries*. Our readers will please make the correction. Ed. T. S.]

New Enterprise.

It is with pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of our esteemed friend and co-laborer in the cause of free thought, G. L. Henderson, of the firm of G. L. Henderson & Co., of Le Roy, Minn., who, as our Western readers know, has established a branch office in the city of New York, and who now proposes, in addition to their regular banking business, to open a GENERAL SUPPLY AGENCY, by which the wants of their friends and the public living remote from the business centres may be supplied at greatly reduced rates. This they can do by reason of their large business connection and the great amount of patronage at their disposal.

In this age of corruption and general decay of commercial integrity, it is gratifying to be able to assure our readers that in his case, as in the case of our other advertising patrons, "HERE IS A MAN."

Mr. Henderson will be assisted in this new branch of business by Mr. Hugh Byron Brown, a gentleman well known to our patrons as a contributor to THE TRUTH SEEKER and to all the radical papers, and whose integrity and reliability are well known to us and to the liberal public. We cheerfully recommend our readers to patronize the new firm.

A Generous Donation.

With due gratitude we acknowledge the donation from Col. Robert G. Ingersoll of THIRTY DOLLARS, much the largest we have received from any source. In connection with five dollars he presented us on another occasion, it establishes the fact of his Liberality.

This present we consider not as *personal* but as devoted to spreading truth and freethought, and with all humility we are bound to acknowledge we have no trouble in finding legitimate uses in that direction for such material.

We still have the Colonel's Lectures for sale and shall feel renewed pleasure in sending them to such of our friends as have not yet ordered a copy. Price \$2.00. Postage 15cts.

Col. Ingersoll recently paid our city a visit with his family. We called at his hotel to see him, but were not fortunate enough to find him in, and consequently did not see him.

WE OWE an apology to many of our correspondents for not more promptly answering their letters many times. We receive so many, and our time is so occupied we are often compelled to let them lie over longer than we would desire.

We again ask the forbearance of contributors for the tardy appearance of their articles. It is impossible to find room for all that come, and we mean to select the best. We have many filed for insertion as soon as possible.

We again ask contributors to study brevity. Short articles are nearly always preferable to long ones, and they afford a larger number a chance to be heard.

B. F. Underwood

Will lecture at Oskaloosa, Iowa, Jan. 9, 10; Buchanan, Mich., Jan. 13, 14; Anderson, Ind., Jan. 15; Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 17; Brighton, Mich., Jan. 19, 20; Auburn, O., Jan. 22; Elyria, O., Jan. 23, 24; Erie, Pa., Jan. 25, 26.

The Jews and their God.

CHAPTER V.

After some five or six thousand years, with all the aid and assistance that theology claims for him, the Jewish God has so far failed to establish a church, or an organized kingdom on earth; and as for destroying the devil, by insnaring, catching, chaining, or imprisoning him, there is no encouragement, by way of getting rid of so loathsome a creature. He remains an eye-sore to the clergy, and yet their best friend. We will now look after those who perished under the priesthood of the Jewish God. It is not to be wondered at, that John the seer, saw the church organization, by which the priests held their power, and by it thousands were put to death; that it was drunken with human blood, being controlled as it was by the Jewish priesthood, which put to death all who dared to oppose its authority, Jesus not excepted.

The church under the control of Constantine, a tyrant in every sense, whose genius failed him in inventing ways and means to kill, torment and punish heretics, as they were called under that organization, (or witches and wizards by the Jews.) The estimate we have made of the Jews and their God is based, as a foundation, upon their own record, sacred and profane; but we will not vouch for the truth of it in all its fullness and particulars. Nevertheless it is held by many as the unerring word of God. If the Bible account is reliable, we have not misrepresented the Jews or their God; but believing it is not all strictly true, justice demands this qualification. The Jews charged their God with many things he was not guilty of, by saying, "Thus saith the Lord," when the Lord had not said it; yet it is so recorded.

Second, they did many things themselves to gratify their own dispositions; if successful they ascribed it to their God, and it comes down through their records to us, as being sanctioned and dictated by him.

Third, many things arose from superstition, and imagination; yet were recorded as facts. What I say of the Jews on this point, I say of all nations. There is a universal similarity, and there is nothing more wrong in the Hindoos believing Alayone, daughter of Aolus, who drowned herself in grief for her husband, was turned into a kingfisher, (a bird) than for the Jews to believe Lot's wife, for looking back, was turned into a pillar of salt; all from the same cause (ignorance) and equally untrue.

We have now shown the failure of the fourth organization, which was swallowed up by the Church of Rome, "the great whore," seen in a vision by John, a seer and me him, as being the "mother of Harlots," out of which most of the present religious sects have sprung. These four failures prove one of these things. The Jewish God was incompetent to govern man in the capacity of a nation or church. If this is not true, then it proves all these organizations had no higher origin of authority than man, in and out of the earth form. If this is not true, then it proves the Devil, after achieving a victory in the garden of Eden, has kept the field ever since, in spite of all the efforts on the part of God, man and angels. As we have heretofore relied upon the Jewish history, in reference to the Jews and their God, we do the same in looking after those who perished at the hands of, and was put to death by the authority of the Jewish priesthood; and those in power. The Jews in no instance claim or admit they ever put a man to death without just cause; therefore their laws and statutes were so worded there was no trouble to convict and put to death all who violated their laws, under which Jesus, with thousands of others, suffered death. Jesus spoke to those Jews then in authority, who held the priesthood, forming the grand Sanhedrim, who sat on the judgment seat and condemned him to death, he whose motto was to do good, and, he said, "Woe unto you for ye build the sepulchers of the prophets, and your fathers killed them." From the blood of Abel unto the blood of Zacharias which perished between the altar and temple, embracing a period of some four thousand years. Luke xi. 47-51. Who dare say this testimony is false? If true, it speaks louder than the thunder of Sinai; and what does it mean? If true, and we take it as such, it amounts to this. The Jewish priest, and those in authority, had been in the habit of killing, stoning, and putting to death a certain class of people that Jesus called prophets and apostles. We will call them mediums; the Jews called them witches, wizards, blasphemers, necromancers, persons who talked with the spirits of the dead. For all this class, they had a law that all such should be put to death; if the testimony of Paul can be relied on, where he speaks of the treatment and condition of such. Heb. xi. 37-38 "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword, they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." These were considered as violators of those laws, the same as in the days of king Saul. It is evident the woman that is called by our present priests, the Witch of Endor, who was banished by king Saul, and had secreted herself as best she could, was one of these. In this case we will quote from Josephus' history—a well authenticated work, and one that may be relied on. In his 6th book, 14th chapter of the "Antiqui-

ties of the Jews;" a much fuller account is given of this woman than in the Bible. "When Saul had heard this, he could not speak for grief, and fell down on the floor, whether it were from the sorrow that arose upon what Samuel had said, or from his emptiness, for he had taken no food the foregoing day nor night, he easily fell quite down, and when with difficulty he had recovered himself, the woman would force him to eat, begging this of him as a favor on account of her concern in that dangerous instance of fortune-telling, which it was not lawful for her to have done, because of the fear she was under of the king, while she knew not who he was, yet did she undertake it, and go through with it, on which account she entreated him, to admit that a table and food might be set before him, that he might recover his strength and so get safe to his own camp. And when he opposed her motion, and entirely rejected it, by reason of his anxiety, she forced him, and at last persuaded him to eat.

"Now she had one calf that she was very fond of, and one that she took a great deal of care of, and fed it herself, for she was a woman that got her living by the labor of her own hands, (I wish this could be said of our clergy,) and had no other possessions but that one calf; this she killed, and made ready its flesh, and set it before his servants and himself, so Saul came to the camp while it was yet night. Now it is but just to recommend the generosity of this woman, because when the king had forbidden her to use that art whence her circumstances were bettered and improved, she did not remember to his disadvantage that he had condemned her sort of learning, and did not refuse him as a stranger, and one, that she had no acquaintance with; but she had compassion upon him, and comforted him, and exhorted him to do what he was greatly averse to, and offered him the only (calf) creature she had as a poor woman, and that earnestly, and with great humility, while she had no requital made to her for her kindness, nor hunted after any future favor from him, for she knew he was to die; whereas men are naturally either ambitious to please those that bestow benefits upon them, or are very ready to serve those from whom they may receive some advantage. It would be well therefore to imitate the example of this woman, and to do kindness to all such as are in want; and to think that nothing is better nor more becoming mankind, than such a general beneficence, nor what will sooner render God favorable, and ready to bestow good things upon us. And so far may suffice to have spoken concerning this woman."

We would ask where does that woman live, in all Christendom, that is worthy of a better character than the one Josephus, the great historian, gives this poor despised woman, stigmatised with the name of, the "witch of Endor," nevertheless as for her moral character she is the person whose life, habits, and disposition, are the nearest and most like Jesus—always ready to do good. How did the life and death of Jesus stand among the Jews? He was in like manner condemned; pronounced and looked upon as an impostor and put to death, by what the priests called the law of the Lord, under which thousands before him lost their lives; of whom he spoke, when he said, "your fathers have killed them." Notwithstanding all this, our present teachers of theology are threatening us with hell and everlasting damnation if we do not acknowledge the Jewish God, declaring Jesus (who was born of a woman, the same as all children are) to be the legitimate son of this personal God, who talked face to face, with Abraham, Jacob, and Moses; when his character, disposition and manner of life, had no more resemblance to the character of Jesus, than a ravenous she-bear, (such as destroyed forty-two children) has to a dove which was the emblem of Jesus' God, the spirit that abode with, and controlled him through life on earth; while these two she-bears, carried out and executed the curse of Elisha, when under the influence or spirit of the God of the Jews when he cursed the children. Who dare deny this, that believes his Bible, and who dare say, these two she-bears did not portray the God-power under which Elisha cursed the children, whose offense was a childish retort, upon a man who had a bald head? Who dare say the dove does not portray the God-power by which Jesus was controlled through life?

There can be no doubt, but that Abraham, Moses and others who acted under authority were influenced by the spirit of a savage king, whose disposition had undergone no change perceivable, by way of reform, who was by times petulant and cross, at other times noble and grand, varying from the sublime to the ridiculous, never above, but often below that of humanity; while the prophets, who Jesus says were killed and put to death, were controlled and influenced by spirits more mild, such as the one he was; and for instance, John the apostle, who was controlled and governed by a God-power that was all love. What a contrast between the God-power that controlled Jesus and John; and the power that dictated these words: "I am a jealous God, and a God of war, I will stir up nations to battle; vengeance is mine and I will repay; I will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh. I the Lord have deceived that prophet, and I will stretch out my hand upon him, and will destroy him from the midst of my people Israel. Also the Lord had put a lying spirit

in the mouth of all these thy prophets." Can it be possible, a man possessed of common sense can sink his ideas of the God of the universe, the fountain of truth and perfection, low enough to meet the demands of those recorded facts, and the teaching of theology? I confess I cannot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Lady on the Social Question.

[The following private letter was not written for THE TRUTH SEEKER, but is published at the request of a friend. It is a clear argument in favor of the social theory it advocates, and is deserving of a careful reading.—ED. T. S.]

MANHATTAN, Oct. 28, 1874.

My Dear Friend: Your letter reached me yesterday. I can never be offended at anything you may say to me, especially when the question is prompted by such tender maternal solicitude. Let us discuss all these questions relating to my affairs freely and fully. With any one else I would not deign to lift the veil of my inner life, unless it may be I could aid some poor soul in its struggle for its share of earthly happiness. I should rather say I would not open my life to the gaze of the simply curious, only to those whom my experience might help to better things. I would shrink from the world's gaze, not from shame, only because good causes are so often damaged by injudicious handling by well meaning but misguided people. I would calmly live my life in a dignified way; "commencing," as the poet says, "by my presence." You seem to imply in your letter a fear that I am in the future to be subjected to treachery and desertion. Now just suppose that is to be the case—that in the future, somewhere, I am left alone by this man whom I so dearly love. If this happens it will be because, either some other magnet attracts more strongly, or he will be tired of me. Now bring to bear on this question all your naive wisdom and answer me candidly. Which would be the most comfortable position in such an emergency, the deserted wife or love? I would much prefer to be the deserted love than the coolly treated and neglected wife. Is not the quick stroke of the executioner for kinder and less painful than the horrid agony of the inquisitor, the torturer? The world thinks if a man swears to a paper, he will be obliged to do his duty. He will do this under any circumstances as long as he can. And any woman ought to be thankful to be well rid of a man whose word isn't as good as his bond. Legal marriage is a bondage from which only death frees many a poor, wretched soul. Could any woman of fine feeling allow herself to be dependent on a man who despised her? Or any man hold a woman who despised him? Why, when two people are as happy as we, urge a change—a change, that seldom brings anything but wrangling, deceit, selfishness and tyranny. Look around and tell me, do you find much real happiness in the social married life? Take—your parents for instance, (and they are a fair sample of the world,) are they happy? She watched him as the cat watches the mouse, for even a glance of infidelity. Instead of studying to increase her attractions, she is prematurely old and sour, in this constant struggle to look after him. There is not even the ghost of happiness under that roof. They are what the world calls respectable, nice people. Yes, respectable to everything but their own souls, which, being untrue and hypocritical, poison the springs of life, producing wrangling and bitterness. The fountain of all domestic peace is dried up because of this abject slavery of heart and life. Let me be left alone, driven out into the desert like Hagar, (far from all human life), before ever I am subjected to such a humiliating dose of gall and wormwood. Desertion is heaven compared to it. Do not argue that we are so perfectly suited, so harmonious. Wise navigators don't run any nearer shoals and rocks because the day is clear. The unwary may do this, the sudden and unaccountable storm may dash them to pieces. Good navigators, profiting by the experience of past times, mind the danger signals. Along the shores of life are thickly strewn matrimonial wrecks without number. With such a sight before us who dare venture? There are unaccountable freaks of nature both mental and physical, that two persons can never discover until they have lived together. What has poor humanity done that it must be compelled to suffer a whole mortal life for a mistake? No! no! I am not one of the scheming young ladies of the period trying to entrap some man into providing me a support. I ask only health and the means of earning an independent livelihood. If I ever take this man's name, it will not be through any legal marriage ceremony. In this I am living up to my highest convictions of duty to myself, to him, and to the world. He came to me freely, and poured his love into my life; if he ever desires to go, the door is open, kindly as he came he shall depart. Did you ever see a child forbidden to do a certain thing, or go beyond a stated limit? It at once becomes frantic to do the thing, which under ordinary circumstances it would never have thought of. We are very much like children in the marriage relation. If compelled to a certain line of conduct it becomes irksome, whereas if spontaneously done we should never think of any other way. But, I need not argue nor do I desire to apolo-

gize. All the arguments of reason and common sense are in favor of freedom. I am to-day a happier and more self-respecting woman than ever before.

Marriage—the true one—is founded on love, and not dependent on man-made ceremonies for its truth, faithfulness and continuity. I love this man so well, that nothing but his perfect happiness will satisfy me, and if that can come only through the ministrations of some other woman, then in the words of Emerson, and with a heart overflowing with tender love, I say, "go, sweet heaven." Do you never feel when you are looking at some glorious sunset, fine work of art, or listening to some poem or gem of thought, O, if all my friends could share this! So do I feel as, day by day, some new beauty of —'s character is unfolded to me, if everybody could feel the joy of this gentle, tender, glorious love. If it ever goes from me it will go in the same noble, open-handed way that it came, for it could do no injustice.

How much talent has been lost to the world in domestic slavery! Souls from a mistaken idea clinging to each other, though each moment brings only agony. The life narrowed, the powers which in other channels might flow out to bless and gladden some other life, now, only "cabined, cribbed, confined," from a false idea fatal to all the good they might do in the world. Too often it is only selfishness that binds two, in those too weak to have idea or principle. Whittier says:

"O doom beyond the saddest guess,
As the long years of God unroll,
To make thy dreary selfishness
The prison of a soul."

I cannot resist the temptation to tell you a little anecdote apropos to this subject, which as a facetious friend remarked who imparted it to me, "contains the whole thing in a nutshell." And unhappy husband and wife quarreling. The wife says, "see how peaceably the cat and dog lie on the rug." "Yes," said the man, "but tie them together and see how like h—l the fur will fly."

I must live in the truth as I see it. Speak of me with the same confidence and joy as ever, and remember our marriage, when it comes, will be the purest under heaven, because "God will have joined us." And now one word from the outside world. We went last Sunday to hear Mr. Frothingham. Shall I tell you my impression of the whole service? Well, then, in the words of Burns, I found there, "devotion's every grace except the heart." I came away with a sense of coldness. My heart had not been warmed to any new love of humanity, nor had my intellect been quickened and fed by those scientific truths poured out so freely now to supplant old errors of superstition and bigotry. I came away in a very negative condition. Good, red-hot Methodism, where heart, soul and fists are in earnest operation, is far preferable to this cold-blooded, meaningless talk, which is neither good science nor good religion, but just pulpit buncombe which tickled amazingly a few shallow-headed, fashionable women.

But I must draw this letter to a close, though I could fill another sheet, with telling you of our several glorious trips to the Park lately, and how it glows in an unusually fine dress of Fall splendor. And then I should like to tell you what glorious times we have with our books. Think of me always as contented and perfectly satisfied with my present bliss. If change and sorrow come, so let it. Shadow and sunshine are ever mingled. Shadow has its divine use as well as sunshine. Ever with dearest love,

Yours, H.

Voltaire.

Among the recent contributions to our Liberal literature, there is none more worthy of a careful perusal than that of Voltaire by John Morley. He places the great Iconoclast in the very front rank of those who have bravely battled with sacred creeds and time-honored superstitions.

His opening sentence is grandly prophetic, for he says: "When the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand for as much as the names of the great decisive movements in the European advance, like the revival of learning or the reformation."

We who are living in this present day, are apt to underestimate the great work that was so ably done by this glorious Reformer. Our author tells us that: "The existence, character and career of this extraordinary man, constituted in themselves a new and prodigious era. The peculiarities of his individual genius changed the mind and spiritual conformation of the West, with as far spreading and invincible an effect as if the work had been wholly done, as it was actually aided by the sweep of deep lying collective forces."

To be able even slightly to comprehend the great work accomplished by those great Reformers, Calvin, Luther, Spinoza, Voltaire, we must endeavor to realize the condition of the greater part of Europe at the commencement of the fifteenth century. What had Christianity given us as the result of fifteen hundred years of her work? Did she not have a fair trial? Neither let nor hindrance; none to make her afraid. SHE HAD DONE HER BEST. And what that best was, the iron pen of the historian has indelibly written.

Every leaf we find paged with blood, every volume filled with records so black, cruelty so fearful, statistics telling of millions slaughtered to the great Jugernaut of their faith. For fifteen hundred years this black cloud of superstition covered all Europe, and the fairest portions of our earth was turned into a Pandemonium—a Hell. It was the days of the Inquisition, when the morning and the evening sacrifice was not *pascal lambs*, for the fiend they worshiped as God, now demanded human victims.

"And blood-red rainbows canopied the land."

Yet, he whom they claim to be the founder, was ushered into this world with the words, "Peace on earth, good will to man." But the Church gave for peace, war and all its horrors, and for good will, the fires of persecution and the tortures of the Inquisition.

I differ somewhat from my friend, Mr. Henderson, for he says "that Voltaire wrote in such a manner that if tried for heresy, he could, like Queen Elizabeth or Cervantes, make it impossible to find any in his writings." He also says, he was a "consummate Jesuit." I do not; never have thought so. I never thought that Voltaire spoke with feeble voice or faltering tongue. "Is it with trembling lips that he puts these questions: Is the bible historically true, and divinely inspired? and is your Christian church a holy and beneficent organization?" Did he answer those questions with Jesuitical casuistry, and so leave you in doubt as to his meaning? No, sir! for he answered those questions without the possibility of a misconception; for he says: "The records were saturated with fable and absurdity; the doctrines imperfect at its very best, and a dark and tyrannical superstition at its very worst, and the Church the arch-curse and infamy!" If Voltaire was a Jesuit, how could he merit this glowing encomium which this essayist passes on him?

"Our lofty new ideas of rational conviction, and of emancipation of understanding, as emancipation from the duty of settling, whether important propositions are true or false, had not dawned on Voltaire. He had just as little part or lot in the complaisant spirit of the man of the world, who, from the depths of his mediocrity and ease, presumes to promulgate the law of progress, and as dictator to fix its speed. Who does not know the temper of the man of the world, that worst enemy of the world? His inexhaustible patience of abuses, that only torment others; his apologetic word of beliefs, that may perhaps not be as precisely true as one might wish; and institutions that are not altogether as useful as some might think possible; his cordiality toward progress and improvement in a general way, and his coldness or apathy to each progressive proposal in particular his pigmy hope that life will one day become somewhat better, but still it might be infinitely worse."

To Voltaire far different was it from this; to him a degrading superstition was not to be treated with light indifference. Cruelty, wrong and injustice were with him something to overcome at every hazard.

Our author says "that the rays from Voltaire's burning and shining spirit no sooner struck upon the genius of the time, seated dark and dank like the black stone of Memnon's statue, than the clang of the breaking cord, was heard through Europe, and men awoke in new day and more spacious air." Voltaire a Jesuit! why, man, he was in the front rank and in the very midst of the fight. Our author calls him the "dogmatic destroyer," and that he carried a banner many times rent, but never out of the field."

So much for the Jesuitism of the man that Morley calls "the very eye of modern illumination." Ah! but say you, when he came to grapple with death, what then? Did he not seek the saving power of the Church? Was he not agonized at the bare possibility of Christianity being true? After a long and patient search, I have not been able to find the least evidence in support of this assertion. They are like Sir John Falstaff's eleven men in Buckram existing only in their own fertile imagination.

Let us present this case as we are able to gather it up from the records. We find that Voltaire, now nearly eighty years of age, was greatly excited by the monstrous proceedings against La Barre, who was condemned by the tribunal of Amiens, at the instance of the bishop, to have his tongue and right hand cut off, and then be burnt alive, a sentence that was commuted by the Parliament of Paris to decapitation, and the ease which in this, and numerous other cases, the tribunal lent itself to the cruelty of fanatics, no doubt excited in the mind of Voltaire a very painful alarm for his own safety, and most certainly he had good reasons for it. We know he could not—dared not—venture into Italy, for the Inquisition would have thrown its great antagonist into its secret dungeons.

Who is there to-day that does not sympathize with this old man of eighty, and make every allowance for an occasional fit of timorousness?

We are told that in 1768 he makes a nominal peace with the Church by confessing and participating in the solemnity of an Eastern communion. This he did do, and the philosophers of Paris were deeply scandalized, and D'Alembert, his own familiar friend, could not refrain from protest; and Voltaire, in his reply, was honest enough to give what was no doubt the true reason, that he did not wish to be burnt alive, and that the only way to make certain against such a

fate was to close the lips of spies and informers.

But the Bishop sees the *ruse* for he is very angry with the priest of Fernay, and he writes to him, forbidding him to confess Voltaire or administer the eucharist to him. Voltaire is at once taken with a fever, and he summons the priest to administer ghostly comfort. The priest pleads the rumors of the world as to the damnable character of the books he had written. Voltaire warns him, in the most peremptory manner, that in refusing to administer the viaticum he was infringing the law, and the consequence was the priest did administer the viaticum.

Condorcet remarks on this tomfoolery, (for such I consider it), "that the satisfaction of forcing his priest to administer by fear of the secular judges, and insulting the bishop in a judicial manner, cannot excuse such a proceeding in the eyes of the free and firm man." It would be taxing our credulity too much to suppose for one moment that any one in that day saw in this conduct of Voltaire's anything approaching to a recantation. No wonder the bishop was mad, for Voltaire in his confession actually pardons the bishop, for we read that he signed a solemn act in the presence of a notary, declaring that he (Voltaire), *pardons and forgives* his calumniators, and that he finally *forgave* the bishop of Annecy, who had calumniated him to the king, and whose malicious designs, had come to naught. My Christian friends, your cause must be weak indeed, if you need the support of this confession of Voltaire's. I have no need to speak of his return to Paris in 1778 after an absence of nearly thirty years—for that is one of the historic events of the century. It was the last great popular burst of enthusiasm under the old regime: that reception has been described over and over again, no one ever received a more splendid greeting: but the agitation of so much loud triumph, and incessant acclamation, was more than his feeble health could resist. The immediate cause of his death was thought to arise from the administration of an overdose of laudanum. He died on the 30th of May, 1778.

"Stick a pin here please," as Capt. Cuttle would say. Voltaire's death in Paris is just ten years after his celebrated recantation. We hear nothing now of ghostly comfort, or priestly blessings, but his last writing was a line of rejoicing to young Lally that their efforts had been successful in procuring justice for the memory of one who had been put to death unjustly. And now if I have been able to brush away some of the cobwebs which the spiders of malice and superstition have woven over the fair fame of Voltaire. I am more than content, and will conclude with the words of the poet Shelley:

"That tho' the grave hath quenched that eye,
And death's relentless frost withered that arm;
But the unfading fame, the deathless memory of that man
Whom kings call to their mind and tremble,
Shall never pass away."

WM. WILLICOTT.

Brooklyn, Jan. 5, 1875.

A NEW MOTIVE POWER.—A new, cheap and powerful motive power is said to have been discovered by John M. Keeley of Philadelphia. Little is known about it, as the invention is jealously guarded, and the secret known to only a few persons. Mr. Keeley claims that with two gallons of water he can generate force enough to draw a train of cars from Philadelphia to San Francisco and back again. He uses no fuel, neither does he employ any chemicals, or electricity, or magnetic currents. It is supposed the force must be obtained by the rapid decomposition of water into its constituent gases, but he denies using any of the customary methods for reaching that result. In the machine he is now constructing he has developed, he asserts, a pressure of 7000 lbs. to the square inch, and when it is remembered that the pressure to which steam boilers are subjected is seldom more than 200 lbs. to the square inch, the enormous leap Mr. Keeley claims to make with his new motor may be partially appreciated. The public will have to wait for the practical application of this power before they can decide upon its merits. As a rule things that threaten to revolutionize the world seldom do.

RAISING ALMONDS IN CALIFORNIA.—Mr. Olmsted of Carpenteria has finished picking his crop of almonds. He will have from his orchard this season over five tons of the Languedoc or soft-shell almonds. Mr. Olmsted's orchard is only four years old, and, of course, is not yet in full bearing. His trees bore a few nuts when two years old. The third year the average yield to the tree was about five pounds. Two rows in the orchard, covering ground equivalent to two acres, that received great care in planting and special culture, produced two thousand pounds of dried almonds. This yield, at the wholesale San Francisco market price for the soft-shell almonds, will give Mr. Olmsted about \$230 per acre, after paying expenses of the year's culture, gathering, sacking and marketing. Mr. Olmsted keeps the ground clear, cultivating nothing between the trees, nor allowing weeds to grow up to rob them. The trees should be at least twenty feet apart each way.

"PRETTY bad under foot to-day," said one citizen to another, as they met in the street. "Yes, but its fine overhead," responded the other. "True enough," said the first; "but then very few are going that way."

More Offers.

In addition to the liberal offers made in our last and to encourage the patronage of THE TRUTH SEEKER we hold out the following inducements:

We will send THE TRUTH SEEKER one year and one set of Rogers' Best silver Plated Teaspoons which sell everywhere for three dollars, for \$3.00.

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We will send THE TRUTH SEEKER one year and Calkin's Champion Washer which retails at \$7.50 for \$5.75.

The plated ware is from Rogers, Smith & Co., is double plated on alabatta. Every package is stamped and warranted by the manufacturers. Our friends can rely upon getting first-class goods every time.

The Champion Washer is an excellent machine, it has taken several premiums and over 60,000 of them have been sold within two years.

We will furnish The Ladies' Own Magazine, one year, a fine mounted oil chromo in sixteen colors, THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, and a set of best silver plated teaspoons all for \$4.00.

It is not necessary that all should go to one address. The paper may go to one and the premiums to another, if desired.

Here is a fine opportunity for those who wish to take THE TRUTH SEEKER and be paid for doing so.

THE supply of some of the books we offer as premiums and which comes from London are exhausted. Our patrons will please wait patiently, we will forward as soon as received.

PHILOSOPHIC REVIEW; *Darwin Answered*, or Evolution a Myth, a volume of 85 pages, by LAWRENCE S. BENSON, author of "My Visit to the Sun." We have not found time to give this work a close examination, but we see the author opposes the theory of Darwin and Spencer. He is a deep thinker and a finished writer. His work will be found interesting to many. Price, \$1.25.

UGHT CHRISTIANS TO DEBATE?—A lecture delivered by W. F. JAMIESON at Parker Fraternity Hall, Boston, Oct. 11th, 1874. Published in pamphlet form. It is a very sparkling, racy lecture in the author's best style. He hits the Church and the clergy some hard knocks, and decides the question in the affirmative. Price, 10 cents, and worth double the money.

"AROUND THE WORLD." We have just received a fine octavo volume by this title, by our friend, J. M. Peebles, and published by Colby & Rich, Boston. It is written in Mr. Peebles' usual interesting, racy style and contains full descriptions of his journey around the world, of the principal scenes he witnessed, and the interviews he had with prominent men in China, India, Polynesia, Arabia, Egypt, Syria, and other countries, with clear accounts of their religious beliefs and traditions, as well as the geographical, political and intellectual condition of the various countries he visited. He is a man of close observation and quick thought, and possesses a happy faculty of stating what he sees and hears in a most interesting and fascinating manner. There is a vast fund of useful information in this volume, and few books are more instructive and entertaining. Price of the volume, \$2. We shall be glad to send it to such of our readers as may wish it.

Volume I.

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Conversation about Society and Churches.

BY G. L. HENDERSON.

(Continued from Number Eight.)

FATHER.—Suppose, then, I affirm as a self-evident truth, that every organ appearing in any plant or animal must, of necessity, be serviceable to it.

DAUGHTER.—Analogy again; I am afraid of them. We were talking about religion and the church, and here you confront me with plants and animals. But let me try your self-evident proposition. Some men have been born with an extra pair of fingers on each hand, and we fail to see what use they were to them, and occasionally a child has appeared with one head too many, and has died in consequence. Where then is your self-evident truth?

F.—Now I see, you are to admit nothing, not even propositions heretofore recognized as self-evident; not even if stated on the authority of recognized philosophy and religion. I must present such a case to your consciousness, that it shall have its basis therein, and not rest upon any authority, however ancient or imposing it may be. In this you are right, and I could wish that this intellectual condition prevailed over all the world. If it did, the worth of an opinion or doctrine would be valued in proportion to its reasonableness. But now, with many, the opposite idea prevails, for the value of an opinion or doctrine is too often estimated in proportion to its improbability and inconsistency with the ever recurring order of nature. I now find that my proposition does not contain the whole truth, and I find that language is often inadequate to express what we really wish to convey; nay, more, I think there is something in our consciousness that cannot be expressed in words, for when so expressed, there is either too much or too little, therefore absolute truth exists in the mind only, and whenever what exists in the consciousness is formulated in words, it is not altogether truth. I will restate my proposition, but you will bear in mind what I have just stated, that from the imperfection of human language, it will still contain either more or less than the truth. There is in nature the power to produce an infinite variety of plants and animals, each individual being slightly different from the other. Regular and continuous uniformity is from time to time changed by the appearance of new organs, as in the cases to which you refer, but if when the individual in whom the supernumerary organs appear, comes to struggle for existence against those possessed of the normal number of organs, and it is found not to be an advantage to it, either the individuals or the organs, or altogether disappear, so that nature (by what Darwin calls natural selection), preserves all her plants and animals which are the best adapted to the condition in which they are to continue to live, and if the new organ proves an advantage to its possessor then the old or normal type will become the abnormal, and must disappear.

D.—Now I remember, you once told me of a tribe of fishermen on the Mediterranean Sea, who laid their nets at a great depth to catch a particular variety of fish, and it became necessary for them to dive down and grasp their nets between the toes of their feet, and use their hands in swimming to the surface, and that, in the course of generations, individuals appeared who could grasp the nets firmly with their feet, as we grasp objects in our hands, so that the fishermen who attained this power most fully became the wealthiest, and the finest women desired them for their husbands. This preference on the part of the women resulted in thus reproducing this advantageous peculiarity in their offspring, and thereby giving them an immense advantage over those who differed less from the old normal type. So that in course of time, a foot would differentiate so far as to perform the duplex function of both walking and grasping. This explains the law of the survival of the fittest. Now let me see how you are to apply this law of nature to the necessity of a church and its continued existence as an organ of society.

F.—You stated clearly not only the law itself (but also) one of the many instances from which the law is deduced. To cover the naked feet, man has found it necessary to strip animals of their skins and make them into shoes. Hence shoemakers and shoe-factories. To cover the naked body, it became necessary to shear the sheep and cultivate cotton, hence wool and cotton spinners and factories for making garments. His body was liable to disease from exposure, excess or insufficient supply of food, improper in kind or quality. Hence surgeons, physicians and cures, with their surgeries, hospitals and asylums. His mind was subject to passions, sentiments and feelings, all of which were liable to misdirection through ignorance, either from inactivity or excess, resulting in sorrow, repentance and remorse, hence the priest, the teacher, the philosopher, with their churches, schools and laboratories. You may object to their value. You cannot deny their existence. The shoemaker, as among the Chinese, and even in America, may cripple the feet by making small shoes, rendering it almost impossible for men and women to walk. The tailor and the staymaker may crush the life out by narrow clothes or tight lacing. The physician may administer poison and aggravate instead of eradicate disease. The surgeon may set a bone

wrong side to; the nurse may drive the patient mad instead of soothing to rest. The priest may stand between you and the light of heaven, drive you from sorrow to despair, urge you from repentance to torture, enforce restitution in the idea of utter and everlasting self-relinquishment in the gloom of eternal torture—a night without, followed by no rising sun. But there are good shoemakers who make comfortable shoes, protecting the feet from bruises and the bite of poisonous reptiles.

There are good weavers who have not spun in vain. There have been good tailors and dressmakers who have made comfortable garments, neither so tight as to dwarf the body, nor so loose as to hinder movement, protecting the body from the scorching sun, the biting wind and the venomous insect. Good physicians and surgeons have allayed fever, arrested delirium, found antidotes for poison, restored the sight, patched up broken bones, amputated limbs, which, if left, would have hurried the whole body to the grave. There have been good priests, too, who have aided man to subordinate passion to sentiment, and sentiment to reason; who, when death has seized his kin, and he is swallowed up in the passion of grief, has in turn lost his passion in compassion, forgetting his own grief while helping to diminish the sorrow of others.

Who has converted the vain passion of remorse into the nobler restoration, justice? Who have taught that he who lightens another's load, becomes stronger to carry his own; that he who loves most, is most beloved; that he who lights another's torch from his, adds to the volume of his own; that he who has done another a wrong, cannot, by increased kindness, change the previous fact, even if that wrong could be weighed in a balance, and the agony resulting therefrom could be expressed in terms of hundred weights and pounds. The infliction of an equivalent weight of agony on the guilty one, or on one million of innocent ones, or on angels, or on Gods, could not diminish by one fraction of a scruple the result of the first offense, if it could, then it would be conceivable that when one used a pound of lead to find an equivalent pound of some other substance, the first pound would have ceased to exist. Since mere subdivision of matter into equal parts, as in a pair of scales (the scales itself the emblem of justice), cannot diminish by the fraction of a scruple the integrity of the parts left, by adding an innumerable number of equal parts to the part taken. Neither is it conceivable that the suffering inflicted by one person on another, can be alleviated in the smallest degree by any suffering inflicted on any other being, either in the past, present or the future.

D.—I do recognize the existence of industrial and professional men. But your closing remark is really an admission of the weakness and worthlessness of a class who you still insist ought to continue in some form or other, as important and beneficent servants of man, or as important organs of the social body, whose function cannot be dispensed with.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific Department.

On the Perception of the Invisible.

BY G. F. BODWELL.

With our organ of observation we might now visit those profound depths of the ocean, of which the Challenger is telling us so much; we might swim through a di-electric-subject to electrostatic induction; we might inhabit a Geissler's tube, or bury ourselves in a slice of tourmaline, about the time when a high-priest of Nature cries *Fiat experimentum* in the matter of polarized light. Let us rather visit with the *oculus* those obscure regions in which perception itself originates. Let us float with a sound wave in to the ear, and with an ether-wave enter the portals of the brain itself.

Behold, then, the *oculus* with the dim porches of the ear, tapping upon the tympanum, through which it passes and entangles itself among those complicated little bones which anatomists call *malleus*, the *incus*, and the *stapes*. The tympanum is quivering, and the little bones appear to accept its motion, and to transmit it. As the *oculus* passes on it sees beneath it what appears to be a deep, narrow well—the *Eustachian tube*; then it looks through the *fenestra rotunda*, and floats through the *fenestra ovalis* into the perilymph, a clear liquid mass agitated by waves; then it nearly loses itself in the *labyrinth* and *cochlear*, a sort of place like the maze at Hampton Court; escaping from this it swims through the endolymph; and finally comes in sight of the cortian fibres, *scala media*, and the ends of the auditory nerves. The *oculus* fails not to see how each particular fibre vibrates to one particular tone or semitone, and it hears the transmitted vibrations around it; as, standing in the belfry at Bruges, the dreaming listener hears about him, now one bell, now another, bursting into song, and at last a great symphony poured from fifty throats of bronze.

The *oculus* now returns to the outer world, and

makes friends with an atom of luminiferous ether which is about to enter the eye. But before they can join company the *oculus* has to shrink to a smaller size than ever before. It has now to enter very microscopic channels, to which a particle the size of a grain of sand would be as a cricket-ball to the channel of a small straw. We next find it with the ether-wave dashing upon the outer surface of the eye. It enters the organism by a gate of horn, the *cornea*, and enters the brain itself by a gate of ivory, the *optic foramen*. We are a little reminded of Virgil's idea of the two gates:—

"Sunt geminae somni portae, quarum altera fertur Cornea,
Alter a, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto."

Having passed the *aqueous humor*, the *oculus* perceives an increase of resistance as it encounters the lens, and on emerging enters a vaulted chamber filled with a substance as clear as crystal. Impulses are speeding through this with extreme velocity, and delivering their messages to the brain.

Of all the wonderful things that the *oculus* saw in that crystal chamber, with black walls, and a window, not yet darkened, which looked upon the external world, it would take us too long to tell. It saw the varied images reflected upon the walls, of things distant, and things near; it saw too the movements of the ciliary muscles which cause the front surface of the lens to change its curvature, and much more. It could have lingered there longer, but its guide, the ether-wave, hurried it on, till it reached the far end of the chamber, and saw the commencement of the optic nerve. The particles of the nerves were seen to be rapidly vibrating under the influence of the ether-waves, and to be finally yielding up the motion to the particles of the brain. The *oculus* floats between the nerve fibres into the brain itself. But there it sees no more. In vain it endeavors to comprehend how the delicate impulses of the ether become transmuted into the sensation of light; how the images of the external world are recognized by the centre of perception.

Although now within the most private chambers of the great domed palace, the *oculus* can understand but little of its inner life. It is reminded somewhat of a central telegraph office, where messages are perpetually being received, and as perpetually being sent; where sometimes a message is retained, carefully copied, and stored away in a safe; where again a message, as soon as received, is sent off by another line of wires; where sometimes the messages originate in the office itself, while at other times clerks rush in breathlessly with messages for instant despatch. The most distant nerves conveyed messages and received back answers, whereupon bodily motions resulted. Thus the will said, "I want to move the arm," and the necessary directions having been given, the arm moved. Or the stomach said, "I am hungry; there is food in the jaws, let them commence operations," and forthwith the jaws began to masticate, and all the auxiliary apparatus of deglutition was simultaneously set in motion. Or the mind said, "I send you these important facts; copy them carefully, and store them away in a chamber, until I want them." But some of these chambers appeared to have very defective locks, and sometimes broken doors.

Thus it was that messages continued to be received and transmitted by the brain. It was apparently a kind of head-quarters, to which every action was referred before being executed. No nerve or muscle ventured to act upon its own account without first obtaining leave from head-quarters, which leave, once given, was responded to by the whole mental and bodily system. The heart and the respiratory apparatus were frequent in their demands, and had a vast number of separate telegraph wires for their special use and behoof. Soon the will said, "I want to read aloud," and the brain at once commenced to receive communications, and to issue the necessary instructions. There were the muscles of the arm to be directed, in order that the book might be held at a proper distance from the eyes; and the muscles which cause the eyes to move horizontally from the beginning to the end of the line, and vertically from the top to the bottom of a page; and the vibrations of the particles of the optic nerve conveying the impression of the letters to be received, and then communicated, to the muscles of the larynx, and the muscles of the tongue, and the muscles of the lips, and the respiratory muscles, and their varied auxiliary apparatus: all these concurrent causes combined to one end, and thus the words seen by the eye came to be spoken by the mouth, and the organism performed the act of reading aloud. Now the passage which was read was this: "It was likewise certain that, when we approve of any reason which we do not apprehend, we are either deceived, or, if we stumble upon the truth, it is only by chance, and thus we can never possess the assurance that we are not in error. I confess it seldom happens that we judge of a thing when we have observed we do not apprehend it, because it is a dictate of the natural light, never to judge of what we do not know. But we most frequently err in this, that we presume upon a past knowledge of much to which we give our assent, as to something treasured up in the memory, and perfectly known to us; whereas, in truth, we have no such knowledge."*

Then the reading ceased, and the will somewhat peremptorily asked the brain the precise meaning of the passage. Whereupon the molecules of the brain—notably the corpuscles of the gray matter—became strangely agitated; they moved with wonderful motions in wonderful planes; they described in their motions spaces of four dimensions; they moved in vortices which rolled over each other; in a word, the whole organ was in a state of intense molecular activity. Was this Thought? At all events the will received no answer to its question, and having requested the brain to cudgel itself no more, the subject was dropped and the reading continued. The *oculus* was endeavoring to thread its way through the countless corridors and chambers which surrounded it, when it came upon a small cell, out of which came the Genius of the place, who conducted it safely to the frontier.

Our typical man, who says "I will believe it when I see it," has after all a good deal of reason on his side, for we cannot speak with any certainty of invisible things; we can only say what we believe them to be, or what they may be. It is thus that we must regard the revelations of the *oculus*.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

Agassiz.

The grave has closed over the mortal remains of Louis Agassiz. Relieved from the self-imposed labors of a long and studious life, the man whose simple eloquence held us enthralled in the lecture-room, whose genius bound us as with a spell, while from the rich treasures of his mind he explained the secrets of that nature which his penetrative intellect had been so long engaged in exploring, like a morning cloud has melted into the infinite azure of the past. His name remains to us, and those works, the emanation of his genius and the fruit of his untiring industry which will give that name immortality. This celebrated naturalist was born May 28th, 1807, in the village of Mortier, Switzerland, canton of the Pays de Vaud, which lies north of the lake of Geneva, bordering on France, and has Lausanne for its capital. This canton is one of the largest and most populous of the confederacy, and the one in which the advantages of education are most generally enjoyed. The population of about 180,000 are almost all Protestants. His death and obsequies at Boston are too recent to have faded from the memory.

Toilers for self might take the fame
Waiting to crown their toilings so;
Careless of ease, or wealth, or name,
All that HE asked was leave to know.

Two great objects seemed to inspire Agassiz in life, and both illustrate the deep attachment he has formed for the country of his adoption—the collection of a museum that would be worthy of this great country, and the foundation of a school in which future generations might avail themselves of the specimens thus collected to open new channels of thought and knowledge. He was successful in laying the foundations of the first and inaugurating the second.

The position of Agassiz, and his connection with a New England college, was one which rendered it inexpedient as it would have been distasteful to him to have involved himself in theological controversies, and he probably never met any one indelicate enough to catechise him as to his religious belief or conceptions of the Deity, yet orthodox Christians would derive little comfort from searching his record. Older than the leading scientists of the day, like Faraday, he did not fall into the line with the most advanced thinkers on all subjects, but that he did not believe in Adam may be plainly seen from the following observation on the Unity of the race. "That the different types of the human family have an independent origin one from another, and are not descended from common ancestors, I still maintain. And this idea I do not apply to Negroes only, but to the Indians, the Chinese, the Hindoos, etc., as well. In fact, I believe that men were created in nations not in individuals."

In his address before the California Academy of Sciences, he says it will not do for the coming generations to say "I will accept this or that doctrine," because knowledge is presiding at your halls, and will say to you, "You must know it, and unless you are willing to learn it you may grope in ignorance and be the tool of a designing priesthood. That is the condition which stares us in the face for the future, and it becomes on that account the duty of every man to foster knowledge and to prepare the coming generation with all those appliances which lead to an independent opinion on these matters.

The most ardent evolutionist could desire no heartier indorsement of the importance of his theory than that accorded to it by Prof. Agassiz. The great naturalist never allowed an opportunity to slip of proclaiming his abhorrence of the whole scheme, and denounced the transmutation theory as a "mire of mere assertions." In this, his irritation at what he conceived to be a great scientific heresy, may have betrayed him into injustice to his contemporaries. All the leading German naturalists without exception, and very many of the English, ought not to be

lightly charged with endeavoring to drag unsophisticated youth into a mire of mere assertions.

A great many worthy but narrow-minded people who are disposed to sneer at the development theory, have been in the habit of holding up Agassiz as an acknowledged authority who held opposite views. They probably do not know that Agassiz had been devoting the greater part of his spare time in what he hoped to be the crowning effort of his life, viz.: the overthrow of what is popularly known as the Darwinian theory, and that it was his complete inability and failure to do this, and the consequent chagrin and depression that so wrought upon him, in connection with hard work, that it broke down his physical powers and indirectly caused his death. There is now no leader of science in the civilized world who does not accept these theories and the consequent deductions from them. How extraordinary, then, is the real spectacle of theologians quarreling among themselves about the petty forms and ceremonies of religious belief, when the very ground they stand upon has been washed away by the flood of science and fact that has overwhelmed them in the last decade. How much better would it be for the clergy, who are now years behind their congregations, to accept the situation, take the lead, and instead of attempting to stifle knowledge to promote its diffusion, and standing on the basis of all that is good and pure in life, preach the doctrines of the love of man and the brotherhood of the race, the Religion of humanity and the God of Science.

"God of the granite and the rose!

God of the sparrow and the bee!

The mighty tide of being flows

Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.

It leaps to life in grass and flowers,

Through every grade of being runs.

While from Creation's radiant towers

Its glory flames from stars and suns." P. R. J.

A Parody.

BY ANTI-BRIMSTONE.

I'm not a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the clan
Who have the parson for their boss,
Upon the gospel plan.

Must I be thrust in gospel-shops,
And there on bended knees
Be crammed and stuffed with gospel slops,
An unknown God to please?

Is there no way for me to shun
This blood-washed, pious crew?
I must decide to fight or run,
Else they will put me through.

Sure I must fight in self-defense,
'Gainst this religious mob,
And shell them out with common sense,
These Christians and their God.

We Infidels in this great strife
Will conquer by and by;
We would not change the present life
For one beyond the sky.

Soon mental liberty shall spread
Her blessings every-where,
Then parsons will not eat our bread
And pay us off in prayer.

We'll have no God in our laws,
No priestly institution;
We want no Christ to plead our cause,
NONE IN THE CONSTITUTION.

ANOTHER name has to be added to the list of clergymen who have been brought before the criminal courts to answer accusations of wrong doing—that of Father Forhan, a Roman Catholic priest in Chicago, who has been charged with embezzlement. His case is notable on account of the singular defense he urged. He was accused of retaining in his own possession funds intrusted to him by the managers of a church fair, amounting to several thousand dollars, of which the sum of \$1,408 was the proceeds of a raffle for a watch. According to the report of the case in the *Chicago Journal*, the counsel of the accused took the ground that this money was received from a lottery scheme, and as gambling is unlawful, there could be no legal owner for it. The Judge before whom the preliminary examination of the priest was held, declined to take this point into consideration, but decided to hold him to bail in the sum of \$5,000, to appear for trial before a higher court.

CHINESE MAXIMS.—1. Let every man sweep the snow from his own door, and not busy himself about the frosts on his neighbor's tiles.

2. Great wealth comes by destiny; moderate wealth by industry.

3. The ripest fruit will not drop into your mouth.

4. The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.

5. Dig a well before you are thirsty.

6. Water does not remain in the mountains, nor vengeance in a great mind.

* Descartes, *Principia* Part, I., 44.

Elder Zebedee Harkins.

Sermon No. 3.

[Reported by THOMAS A. DIDYMUS.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul."

"And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and the Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it."

"And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat."

"But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat, for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

When a man builds a house, if he is a wise man, he digs down to the solid rock and lays a substantial foundation on it; then his house will stand. But a foolish man builds upon the sand and uses rotten wood instead of stone for foundation material, and though he may build a magnificent looking house it won't stand, but will come tumbling about his head ere long.

Now I want to say, my beloved brethren and friends, that many of the preachers of these modern times are building upon the sands of infidelity, and using the rotten rubbish of Pagan philosophy and modern science as their chief building material. And their work will not stand the test of fire, nor stand approved at the judgment seat of Christ. Brethren let us stick to the old-fashioned bible doctrines, for if we do we are sure to come out right in the end.

And the right place to begin is at the beginning; and the beginning of the gospel plan of salvation is the fall of man. Therefore it is of the greatest importance that we fully understand that subject. We learn from this holy book that the Lord God created the heavens and the earth and all things that are therein in six days, by the word of his power, which St. John tells us was none other than Jesus Christ, the eternal son of God. Thus we see that the blessed Savior is the visible word or power of God—God manifest in the flesh, as the Apostle hath it.

God the father is a spirit without body or parts, hence invisible, and when in his infinite wisdom he resolved to create this world, he did it through the son, "All things were made by him and without him was not anything made that is made," says St. John. To the true believer who studies this blessed book it is plain as can be that the Lord Jesus Christ was the creator of the world as well as the redeemer of man.

But what is it to create? Did the Lord God make the world out of nothing, or did he build it like a child builds a cob-house out of materials that he found to his hand?

This is an important question. The infidels and scientists all take one side, and the true believers the other, while a great many don't know which to believe, and are carried about by every wind of doctrine.

Now, the only scriptural and sensible definition of create is that found in Webster's dictionary. *Create*, to originate, to bring into existence. Now, my beloved brethren, if this world existed from all eternity in any form then the Lord God did not create it, and this bible is false, and God is a liar, and our faith is vain.

But I am for one ready to exclaim with the Apostle, "Let God be counted true, though all men are liars." No, my friends, we must stand by the word of God as found in this holy and blessed bible, though all the world should oppose it. And the preacher who will give up one such vital point as this about the creation has surrendered his strongest post to the enemy.

I have not time now to dwell on the period of creation, but if there is anything so plain that even a fool can't be mistaken about, it is the length of time required for the creation of the world. And it's astonishing to me that any Christian minister should surrender this point to the scientific infidels as some have done.

It just took six days to complete the job from the start, as you will all find by reading the first chapter of Genesis.

And after the earth and all the trees, and herbs and animals had been created, the Lord God wound up by creating man in his own image, on the sixth day.

This was the crowning work of creation, and like all the rest of God's works he was perfect. But the Lord God saw that it was not good for man to be alone, so he caused him to fall into a deep sleep, and then he opened his side and took out one of his ribs and formed a woman out of it.

Thus we see that woman was not *created*, but only formed out of a rib of the man, who had been created. This rib was taken out of Adam's left side, and men all have one rib less on that side to this day, which fact proves that this was the way woman was made.

And I want to call your attention to the fact that whosoever says woman is the equal of man is an infidel, for this bible shows as clearly as can be that she is inferior.

There are a great many schemes set on foot by the Devil in these later times to overturn the testimony of

this book; and this woman's rights doctrine it clearly one of his schemes.

The Devil always took every opportunity to contradict the word of God.

And this brings me to the first time he did this. It was when he told Eve that the Lord God knew that they should not die if they partook of the forbidden fruit. But the Devil proved a lie that time, and he has been the father of lies and of liars from that day to this.

But did they die? That's the question! Yes, my friends, they did die on that very day. They died a moral death; from that day they were dead in sin. But this was not all. The effects of their sin rested upon all the rest of creation, for the Lord God cursed the very ground for man's sake, so that whereas before it produced only good fruits and pleasant flowers, immediately thorns and thistles sprang up and the land became barren. So much so that man had to get his bread in the sweat of his face from that day forth forever. But this is not all, still.

No, my friends, there was a tree called the "Tree of Life," that grew in the Garden of Eden, and the fruit of this tree had power to make any one who should partake of it live forever. And the Lord God drove the man and his wife out of the Garden, and placed a cherubim and a flaming sword at the gate lest he should eat of the fruit of the "Tree of Life," and live forever. And now he was subject to diseases, and old age, and all the other calamities by which he and his children are cut off from the earth. And the woman being the chief sinner was made the chief sufferer, for the Lord God said to the woman:

"I will greatly multiply thy sorrow; in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

The old serpent, the Devil, put the first woman up to disobeying the Lord's commandment. And now his trying to get the women into trouble again by telling them they are the equals of men, and ought to have as many rights as their husbands. I tell you, my beloved sisters, the Devil will make fools of you all as he did of old mother Eve if you listen to his cunning lies. And Elder Harkins warns you not to attempt to escape the penalty of original sin, or try to get out of the sphere in which you have been placed by the Lord God Almighty.

Don't try to unsex yourselves for you can't be men, if you try, and you will only make yourselves ridiculous, and bring down the vengeance of Almighty God upon your poor weak heads.

But I digress, and must hasten on to the more important points of my subject.

The chief effect of the fall was to banish man from the face of God, and put him under the dominion of the Devil. He was now totally depraved, and the frowns of an offended God hung over him, shutting out all hopes of heaven.

Ah, my friends, there was one hope—but Adam did not understand it. It was found in this passage:

"The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head."

The eternal son of God then and there promised to redeem the world in his own good time by being born of a woman, and taking upon himself the sins of the world, and dying to appease the wrath of God.

What a glorious plan! Infinite wisdom alone could have conceived it, and infinite mercy alone could have prompted the son of God to leave the shining courts of heaven and the royal palace of its glorious king, and come down and live among men, and suffer the ignominious and painful death of the cross.

But this was the only means whereby poor, fallen man could be redeemed, and the justice of God satisfied.

God is infinite in all his attributes; therefore it required an infinite sacrifice to satisfy his wrath and turn aside his vengeance.

The blood of bulls and goats failed to do it. These could only stay the judgments of heaven from year to year, till, in the fullness of time, the Lamb of God should descend out of heaven to be offered up on Calvary once for all. All the blood that had been shed from the righteous blood of Abel to the day that Zacharias stood by the altars of Jerusalem, as the morning stars sang together, and the angels proclaimed peace on earth and good will to man, had failed to blot out one single sin or restore poor, fallen humanity to the favor of God.

But Jesus Christ, the blessed Lamb of God, offered up his life as a willing sacrifice to appease the vengeance of Almighty God.

What a scene is here my friends! The glorious son of God dying like a malefactor between two thieves on a Roman cross to redeem a lost world.

Hear him in anguish cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Again he exclaims, "It is finished," and with a groan that rent the heavens and made the solid earth tremble, he gave up the ghost.

He dies; the friend of sinners dies.

Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;

A solemn darkness veils the skies,

A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

In conclusion, my dying friends, I want to impress upon your minds and hearts the important fact that although Jesus died to redeem the world, he has left each one free to choose whether they will accept his salvation, and reign with him in heaven, or reject it and sink in endless woe.

Brethren, sing

Alas! and did my Savior bleed

And did my Sovereign die;

Would he devote that sacred head

For such a worm as I?

The Elder's closing prayer and benediction followed upon the heels of the song, and the congregation broke up and entered upon a general hand-shaking and other expressions of brotherly and sisterly love.

The Elder was most heartily congratulated upon his success in overturning that outrageous idea that woman is the equal of man. And strange to say, these compliments came from the sisters exclusively.

"Why the idea," says sister Barnes, "of a woman's wearing the breeches, and votin', and fitin', and goin' to 'lections and a-gettin' drunk like a man. Don't talk to me, I tell yer the Elder's right in callin' this woman's rites business, the work of the Devil."

"That's so,"—responded sister Skinner—"I've got all the rites I want now, and if I hadn't I wouldn't set myself up to oppose the plan of the Almighty. We wimmin's got to suffer for Eve's sin, and for my part I'm willin' to stand it, for I hadn't got no rite to say anything about it."

Thus the course of comment ran, indicating that the Elder's reference to the one vital question had served to efface from the minds of his people, all thought of the chief points he had made. And thus it will be ever what concerns us here and now is of vastly more interest and importance to even the most superstitious as well as the thoughtful.

Materialization.

With modern facts, we have to deal—materialization must be something of a modern word—a new coinage—I don't find it in the dictionary. Materialization, in modern spirit manifestation parlance, means, or seems to mean, the taking out of a material body, by a soul—a man, woman, child, or Indian, who had left the mortal body, and gone to what is called the spirit world, or land.

Near eighty years ago, I underwent materialization—was rushed into a material body, without my consent—wasn't even consulted about it—a sorry blunder! I haven't got over it yet. Here I am, in this material body.

In the world I came from, all was harmony—calm sunshine and gentle breezes—perpetual verdure, and perpetual bloom. The change of worlds, when I had looked about here, I regarded as decidedly to my disadvantage. And that material body sticks to me yet.

Do I still regard materialization as a calamity? Not so much so as at first. I begin to see a use, in being inducted into this rough and tumble world. It is for educational purposes. The material body, with which I was clothed upon, had all the proclivities, common to animals in general. And like bogus politicians in general, the animal wanted to run the government machine.

Lawsuits, under most favorable auspices, are bad enough, in all conscience. To be driven to the extremity of taking issue with a party—going to law with a *shyster*—a "what is it," who values himself—on low, pettyfogging trickery—only think of it!

Edward S. Savage—law student, of Rahway, N. J.,—I met him at the Stark House, in Bennington—gave me his autograph, requesting my opinion of his intellectual status. I told the young gentleman he wouldn't make a *shyster*. The best use he could make of his law education, would be to avert lawsuits. His father, Hon. Geo. W. Savage, sagely replied—"That is the best use, any body can make of law education."

I never was plaintiff, nor for plaintiff, in any case. The best may be made defendant, *nolens volens*, as was this little sinner, in the case aforesaid.

In the high court of Chancery, the case has been tried. It has been the cause of the session—dragging its slow length along, through many years. But no "bill of particulars" has scotched the wheels of jurisprudence. Plaintiff being irresponsible, and having no indorser, I have had some heavy bills of cost to pay. He, she, or it, as the case may be, has entered—not willingly—by compulsion—has entered a *nolle prosequi*—leaving me master of the situation.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, if my opinion, of materialization, be of any service to you, you can have it for what it is worth.

When liberated, from this mortality—which I hope to be pretty soon now—not all the Holmes, Eddys, and other saints and sinners in this, or any other world, will ever drag me into another such a lawsuit. Amen.

PRENTISS.

A GENTLE, husbandless creature in Illinois writes to a lawyer who advertised that he would provide companions for unmarried persons: "My Dear Mr.: This is to certify that I am a widow with thirteen children born, and have had three husbands, each of whom died in peace in his own way. I have a small farm, and would take another husband yet, if I could find a young one; no old, bull-headed sardine need apply; he will not be taken in. Ten dollars will be given to you to produce the man."

[Translation from *El Mundo Nuevo*, a Spanish journal published in this city by F. Fesser.]

Tyndall's Address.

The address recently delivered at Belfast, by Mr. John Tyndall, to the British Association of which he is President, is an event too important that we should let it pass inadvertently. The celebrity attached to the eminent professor in Europe as well as in America, the transcendancy of the doctrines sustained by him and the respectability of the scientific body in whose bosom they were set forth, have all tended to make the eloquent address to which we refer produce an immense echo throughout the confines of the civilized world. It has met everywhere either with enthusiastic applause or severe censure, passionate commentaries or ferocious attacks on the illustrious naturalist, who while being looked upon by not a few of his admirers as one of the most notable geniuses of the present age, many of his adversaries attempt to discredit him by applying to him the epithet of Material Atheist.

Mr. Tyndall's address may be said to have as a principal object the asserting of the rights of science in scientific investigations, and on this point its extraordinary effect on the illustrious minds of the old and new continent is undoubtedly a very significant symptom of vitality and progress. It is known that what in bygone times was admitted as the result of philosophical conclusions, is to-day sought by means of the study of nature and that from its constant unprejudiced and true observation are expected resolutions of great importance to the existence and progress of nations both physically and morally.

This inductive method is indeed substituting more and more the ancient arguments from artificial superstitions and the labor that was then bestowed to the construing of a hypothesis is to-day applied in preference to the scrutiny of facts and the attainment as much as possible of exact causes. But we must acknowledge that the effect produced by the speech of Mr. Tyndall has revealed much greater progress in this sense than was generally supposed. If there have not been wanting those who would have liked to prevent the enunciation of modern doctrines, it is evidenced generally that these are considerably extended and what is more important is, that it is not thought best to reject them with contempt, but to discuss them by logical methods. Fortunately there are not many—and the number is steadily decreasing—who have with the editor of the *New York Tribune* that, "all sensible persons will consider the address of Prof. Tyndall as extremely impudent and absolutely unnecessary."

The majority on the contrary although not accepting the tendencies of the English naturalist have not questioned his right to study the problems of science and emit his idea sincerely and honestly according to his own judgement, however refutable it may be. The privileged patents for seeking the truth have passed away in the present age.

But what was it Tyndall said to create such commotion and occasion such contradictory appreciation? His address, magnificent in form, contains in the first place a most brilliant review of the history of the atomic doctrine in all its phases. Democritus, the laughing philosopher, profounder than Plato or Aristotle, according to Bacon's idea, and to whom the phenomena of nature could not depend on the caprices of the gods; Empedocles who explains the combinations and separation of atoms by the intervention of love and hatred and foreshadowed more than two thousand years ago the theory so accepted to-day of the "survival of the fittest." Epicurus his disciple and enthusiastic disciple of the sempiternal laws and Lucretius who in his great poem "De Rerum Natura" the indestructibility of atoms' "first beginnings," from which everything else originates and into which all things are dissolved in the world and one whose daring conception gave rise, centuries after, to the nebular hypothesis of Kant, are one by one brought to mind by Tyndall, and set forth briefly but with incomparable skill.

Next in turn comes in the review, the time just after the middle ages when Copernicus flourished as the discoverer of the paths of the heavenly bodies, Giordano Bruno victim of the Inquisition of Venice, Galileo (who in order to avoid the same fate had to abjure on his knees astronomical truths simply because they did not agree with the prevailing religious belief), and Kepler, forerunner of Newton.

But with regard to the atomic doctrine, Tyndall does not even find any traces of it for a great period of time until the seventeenth century when it was revived by Gassendi, contemporaneous with Hobbes and Descartes, since that time scientific progress has been wonderfully great, and such a fundamental revolution has been affected in ideas that the investigations of Darwin and the works of Herbert Spencer became possible.

The exposition which Tyndall makes of both principles is admirable. We should never have thought that doctrines so abstruse in themselves could have been condensed without becoming unintelligible, yet nothing is clearer than the formula laid out by the President of the British Association on the theory of "Natural Selection," and upon the generating system of the most eminent of contemporaneous sociologists. Tyndall devotes himself to his analysis not only with

the interest of the critic but also with the vehemence of the partizan who if not wholly admitting the conclusions obtained by his predecessors, sympathizes heartily with their spirit and tendencies, and to this cause is undoubtedly to be attributed the impression produced by the address, because by inclining to the atomic doctrines, such as they are understood to-day, the English naturalist has given as much encouragement to the defenders of those doctrines as displeasure to their adversaries. Hence the applause and invectives that have been heard from all quarters. But the ones as well as the others have also originated on account of the energy and sincerity with which Tyndall has tried to emancipate science, so to speak, for, says he, "All religious theory and all systems which embrace notions of cosmogony or which otherwise reach into its domain, must, in so far as they do this, submit to the control of science and relinquish all thought of controlling it." For a long time it was imposed as an article of faith that the earth was the centre of the planetary system, notwithstanding the earth moves and has moved from the beginning of time. St. Augustine did not admit the possibility of the Antipodes, because scripture does not mention that race among the descendants from Adam, and yet the existence of the Antipodes has proved to be an incontrovertible fact. During some years it has been believed that the world is only a few thousand years since its creation and nevertheless day after day the opinion is becoming more general that not by six thousand, nor by sixty thousand, but by millions, this planet in which we live has been the theatre of life and death. With these data and many other analogous, Tyndall sets forth his thesis and demonstrates his deduction. "My object has been," says he, on conclusion, "to establish that concerning matters of this kind, science claims an unlimited right of investigation. The question is not to decide whether Lucretius and Bruno, or Darwin and Spencer are right or wrong. I do not doubt for a moment that their ideas are susceptible of correction, but what is of importance is that they may be discussed with perfect liberty and without any restrictions."

As mere expositors of the work to which these lines refer, it has not been our purpose to judge of its dogmatic doctrines when even its author did not pretend to give it such a character.

What Tyndall thinks of the atomic theory is rather inferred from his address than expressed in a definite manner and proof of it is the fact that not many days ago he has published a manifest in which he complains of not being rightly understood and rejects the epithet of "Material Atheist." Anyhow, whether reasonably applied or not, his address is a brilliant defence of the rights of human reason, inasmuch as it vindicates those of science in the study of nature, it is a most eloquent protest of the independence of thought, and a token of love for the truth as pure, noble and worthy of sympathy and respect.

In this sense we tribute him our applause, insignificant it is true, but sincere and enthusiastic.

Liberal Libraries.

[We are pleased to receive such letters as the following. It shows what may be accomplished in almost every community. Let friends in other places follow this good example. Every town in the land containing 3,000 inhabitants should have a Liberal Library.—ED. T. S.]

FREMONT, NEB., January, 1875.

Mr. Editor: About two years ago the Liberals of this city started a library, known as the Fremont Liberal Library Association. Z. Shed, Esq., after taking an active part for making a success of it, has been able to gather together one hundred and sixty-seven volumes, among which are Voltaire's works, fifteen volumes, Huxley, Darwin, Paine, Motley, Lecky and many other standard works, they all amounting to \$470. The membership is \$3, entitling the member to send for books to that amount, or giving the title of a book he wishes to read, and if there is money on hand to make up the price of the work, it is sent for; many members have made donations. Total number of members, sixty-seven.

This library improves slowly, but surely, and its success is due to Messrs. Shed and H. O. Paine, strong Liberals and earnest workers in our cause.

Respectfully, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MARK TWAIN, in his work, "The Innocents Abroad," in speaking of the discontent among the passengers of the excursion steamer, says: "There were even grumblers at the prayers." The executive officer said the Pilgrims had no charity: "There they are, down there every night at eight bells, praying for fair winds, when they know as well as I do, that this is the only ship going East this time of the year, but there are a thousand coming West—what's a fair wind for us is a head wind to them—the Almighty blowing a fair wind for a thousand vessels, and this tribe wants him to turn it clear around so as to accommodate one, and she a steamship at that! It aint good sense, it aint good reason, it aint good Christianity, it aint common human charity. Avast with such nonsense!"

Anti-Christianity.

Some of the reasons why we reject Christianity, as it is taught, by its votaries.

First.—It has never been defined, what Christianity is, practically. Theoretically it is, five hundred contradictory sects, each infallibly the true religion.

Second.—According to the account of the getting up of the Jesus, and the manner of getting the Christ into it, there is strong presumptive evidence, of forgery. A witness who uses no date, only "It came to pass," and who contradicts himself, in all parts of his statement, is not to be relied upon in all business transactions among men. Matthew, Mark and Luke's Jesus, are different from John's—talked differently. These four contradict each other—are different in detail. From Paul's Christ, 1. Cor. 15th, there is proof of forgery here. Dr. A. Clarke says, "Jesus was a title of dignity;" Yasha, Yehoshua, Joshua, all signified, Savior, if translated into English, Christ was Mashak, Hamashiac, Meshah, Christos, Greek, signifying, anointed in English, two titles of dignity personified. Note. Ex. xxix. 7, Matt. i: 16, Luke ii: 11; John i. 1, proof positive, that Jesus and Christ were a forgery. Christians were named from Hindoo Christna, our English priest-forged name.

God made man male and female, Gen. i: 27, gave them all the world, and every tree whose seed is in itself, for meat, 29: "Blessed them and rested." In chap. 2d, other forged names made it all over again, made man alone, made a garden of trees, and prohibited one. An irreconcilable absurdity. It were necessary, to forge, hell and damnation, and an immortal soul; and begin in our infancy, to scare us, make us say we believe the lie, to save our forged souls. In our bible the English name God, is declared to be the Creator—and no man or woman, ever knew anything about Creator, only a Priest-forged name. Christians have adopted the character, of the Jewish Yavee, Shadai and Elohim, (the gods) and forged the word God, to express that character—the worst character that was ever described by pen or pencil. And Christians are the most proud, pompous, lying hypocrites, the sun ever shone on. Their past and present history proves it, as sure as a tree is known by its fruit. If we had been trained to truth speaking, benevolent acting and just practice, instead of faith, great would have been our reward on earth. It costs two hundred millions a year to pay priests, for telling who created our earth and the heavens. All our Priests say God, made it. The last, forged name, it is highly important, that all in Christendom, should know, that all the names, that priests have ever forged—never created anything: or imparted one particle of information. Ghosts, Christs, spirits, Gods, Devils, and dogmas, of all superstitions, have only made men ignorant, and ugly.

Some books are lies from end to end,
But none too great, for priests to print;
A monstrous jargon they have pen'd,
And fastened to us without stint.

John Milton, with his art sublime,
Wrote many lines to help the Priests;
All in blank verse, without a rhyme,
Describing mighty, horrid beasts.

Except Dante, none else could tell,
What he saw, when in Tartarus;
And in the dark and burning hell,
To scare the world; yea, all of us.

He that believes, and is baptized,
Shall saved be, for Jesus' sake,
He that "believes" not, shall all alive,
Be damned in hell, chained to a stake.

Go, and of all sects, be thou a preacher,
Romish—Mormon—down to advent, screecher;
Your "isms," down the world's throat cram 'em,
And if they won't receive it, damn 'em.

Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord;
Bid the whole world your word receive;
He shall be saved, that trusts your word,
He shall be damn'd, that won't believe.

Go make men sick, go kill 'em dead,
And like the Satan in my name,
Amen to what John Calvin said,
Servetus died, in shocking pain.

It seems to me true, that not one in a thousand; nay, million; of professed disciples of the supposed dear Redeemer, knows anything about Christianity and its dogmas. Only names, mere sound. Or what is in our bible; and merely nothing of the crimes Christianity has perpetrated. They are afraid of hell, and Tophet, and have got hold of some priest's coat tail, is all they know of religion. Infallibly ignorant and sour, supporting their safety, depends on their bigotry; and priests keep them so. Proof overwhelming, that priests are, and always were a gang of knaves. A Realist,

JOSEPH NOYES.

New-York Liberal Club.

DECEMBER 18th, 1875.

MR. JOHN ELDERKIN delivered a cultured lecture upon the *Drama*. After alluding to the low estimation in which the art is held by some, he asserted it possesses the highest domain of art and yields in definitions, depth, subtlety, form, variety, and beauty to no other of the arts, and in its appeal to universal humanity exceeds them all.

Dramatic art was born in the service of religion, and so long as it was its exclusive servant there was no anathematization of it. Greek tragedy in the beginning was purely a religious worship and afterwards passed to the temples and theatres. The Hindoo drama was based on mythological narratives, and were acted only on solemn occasions. In China alone, of all nations possessing a national drama, the ancient civilization had been so overlapped and obliterated by the changes of succeeding ages, that it is impossible to trace an original of the drama with religious observance. The Roman drama and that of Europe were derived from Greece.

The early Christian Fathers, nourished on Greek learning, and witnessing the effects of the Greek drama upon the multitude, the Apollinaire, A. D. 370, turned particular histories and portions of the Old and New Testaments into comedies and tragedies, though previous to this they had stoutly denounced all heathen learning. Chrysostom, in his homilies, cried, "Shame that people should listen to a comedian with the same ears that they hear an evangelical preacher." About 378 Gregory Nazianzen, Archbishop of Constantinople, and one of the Fathers of the Church, composed plays from the Old and the New Testaments and substituted them from the Grecian plays of Sophocles and Euripides. It was in one of the tragedies of this Christian Father that the Virgin Mary was first introduced upon the stage.

Much of the rapidity with which Christianity supplanted the old faiths of Paganism was due to the facility with which it adapted itself to prevailing tastes and habits and during the Middle Ages the acting of mysteries or plays representing the miracles of saints and stories of the Bible formed an important part of every religious festival, and were often of a very questionable character.

In 1264 a company was instituted at Rome to represent the sufferings of Christ. In 1304 the creation of Adam and Eve was acted there, and afterwards introduced into France, and subsequently into England. In time by the employment of inferior actors and who by the introduction of additions and "gags" the drama fell into comparative disrepute for religious services and speedily became secularized, and the theatres drawing popular audiences more than churches the priests soon began to denounce the drama. An English divine in 1578 mournfully wrote: "Wyll not a fylthy play, wyth the blaste of a trumpet, sooner call thyther a thousande, than an hour's tolling of the bell bring to the sermon a hundred."

Some just criticisms were passed upon immoral features of the drama by pandering to sensual and depraved tastes by the introduction of such plays and representations as inflamed the passions; this, however, was an abuse, not an essential feature of the drama. Dr. Channing said, "Poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of the passions, but when genius thus stoops it parts with half its power."

There is no degradation inherent in the stage, as there is none in poetry, of which the stage is the interpreter. For a long time it held the same relation to poetry that the printing press does to modern literature. It was through the instrumentality of the drama that the mass of people got their knowledge of the works of genius, of history as well. It is by the means of the stage that the mighty influence of Shakespeare has been exerted upon all English-speaking men and women, developing and modifying their intellectual structure. The drama is as old as the first story-teller who tried to make his listeners realize his narration by appropriate rhetoric and mimetic gestures.

The stage is not the only institution which reflects the infirmities of human kind, governments, politics, diplomacy, the press, the pulpit and society are all afflicted and its common origin forbid us to look at the stage for anomalous perfection. Pleasure is essential to human well being, and not even the religion which taught asceticism as the highest form of virtue was able to effect any important change in the conduct and opinion of the world. It is only by the resources and power of the stage that the masterpieces of dramatic literature can ever be adequately interpreted. It still remains the heritage of the stage to reproduce the noblest passions and heroic proportions of humanity.

The decline of the stage at the present time may be traced in a measure to the neglect of the primary purpose of the drama to represent character. The demand for dramatic entertainment has outrun the means of our dramatic artists. The number of actors capable of representing character is ridiculously small

as compared with the number of theatres. To make up for this defect many devices have been seized upon, as dress, spectacle, grotesque contortion, slang, etc., which have signally failed to meet the public demand. There is a gulf between nature and art which cannot be bridged. The unmerited disrepute in which actors have been held has exercised an evil influence by habituating the public to regard in them with an indulgent eye offenses which have been severely reprehended in others. A prolific source of the discredit into which the drama has fallen arises from the want of proper training on the part of actors. There is no school of acting, and barely a tradition of the requirements of the histrionic art. Hence we have a class without the ability and training of actors who have managed to obtain a connection with the theatre to the incalculable detriment and disgrace of the drama and its genuine followers.

But when all that can be urged against the theatre has been weighed the sum of good which remains far overbalances the causes of censure. It must ever be remembered that it always is in the power of the public to restrain the license of the theatre and make it contribute its substance to the advancement of morality and the reformation of the age.

There has always existed a great affinity between authors and actors. Cicero was the friend of Roscius and modern instances suggest themselves to every mind. The poet is indebted to the stage for the best reading of his verses; the stage is indebted to the poet for the warp and woof of its productions. The literary knowledge of a well-informed actor is necessarily extensive, and his perception of ideal and verbal relationship quick and suggestive. It is in the intercourse of these co-workers that we get the best view of the social character of eminent actors.

MR. NASH opened the discussion, and viewed the moral aspects of the stage, commending it in its higher qualities, and deprecating the lower tendencies. Among the objectionable features he mentioned late hours, bad ventilation, immodest ballet dancing, undue exposure of person, etc. He admitted the great power for instruction the drama possesses. He thought Shakespeare had been over praised, and that other dramatic writers had been quite as moral and unexceptionable. He was more in favor of comedies and even farces than tragedies, deeming it better for people to be pleased and to laugh heartily than to view tragic representation of murder, bloodshed and death. In the dancing of the stage, he saw good and bad features; the poetry of motion, the grace and beauty of artistic, modest dancing was elevating and refining, while the immodest and low tended in a contrary direction. The partial nudity of the dancers he regarded not necessarily low and degrading.

MR. WILCOX thought in former times the drama was more essential than now, when by means of the printing press hundreds of thousands can be reached by the novel writers easier than three thousand could be by the drama, and that the novel writer supersedes the dramatist. If Shakespeare had lived in this day, he would have been a Dickens. He thought the drama was degenerating, and its tendency was to become lower and lower.

DR. HALLOCK took a different view; he thought there were bad novels as well as bad plays, and they possessed equally as objectionable qualities. The drama as holding the mirror up to nature, and representing the actual features of society, is productive of much good, and in discarding it we exclude much that is beautiful and grand. The presentation of the human form upon the stage is not low and degrading any more than painting and sculpture. He commended amusement and mirth; they have a salutary, hygienic influence upon mankind. The man that laughs is rarely a villain.

MR. DAWSON complimented the drama, and said the pulpit and the bar were greatly indebted to it. The greatest statesmen of England had drawn freely from dramatic literature. He made some comments upon our leading actors. J. B. Booth was the only one of that family who was really an actor, and he was truly great; Edwin Booth, though polished, is not a great actor. Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merrilles is grand, but when you see her in Lady Macbeth and other characters it is only Meg Merrilles over again.

The subject was further ably discussed by L. T. GARDNER, DR. LAMBERT, MRS. HALLOCK, DR. HOEBNER and T. B. WAKEMAN, but want of space compels us to pass over much that was said we would otherwise be pleased to lay before our readers.

On Dec. 25th and Jan. 1st, on account of the Holidays, the Club held no meetings. Jan. 8th, T. B. WAKEMAN delivered a very interesting lecture, entitled, *The Harmony of the New Gospels*; or, *A Review of Prof. John Fiske's Cosmic Philosophy*. For want of room our report must necessarily be brief. He drew attention to the advance made in science and knowledge, and of the gradual introduction of a *New Faith*—a new gospel of truths, through the teachings of Comte, Strauss, Lewis, Spencer, Mill, Draper, Fiske and others, and claimed the uncertain and conjectural theories of the past must give way to the positive and knowable truth of advancing science. The world now wants not apparent truth but scientific truth.

He entered extensively into the classification of sciences, which he illustrated by diagrams, making frequent reference to the philosophies of Comte, Spencer, and others, and contrasting the different schools of thought as represented by Descartes, Humboldt, Buechner, and numerous other writers. He differed from Spencer and Fiske in some points. He discarded the nebular theory of the formation of suns and stars, preferring that of Proctor, that the sun, the earth and other bodies grow by the accumulations of matter from surrounding space in the form of meteors, aerolites, etc. He placed evolution as the basic law of all laws, and regards Darwinism as being triumphantly sustained. He accorded Positivism a front rank in the new gospel of the religion of humanity.

He denied those holding to this faith were Atheists, and claimed their Deity to be humanity in the aggregate, in past, present and future, the *Absolute*—the *Unknownable* being beyond our reach or comprehension. His school does not deny the infinite, nor are they irreligious, but revere the God of Science, and the God of Humanity, with a devout reverence. He pronounced scientists really the most unblaspheinous of men. He claimed it was belittling the Infinite Power to give it the form and figure of a man, or a person, possessing passions, impulses and emotions. The God of Humanity he claimed as a being in the aggregate, but not a person.

He accorded to Sociology an important position among the sciences, and claimed much from it in the future happiness of the race, controlling as it does the relations of capital, labor and all the conditions of social life. He termed human society as the grand protoplasm which surrounds the earth, containing the elements which, with the aid of science, a better and happier condition can be evolved. He indulged in much hope for an improved state of society, in keeping with the advance of science and true knowledge.

He alluded to the representation that had been made of Death shown as a skeleton with a smiling babe within its ribs. The skeleton was the errors and superstitions of the past, while the smiling babe was the coming true faith of science and knowledge. He thought the world should reject the skeleton and cherish the babe.

He closed his lecture of one and a half hours with complimentary allusion to the able minds who have preceded us, and by their labors and efforts have thrown light upon the world. The lecture embraced a great range of subject, and evinced much close thought. It contained much wholly unnoticed here, but as it probably will hereafter be published, we will do it no further injustice now.

S. P. ANDREWS followed. He approved of much that had been said, and used, also, sharp criticism. He recognized in the lecture many of his own views as enumerated in his science of *Universology*. He evidently felt Mr. Wakeman had not done him full justice, and he defended himself eloquently, and was frequently applauded by the large audience present. He explained some of the principles of *Universology* and added a few remarks in favor of *Metaphysics*, asserting it was the foundation of all science and knowledge.

DR. LAMBERT spoke next and was very humorous. He made some excellent hits, which were highly appreciated by the audience.

DR. HALLOCK followed, criticising somewhat the lecturer of the evening. Could not see that his idea of Deity—merely power or a blind force—was anything better than Atheism; nor could he recognize in the new religion of humanity, a being capable of forming or creating anything that exists. He discarded a portion of the doctrine of Evolution; while he understood how the perfect plant could develop from a seed, he could not believe one species of existence could merge into another, that a pigeon could become a hawk or a puppy evolve into a bear.

REV. W. R. ALGER made a few remarks, and defended theology from some attacks that had been made upon it. His remarks were conciliatory and liberal.

T. B. WAKEMAN closed the speaking, by making replies to some of the criticisms that had been made upon him.

The hall was well filled, and great interest in the speaking manifested.

To Mr. Wm. Willicott.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 7th, 1875.

Dear Sir: Your open letter addressed to me in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jan. 1st is at hand by to-day's mail. My self-respect will never permit me, in these columns, or elsewhere, to hold any discussion with one who stigmatizes me in advance as wanting in candor and honesty. This you have done in the letter referred to by a very broad insinuation, and by a positive but utterly baseless assertion.

Your language is (italicised by myself), "Shall I be deemed impertinent if I ask you to discuss this subject in a candid, honest manner? My past experience tells me this is very rarely done. The man of straw you generally attack is of your own creation."

Yours, without detraction,

S. H. PLATT.

Reply.

AN APOLOGY AND A JUSTIFICATION.—Last Sunday morning I attended the M. E. Church, De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, for the purpose of hearing the first of a series of discourses on the "Christian God, the Christian Bible, the Christian Experience against the Assumption of Modern Skepticism and the Deduction of Modern Science."

It was evident the lecture had been prepared with great care. The Rev. gentleman gave good evidence that he had been sitting at the feet of the Great Gamaliels of science, viz: Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, etc., etc., and had been a careful reader.

The Rev. S. H. Platt may be classed among that advanced guard of Christian teachers, whose aim is to harmonize the Bible with the teachings of modern science. He made admissions last Sunday, which, if followed to their ultimate, would be fatal to *present orthodox Christianity*. He laid great stress on our emotional nature, which he said "religion alone could justify," ignoring the fact that this emotional nature is entirely the outgrowth of education. But as this lecture was only preliminary, I do not intend to be critical, but to correct a construction which he placed on my letter to him in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jan. 1st.

He said he had received a challenge, but the language in which it was written was so impertinent he could take no notice of it; he was accused of being a hypocrite. Then he read from THE TRUTH SEEKER the following: "Shall I be deemed impertinent if I ask you to discuss the subject in a candid, honest manner? My past experience tells me this is very rarely done. The 'man of straw' you generally attack is of your own creation."

By what construction of language did he give a personal application to those words: "My past experience tells me *this is very rarely done*." I generally can find language to express the idea without appearing ambiguous, and if I meant to be personal, I should have written it thus: "My past experience tells me *you very rarely do this*." Surely this is a 'man of straw' he is attacking *this time*.

I did not mean anything personal; and questions of a personal nature, I would not discuss in a newspaper. But I do mean those words shall apply to clerical controversialists in general. *It is the truth!* The Rev. Dr. Carroll of Bedford Avenue Church is a representative man, is he not? Does he not stand officially in the very front rank of his denomination? The utterances of such a man must have weight, for from his commanding position he is enabled to compel attention, yet this man in his recent lecture on skepticism, uttered words that should have blistered his lips with burning shame, for he well knew they were not those of "truth and soberness." He said, "he regarded the skeptic as a man universally corrupt, of impure life, and the apostle of pollution. They call themselves Freethinkers; yes, they were free like the reptile, to crawl among the slime of pollution, corruption and decay,—free like the tiger to pounce on the lambs of the flock, to tear them away from the folds of the Church, and the halloing influence of the family altar, and suck from their hearts their very life blood; and if it were not for the restraining influences of Christian civilization these men and women would make the whole world a brothel, a pest-house, a den of pollution!"

Is this the teaching of Christianity or the courtesy of a gentleman? How often have I listened to the vile and false aspersions which Christian ministers have cast on the memory of that man to whom America owes more than all others, he to whom she will yet erect her grandest, her proudest monument, THOMAS PAINE!

"It is not ours to judge—far less condemn."

It is Byron the Infidel who writes those charitable words, he whom the refined, cultured *Christian* lady, "Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe" so cruelly slandered for the paltry sum of one hundred and fifty dollars.

I would tell the Rev. gentleman I can truly say my conscience does acquit me of meaning any discourtesy to himself. I then give this as my apology and vindication.

Yours with respect,

WM. WILLICOTT.

Brooklyn, January 12th, 1875.

We regret Mr. Platt understood Mr. Willicott as being personal in the expression used. We feel certain no offense was intended. We have heard Mr. W. speak highly of Mr. Platt, as an intelligent, fair-minded gentleman, and we cannot think he intended any personal offense. We will cheerfully give space for any remarks Mr. Platt may see fit to send us on the subject of Christianity or Infidelity, and hereby invite him to use our columns for the purpose. He shall have the same opportunity of being heard as his opponent; and that, perhaps, is quite as much as the Christian press would do by us.—[Ed. T. S.]

THE Mohammedans believe that old maids have no chance of heaven.

THE apple crop of Connecticut in 1874 was worth \$2,000,000.

Friendly Correspondence.

MARY E. FISHER, Frederika, Iowa, writes: I read every week twenty papers or more and yours I like best of all.

E. F. FULLER, South Boston, writes: It is with much pleasure I greet THE TRUTH SEEKER. May its Editor live long and prosper.

J. A. RUTHERFORD, Fannin Co., Texas, a man of seventy-five years, writes: I think I shall read THE TRUTH SEEKER as long as I am able to read anything, provided it lives that long.

JAMES H. LINDSAY, Scott River, Cal., writes: Put me down as a life subscriber, let it be monthly, weekly or daily. I would let all other papers go in preference to THE TRUTH SEEKER. It I must have.

WM. F. SUPPLE, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: I haven't been to church in eight years, and people call me a heathen. I find all the consolation I want in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Your little paper just suits me.

THOMAS ROBINSON, Pawtucket, R. I., writes: You are engaged in a good work. The paper is well conducted and well printed. I am proud of its existence, and hope it may be a permanent success.

A. SWEET, P. M., False Cape, Cal., writes: Your valuable paper comes like a missionary of truth lighting this extreme western part of our continent. We hail it with delight, and pray for its success.

A. LARSEN, Morgan City, Utah, writes: Your valuable paper is all I can ask for; it is my best companion. I am living in a community of bigoted, ignorant, priest-ridden people, and it does me great good to receive and peruse the truth.

J. ELVERSON, Newark, N. J., writes: I would not do without one number of your paper for ten times its cost. I sometimes can scarcely wait till its arrival. My wife says she wishes THE TRUTH SEEKER was a daily paper; then she would be sure of having me home every night.

J. O. CUMMINGS, Murphysboro, Ill., writes: In this section we want THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am glad to see you intend to put in more Science and not so much Theology. Yet we want plenty of these *eye-openers*, that make old hell-fire and damnation to sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness.

MRS. SARAH C. TODD, Forest Grove, Oregon, writes: Your valuable and daring Journal comes to us regularly. It won't do to let any Liberal paper go down for lack of support. So come, Liberals, let us consider this our *home mission*, and lend a helping hand. Your paper suits here exactly; so don't let me miss a copy. Yours in the Liberal cause.

W. I. HALDEMAN, Pine Grove, Pa., writes: In my opinion, THE TRUTH SEEKER is one of the soundest and richest papers printed, and I would be glad if every honest, truth seeking person in the land could read it. It is a glorious thing a man can enjoy the liberty of his own opinions on theological as well as other subjects, free from the fears of the torture of hell.

PETER BACON, Angola, Ind., writes: The world is getting tired of these old dogmas and frost-bitten creeds. I very well remember what the chairman of an ecclesiastical convention said in New York, thirty years ago. "That infernal thing, the Free Press, must be put down, or some day it will put us down. Thank God, they have done it. I am nearly seventy, and for forty years have been looking for light. I am well pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER. With best wishes, yours, &c."

C. C. BURNS, Greensburg, Ind., writes: I cannot find words adequate to express my approbation of your paper and the many able articles it contains. It would certainly be impossible for me to be without THE TRUTH SEEKER and Investigator. They are full of knowledge and common sense. That is the food we want. Infidels can't live on wind and water, if it is scented up with mustard seed faith, which I was once taught and actually believed could remove mountains. All hail to THE TRUTH SEEKER; may it continue to wave (like the Star Spangled Banner) over the land of the Free and the home of the brave.

WM. E. COLEMAN, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: I think THE TRUTH SEEKER in some respects the best of all the Liberal Journals. It is solid and substantial, able and interesting. Being a thorough Spiritualist I deprecate the ultra materialistic tenor of many of its articles, and am glad to see occasional gleams of Spiritual light in some of the contributions to its columns. In its onslaught upon Christianity, Bible-worship, superstition and bigotry of every name and hue, I am one with the Freethinkers, Materialists and Secularists. I wish THE TRUTH SEEKER abundant success.

W. E. ROBERTS, New Haven, Ct., writes: I believe I have read copies of most of the reform, religious and liberal papers for the last thirty years. Believing, as I do, that *truth seeking* is the way by which all reach brighter conditions of life, we should not forget that others are as earnest as we, and to be regarded charitably. This is the strong feature of your paper, that it aims to be just to all. One may think religion all moonshine; another, that it consists in reading prayers out of a gilt-edged prayer-book, and so on. To me, the best religion is that condition of mind that is the ultimate of a life of pure intentions. That alone brings "peace on earth, good will to men."

R. M. CASEY, Pendleton, S. C., writes: These lines leave me in a feeble state of health—barely able to sit up and walk about the house. I have been confined to close quarters over five weeks. The holiday season was passed with intense suffering and pain. I nevertheless had some real enjoyment for *The Old Investigator*, THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Common Sense* all came like ministering spirits to my relief, alleviating my sufferings to some extent and rendering it altogether unnecessary to call in the parson, or to have prayers in my room. I had previously intended to spend Christmas holidays in getting up some new subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and sending them to you for a Christmas present, but I was unable to do so, and you will have to take the will for the deed. I hope others more fortunate than myself have procured you many new subscribers, and that THE TRUTH SEEKER begins the new year under the most favorable auspices, and that you have been abundantly encouraged to go on in your noble efforts against the strongholds of bigotry and superstition. I hope in a few days to be well enough to go out and attend to business, a part of which shall be to work as heretofore for the interest of THE TRUTH SEEKER and the Liberal cause generally.

ISAAC SNYDER, M.D., Horton, Mich., writes: Permit me to congratulate you upon the success of THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is doing mighty service for the right, as the wedges of science are being driven home by that mighty maul of truth and common sense. I hear the splinters of superstition and bigotry crack and snap, and soon the old, rotten, worthless log of religious error will come open, with a great noise, perhaps, but that will be all there is of it. The light of eternal Truth will ultimately shine upon and enlighten all the human race, and then people will look back with amazement upon these dark times, and wonder how any could be so ignorant in the nineteenth century. Stand stiff in the back, brother Bennett, and ultimately I hope, as I believe, THE TRUTH SEEKER will be as much of a pecuniary success as it deserves to be.

D. W. SMITH, Farmer City, Ill., writes: I herewith send you the names of nine new subscribers, which please accept as a New Year's present for the interest you take, and the time and labor you devote to the good work of disseminating solid and substantial facts in place of the old musty, superstitious dogmas of former ages. The churches have such immense power, through the instrumentality of the priesthood, and their wealth is so great it will take time and labor to compel them to release their hold upon the popular throat. Their struggle for the supremacy will be terrible, but gradually, and so surely as time rolls on, their power and life will ebb away. The Liberal press with such co-workers as Tyndall, Huxley, Bradlaugh, and others, all administering such doses of Free Thought and Liberalism, that that old serpent, the curse of mankind, the Church will ultimately succumb. Go on in the good work of liberating the public mind from mental slavery, and we will render you what assistance we can.

E. BOXLEY, Cardington O., writes: I am what is called an *Atheist* in the full sense of the word. I have heard so much about God, the Lord Jesus Christ and him crucified, the Holy Ghost, The Great I Am, religion, heaven, and hell, that I am sick and tired of such jargon. If David is in heaven I don't care to go there unless he has changed from the bloody brigand he was in this world. I can see nothing in existence but matter and force. Force changes the materiality and gives it a new name only. I expect to be as well off after I am dead as I was before I was born. I quite often read the bible, and in almost every chapter I find so much vulgarity, bloodshed, impossibilities, gasconade, a little mercy, and much jargon, that I wonder how sensible people can believe it is the word of God. In it God is accused of almost every crime known to man. I will tell you, I am a temperance man. I use no ardent spirits of any kind, not even beer or ale. I use no tobacco in any way, nor tea and coffee, and some other little mean tricks I don't do. I keep a clean skin, clean underclothes and a clear conscience. I take great delight in reading THE TRUTH SEEKER, and never call upon the name of the Lord. I sleep soundly in a well ventilated room, eat coarse, healthy food, work moderately, but never pray. I am in years, but am not too old, and never will be, to be fond of cheerful, lively people, and have them for neighbors. I seldom go to church, but am happy and enjoy the best of health.

JOHN W. POWER, Brighton, Mich., writes: *Friend B.*: It seems to me the cause of truth must be progressing to a greater extent than ever. The signs of the times are favorable, and my "depraved nature," is prone to believe that the world is in a better condition than it was six thousand years ago, when our first parents were skipping around in that beautiful garden in all their naked innocence, while yet the earth was young and fresh and damp from its maker's hands—like THE TRUTH SEEKER, just from the press. I notice that some religious people who acquire some knowledge of geology, are vainly trying to make their knowledge and their belief in superstition square with each other, by calling "days" those periods of many thousands of years. If you corner them on any of the many absurdities and contradictions of the Bible, and show them that their belief is founded upon evidence that would not convict a thief of petty larceny, or convince a single person blessed with a small portion of common sense, if it was not surrounded with a cloak of foggy obscurity of from two to six thousand years. Still superstition compels them to cling to their early teachings in direct opposition to what their good sense will tell them is false. Many, I think, are hoping for better things than "believe or be damned" doctrines, but fear will not let them go. We are going to have B. F. Underwood here to deliver two of his lectures. A few of us Freethinkers have circulated a subscription paper, and have the necessary amount of money about secured. We expect a stir among the dry bones. We intend making it a free lecture, and will feel ourselves well paid if the people come in and hear him. From what we know of Mr. U.'s reputation as a speaker, we believe he will send some of the creed-bound ones away with a flea in their ear, and perhaps start the wedge that will ultimately crack the shell of bigotry and superstition. May the New Year be happy with you, and may THE TRUTH SEEKER prosper.

CHAS. B. CHURCHILL, Canton, Ill., writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER is my Bible. I am pleased to see you laboring so earnestly in spreading truth and light before the rising generation. It does my old bones good, and if I can help you in the glorious work I wish to do so. I am an old man—was born in the State of Connecticut in Sept., 1785, thus you will see I am nearly ninety years of age. I have lived long enough to see superstition and fear give way to the bright rays of intelligence. I can write but little yet I contrive to read your valuable paper, and I want now that bright light may be placed in the hands of others, that it may lead them to the land of knowledge and truth. Your paper affords me a large field for thought. When I look back to the day those good old Puritans preached "infant damnation," "Seek and ye shall find, Knock and it shall be opened unto you," they awakened within me a hope that I might yet be saved from that fearful old hell. Alas! soon would this bright hope be driven from my mind by the shouting in my ears, that "hell was full of infants not a span long," that nine-tenths of the human family must take up their future abode with His Satanic Majesty in spite of all their prayers. I well remember how the old minister would question the little children in their Sabbath-school lesson, and tell us what a fearful place old hell was, and picture out the awful fate that awaited us, until I thought indeed there was no other hope for me. But, thanks to progressive thought, that terror has fled, and I now calmly abide my time, waiting, watching and listening for the voice of some sweet angel to call me home to that bright land where all are peaceful and blest. Friend, continue to let your light shine. Your paper is now the beacon light of thousands who are toiling on in life's dark and weary way. Go on with the good work; and though I am soon to strive for that peaceful land on the other side, I shall still strive to show others the way while I remain here. I wish you prosperity and success in the noble work you have undertaken.

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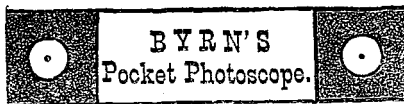
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Odds and Ends.

WHAT comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, and once in a man's life? The letter M.

A DARKEY arrested with chickens in his sack, declared, "De man dat put 'em dar was no fren' of mine."

"THE one thing needful for the perfect enjoyment of love is confidence." Same with hash and sausages.

WHAT is the difference between fixed stars and shooting stars? The first are "suns," the second, "darters."

"C-C-C-CAN that p-p-parrot talk?" asked a stuttering man of a German. "Ven he don't talk so gooter as you, I schop, by dam, his head off."

"JOHNNY, what do you expect to do for a living when you get to be a man?" "Well, I reckon I'll get married, and board with my wife's father."

A MERCHANT not over conversant with geography, on hearing that one of his vessels was in jeopardy, exclaimed, 'jeopardy, jeopardy,' where's that?"

SALLIE MORRIS, a pretty Newark girl, is a "mind reader." She said to a bashful beau the other night, "La! I believe you are going to kiss." She was right.

A WAG, in "what he knows about farming," gives a very good plan to remove widow's weeds. He says a good looking man has only to say "wilt thou," and they wilt.

"I AM a son of Mars," proudly exclaimed a West Point cadet at an evening party. "Does your ma know you're out?" asked a young lady to whom he had just been introduced.

"I AM afraid, my dear, that while I am gone absence will conquer love." "Oh, you needn't fear for me," said his wife, "the longer you shall stay away the better I shall like you."

A MINISTER, who came into church during a sudden shower, requested another to preach for him, as he was very wet. "No," said the other, "preach yourself; you will be dry enough in the pulpit."

AN experienced Sunday-school teacher says that it is impossible for a scholar with a boil, to satisfactorily fasten his mind down even upon the simplest exposition of the scheme of salvation.

A YOUNG gentleman remarked to his companion, "Ah, the most beautiful evening in my recollection. Luna looks peculiarly beautiful." "Was that her just went by?" quickly asked the lady.

"FOAH God, he's a niggah," exclaimed an old black man in the crowd as King Kalakaua alighted from the cars at Washington. "And now who will be able to live with the 'cullud folks' at the Capitol?"

"WHAT is fashion, Annie?" "Fashion is something that causes Betsey, who goes bareheaded all the week, when the sun is shining, to wear gloves and carry a parasol on Sunday, when it is cloudy."

A GENTLEMAN was examining an umbrella, and commenting upon the fine quality. "Yes," said a person present, "he fancies everything he sees." "And," added a third party, "is inclined to seize every thing he fancies."

A FEMALE lady in Washington advertised that her infant child, whose father was a Congressman, was ill, and that if \$10 was not at once sent to an assumed address, she would call in person to see its father. The result was thirty-four letters, each enclosing a ten dollar William, without comment.

A DETROIT father purchased a tool-chest for his son, a lad of eight, who seemed to have considerable mechanical genius. Up to latest accounts the boy had sawed off but two table legs, six knobs from the bureau, bored seven holes through the doors, and three through the piano case, and by the aid of the glue pot stuck the family supply of napkins firmly to the parlor carpet.

WHILE on her way to leap into the river, a Minneapolis girl met a man, who proposed marriage, and she turned back and was happy. Almost any day now one can count four or five Minneapolis girls wandering along the river banks.

JUDGE JEFFRIES when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beards? If so, your lordship has none at all."

"STEP in," said a cheap clothier to a countryman; "the cheapest goods in the market." "Have you any fine shirts?" "A splendid assortment, sir." "Are they clean?" "Of course, sir—clean, to be sure." "Then," said the countryman gravely, "you had better put one on."

A FRENCHMAN, exhibiting some sacred relics and other curiosities, produced a sword which he assured his visitor was "de sword that Balaam had wen he would kill de ass." A spectator remarked that Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. "Ver well! dis is de one he wish for."

"JACOB KISSED RACHEL."—The following are the "Opinions of the English Press" upon the subject of the text which tells you that Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept:

Because there was no time for another.—*Express.*

He thought she might have a big brother.—*Sporting Chronicle.*

He wept for joy because it tasted so good.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

He wept because there was only one Rachel to kiss.—*Clerkenwell News.*

The fellow wept because the girl did not kiss him.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A mistake—not his eyes but his mouth watered.—*Ladies' Chronicle.*

Jacob wept because Rachel threatened to tell her mamma.—*Sunday Gazette.*

How do you know but that she slapped his face for him?—*Ladies' Treasury.*

We reckon Jacob cried because Rachel had been eating onions.—*British Standard.*

He thought it was a fast color, but wept to find the paint came off.—*Fine Art Gazette.*

He remembered he was her uncle, and recollected what the prayer book says.—*Church Journal.*

He knew there was a time to weep—it had come, and he dare not put it off.—*Methodist News.*

He was a fool and did not know what was good for him.—*Englishwoman's Advertiser.*

He tried to impose on her feelings because he wanted her to lend him five shillings.—*Baptist Guide.*

When he lifted up his voice he found it was heavy, and could not get it so high as he expected.—*Musical Notes.*

The cause of Jacob's weeping was the refusal of Rachel to allow him to kiss her again.—*Nonconformist.*

It is our opinion that Jacob had not kissed Rachel before, and we wept for the time he had lost.—*City Press.*

Jacob wept because Rachel told him "to do it twice more," and he was afraid to.—*Methodist Recorder.*

If Rachel was a pretty girl, and kept her face clean, we can't see what Jacob had to cry about.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Our own opinion is, that Jacob wept because he found after all "it was not what it was cracked up to be."—*New Zealand Examiner.*

Weeping is not unfrequently produced by extreme pleasure, joy and happiness; it may have been so in Jacob's case.—*Hardwick's Science Gossip.*

A truce to all! Beneath the starry vault or golden sun is there aught in nature or in art equal to the rapture and intense deliciousness of the first kiss? I answer verily, no. Jacob had never kissed first maiden before, and the first realizations of "crowding a life's deliciousness in these moments," overcame him, and he wept for joy.—*Hornsey Hornet.*

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Notes and Clippings.

THE REV. WILLIAM M. PARRY, pastor of the Tabernacle Church of Worcester, Mass., was recently unfortunately deprived of his horse by the Sheriff, who took it for debt. It is suggested the pastor's next text be,

"The rich may ride in chaises,
But the poor must walk by Jases."

THE GREAT BEECHER TRIAL, which bids fair to be the longest, the most thoroughly reported and read, of any trial that has ever been known, is still in progress. At this writing over three weeks of the trial have passed. The jury has been selected, the opening speech made and one witness examined. Many other witnesses are to testify, many other elaborate addresses are to be made, and it is probable the blue-birds and martins, the daffodils and tulips will come again before this interminable case is ended. Intense interest is manifested by the crowds who try daily to gain admittance to the court-room. If the room was as large as the Hall of Representatives at Washington, with the Senate Chamber added, it would be "packed and crammed" every day. Hundreds of thousands of the daily papers leave the city every morning for all parts of the country, containing verbatim reports of the trial, to be repeated more or less by the country press, and to be read by millions. *Great is Beecher!*

THE REVEREND CHICKEN THIEF.—J. W. H. Johnson, mentioned recently, has been tried in the Court of Special Sessions, in Elizabeth, N. J., and found guilty of the charges brought against him. He, of course, as his brothers "of the cloth" do, when charged with criminal conduct, stoutly denied the charge and asserted his innocence. But the proof against him was too positive to be ignored. It was shown conclusively, he had stolen chickens, turkeys and geese. Several fowls found in his possession were identified by their owners. Feathers in abundance were found in his room, and parties were produced to whom he had sold fowls. He claimed he had innocently bought them of another party, but as he could not tell who it was, the court readily pronounced him guilty and he was sentenced to imprisonment. For a while the good man will be kept where the temptation to steal chickens will not again lead him into trouble.

THE PLYMOUTH PASTOR very blandly imparted to one of his Friday evening audiences, that his mind goes out in love to everybody—in short that he is *sweet* upon his enemies and *sweet* upon all mankind. No doubt the man has been *sweet* upon many occasions, and if he had been less so to certain individuals he would not now be under the necessity of being arraigned before a court of justice. *Sweetness* may all be very well in bounds of discretion and moderation, but if a man has too much of it, with deficient principle and caution, we see it leads him into grievous troubles. Possibly if he had not been so *sweet* on Elizabeth, he would now feel sweeter on Theodore and Francis D. Verily, such men as overflow with *sweetness* should also aim to keep it well directed and if they must sometimes give it full vent they should try and arrange their little plans so discreetly that there will be none of these troublesome "after-claps." Henry Ward, let us hope, will learn by what he suffers.

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN IN TROUBLE.—Rev. John Hobart a Methodist clergyman, was recently brought before the District Court in Malden, Mass., to answer a complaint made by Mrs. Anna L. Lundleery, charging this reverend gentleman with being the father of her unborn babe. From facts that have been gleaned from the parties, it appears that Hobart hails from the green hills of Vermont, and is at present over sixty years of age. He graduated at Wesleyan Seminary, in Middletown, Ct., as a minister, having preached in Fall River for the space of two years. He served during the war of the Rebellion as chaplain in the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment. At the close of the war he settled down with his family in Framingham, Mass. In April last he removed to the town of Medford, where he resided till July, though not as pastor. Mrs. Lundleery, then a single woman, was hired by the Rev. John, at the former place, to work as a domestic, and performed her household duties in an excellent manner for a year or more. About the first of May, Mr. Lundleery was employed to attend to the outdoor work, and as matters began to develop themselves, the reverend clergyman married the domestic girl to the man servant, performing the ceremony himself. Mr. Lundleery afterward implored his wife to make a complaint against his employer, which has been done. The case has been continued, when further developments will be made.—*Sunday Mercury.*

IT IS EXTREMELY GRATIFYING that the good Henry Ward Beecher, notwithstanding his hanging so long upon "the ragged edge of remorse and despair;" notwithstanding the thousands of dollars he has been compelled to part with; notwithstanding twenty-five millions of the American people believe him guilty of adultery, falsehood and perjury; notwithstanding his dark deeds and dark sayings are daily repeated in court and daily spread broadcast over the land; notwithstanding himself, his wife and children have to sit day after day and listen to the recital of his deeds that seem enough to make a coal-scuttle blush with shame; notwithstanding all this, and much more, it is truly gratifying he is able to assure his admiring flock that he is the "happiest man alive." What a happy temperament the man must have. How fortunate for him that he is so able to turn all these annoyances, that would worry a common man almost to death, to his complete happiness. He looks to his flock for approval and support. So long as Plymouth Church sustains him, he cares for little else. This they assuredly will do. Many of them have said they would stick to him, though he were proved ever so guilty. Why not? An adulterer and perjurer if he only has "gush," will answer their purpose perfectly well.

INTENSE cold weather has recently prevailed over the whole country, carrying death to man and animals, and great suffering to thousands. In some places the mercury settled to 40 degrees below zero—an additional instance where the "Divine Being," the "Special Providence," the "Beneficent Father," the "Supreme Power," the "Forces of Nature," or whatever it may be called, seems not to be governed by a feeling of compassion to man or brutes. In view of the great suffering that now and at other times exists among the poor, the sick and unfortunate, we see but little evidence of the superintendence of a kind, watchful, over ruling Providence. Wishing not the slightest disrespect to the "powers that be," we have often thought, had we the control of all things, with "power equal to our will," there would be far less suffering in this world than now, and that it would be vastly better and happier. We would not cause pestilence, famine, drouth, floods, sickness, suffering, wretchedness, and lingering death that so generally prevail. If our power and will were *supreme*, we think we would speak these evils out of existence. Grasshoppers, locusts, chinch bugs, rattlesnakes, copper-heads, vipers, tarantulas, scorpions, mosquitoes, bed-bugs, roaches, flies, fleas, spiders, wood ticks, sand-ticks, diptheria, small-pox, the itch, croup, consumption, fevers, dyspepsia, headache, heartache, and a long train of similar ills, would be rendered obsolete. The mercury should not go down to 40° below in winter, nor 120° above in summer, if we could prevent it,

The "Special Providence" so long believed in, will have to give place to the conception of a "Human Providence" in which the whole human intellect must combine to work out the problem of human benefit and progress.

MR. BEECHER assures his faithful lambs that he has all confidence in God and that God will bring him safely through the troubles he has brought upon Plymouth Church and its pastor. He fully believes the hand of God is in all this business, and that he will so direct the events of the case as to redound to his own glory. We believe in this case, as in thousands of others, vry much is laid to God that he is not guilty of. If Henry and Elizabeth were too "sweet" on each other, and if they were guilty of some "youthful indiscretions," better omitted than performed, we think it hardly the fair thing to lay it to God and say he directed the affair. God may have a great partiality for Henry Ward and Plymouth Church, but we insist it is unfair to hold him responsible for all they may do. Besides, if he pays too much attention to Plymouth Church and the great "sweetness" which abounds in it, is it not barely possible that some other portion of the Universe may be slightly neglected? We expect Plymouth Church and its "sweet" pastor to come in for a large share of "divine favor" and attention; but we protest against their monopolizing the whole of it. Give us a little show, we entreat you.

TASTES DIFFER.—Mrs. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton are day after day paraded in the Brooklyn clerical scandal court room to listen to the sickening details of the case, under the eye-shot and ear-shot of the crowding multitude; while good taste would seem to advise their remaining at home. It is said to be done to produce a theatrical effect upon the jury. It is quite possible the game may be overplayed. The ordeal seems to be wearing on the ladies, and we predict they will tire of it before the trial is ended. The flower display was also a "big thing" for a wintry day. Beecher's admirers bountifully supplied the court-room with magnificent bouquets; but Tilton's friends, not to be outdone in this way, soon sent in larger and more magnificent flowers for his table; so, in the floral contest, as in other features of this remarkable trial victory seemed to perch on the banners of the plaintiff. The flowers, however, were deemed by the court and the legal gentlemen to be in bad taste and out of place, and they have gone to the rear.

FEW WITNESSES have ever been subjected to such a protracted and trying ordeal as F. D. Moulton in the Beecher trial. For ten days he has been under sharp fire and cross-fire. His statements have been clear, coherent and direct. His cross-examination of five days by the most able lawyers, has failed to embarrass him, or cause him to contradict himself. He states emphatically that the Rev. Mr. Beecher, on several occasions, confessed the adultery verbally and in writing, and this is in keeping with Mr. Beecher's numerous letters by his own hand which have been presented in evidence. Mr. Moulton's statements will be corroborated by Mr. Tilton, Mr. Carpenter, Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. Bradshaw and others. To break down this crushing testimony, and to explain away Mr. Beecher's unfortunate letters, will be a hard task for the defense. Plymouth Church, however, is very wealthy. Its members are worth many millions, and they are determined to sustain their pastor, whether innocent or guilty. Mr. Tilton, on the other hand, is a poor man, a persecuted and a vilified; his home devastated, his happiness destroyed, his money gone and his prospects for life blasted. In these respects the conflict is unequal. As a witness, and as a "heathen," we have no occasion however, to be ashamed of "the mutual friend."

Since this was written, and on the tenth day of Mr. Moulton's examination, it was announced to him that his mother had just died. It of course was a severe blow to him, and the tears rushed to his eyes. In view of the bereavement, the court proffered to relieve him for a few days from farther duty; but after a few minutes, in which to compose his mind, he said firmly, he proposed to have his examination finished then, and it was at once resumed.

[Written expressly for THE TRUTH SEEKER.]

The Witch of the Wine-Mark.

A Tale of the Royal Colony of Massachusetts.

BY LOTHAIR LOGOS.

CHAPTER X.

Christian writers, who are so fond of ringing their changes upon "the dark ages," seldom pause to consider that long after the revival of letters, and up to the very threshold of the last century, our boasted civilization, in the so-called light of the gospel, presented features more repulsive than any that had previously characterized its history on either side of the Atlantic.

Although from the seventh to the thirteenth century the Church was all-powerful in England, and ignorance and superstition consequently filled the land, the forms and fruits of this mental and moral degradation were infinitely less disgusting and appalling than those which distinguished the Puritan element of Massachusetts from sixteen hundred and thirty to sixteen hundred and ninety.

The correctness of this observation will be perceived at once, when we come to consider that whatever intolerance and blindness may have marked the career of Catholic superstition in the other hemisphere in days gone by, it had its great pageants, and was always well fed. It had its Saint Days, its jolly pilgrimages, and its "Friar of Orders Gray," who, according to the old song, loved "fat pullets and clouted cream." There was some humanity in this at least, and although the rope and the fagot did their terrible work from time to time, it was done on an infinitely more respectable basis than that which signalized the operations of these two gentle Christian agencies in the days of John Endicot of New England, when the gaunt and gloomy spectre of the Church looked at all things beautiful through smoked glass, and robbed the human soul of every generous impulse.

Yes, for more than half a century, the lean, lank, hollow-eyed superstition of Puritanism ate into the very vitals of the land, and sat a nightmare upon the hopes and the progress of the people. Repudiating the proud, clean-cut, up-and-down Devil of Milton and of aristocratic Christendom, that was, to some extent, a gentlemanly and fascinating fellow, it made its own foul fiend to meet the necessities of its damnable essence, and, of course, found no difficulty in producing a supreme scoundrel to trump him with, which it dared to liken to the beneficent ruler of the Universe.

And now, beneath the dark shadows of night, we find in continuation of our story, the accursed agents of this system of intensified Christianity out on their way once more, with murder and lust in their hearts, in the hopes of being able to lay their blood-stained hands unexpectedly upon two unoffending women who were as innocent of any offense against them or against heaven as the child unborn.

When it was observed some time back, that Red Wing had received from Titmouse the information he required, it was in relation to the case of Alice only; for the dwarf was not able to enlighten him, to any great extent, respecting the plans of the Government with reference to his tribe. Therefore the Indian, as remarked at the close of the last chapter and previously, was anxious to see old Giles, and to learn from him at once all that was known to him upon the subject; for, notwithstanding the idea of the ferryman, that the Governor, Sir William Phipps, was now well disposed toward some of the red men, he was himself surrounded by difficulties that embarrassed all his views in this and other relations, and even threatened his own household.

About half-past eight o'clock, then, as Red Wing and his two companions were conversing at the mouth of the ravine already alluded to, they were joined by a third Indian, who had evidently something of importance to communicate, as he sprang up to the chief, who had just answered his low signal cry, and informed him that a body of men were cautiously stealing upon him, led by Sloucher and Huskins, and that the daughter of the ferryman was approaching about a quarter of a mile in advance of the party.

With the quick perception of his race, Red Wing instantly came to the conclusion that the presence of Martha in the vicinity of the ravine at such an hour, and the proximity of the Fanatic and the witchfinder, were in some way connected with the case of Miss Ravenswood.

Quick as thought he sprang forward into the path in which the ferryman's daughter was advancing, and in the course of a few moments was by her side; having first used some expressions well known to her, and adroitly given his name, just as he joined her, so that she, although surprised at his sudden appearance, was not alarmed in any degree.

"Where white squaw Ravenswood?" he exclaimed in her ear, presuming there was not a moment to be lost, "bad Christian mans close by to catch and kill 'um. Some one tell where 'um hide."

Martha, who was quick of apprehension also, seemed to divine instantly that Alice had been betrayed, and replied promptly:

"She is in a cave a short distance from this, but how do you know that she is pursued?"

"Come!" said Red Wing, without answering her question, "white mans close now! Red Wing too quick for 'um. Me know cave. Come!"

In the space of a very few minutes Martha, the chief and his three followers were in the cave, where they found Alice seated upon some furs beside a few embers, that threw a feeble, fitful light around her.

She bounded to her feet on becoming aware of the presence of some one, but perceiving Martha and Red Wing she knew she was still safe.

In the twinkling of an eye, and while Martha whispered a few words to the poor fugitive, Red Wing had the furs packed up and in the hands of his followers. The next instant the fire was extinguished, and before she had time to collect herself perfectly, Alice was hurried out of the cave and found herself standing in the midst of the little group on an elevated spot directly above its entrance, where she now began to comprehend more fully the danger with which she was threatened more immediately.

They had not been standing here many minutes, when the sound of approaching footsteps mingled with voices in low conversation reached their ears. Alice trembled as she caught the well-known accents of the Fanatic, while Martha became excited and angry on recognizing the voice of Nat the Noose. Neither Alice nor she, however, was alarmed at the closeness of the sleuth hounds, well knowing that Red Wing and his companions were now quite competent to baffle all pursuit.

The party now arrived at the mouth of the cave, and within twenty yards of their intended victims who were concealed from observation among some rocks and underwood. Sloucher was the first to produce a lantern, which he speedily lighted. A similar one was quickly glowing in the hands of Huskins, and in those of the Noose also. It was sometime, however, before the entrance to the cave was discovered, for although the party had halted within a few feet of it, owing to the masses of vines and creeping plants that concealed it, there was some difficulty experienced in striking the opening itself.

At last it was found, however, when Nat, Huskins and Sloucher entered—all three confident that they had entrapped their victims, and had now only to bear them off to a dungeon already thronged with the doomed of both sexes.

When the three conspirators had disappeared, leaving the others on watch outside, Red Wing pointed to a gleam of light that shot up through a deep fissure in the rocks and brushwood at his feet. Immediately afterward, Sloucher and his two companions were observed through the aperture hurrying wildly to and fro and searching every nook. In the space of a few seconds, the Fanatic was heard to exclaim in a voice of thunder to Nat the Noose:

"Thou hast lied, child of the Evil One! the witches Ravenswood and Giles have never been here, else where are the traces of them?"

"I am no more a child of the Evil One than you are," growled the Noose, who was completely bewildered when he found the cave empty and both the birds flown. "And as for there being no traces of the witches, Martha Giles and Alice Ravenswood, about here, I should like to know what this means"—stooping down at the same time and directing attention to the smoke which was struggling through the clay and dust that had been hurriedly thrown on the fire.

"Yes," replied Huskins eagerly, "they have been here, and have fled, doubtless some time ago, for the furs of which you spoke have disappeared also, indicating that they have had warning and assistance from some quarter."

"I cannot comprehend it," hissed the Noose between his teeth, "unless the Foul Fiend himself came to their aid. But," he continued, "we shall yet lay our hands on them; and then," he whispered into Sloucher's ear while Huskins was prying about at some distance, "we shan't mind what the law says on the subject, but divide the spoils; for you understand me, and I understand you! I am tired of the settlement."

On hearing this, Sloucher fastened a meaning look upon his companion, and immediately the devil danced once more in his small, green eyes, and his lower jaw fell in a sort of silent, demoniacal chuckle. Soon, however, a sense of his present dire disappointment returned to him, and he ground his huge heel into the solid rock as he exclaimed:

"Yea, verily thou hast told the truth. They have been here, but they are gone, and who shall say whither, unless to keep their midnight orgies among their familiars. But, after all, it cannot have been so long since they departed, else this fire would have been completely extinguished."

"True," observed Huskins, who now rejoined them, "but as we have been foiled this time also, there is no use in remaining longer here. So let us return to town by the house of the ferryman, who has had his finger in this pie from first to last."

When the party outside had been informed of this second failure, they were filled with pious indignation. They saw the hand of the devil in it, inasmuch as Miss Ravenswood and Martha had just escaped the cruel and merciless grasp that would have consigned

them to the rope—although they were not aware that a fate more terrible was intended for them, so far as Sloucher and Nat the Noose could influence their destiny.

Now the murderous gang and their principals moved away from the cave by the path which had brought them to it, while Alice and Martha under the guidance of Red Wing and his companions cautiously descended the rocks to the right in the direction of the ravine.

Martha was paralyzed to learn from the observations of Sloucher and the Noose that she, too, had been denounced; and almost sank under the terrible consciousness that it would now be as much as her life was worth to approach her father's house.

These thoughts pressed heavily upon her as she slowly wended her way, by the side of her fair companion, in the footsteps of the chief who from time to time ejaculated, as if to himself:

"White man's Great Spirit like much kill and trouble! 'Um a squaw! 'Um no brave! 'Um make bad mans!"

And no wonder that the untutored child of the forest should arrive at a conclusion like this, seeing that those who professed to be doing the work of the Lord were steeped, body, soul, and spirit in infamy, so hopelessly saturated with all that was ignoble, bloody and cruel as to efface from the record of their being everything that bore the slightest semblance to humanity.

When John Langton and Robert Miles left the villa they turned their steps, as we have already seen, towards the dwelling of the ferryman.

Old Giles who had much to think of and had no easy card to play in relation to Sloucher and Huskins, in expectancy of a visit from the latter, had procured a substitute to attend the ferry for the afternoon and night of the day succeeding the flight of Alice. To this person, who had previously been his proxy on many occasions, he resigned his oars, after he had brought over the Fanatic and his crew from The Heights, so that now when the two men from the villa entered his house, they found him seated in his accustomed arm chair and apparently wrapped in profound thought.

"Are you alone?" he observed on perceiving them standing in the door which they had opened, he not having heard their knock, or perhaps not having thought proper to notice it.

"Yes," replied Langton, "we are alone; and you know what has brought us here."

"I can give a pretty good guess at it," returned the ferryman, "but these are times for great caution and a close mouth."

"True," said Robert, "but is she safe, and have you seen her since last night?"

"She is safe for the present," he rejoined, "but I have not seen her to-day, as it would be dangerous to approach her hiding place while people might be passing to and fro. Martha," he continued, "is now with her and will remain by her side until morning. When she returns we shall learn how the poor, young creature bears it. She left here about half an hour ago."

"I must see her to-night, and bring intelligence from her own lips to her mother," said Robert, "else the good lady will expire before morning."

"It was very venturesome of Martha to trust herself out at this time of night, and when Indians are said to be close at hand; I hope no ill will come of it," observed John Langton.

"She would go," said the ferryman. "But as you say, Robert, that it will be necessary for you to see Miss Ravenswood for the poor old lady's sake, if you can manage to reach her hiding place without betraying it, I'll give you the clew to it, as it is not over a mile from this."

"As you have, I hear, a substitute at the ferry," chimed in John Langton, who was anxious enough to be assured of Martha's safety as well as that of Alice, "can you not come with us yourself, for without you we shall scarcely be able to make out the place where Miss Alice is hid; and, moreover, Martha may not have found it so easily as you suppose."

This latter remark seemed to strike old Giles forcibly; so without another word he arose from his chair and in the course of a few minutes he and his two visitors were wending their way in the direction of the cave, and along the very road that had been taken but a short time previously by Martha. As they neared the mouth of the ravine, however, they heard the voices of some persons approaching them, and not wishing to be recognized, they stepped aside from the track and pursued their course along the very edge of the river, until they came to a point directly opposite the entrance of the cave, when they struck in from the water and quickly stood before the masses of foliage that concealed the opening.

Although the night had been dark enough when the three friends started from the house, by the time the cave was reached their eyes had become sufficiently accustomed to the gloom to be able to discover objects in their immediate vicinity. Hence the ferryman soon managed to draw aside the clustering masses of evergreens at the right point, and immediately the three men stood within the gloomy retreat. That there was no voice in recognition of their entrance did not surprise Giles, as he supposed that the inmates were waiting to discover who had arrived be-

fore they made their presence known. When, however, the ferryman had lit his lantern, which he had brought with him, and flashed it upon all the corners and spaces about him, he uttered an exclamation of surprise and horror, and stammered out:

"They have disappeared! They are gone! They have been betrayed! They have been captured by the persons whose voices we have just heard! Let us pursue them! It is Sloucher and his bloodhounds!"

Instantly the little party were out on the path taken by the persons alluded to, and hastening their steps, they were soon within hearing of them once more. Sloucher's voice was plainly recognizable among them, and this led the ferryman to believe that not only Miss Ravenswood, but his daughter, had been arrested in the cave. In a short time, however, he became satisfied that neither Alice nor Martha was of the party; but learning from the conversation that the infamous gang were on their way to his house, and supposing that the prisoners had been already hurried off to the town and thrust into a dungeon, he whispered to his companions, who were hanging with him close on the footsteps of the party, and all three shot off through the woods, reaching the house they had left but a short time previously, fifteen or twenty minutes before Sloucher and his crew stood at the door.

It had been decided on the part of old Dick and his friends, not to give even the slightest intimation of the knowledge they had acquired to the ruffians who now entered the building; so the instant the ferryman perceived them he exclaimed in a voice of feigned surprise and with seeming annoyance:

"Well! Is there no one to take you across the ferry if you want to try it again? I left a substitute there this afternoon."

"We don't want your services in that direction," replied the witchfinder, "but would like you to assist us in finding the witch that you conducted last night to the cave near the ravine, after you lied to us at the ferry, and that your daughter went to visit this evening."

If the house had fallen about old Giles' ears, he could not have been more thunderstruck; but being brave and cool, he evinced no trepidation or knowledge of the circumstance alluded to. He, therefore, replied deliberately:

"As you appear to know so much about the case, you better endeavor to master it altogether without consulting me, as you say I'm a party concerned."

"Yes," drawled out Sloucher, as he fastened his small, devilish eyes on Robert Miles, "I see thou hast one of thy familiars here, who has doubtless assisted thee again to make away with the witch Ravenswood, while this other child of perdition, from the opposite side of the river, has no doubt aided and abetted in frustrating the law and the aims of the Lord, in affording shelter to thy daughter, who is now known to be as great a witch as the woman Ravenswood, as Nat the Noose here can bear witness!"

"Yes," said the Noose, seeing that he was surrounded by his fellow-conspirators, "I can say, before the Lord that, if anything, she is a greater witch than the other, and worthy to die the death!"

There was a slight movement in the corner where John Langton was seated, and the next moment the Noose was felled senseless to the floor by a swift and fearful blow from the powerful arm of the faithful servitor from The Heights.

When Martha and Alice descended from among the rocks, they were at once conducted into the depths of the ravine, and directly to the wigwam of the chief where they met once more his beautiful wife, who was greatly moved and delighted when she kissed Alice and welcomed her old friend, Martha.

In a few words Red Wing explained all; and, having placed the two fugitives in charge of the lovely squaw, at the instance of Martha, he set out with the other three Indians to bear the intelligence of what had occurred to old Giles, who, in turn, was to communicate with the villa in relation to the place where Alice was now secreted.

He and his companions being swift of foot, arrived at a point close to the ferryman's a very few moments after Sloucher and his gang had entered the dwelling, but hearing voices in angry altercation as he presumed, he crept close to the building, which he just reached at the very moment when the Noose was knocked senseless by Langton.

Immediately afterward there was a cry for help, for half a dozen ruffians had set upon the fearless lover of Martha, who now with Robert and the ferryman were engaged defending themselves against fearful odds.

In a single bound the chief reached the door with his followers armed with knife and tomahawk, and as it was ajar, he at once perceived how the case stood. The three men were defending themselves bravely, and Sloucher had just made a deadly blow at Miles with his heavy staff, which, fortunately, was caught by one of the rafters ere it crushed his skull.

There was not a moment to lose, so with a fierce war-whoop, while their knives and tomahawks glittered in the air above their heads, the four Indians sprang in among the combatants, the majority of whom fled swift as lightning from the scene in the utmost consternation, satisfied that a whole tribe of the red men was upon them.

The Noose who had recovered his feet and his senses, was the first to disappear, although Sloucher and Huskins were not far behind him. On seeing how the case stood, the remainder of the gang took flight also, leaving the four red men, who had not struck a single blow, and their three friends masters of the field and without a scratch worth speaking of.

It was now, only, that old Dick recognized the chief whom he warmly greeted, as did John and Robert who had known and esteemed him previously and who now dropped a word in his ear regarding the intention of the authorities towards his people. Sloucher and Huskins's fiends fled in every direction, not sure of their scalps for a single moment, while the two leaders and the Noose parted company the instant they had regained the open air—each taking whatever direction his legs could be most freely used in, and all believing that the scalps of the old ferryman and his two companions were already dangling at the belts of the Indians.

In a few brief sentences Red Wing recounted the adventures and circumstances of the evening, and relieved the terrible anxiety of the three whites in relation to the safety of Martha and Alice; advising, at the same time, that they should be permitted to remain unvisited by their friends or relatives in the impenetrable recesses of the ravine, until some project was devised tending to their ultimate safety.

Hearty thanks and congratulations having passed between both parties, the chief and his companions prepared to withdraw and turn their face toward their wigwams. Before going, however, Red Wing expressed a fear that his presence on the scene of action would probably lead to his quitting the ravine shortly, as it being once understood that there were red men hanging about the settlement, pursuit would be speedily set on foot by the authorities. He promised, however, to afford an asylum in the meantime to the fugitives, and not to remove from the ravine for a few days, unless there was absolute necessity for doing so.

Well knowing that Alice and Martha were in safe hands while under his protection, Giles and Robert declared themselves amazed at the fortunate turn affairs had taken through his promptness and tact; and congratulating themselves that the two persecuted women were now with the kind and beautiful Firefly, they all shook hands with their benefactors, who, on informing them that they should be kept apprised, for some time to come, of the whereabouts of the fugitives, disappeared once more in the gloom.

Among the numerous scoundrels known to Sloucher was a half-breed who, like all mongrels, hated a pure-blooded anything. This wretch, who was called Lightfoot, was a special favorite with the Fanatic, from the fact that he shared his implacable enmity to the red man, and had always been used by the authorities as a spy upon his movements. By mere accident this treacherous villain, who was one of the most ardent cowards living, was passing the house of the ferryman just as Langton had knocked down the Noose; but comprehending that there was danger, and not caring to tempt it in any way, he stepped aside to listen and watch, in the hope of turning whatever was occurring to good account.

He was thus honorably engaged when the Indians stepped in on the scene, and decided the encounter in favor of the whites. He saw the Fanatic and the rest of them fly from the house, and perceiving, through the half-open door, that the red man had remained and entered into friendly converse with the ferryman and his two white companions, he crept cautiously around the building, and through the very same aperture at which Titmouse had been snatched up on the previous night, heard all that transpired between them.

His eyes dilated with fiendish pleasure as he learned that the two fugitives were concealed in the ravine in the wigwam of the chief; for in this discovery he felt that he had not only something to enlist the attention of his friend Sloucher, but to command instant action on the part of the authorities in relation to the proximity of the Indians, which action he felt assured would result in a golden harvest to him, who alone knew of the precise spot where the red man was to be found.

He had heard it whispered that the Fanatic was smitten with the charms of Miss Ravenswood, and that he had denounced her simply because she had driven him from the villa. These two strings to his bow, then, were most important ones, and the more so as he heard Red Wing, whom he now dogged into the woods, tell his companions that he should be obliged to be absent from the ravine on the morrow and all the succeeding night, having received some information which constrained him to visit a chief who was encamped some miles deeper in the forest.

Understanding perfectly the language in which the Indians were speaking, he became aware that only one or two of their number should remain about the ravine, as the other eight or ten were to go on a brief hunting expedition, as their stock of venison had got very low, and as it would be dangerous to attempt to renew it in the immediate vicinity of the settlement.

By the time the conversation began to flag between the chief and his companions, they had gained the edge of the ravine, and Lightfoot perceiving a twinkling beam among the dense and tangled brushwood in the deep, narrow glen at his feet, continued to

creep cautiously after the party until he saw the chief enter his wigwam, and the others pass on as they bade him good night at its door.

Soon, prompted by the devil within him, he was creeping close to the spacious and comfortable lodge, when he heard the words of welcome and enquiry uttered by the two fugitives, as well as by the beautiful wife of the chief. Alice and Martha he had seen frequently, but to assure himself of their presence, he now crawled on his hands and knees toward the entrance of the frail abode, when through a chink in the birch bark of which it was mainly formed, he perceived them both seated with Firefly on the deer-skins and costly furs that were spread upon the floor.

This was sufficient; so creeping cautiously toward the side of the ravine, which he had but just descended, he bounded to his feet, and was soon in town knocking at the door of the Fanatic, who had just recovered from the fright he had received an hour previously, and who, as his eyes rested on the half-breed, felt satisfied that he had come to inform him of the murder of the ferryman and his two companions by the Indians.

In the meantime, Robert Miles and John Langton hastened to the villa with the intelligence of the further providential escape of Alice, and also with the news that the ferryman's daughter had been denounced, and was now a fugitive in the same place of refuge with Miss Ravenswood.

The invalid was greatly excited by what she heard, but appeared to experience some relief from the fact that her daughter had now a companion to share her solitude and trials—such is the reasonable selfishness of the world. There is no denying it, Misery likes company, at the expense of even the dearest friend.

The Noose was terribly mortified at the manner in which he had been disposed of by his successful rival; and now that he had leisure to recall the whole circumstance, he almost hoped that he had not fallen a victim to the Indians, so that he might one day have an opportunity and the fiendish pleasure of deliberately plunging a knife into his heart. As for Huskins, he simply looked upon the whole affair as another failure, that was only to be remedied at the earliest possible moment; and cheered himself with the conviction that the two witches would turn up before they were much older. He was, however, a little afraid that, unless the Indians were driven from the settlement, his midnight adventures would be embarrassed to some extent, inasmuch as there was no saying at what moment his scalp might fall into their hands. Like Sloucher, he was determined to call the attention of the authorities to this at once; but first, as the flight of their party was somewhat ignominious, he must consult with the Fanatic, although he felt satisfied that it would be utterly impossible to hush up the fact of their having been scattered to the winds at the first onset of the enemy.

As to John Langton, his heart almost died within him when he thought of how terribly his beloved Martha was exposed to peril on all sides. He was, of course, determined to find his way to her, come what might; but then he must first obtain the permission of Red Wing, to whom they had tacitly pledged themselves not to approach the ravine until they had his consent to do so.

But what of poor Alice and of Maurice Fitz Raymond, who ought really to be the central figures of this strange drama? The one was in utter blindness as to the difficulties and dangers that had beset the other. And now, as the body of volunteers, reduced in numbers, approached the town, disheartened and anticipating no very warm reception, the brave young officer began to console himself with the conviction that the failure of the expedition could not be in any way attributed to him, and that, at all events, he should be blest with the society of his beloved Alice for a few days longer, or until the ranks of the party were sufficiently recruited to warrant his taking the field once more.

STARTLING.—The *N. Y. World* publishes a special cable dispatch from London, giving the computations of the savans of Greenwich Observatory, from the data obtained from the recent observations of the transit of Venus. Its gives the sun's parallax as 9.24 seconds. By this it is decided that the sun is 88,000,000 miles from the earth. By the observations made by Eneke, 105 years ago, at the transit of 1761 and 1769, the distance of the sun was decided to be 95,000,000 miles. If these two computations are correct, it follows, the earth is nearing the sun at the rate of 7,000,000 miles in one hundred years, and that in 1,400 years the earth will fall into the sun and cease to exist as a separate planet.

It is more likely these measurements and computations are imperfect than that the distance between the sun and earth is materially changing. A learned friend of ours in this city, [DR. WINTERBURN,] holds that the calculations of astronomers as to the distance and size of the sun, moon and planets are entirely wrong. He claims the moon to be 2,000 miles away, only, and 300 miles in diameter. The sun, 5,000,000 miles away and 5,000 miles in diameter, and that it revolves around the earth instead of the earth revolving around it. We hope at no distant day to present to our readers his views, backed by his arguments, which, to say the least, appear plausible.

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The Bible.

NO. XX.

In passing along with the Bible narrative, we find many wonderful stories, if true, and many instances where the Lord became very angry and committed great slaughter and devastation among his chosen people. We will here instance the one of the insurrection of Korah, Dathan and Abiram, who, tiring of the protracted journey through the wilderness and at the dictatorial and imperious rule of Moses, incited a mutiny in the camp and induced some two hundred and fifty others to join them in demonstrations of opposition to the tyranny of Moses. When Moses learned this he became very much excited and fell in anger to the earth. He appointed a meeting on the following day. When it occurred, Moses again became very angry and filled with wrath. He held a short conversation with the Lord, in which he enjoined that Kind Being to respect not the offering of the mutineers.

After separating the faithful from the unfaithful and after the amiable Moses had spoken a few words to the assembly, the "ground clave assunder that was under them, and the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up, and their houses and all the men that appertained unto Korah, and all their goods." They all went down into the pit together when the earth closed again over them, and, as a matter of course, they "utterly perished." "And there," also, it is said, "came out a fire from the Lord and consumed the two hundred and fifty men that offered incense."

These were heroic measures, truly. The offense in the eyes of Moses and the Lord (they seemed, indeed, to have a good understanding in the matter) was of an alarming character, and they seemed to be very angry about it. That probably explains the terrible character of the punishment inflicted. This must have been an aggravated case, for Moses and the Lord were both angry. It was customary for Moses to hold his temper when the Lord became angry, and often when the latter had it in his heart to destroy his people *utterly*, and to wipe them from the face of the earth, Moses by his persuasive style of reasoning showed the Lord the foolishness of such conduct, and how the surrounding nations would laugh at him; how, after he had put himself to so much trouble to bring his people out of Egypt, and through the Red Sea on dry land, and keep them so many years alive with manna sent daily from heaven, it would be rash and foolish on God's part to thus destroy them, and the book tells us, "Moses would not let the Lord destroy Israel."

It was truly fortunate for the Israelites and their posterity that on most occasions Moses was able to hold his temper and remain placid when the Lord became so enraged with anger or wrath, and thus hold a check upon the Lord and prevent him on many occasions from playing "general smash" with his people. But in the case under consideration, when his rule and authority were opposed, his wrath, also, waxed extremely hot; he was not disposed to hold the Lord back at all, and the only wonder is that a few hundred only were destroyed, when the aid both of earthquakes and heavenly fire was invoked. If the earth opened its mouth and took that number in, why not open it wider, while about it, and take a larger mouthful? When this fire from the Lord was loose among the congregation and consumed them, why stop at two hundred and fifty? It must be attributed to the possibility that on this occasion the Lord was—fortunately—not so angry as Moses was; the revolt was more particularly against Moses than against God, hence, perhaps, the comparative small destruction of life.

"But on the morrow, all the congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and

against Aaron, saying, ye have killed the people of the Lord. And it came to pass when the congregation was gathered against Moses and against Aaron, that they looked toward the tabernacle of the congregation, and behold, the cloud covered it, and the glory of the Lord appeared." This appearance of God's glory portended mischief, and it is to be inferred he was much more angry than on the previous day, for the destruction of life was immensely greater. The Lord spoke to Moses and notified him to get out from among the congregation, that he might consume them all in a moment. This time his anger was doubtless raised to fever heat, for a fire or plague, (the account is not very clear in stating which it was), went out from the Lord, and slew immediately fourteen thousand and seven hundred persons.

The destruction of life on this occasion, would, in all probability, have been much greater had not Moses been a little cooler-headed than on the previous day. He saw in a moment that the Lord meant business, and by a simple device—the sending of Aaron with a censor containing incense and fire, to go out among the congregation and make atonement for the people, great destruction was averted. The inference is, when the fumes or odor of this burning incense reached the olfactories of the Lord it immediately pacified his anger and checked the destruction of life; for when Aaron thus "stood between the dead and living, the plague was stayed." But for this timely device of Moses, there is no telling to what extent the work of destruction might have gone. It might have reached the number of fifty thousand, or seventy thousand as it did on other occasions when the Lord became enraged and no one stepped in to hold him back. As it was, the people, doubtless, could not feel very grateful for his visit; and if the "glory" which was seen at that time over the tabernacle portended the destruction of near fifteen thousand people, they doubtless wished it would not present itself there very often. A funeral of fifteen thousand, at one time, was probably more extensive than agreeable.

These stories of the Lord's becoming angry and slaying his people in this wholesale manner, is very derogatory to the character of a first-class deity, and belittles and vilifies the Supreme Power that pervades the Universe. It seems almost blasphemous and sacrilegious to charge a God of love—a beneficent Providence with such extreme cruelty, malice and vindictiveness. It is more fitted to the character of a demon; and no devil or demon is known at the present time who would be guilty of such conduct. The usual argument that "God made the people, and had a right to do what he pleased with them," fails to rationalize such conduct. No reasonable God would allow himself to fly into fits of rage and anger and slay indiscriminately fifteen to seventy thousand persons at one time for the offense of an individual and who was permitted to go without punishment.

These stories about God's getting angry and becoming so malicious, so blood-thirsty and destructive; that he caused the earth to open its mouth, swallow up a body of its people and then close its mouth again, partakes so much of the character of the fables, exaggerations and fictions of a barbarous age that we cannot accept them as truth, for less as having been written or dictated by God. In fact, we cannot believe them at all. We see nothing of this kind occurring now. We sometimes have shocks of an earthquake, houses are thrown down, and, in some instances, cracks or fissures occur, but we understand now that these are all the result of natural causes and conditions, and that the earth never opens its mouth like a huge beast and closes it again, taking in at a gulp large numbers of people. The same ever-pervading laws that govern the Universe to-day governed it four thousand years ago, and four hundred thousand years as well, and these laws, or this Supreme Power if you choose to so denominate it, is unchangeable in character; it does not "get mad," it does not fly into a rage; it is not malicious; it is not vindictive; it is not destructive, and all stories and fables accusing it of these monstrosities are utterly unworthy of belief.

ELDER HARKINS.—We are unable, in this issue, to lay one of the Elder's sermons before our readers. It did not arrive in time.

Christianity Examined.

NO. V.

While giving brief extracts from the sacred writings of ancient nations, we will quote a few passages from Plato, the deepest and most learned of the Grecian Philosophers, and one of the soundest and wisest men that ever lived. Though he did not claim to be the son of God, nor to be inspired directly by him, his teachings were of a very elevated character, and have been called "divine" by his followers and admirers. Had his teachings and morals been adopted in Europe in place of Christianity, it would have had a religion quite as rational, quite as moral, quite as divine, and attended with far less of wars, persecutions and bloodshed. He was born four hundred and twenty-nine years before the Christian era. He thus discoursed:

"My friends, you cannot easily convince mankind that they should pursue virtue or avoid vice, not for the reasons which the many give, in order forsooth that a man may seem to be good."

"This is what they are always repeating; and this, in my judgment, is an old wives' fable."

"Let them have the truth. In God is no unrighteousness at all; he is altogether righteous; and there is nothing more like him, than he of us who is most righteous."

"And the true wisdom of men and their nothingness and cowardice are nearly concerned with this."

"For to know this is true wisdom and manhood, and the ignorance of this is too plainly folly and vice."

"All other kinds of wisdom and cunning, which seem only, such as the wisdom of politicians or the wisdom of the arts, are coarse and vulgar."

"The unrighteous man, or the sayer and doer of unholy things, had far better not yield to the illusion that his roguery is cleverness."

"For men glory in their shame—they fancy they hear others saying of them, 'these are not mere good-for-nothing persons, burdens on the earth, but such as men should be who mean to dwell safely in a state.'"

"Let us tell them that they are all the more truly what they do not know that they are; for they do not know the penalty of injustice; which, above all things, they ought to know."

"Nor stripes and death, as they suppose which evil doers often escape, but a penalty which cannot be escaped."

"There are two patterns set before them in nature; the one blessed and divine, the other godless and wretched."

"And they do not see in their utter folly and infatuation, that they are growing like the one and unlike the other, by reason of their evil deeds; and the penalty is that they lead a life answering to the pattern which they resemble."

"And if we tell them that unless they depart from their cunning, the place of innocence will not receive them after death; and that here on earth they will live ever in the likeness of their own evil selves and with evil friends."

"When they hear this, they in their superior cunning will seem to be listening to fools."

THE DIVINE LAW.

"God, as the old tradition declares, holding in his hand the beginning, middle and end of all that is, moves according to his nature in a straight line toward the accomplishment of his end."

"Justice always follows him, and is the punisher of those who fall short of the divine law."

"To that law, he who would be happy holds fast and follows it in all humility and order."

"But he who is lifted up with pride, or money, or honor, or beauty, who has a soul hot with folly and youth and insolence, and thinks he has no need of a guide or ruler, but is himself to be the guide of others;—"

"He, I say, is left deserted of God; and being thus deserted, he takes to him others who are like himself, and dances about in wild confusion, and many think he is a great man;

"But in a short time he pays a penalty which justice cannot but approve, and is utterly destroyed, and his family and city with him."

THE SOUL.

"Of all things which a man has, next to the gods, his soul is divine and most truly his own."

"Wherefore I am right in bidding every one next to the gods, who are our masters, and those who in order follow them, to honor his own soul, which every one seems to honor, but no one honors as he ought."

"For honor is a divine good; and no evil thing is honorable."

"And he who thinks he can honor the soul by word or gift, or any sort of compliance, not making her in any way better, seems to honor her, but honors her not at all."

"For example, every man, in his very boyhood, fancies he is able to know everything, and thinks he honors his soul by praising her, and he is very ready to let her do whatever she may like."

"But I mean to say in acting thus, he only injures his soul, and does not honor her; whereas in our opinion, he ought to honor her as second only to the gods."

"Again, when a man thinks others are to be blamed, and not himself, for the errors he has committed, and the

many and great evils which befel him in consequence, and is always fancying himself to be exempt and innocent; he is under the idea that he is honoring his soul, whereas the very reverse is the fact, for he is really injuring her.

"Again, when one prefers beauty to virtue, what is this but the real and utter dishonor of the soul?

"For such a preference implies that the body is more honorable than the soul; and this is false, for there is nothing of earthly birth which is more honorable than the heavenly, and he who thinks otherwise of the soul, has no idea how he undervalues this possession.

"Nor again, when a person is willing, or not unwilling to acquire dishonest gains, does he then honor his soul with gifts?

"Far otherwise; he sells her glory and honor for a small piece of gold; but all the gold which is under or upon the earth is not to be given in exchange for virtue.

THE DIVINE NATURE.

"Whatever is beautiful, is so merely by participation of the Supreme Beauty.

"All other beauty may increase, decay, change or perish, but this is the same through all time.

"By raising our thoughts above all inferior beauties, we at length reach the Supreme Beauty, which is simple, pure and immortal, without form, color, or human qualities.

"It is the Splendor of the Divine image, it is Deity himself.

"Love of the Supreme Beauty renders a man divine.

"God provides for other things, the least as well as the greatest.

"He is the original life and force of all things, in the ethereal regions, upon the earth, and under the earth.

"He is the Being, the Unity, the Good—the same in the world of Intelligence that the sun is in the visible world.

"God is Truth, and Light is his shadow.

"What light and sight are to this visible world, truth and intelligence are in the real unchangeable world.

"The end and aim of all things should be to attain to the First Good, of which the sun is the type, and the material world, with its host of ministering spirits, is but the manifestation and shadow.

"The perfectly just man is he who loves justice for its own sake; not for the honors and advantages that attend; and is willing to pass for unjust while he practices the most exact justice; who will not suffer himself to be moved by disgrace or distress, but will continue steadfast in the love of justice, not because it is pleasant, but because it is right."

The writings of Plato are quite voluminous and might be profitably quoted at length, would space allow, but we must pass on. It will be easy for the reader to see his teachings are eminently moral and elevated, and that they have not been surpassed in any other direction. He taught his disciples to aspire to virtue and purity for the advantages they yield and not to escape the damnation and vengeance of an angry Deity. His philosophy has had a great influence in the world, and it is greatly to be regretted that it was not more generally adopted, rather than the relics of a cruder paganism; had this been so, it would have been happier for mankind.

We will next give a few quotations from the writings of MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONIUS, a Pagan Roman Emperor who lived in the second century. He had no connection with Christianity, and the force of his moral inculcations cannot be credited to that source.

"From my grandfather Verus I learned good morals and the government of my temper.

"From the reputation and remembrance of my father, modesty and manly character.

"From my mother, pity and beneficence, and abstinence, not only from evil deeds, but from evil thoughts; and further, simplicity in my way of living, far removed from the habits of the rich.

"From Diogenes, not to busy myself about trifling things, and not to give credit to what was said by miracle-workers and jugglers about incantations and the driving away of demons and such things.

"From Appolinus I learned freedom of will and undeviating steadiness of purpose; and to look to nothing else, not even for a moment, except to reason; and to be always the same, in sharp pains, on the occasion of the loss of a child, or in long illness. And from him I learned how to receive from friends what are esteemed favors, without being humbled by them, or letting them pass unnoticed.

"Labor not unwillingly, nor without regard to the common interest, nor without due consideration, nor with distraction; nor let studded ornament set off thy thoughts, and be not either a man of many words, or busy about too many things.

"And further, let the Deity which is in thee be the guardian of a living being, manly and of ripe age, who has taken his post, like a man waiting for a signal which summons him from life, and ready to go, having neither need of oath nor any man's testimony.

"Be cheerful, also, and seek not external help, nor the

tranquility which others give. A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.

"Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains;

"For he who has preferred to everything else his own intelligence and the demon within him, and the worship of its excellence acts no tragic part, does not groan, will not need much solitude or much company, and, what is chief of all, he will live without either pursuing, or flying from life;

"But whether for a longer or shorter time he shall have the soul enclosed in the body, he cares not at all;

"For even if he must depart immediately, he will go as readily as if he were going to do anything else which can be done with decency and order, taking care of this only all through life, that his thoughts turn not away from anything which belongs to an intelligent animal, and a member of a civil community.

"If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately.

"If thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy, and there is no man able to prevent this."

For want of room, we will have to omit for the present the moral teachings of EPICETUS, SENECA and other Romans, and conclude by giving a few extracts from the Arabian prophet MAHOMET, who claimed to write by divine dictation. We quote from the Koran:

"The pious is he who believeth in God, and who giveth his money to the needy.

"Those who perform their covenant with men in adversity (or excessive poverty) and affliction and disease, and do what is right, shall have their reward.

"A kind speech and forgiveness are better than alms, which harm and reproach followeth.

"Give the orphans when they come of age their substance, and render them not in exchange bad for good, and devour not their substance by adding it to your own; for this a great sin.

"Those who do evil ignorantly, and then repent speedily, to them will God be turned, for God is knowing and wise.

"Those who believe and do that which is right, we will bring into gardens watered by rivers; therein shall they remain forever.

"Show kindness unto your parents, whether the one or both of them attain to old age with thee; speak respectfully unto them, and submit to behave humbly toward them, out of tender affection.

"Meddle not with the substance of the orphan, unless it be to improve it. Perform your covenant, and give full measure, when you measure ought, and weigh with a just balance.

"Walk not proudly in the land.

"He who forgiveth, and is reconciled unto his enemy, shall receive his reward.

"Let not men laugh each other to scorn who peradventure may be better than themselves; neither let women laugh other women to scorn, who may possibly be better than themselves.

"Neither defame one another; nor call one another by opprobrious epithets.

"Consume not your wealth among yourselves in vain, nor present it to judges that ye may devour part of man's substance unjustly."

These quotations, from what are claimed to be "sacred writings" of various nations, could be continued indefinitely, but further room can hardly be spared. We think the reader will admit that in the extracts given, excellent moral sentiments are inculcated; that no immorality or vindictiveness, at all events, is manifested therein, and that in these respects they compare very favorably with the Christian Bible, which abounds with vengeance and terrible denunciations.

In the teachings of Jesus, even, which are claimed to be mildness and love *par excellence*, we find not a little of this denunciatory and vindictive character; witness such passages as the following, taken from what are said to be his words:

"He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned."

"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."

"But those mine enemies which would not that I reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me."

"I come not to bring peace, but a sword."

There are others of a similar character, but we will not quote farther now. It is, however, the spirit of such inculcations as these that gave authority for the

persecutions, tortures, wars and bloodshed which the Christian Church has employed. If its master declared those *should be damned who do not believe*, it of course deemed it had the right to persecute, to torture and to kill by the hundreds of thousands and millions; yes, hundreds of millions, and for the same reason.

We find none of this spirit of unreasonable cruelty, arbitrary demands, or vindictive threats in the teachings of any of the Pagan Sages and Philosophers from whom we have quoted, but instead, a spirit of kindness, justice and sympathy for the human race, and well would it have been for humanity had these superior teachings prevailed in the world in place of the cruel, blood-thirsty rule of the Christian Church.

Uncomplimentary Letter.

Among the many friendly and appreciative letters we receive from all parts of the country, we occasionally get one of an opposite character, and as we are rather fond of publishing those of the first class it is perhaps only just to occasionally give one of the latter. The following is one of these, and not to do our ex-patron injustice we will give his letter *verbatim et literatim*.

BELOIT, OHIO, Jan. 16th, 1875.

Mr. Bennett Dear Sir: Please Stop Your Truth Seeker. I do not See what good you Expect to Derive from Publishing such Nonsense and foolishness as is Printed in What you call the T. S. It most certainly mistakes its name and elings to Things and Doctrine That you and your Coajutors in spreading such pernicious Doctrine Poisoning the minds of the rising Generation; Desecrating everything that tends to Enoble man and tends to make home enjoyable. You Disrobe man of all; you Draw the Centre Bolt that Keeps Nations Governments and Hearthstones together: Send men and nations on the Ocean of Distrust and Unbelief like a clock without its Weights; all Confusion and Disorder.

Yours in the Hope of reform,

GEORGE SNODE.

REPLY.—We are of course sorry to lose a single patron, but more sorry that reading THE TRUTH SEEKER a year and a half has done Mr. Snode no more good. He seems to be as much in the dark as though he had never seen a Liberal paper. He appears to regard Free Thought and Free Speech with great disfavor. We, of course, regret to fail to meet his approbation in the course we are earnestly pursuing, but we cannot see that he has anything better to offer than the hireling priests have been dealing out for hundreds of years. Their fables and fallacies will not satisfy the enquiring, scientific minds of today. The thoughtful are reaching for a higher phase of truth than the superstitions of the past. We think we shall be content to pursue the highest truth we can find, in company with such men as Humboldt, Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, Mill, Crookes, Wallace, Draper, and other scientific men of that class, rather than to pick up the dry husks of error that old theology has to present, though we have to part company with Mr. George Snode.

We are also sorry that our friend in ordering THE TRUTH SEEKER stopped, did not deem it a matter of right and justice to pay for the time he has been served with it. He paid last year for Vol. I, but for the ten numbers of Vol. II which have been sent him not a cent has he paid. Among publishers it is usually considered honorable for a man, when he stops his paper, to pay up for the time he has had it. The law also declares a man bound to pay for a paper so long as he takes it from the post-office whether he ordered it or not. It is a very small matter to notify a publisher to discontinue his paper, or request his postmaster to do so, and to remit the amount in arrears. We hope none of our readers wish us to furnish the paper for nothing. Had Mr. Snode paid the seventy-five cents due us, we should think more of his religion, more of his honor, and part with him in friendship. We hope, too, he will some day obtain a better view of that which is true, and be less swayed by prejudice and early education.

We regret to learn in a letter from our patron, James Daniels, Ossian, Iowa, that Mr. Rosa, senior, a first-class Liberal and a generous-hearted man, has been badly gored by a furious bull. We hope to soon learn of the old gentleman's complete recovery—and we trust that bull won't do so any more.

Scientific Department.

On Tyndall's Materialism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER :

Though Tyndall, in his Manchester lecture, delivered since his address to the British Association, declined to give an opinion, then, on what he calls "the question of questions," as to whether all phenomena are the result of an organic growth, a single natural process from the beginning, or whether the passage from the inorganic to the organic forms, requires for their introduction special creative acts, he certainly, in the address, rejected the latter, or "clock-maker" conception of the origin of things; and declared that whenever theological influences are introduced into science they always produce delusions; and that, but for these influences, scientific men would never have accepted the idea of a detached Creator and have regarded him as using each successive geological stratum as a kind of bench for the manufacture of new species of plants and animals.

In criticising the address, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, (Smalley) says, that Tyndall did not shrink from "the terrible question of the origin of life;" that "abandoning all disguise," he took a "new departure," and proclaimed the doctrine of Materialism, but a *different* Materialism from that which his hearers supposed. But, says Smalley, whether this recognizing "in matter the promise and potency of every form of life" will, or will not, be repudiated by the Association, "it expresses so nearly the convictions of the greatest of its members" that he does "not know that any dissent by a numerical majority would be of much moment."

Abbot (*Index*, Sept. 17,) says, that he cannot see what "disguise" Tyndall has abandoned, or what "new departure" he has taken. Abbot says Tyndall explicitly said as much in 1868, and quotes: "You see I am not mincing matters, but avowing nakedly what many scientific thinkers more or less distinctly believe. The formation of a crystal, a plant, or an animal is, in their eyes, a purely mechanical problem." Tyndall includes in these thinkers the Evolutionists and Materialists who see the gradual production of all organic life out of inorganic matter. He says of the Materialist that, "I do not think that he is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and his molecular motions *explain* everything. In reality they explain nothing. The utmost he can affirm is the associations" of the phenomena of body and soul; but the problem of their connection "is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the pre-scientific ages."

Abbot says that, "neither of Tyndall's addresses [those of 1868 and 1874,] if carefully analyzed, will be found to state anything more pronounced in the direction of Materialism," than what Abbot stated two years earlier. Abbot does not "at all object to Tyndall's discernment in matter of 'the promise and potency of all terrestrial life;'" what he objects to is Tyndall's hesitation to accept a doctrine which Abbot does, "unqualifiedly accept, . . . the doctrine of 'spontaneous generation,' or the origination of life out of inorganic matter," which is "implied in the very idea of Evolution." (*Index*, Oct. 29.)

Tyndall, like Spencer, for reasons given, disbelieves in the evolution of life under experiments like those of Bastian; Abbot does believe in them, and affirms that Tyndall explicitly accepted, in 1868, the doctrine that physics alone [that is, the molecular groupings or inorganic matter] will account for the brain and all its motions of sensation, emotion and thought. But there is this important difference that whatever Tyndall *thought*, in 1868, he has now for the first time, declared that though he believes in the potency of matter, it is not such matter as modern Materialists postulate; he says, "we naturally and rightfully reject the monstrous notion that out of *such* matter any form of life could possibly arise."

Tyndall must have known that the above utterance carries the implication that the notions of such Evolutionists as Spencer and Abbot, and the notions of such Materialists as Buechner, Bradlaugh, and Underwood, are monstrous notions, since they all conceive that all the forms of life, with their correlated phenomena of sensation, emotion, and thought, have been evolved from dead matter, or atoms that never had life. Tyndall makes Bishop Butler the exponent of his own ideas as to the impotency of dead atoms to produce life, thought, etc., and Tyndall expresses, as his own idea, that which is expressed by Bayle, who said, that he had often wondered "why Leucippus and his atomic followers had not accepted the doctrine of an inherent vital principle in each atom, for which there is as much foundation as for the eternal inherent motion which they attribute to their individual atoms. It would, he said, have delivered them from much of their perplexity; from 'the thundering objection' of Plutarch and Galen; and from difficulties which can never be resolved by 'stretching our wits' as Lucretius and Gassendus have done." Galen asked, "if any one could picture or imagine how any combination of separate, sensationless, and individually dead atoms could run together and form sensation, emotion and thought." Boyle said, "such an hypothesis is as confused as that of Hesiod's chaos; but by

the means of the doctrine of *eternally living atoms* we may, he said, conceive that in their varied combinations, divers species of animals, modes of sensation, and varieties of thought, may arise. Tyndall represents the Bishop as using precisely the same argument that Galen used in the second century; and as reminding his "Lucretian" opponent that "the demand of the understanding for logical continuity between molecular process and the phenomena of consciousness . . . is a rock on which Materialism must inevitably split, whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy of life;" and that it was "to get rid of this monstrous deduction of life from death . . . that the great Liebnitz displaced the dead hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, nitrogen, phosphorous, and all the other atoms, dead as grains of shot, of which the brain is formed, . . . by his living monads."

Tyndall says, it is "indeed certain that these views [Darwin's and Spencer's] will undergo modification;" and that we must "open our doors freely to the conception of creative acts, or, abandoning them, radically change our notions of matter . . . as defined for generations in our scientific text books;" and that he now, abandoning all disguise, proclaims his belief in *eternally living matter*; and says that he sees that "all the phenomena of physical nature, as well as those of the human mind, have their unsearchable roots in a cosmical life."

This is a "new departure," Mr. Abbot to the contrary notwithstanding. Tyndall says, that the question raised is inevitable, and is approaching us with accelerated speed. It is a terrible question for the theologian, far more so than the other Materialistic hypothesis of the origin of life from dead atoms. Conflicting opinions are held respecting Tyndall's idea of eternally living matter. Mr. Weiss says the idea is *new*; but the fact is that it was held by Grecian philosophers 600 years before Christ, who saw

"Through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick and bursting into birth."

I endeavored more than four years ago, to introduce the discussion of the question in the *Index*, and earlier in the *Investigator*. Mr. Abbot derided the idea, said that the question could not be discussed, except at a considerable length; and that it was not true unless the geologists had blundered.

JOHN CHAPPELLSMITH.

New Harmony, Ind., Jan. 4th, 1875.

On the Nature of Time and Space.

BY A. O. GENUNG.

That marvelous factor in nature, the human mind, although approximating so near perfection in its several concomitants and belongings, as well as in its general mode of action, is subjected at times to erroneous impressions. The intellectual powers are not able to apprehend in their entirety the innumerable facts embraced in the material and moral world, that crowd for recognition, and it not unfrequently occurs that the most promising fabric reared in the understanding, after exercising a long and tenacious hold on the mind, has to be abandoned as unstable and worthless. Opinions which, in early life, appear incapable of change—so firmly fixed as to escape all the vicissitudes incident to time and experience—in maturer years lose their original significance, and are finally lost sight of and supplanted by others more in accordance with truth and accuracy.

The mind, like its adjunct, the organ of vision, is not without its mirage, inasmuch that it possesses the unhappy tendency to mirror facts in nature the reverse of that in which they really present themselves. And to extend the simile, the effects of the diverse phenomena of the external world on the mind, are not unlike that of the aurora on the retina; as the optic nerve no sooner becomes sensitive to the peaks and pinnacles of polar light, than through the sorcery of some occult law, they fade and are transfigured into other forms, so does the mind, after apparently solving some problem of the universe, find it necessary to reconsider the premises involved, and rear its superstructure on a more enduring foundation. The Athenian bard and philosopher, Euripides, had something akin to this in mind when he penned this aphorism: "There is nothing in the world, no glory, no prosperity. The gods toss all into confusion, mix everything with its reverse, that all of us, in our ignorance and uncertainty, may pay them the more worship and reverence."

The student of philosophy has earned his greatest meed of praise, and has accomplished his greatest victory when, untrammelled by the tyranny of preconceived ideas, he has learnt to unlearn, in that such a course will enable him to arrive at a still greater degree of accuracy in his deductions through repeated and successive efforts.

Among the diverse conceptions with which the human mind is accustomed at times to indulge, is that comprehending the character and signification of the conditions in nature designated by those seemingly simple, but intrinsically abstruse terms, Time and Space. Were we to vouchsafe the subject only casual or passing thought, these appellations would convey ideas of tangible realities, as much so when applied to things included in the province of physics, as right and wrong signify forces which exist inherent

in that of ethics. The belief appears to be general, even among the educated, and the idea is not without encouragement in our standard lexicons—that the correct and legitimate rendition of these words implies states which exist in and through themselves; that is, principles that occur in nature apart from, and independent of, a material universe. The average observer encounters a thousand examples in nature, that seem to corroborate such an assumption, every one of which appears so superlatively self-evident as to preclude the necessity for controversy. To one disposed to give the subject studious attention, however, it will readily appear that such a view is untenable and erroneous, that neither of these terms express ideas of physical conditions which may be properly regarded as absolute entities.

It is, perhaps, safe to assume that no principle embraced in the universe, possesses the attribute of making itself known to the senses, as existing separate and distinct from matter, not forging the several incidental forces which exist in nature, including indeed the human mind. It follows, then, as a legitimate and self-evident sequence, that both the principles, time and space, are not only inseparable from, but are also identical with, a material world, as much so as those properties of matter known as impenetrability, or the attraction of gravitation.

For convenience of illustration, we will examine the several data bearing on the two diverse shades of meaning of these terms in consecutive order, giving precedence to those relating to time. That a principle exists in nature which may be expressed by such colloquial terms as years, decades, centuries and cycles, is beyond dispute. From our earliest infancy we have this fact continually before us; still, it is readily ascertained that these words merely express to the judgment the idea of *motion*, as inherent in, and inseparable from, every phrase of material organization. Let us consider, for example, the space of time known as the civil year. This interval of duration embraces in whole numbers, twelve calendar months, or three hundred and sixty-five solar days, of sidereal computation. It will then appear evident to most persons, bearing in mind the fact that the year is capable of being divided into fractional parts termed months, and that each of these months is in its turn divisible into days, and remembering further that transactions that occur in January are certainly not enacted in May, that these facts must furnish conclusive evidence that time may exist in the character of an entity. But to arrive at accuracy in our estimates, it is only necessary to revert to the primal conditions which render the astronomical year, together with its concurrent factors, possible; and it will be seen that these conditions obtain, first, through the revolution of the earth around its primary orb, the sun; and second, through the revolutions of the moon around its primary, the earth; and third, through the earth's revolution on its own axis.

And another familiar example of the seeming passage of time, is that of a man engaged in walking, say from one street crossing to another. To the casual observer, this act appears to prove that a certain amount of "time" is necessary in accomplishing the journey, and that every object he encounters on the way, and every sound of his foot-fall, necessarily affords evidences of duration. But to elucidate the true aspect of such a circumstance, we will merely point out the fact that were it not for the principle of motion as manifested in a physical animal organization, viewed in relation to such material objects as may be encountered, the interval of duration occupied in making the passage, could not be conceived by the mind.

But the example which furnishes, perhaps, the most indubitable proof of all, in this connection, is the following: When we attempt to convey ideas of the fractional parts of a day, it is necessary to call into requisition some method of artificial measurement of duration, which can only be accomplished by employing *artificial motion*. This is exemplified in the origin, and in the universal use and application of the several terms hour, minute and second.

If we except the method of ascertaining the hour practiced by the Ancients, through the shadow cast by the gnomon in the sun-dial, which method was only applicable during a moiety of the interval occupied in the earth's diurnal revolution, no mode of determining the fractions of a day, other than that through arbitrary motion, has obtained in practice, from the primitive hour-glass used by our ancestors, to the complicated French clock resting on the mantel in the modern dwelling. We will take as a familiar example in illustration a common pocket chronometer. How every component part of this intricate piece of mechanism is calculated to subserve the purpose of causing its indicators or hands to move uniformly over a dial marked with intelligible characters, whose use is to designate the fractional parts of a day. This instrument, on first thought, appears to point out and record intervals of duration, and practically it accomplishes such an end; still, the actual result is merely to register the degree of force stored up in the springs of the instrument. Destroy the ingenious contrivance that records the fractions of a day, and the fractions themselves no longer exist. And through the same methods of reasoning, destroy the orbs involved in recording the fractions of a

year, and these fractions are also destroyed. Annihilate the physical Universe, and time itself is annihilated.

And the superficial observer is equally unfortunate in his estimate of the physical conditions implied by the term space. To most minds this word signifies a principle, which like time may exist in the character of an objective entity; but again we find such an assumption to be altogether wrong. It is indeed impossible for the mind to conceive of extension existing separate and apart from a material world, albeit an authority in lexicography defines space as being "extension considered independently of anything which it may contain; that which makes extended objects conceivable and possible." It may seem little less than pedantism to oppose the professed interpreters of a language, and in doing so to ignore the expositor of abstruse, physical phenomena, who through their writings have permitted such interpretations to obtain, yet we find it impossible to accept these definitions, as they appear only capable of leading to anarchy and confusion in the understanding. So far as respects the former of these definitions, it certainly can be demonstrated that the mind is unable to entertain an idea of extension considered apart from contents; and in relation to the latter, the conditions necessary for the existence of extended objects is, not the presence of extension or space, but the absence of alien matter.

To disabuse ourselves of erroneous impressions in this field of inquiry, it may be found profitable to examine the condition in nature designated by the term space, in connection with familiar surrounding objects. Let us consider as an example present to all, the principle believed to occupy the interval between two hills. Now, although the existence of this interval is sufficiently apparent to admit of measurement, and the fact being conceded that the distance may be rendered either greater or less by changing the relative position of the hills, still it is nevertheless true that to annihilate from the mind all ideas of this interval of extension it is only necessary to remove the objects. This idea will be made still clearer to the mind by the following illustration: It is apparent that should we gaze into the atmosphere which surrounds us, and endeavor to establish definite limitations in space, unaided by the presence of material objects, the act would simply end in failure.

Another circumstance encountered in common life which must be accounted for, is the fact that standards of measurement are common and indispensable in the arts and sciences. The workmen in wood and in the metals have their rules and scales; the surveyor can accomplish nothing without his "Gunter's" chain; and the mariner recognizes in every mark on his sounding-line on index to the character of suspicious waters. It would seem to follow that, such being the case, absolute space or extension is indispensable for the very existence of these several standards of measurement, in that they imply extension to be measured; and moreover, that the media themselves could not exist isolated from such a principle. But it will again be seen that, so far from such a solution being a correct one, a medium of measurement can only be applied to extended objects in nature, or in their relation one to another; and that the numerical characters themselves could not be expressed were it not for the material substance which either forms their essence, (as in the example of the surveyor's chain) or with which they are connected. And again, the same mode of ratiocination is applicable to purely arbitrary methods of measurement. An instance in point is that of an astronomer calculating by parallax the distance of a fixed star, from two opposite points in the earth's orbit. Destroy the conditions that render such a computation possible, and the interval of space supposed to occur between the earth and the star, no longer exists. And strike out and annihilate from the mind that infinite Universe which is ever manifesting itself through the countless multitudes of astral worlds that scintillate and blaze in their respective paths throughout the firmament, and there is no longer a possibility of, nor a necessity for, conceiving a principle of absolute space.

Still every observer of psychological phenomena is aware that the mind reverts, and postulates a primordial time when the Universe did not exist,—even in the form of an ethereal nebulous mass. We are apt to believe that under such circumstances, the mind still retains the impression of space as existing apart from limits; and we are all familiar with the fact that when we attempt to grasp the startling conception of unlimited space, the mind reels from its own insufficiency, and recoils upon itself powerless and abashed! But it is only in the effort of the intellect to unite the several intervals of extension which subsequent stellar and planetary organization has called into being, into a grand integral whole, that such a circumstance occurs.

It is not remarkable, however, that the common mind should regard the conception of space as being able to survive in consciousness when all contents are expelled, when acute metaphysicians have suffered the same misapprehension. A question so occult in its character as to employ the attention—for illustrious examples—of such thinkers as Emanuel Kant, and Herbert Spencer, is well calculated to confound minds of average capacity.

The popular idea that there is no end to time, and no limit to space, is, however, in a sense correct, in that the universal, which gives occasion for these terms, is itself probably endless in duration and unlimited in extent. Infinite ages anterior to the time when man first left the impress of his foot on the soil of earth, did the world in some form exist; and other countless ages after we shall have passed away, will planets, suns, and constellations move on in their majestic courses through the azure vault above? And sweets of space so vast and unfathomable as to be expressed only by "distances that are counted only in heaven," stretch out from centre to circumference, till they multiply themselves into a fearful and unutterable product!

It is, however, quite apparent, that both the terms, time and space, considered as implying states which exist as absolute and objective entities, are misleading in their tendency. The true solution to the difficulty of their comprehension lies in regarding them as strictly relative terms, and it is indeed, only in this sense that they can convey to the mind any meaning whatever.

The Bible and Science.

[This letter is the last of a series, and therefore will not be so fully understood.]

To the Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of New York University:

MY DEAR FRIEND: You preface your last night's Lecture, "the Bible on the side of Science," by admitting, by asserting, the conflict between "Religion and Science," but denying any inharmoniousness between the "Bible and Science." Pray, why has Religion ever opposed Science? Simply because Science contradicts the Bible! For no other reason on earth has there ever been a conflict between "Religion and Science," than because there has been one between the "Bible and Science." The conflict between "Religion and Science" has been an effect, of which the conflict between the "Bible and Science" has been the cause! Merely stating this is forcing you and everybody else to see it! And then you have annihilated your whole Lecture, even before you have begun. Shall I quote to you, that "a short horse is soon curried"? I will not, but proceed.

If you say it is not the Bible, but only a wrong interpretation of that book, that has hitherto led men to oppose Science, then you say that up to this time, men have either had a false Bible, or they have had no Bible. They have had what they got out of the Bible, what it revealed—and it revealed that or it revealed nothing! Take either horn!

And you can put your finger on the very passage where Timothy Dwight, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College, and the greatest divine New England ever produced, says in his System of Christian Theology, that we have just as much reason to believe Creation took place in the precise manner narrated in the first chapter of Genesis, involving the six days of twenty-four hours each, as we have to believe it took place at all!

So, you yourself and all the rest have given up Genesis as it plainly reads and teaches—you are Infidel to it, Dwight himself being judge!

And you are all giving up everything as fast as Science drives you to—but still you will have it that it is the same old jackknife!

But what also kills you before you start, and what you have got to meet if you talk about Science, is that your infinite Universe makes impossible the very God who is to give you Bible! And that infinite Universe is the very foundation of Science! Here you are again!

But passing this, your whole Lecture, instead of manfully grappling with the difficulties confronting you, is a pusillanimous running off after false issues, a pitiful begging the question:

1. Your first argument to show the Bible on the side of Science is, that "Bible men" founded the Colleges and Universities, both in Europe and this country, which have educated the Scientists! Only the same "Bible men" who were all the time giving up the Bible, and becoming Infidels, but still dreamed the book good as new!

2. Your second argument is that "the very first Scientists are Bible men"! Only as they have given up almost the whole Bible, but still don't know but it's the same old jackknife! And yet are persecuted in one way or another for doing it, even to Newton himself! And in so far as they stuck to the Bible, made such mistakes (Newton's Gravity, Kepler's Laws and the like,) as Science now has to repudiate! And how about many of those who like Halley, Laplace and Humboldt, were Atheists? And how about Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Wallace, Lyell, Helmholtz, and Youmans now?

3. Your third and fourth arguments directly assert and overwhelmingly prove, the Bible opposed to Science, thus: You make it teach that the Jewish Jehovah sent "hailstones" to help General Joshua rout his enemies in battle! And that he rained aerolites to help Colonel Deborah and Corporal Barak destroy the army of Sisera! And I understood you to vouch for the Sun and Moon standing still, on a similar august occasion and for a like end! And you say that Evolution is as utterly foreign to Science as the South Sea

Bubble! And you reveal your caliber and animus, in calling Spencer, Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, and Tyndall, "clever wags"! And yet you say "no such strong evidence for any fact cognizable to man can be gathered, as the evidences for the divine authorship of the Bible" which tells all these monstrous falsehoods, ten-fold more falsehoods than any other book in the English language, since it is the oldest book in the language, and so must tell most that is false! And you say that all our Civilization rests on the Bible, when for hundreds of years we have been having to outgrow the Bible, in order to reach our present Civilization—outgrow Slavery, and Witchcraft, and the Puritan Blue Laws, and Persecution (and we haven't got beyond it yet), and the four hundred mortal sins the Bible required to be punished with death, and the superstition that taught that a supernatural God did everything, and that made men look to him to do everything for them, and the religion that commanded to let all go but taking care of the soul and preparing for another world, and the awful holiness that solemnly warned against Science, and human, "carnal" Reason!—yes, the Bible had its origin in the absolute heathenism of a Baby-World, and you tell us it is the source of Civilization! And then you end all with preaching to us! It is your right, and we accept it, but the whole will go down to history as a most astounding marvel, the unapproachable miracle of the Nineteenth Century! That Chancellor Crosby, of the New York University, representing the Science of the world, speaking from the stand-point of the Advanced Knowledge of to-day, in one instant should shrivel and shrink to rehabilitating Balaam's ass, Jonah and the whale, Noah's flood, rams' horns, quails three feet deep, and all the rest, even to the jaw-bone of an ass! Who ever heard of such a fall before—to the insane drivels of Cotton Mather, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, and the very depths of the Dark Ages!

At least I am kind, and also the Scientists will forgive you, though they will protest that they will hereafter choose their own bedfellows! But you ought to know that everybody is Infidel to the Bible; nobody believes it; the book is so outrageous and outlandish, nobody can believe it; there is not a page nor at last a single chapter, which is not full of the ignorance, superstition, absurdities and falsehoods of the dark age in which it was written: the whole account of Creation, in Genesis, means all those ridiculous and contemptible lies it tells—everything manufactured out of nothing; light three days before there was any Sun; all the rest of the heavenly bodies for the Earth; down to a man rolled out of clay, and then galvanized into life by breathing into his nostrils, and a woman made as an after-thought, out of one of his ribs; and all the plants and herbs of the field improvised before they grew, because it had not rained yet—created first, and stuck into the ground afterward [Gen. ii. 5.]; and even, the herbs and trees bringing forth and ripening their seeds and fruits, before there was any Sunlight [Gen. i. 11, 12.]; and God so utterly exhausted by his tremendous job, that he had to rest and "refresh" himself (the only reason for our holy Sabbath!)—besides the Bible asserting in one place that a certain king began to reign when he was two-and-twenty years old, but in another, when he was forty-two, and this last making a boy two years older than his father! [2 Kings viii, 16, 17, 25, 26: 2 Chron. xxi, 20: xxii, 2, 2.] Even you do not believe that, and then you are an Infidel! And all this time, the greatest falsehood in the whole, and running through the whole, that there was ever any more any being, to create, make Bible, and do all this, than there is to-day—but that their mere ignorance, which we have outgrown!

And so the only reason people think they believe such a book, is that they have explained it all away and made another out of it: to that first, old, real Bible they are Infidel, but they have put a new meaning into it and that they accept: they have corrected "Almighty God," just as the Foreign Bible Society corrected the mistake which makes the boy two years older than his father, but the American Bible Society has not! What fools, ever to have dreamed that there could be such a thing as an infallible book! Or then a Bible! So infinitely ridiculous that one day they will say that any man who ever thought so was a heathen, and tell the truth!

Chancellor Crosby, you are immortal! You have illustriously put your foot in it. People now will know the worth of all these Universities you extol, by the head of one of them believing in a snake talking to a woman, and universal Nature changed from the eating of an apple! No wonder it takes a University to write underneath that, "This is Science!"

But you dare not discuss. We defy you. There are a thousand persons in this city who would meet you to-morrow night! They would answer the affirmations you put in your third and fourth arguments, which I have not had time to. Believe me your brother for something better than heathenism can give us, as also, your friend willing to take as hard blows on Gravity or anything else, as I have given you on the Bible,

Dec. 8, 1874.

JOSEPH TREAT, M.D.

"SINCE the murder of Hypatia in the fifth century, when the polished blade of Greek philosophy was broken by the club of ignorant Catholic Christianity, Until to-day, superstition has detested every effort of reason"

Editors' Notes.

ENQUIRIES have sometimes been made of us whether Volume II of THE TRUTH SEEKER will be bound when completed. We have to reply that a limited number will be bound. We are saving numbers for the purpose. Those who wish a bound copy of the Second Volume will do well to send in their names before the expiration of the term. Orders filled as received—first come, first served.

Persons to whom sample copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER are sent, are requested, if they approve of the objects and aims of the paper, to give it their encouragement by allowing us to add their names to our list of patrons. There are thousands of Liberals in the country whose names should be on our list but are not.

OBITUARY NOTICES of the deaths of Liberals and friends of Free Thought will be inserted in our columns if the same are sent us by surviving friends.

Renewed Offers.

We are anxious to extend the circulation of THE TRUTH SEEKER so far as possible, and are disposed to give all the encouragement we can to the movement.

For \$1.75 we will send THE TRUTH SEEKER post-paid for one year, and a copy of "Blakeman's 200 Poetical Riddles."

For \$2 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, "Blakeman's 200 Poetical Riddles," and either of the following works: "Lamb's Essays of Elia," Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," "Sentimental Journal," "Colleen Bawn," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Arabian Nights," "Burns' Poems," "Moore's Poems," "Milton's Poems," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Bell-ringer of Notre Dame," "Scottish Chiefs," or either of Marryat's Novels.

For \$2.25 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, "Blakeman's Riddles," and Byron's complete works.

For \$2.50 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, "Blakeman's Riddles," Shakespeare's complete works, and either of the works named in the paragraph above.

For \$2.50 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, and a copy of "The Heathens of the Heath," paper.

For \$3.00 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, and a copy of "The Heathens of the Heath," cloth.

For \$3.50 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, Shakespeare's, Byron's, Goldsmith's and Milton's complete works.

For \$3.00 THE TRUTH SEEKER and a set of Roger's best silver-plated Tea-spoons, which retail at \$3.50.

For \$3.75 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, and a set of Rogers' best silver-plated table-spoons, which sell at \$5.00.

For \$4.00 THE TRUTH SEEKER, *The Ladies' Own Magazine*, a fine oil chromo in sixteen colors, and a set of Rogers' silver-plated tea-spoons.

For \$5.50 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, and one of "Calkin's Champion Washing Machines," which the Company invariably sell at \$7.50. They are decidedly one of the best washing machines in use. Over 60,000 have been sold within two years—more than have been sold of any other washer in the same time. For representation and description see 14th page. The papers and premiums sent to one or more parties as desired. The papers and books always sent post-paid by mail; the washer and spoons by express.

Here, friends, are liberal offers. Those who accept them will obtain more than their money's worth in every instance. We hope every friend of the cause will take interest enough in THE TRUTH SEEKER to send us a few names, at least, upon some of the above propositions.

TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS.

We will still send THE TRUTH SEEKER three months to trial subscribers for 25 cents.

For 35 cents the Paper three months, and a copy of "Blakeman's 200 Poetical Riddles."

For 50 cents the Paper three months, and either of the works mentioned in paragraph third, up above.

For 65 cents the Paper three months, and Goldsmith's Works, complete, illustrated, 375 pages.

For 75 cents the Paper three months, and either

Byron's complete works, 650 pages, and 21 illustrations, or Shakespeare's complete works, 1000 pages and 36 illustrations.

All postage prepaid.

Here is a fine opportunity to obtain standard works at half price, and THE TRUTH SEEKER three months included. The names of many trial subscribers have been received, and we are anxious for thousands more. Friends of THE TRUTH SEEKER, please make a little effort to send us all the trial subscribers you can. The outlay is very small, and the good resulting from it may be considerable. Let us hear from you.

True, "the times are hard;" we are in a position to realize it. While all are struggling to get through "the pinch," let THE TRUTH SEEKER not be forgotten.

PATENT BINDERS FOR THE TRUTH SEEKER.—Let us again call the attention of our readers to this convenient article. We now have a supply of them on hand. They hold the papers firmly, and are easily adjusted. The name, Truth Seeker, is in gold letters on the front cover. They are neatly made and give good satisfaction. Price, \$1.10.

E. B. CAMPBELL, Armstrong Grove, Iowa, acknowledges the receipt of a large package of clothing, etc., from G. L. Henderson and J. L. Hamilton of this city, sent out for the benefit of the sufferers in "the grasshopper region." We hope many poor sufferers in that locality are kept from freezing by the clothing thus generously contributed.

In our last issue we called the attention of our readers to the advertisement of our friends and co-workers in the Liberal cause, G. L. Henderson and H. B. Brown. We again call attention to a fuller statement of their New Enterprise contained in the Supplement accompanying this number. We recommend them as entirely reliable.

ANTIQUITY OF CHRISTIANITY.—A pamphlet of 60 pages, by John Alberger, of Baltimore, published by Charles P. Somerby, 36 Dey street, New York. A concise examination and review of the origin and character of Christianity. The author has made thorough research in ancient church history. Quotations are made from the Christian fathers and early writers. He shows conclusively that the Christian fables were not original in Judea or Jerusalem, and that other nations hundreds of years before the Christian era had their saviors and that all the dogmas and ceremonies of the Christian Church were borrowed from the older heathen nations. As a text-book for authorities, for the information it imparts, it possesses much value. Price 35 cents. We will cheerfully mail it to any address.

CULTIVATION OF ART, and its relation to Religious Puritanism. A pamphlet of 48 pages, published by Chas. P. Somerby. An able treatise on the rise, progress and cultivation of art in different nations and its connection with religion in the past and present. Price 25 cents.

D. R. BURT, Dunleith, Ill. This staunch, sterling Liberal has just spent a few days in our city, on his way to the Paine Hall dedication in Boston, and we had an opportunity of making his acquaintance, and we found him one of the most agreeable, genial, intelligent persons we ever met. He is seventy years of age but seems as active and vigorous as a man of fifty. He has been an active business man for half a century, and has accumulated a comfortable competence. He is firm and unshaken in Liberalism and has been for many years. As the evening of his life approaches, he feels no lessening in the force of his life-time convictions, and appears to be more and more convinced of the correctness of the truths he in early life espoused. It does one good to meet such a hearty, happy person, and to feel the peaceful, inspiring influence he imparts.

As we write, Thomas Paine's birthday is drawing near, when the fine Hall which has this season been erected in Boston will be dedicated. We hope to be able to be present.

In the last *Investigator* we find the following kind notice of us.

"THE TRUTH SEEKER looks well, reads well, and we hope is well supported. Its Editor understands the rare art of making a good paper."

We thank our kind friends of *The Investigator* for their friendly words. We certainly wish them the prosperity and patronage commensurate with their earnest, efficient and long continued efforts in the cause of truth.

To show the potency and deadliness of some poisons, we call attention to experiments recently made by a French scientist and microscopist who took one drop of blood from a putrid animal and diluted it with a thousand drops of water and injected one drop of this into a live pig, which soon died from the effects of the poison. One drop of the blood from the dead pig was then blended with a thousand drops of water as before, and one drop of this was injected into another healthy pig which also died. Then a drop of the blood from the second dead pig was diluted with one thousand drops of water, and that injected into the third pig, and produced death as before. This operation was faithfully repeated—taking one drop of blood and adding to it a thousand drops of water and injecting a minute quantity of this into another pig until the fourteenth pig died from the poison. The last pig could not have received one-billionth part of the first drop of poisoned blood. It must, indeed, have been a virulent poison.

Conversation about Society and Churches.

BY G. L. HENDERSON.

DAUGHTER.—I do recognize the existence of industrial and professional men. But your closing remark is really an exposition of the weakness and worthlessness of a class who you still insist ought to continue in some form or other, as important and beneficent servants of man, or as important organs of the social body, whose function cannot be dispensed with.

FATHER.—Indeed I do insist that a specialized organ and its function become indispensable so long as the conditions remain under which their existence began. I freely admit the relative imperfection of all who have served the human race in the past, and you must bear in mind that where ignorance barred the way to progress and happiness it affected all alike. The shoemaker, in order to have the neat foot, tortured himself as well as his customer. The tailor, the dress-maker, while making garments for others on the plan of separating the abdominal from the thoracic viscera, had themselves to become models of the beauty which their art was supposed to create. The physician swallowed his own poison when sick as freely as he would order his patient to do so. So with the priest, who has led, as well as the devotee, who has followed. They have scourged themselves, starved themselves, imprisoned themselves, mutilated themselves in order that self-indulgence should not only cease, but that it might be impossible. Denying themselves every luxury attainable through the senses, in order that they might compel and enforce some degree of self-denial on others. All this resting upon the idea that piled up agony was the stepping-stone to bliss, the ladder by which to ascend to heaven, had not this idea taken root in the mind and found in the priest one who was not only willing to preach it, but also willing to practice it, man would to-day be still a naked savage, seeking shelter among rocks and dens like a wild beast, subsisting on human flesh, and at each meal devouring his last mouthful, to be again impelled by famine to seek for food, his life being a mere succession of hunger, apprehension and of terror. His wife a slave, his child a wolf's cub, a commodity both to be killed and sold as caprice or necessity might direct.

A time came when the priest—man's first philosopher—taught him to eat less to-day in order that he might have something to eat to-morrow. This taught him to live beyond the present hour, an accident then as now revealed to the wise man of the tribe, the fact that salt prevented the decay of flesh, and that food plenty to-day could be saved to supply the deficiency of to-morrow. Hence a surplus. That surplus gradually increasing, rendered it possible for this wise man to withdraw from the industrial to the contemplative life. Even his withdrawal from the love of woman, home, society, intensified his contemplative powers, and bore a rich harvest to society, in creating a class, from whom have sprung the arts of sculpture, architecture, painting and music. The first enabled man to transform the rock into an object of beauty, an ideal form. The second enabled him to rear dwellings and temples. The first became the home of his person and its adjuncts; the latter, the home of his gods, angels and saints—his ideals. At first he is content to live himself in a hovel in order that his ideals might live in a palace. His own dwelling interested himself alone, it being the product of

his solitary toil. While the temple, the home of the gods, angels and saints interested all, and was therefore the product of all, and in grandeur, beauty and solidity, as much excelled the individual home as the aggregate wealth exceeds the individual wealth.

In painting, man seeks pleasure in the sense of beauty. Through this art mortality puts on immortality. The great masters have transferred to canvas the transcendent beauty of women, her tapering limbs, on whose transparent surface are seen the blue veins like streams of unsurpassed beauty winding around the voluptuous form now like a great river, now like a thread of azure, seeking inaccessible recesses as a little stream hides among the beautiful hills. The lips rioting in all the heart's wealth of blood as ripe fruit has stolen the sunlight, so beautiful indeed that we dare not touch it lest it vanish from sight; and the eye, mysterious orb, "inaccessible to itself," as it is indistinguishable by us, the dumb exponent of the soul within. It speaks without a voice, it pleads without a tongue, its beauty feeds you, but the sense of hunger remains. The painter trembles as he attempts, through you, to lift the veil that hides the soul within. When he can make the eye tell its tale of sorrow, grief or love, as did the artist who painted the sister of Garibaldi's priest in the act of interposing her own beautiful form between her brother and death from a dozen muskets leveled at his breast.

Here the eye told of fear, but it was not the fear of death to her. It told of love so deep, so all-absorbing, that had she possessed a thousand lives, she would have given them all away for his, as "frankly as a pin." It told of pity for the poor soldiers who were compelled to put to death their own best friend. In this Italian maid divinity stood revealed, with her crown of black hair floating in the wind. Her upraised hand, so fair, so spiritual that the sunbeams played through it. Her parted lips, and heaving breast; her eye, in which fear, pity, reverence, love all found utterance.

The brother trembles lest she whom he adores should even be touched by the rude winds of heaven. The soldiers drop their muskets in terror, and shut their eyes in horror to even conceive it possible that their hands should commit the sacrilege of wounding or even frightening a vision so fair. Thousands have gazed and wondered and worshiped at the shrine of this divine product of art. Though those beautiful forms must go back to dust in the earth, iron in the mine, and lime in the rock. The subjective, the ideal becomes immortal and transfers itself to succeeding forms through infinite time. The thinker evolves them in his inmost thoughts, crystalizes them in words and leaves them as a legacy to his race. The painter in a moment of inspiration transfers them to the canvas, and thus defies the grave to entomb the beautiful.

D.—I can hardly realize that in the short space of a thousand years a savage could, through any agency, be transformed from the beast, impelled by hunger and governed only by desire, eating human flesh, and ready to push into the grave wife or child, in order to prolong his own miserable existence, a century of which would now be deemed a poor exchange for one moment of life such as the beautiful Italian maid felt when she pushed her good brother—the true priest—back from the grave, and begged his life in exchange for her own.

I see everything in a new light now. The wisdom of the past may indeed become the folly of to-day. The stern, self-abnegation of the father which, in this wild search after justice, could be satisfied only with the death of God or the eternal torture of men, offering heaven and immortality to him who had crucified the flesh, and had scorned the pleasures of sense. And this crown of immortal glory was after all to be the offering of grace, and not the reward of merit, a something given because of the wish to do rather than from the fact of having done anything to deserve it. Since self-denial leads to such sublime possibilities, even though the steps be slow and the path crooked. From the cloister of the Middle Ages looked the prophetic eye of Roger Bacon, and saw steam and fire harnessed to the carriage not of the king, but of the people; and the air, like the sea, plowed by ships out-stripping the eagle in his flight as they pierce the ethereal blue. His philosophic eye gazed with wonder as he saw the sublime transmutations of matter from gas to solid and from solid to gas. The ignorant multitude clamored for his life, and but for the protection of a pope the father of chemistry would have been consumed in his own crucible in the prime of his life, and our civilization held back five hundred years.

But before closing this conversation, allow me to recall that part which referred specially to the doctrine of atonement for sin. The ethics of an early age, and to a great extent the ethics of the present, rests upon the idea of punishment for crime, being in some degree proportionate to the offense, and therefore its equivalent, as an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. You introduced as a means of illuminating the subject the idea of a weight equal to a pound, from which you went on to produce other pounds of any substance without end. Keep in view that each reproduced equivalent, left the original pound weight untouched or unchanged, and you left

the inference to be drawn that, as in matter, so in ethics. The first offense could not be extinguished by the reproduction of any number of equal or similar offenses, and that to punish an offense would be simply reproducing it, and that if the first was wrong every subsequent reproduction would also be wrong. You have told me yourself about a judge who was about to pronounce sentence of death upon a boy who had stolen a sheep, and who complained that it was very hard indeed that his life should be taken as an equivalent for a sheep worth only 5s. sterling.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Illness of the Pope.

"The Pontiff is suffering from a chill. Serious alarms are entertained. Being born in 1792, he is now eighty-three years of age, and any new attack added to the gout, from which he is continually suffering, may bring fatal consequences. . . . The demise of the head of the Catholic Church might prove the signal for a general conflagration in Europe still more effectually than any number of German troops."—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*, Jan. 19th.]

The Pope is like to die!

Well, what then?

What is that to you or I?

Not a pin!

Or if other human frauds,

Whom designing people laud,

Left their superstitious gauds

With their sin?

He is eighty-three years old;

What a life!

Selfish icicle so cold—

Child or wife,

Or the ties that true men feel,

That creation's plan reveal,

This mock-god would fain conceal;

Foolish strife!

Why the world should tolerate

In our day,

This self-sanctified old cheat,

Truth may say,

And the *gout*, with torture twist,

That great toe which fools have kissed,

Or the Infallible resist—

—Growing gray.

Why should Europe go ablaze

When he's gone?

Is it that "St. Peter's keys"

One by one,

Should lose their rusty catch

On the minds beneath their latch,

And that reason, like a match,

Light them on.

This puppet, made by kings

As an aid

To fetter reason's wings,

And degrade;

And in the name of God,

Let the toilers' necks be trod,

Till they bow and kiss the rod.

While they're made

The slave producing slave—

Take, O take unto the grave,

This soul-broker, who on heaven and

Hell can trade.

P. E. C.

Woman vs. The Bible.

We heard some one say, not long since, that but for the women supporters of orthodoxy, the Christian Church could not long maintain its stand with all its humbug and nonsense. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." We can account for this only on the hypothesis, that men are more spiritual than women. That the latter in their reach after the higher and better—the spiritual—cling to the Church, the accepted type of spirituality. I know most women will denounce this statement as false. I accept it and immediately jump at my conclusion. Women reach up after the spiritual; men reach down after the material. I am sure reaching up is the most creditable. Women, the types of materiality, get fearfully taken in by these spiritual reachers. 'Tis true, many women have failed to discover any trace of spirituality, after long years of study, in the masculine types, by whom fate has surrounded them. Caught by creatures of grace, only to find them graceless creatures after all. I constitute myself a special pleader for the much-abused, sterner sex; and the spirituality is there, only you haven't, dear sisters, discovered the way to it.

Women are indeed the powers that move the world, and it certainly is on the eve of an immense stride forward, since they are at last asserting themselves, rousing to the absurdities and nonsense so long palmed off as truth. They are wakening to the fact that *man* is not their oppressor. That the disabilities and restrictions which have so long narrowed their sphere,

and cramped their powers, are not the result of *man's* oppression, but of the ignorance and false ideas upheld more strongly by themselves than by men. We have long since forgiven Eve and her apple (?) for the little trick she played us, but we will never forgive Christianity nor its founder for the miserable *pigeon-hole* assigned us in the world. If Paul had had much of an insight into feminine character, he would never have commanded woman to be *silent anywhere*, knowing that the tongue was the only weapon left her to use, and that she *would use it* in spite of him. Predominating now in the church, they have almost the whole say. Church and church societies have been almost the *only change* for women in the past, from the narrow sphere of home. We have nothing to thank for the enlargement of our bounds but free-thought and liberal ideas. They have shown us our wings, and that no limit can be put upon us but the limit of our own capacities. Few of us will become eagles in our soarings, and be enabled to bask in the glories of upper air; but even fluttering from branch to branch will be an immense satisfaction to us, who have so long been compelled to brood quietly in the home nest, watching the flight of our more fortunate brothers, often secretly comparing our wings with theirs, and feeling sure, if opportunity were given, we could many times outsoar them. The bulk of the liberal-minded women of to-day, while still clinging to the Bible as the word of God, and upholding its teaching, have only reached their present position by violating it both in spirit and letter.

Liberal ideas and Christianity are not compatible. To be a Christian is to blindly believe. To be a Liberal is to search and think for oneself. The term Liberal Christian is a paradox. Let the world disabuse itself of the idea that the two can go hand in hand. I said I could not forgive Christianity for its narrowness; rather I cannot forgive those who grope in darkness to-day, while the light of truth illumines the world.

A woman lecturer has recently admirably pictured the posture of Christianity. She says: "The last argument which is to crush us is the authority of the Bible. Frederick Maurice warned people of the danger they ran, when they 'turned the bread of life into stones to cast at their enemies.'

"Now, passing by the fact that many of us do not consider the Bible as the bread of life in any sense, I would suggest that, using it as a pebble to sling at the forehead of Liberty, has not in the past tended to exalt it, nor is it likely to be more successful in the future. For centuries Religion has stood with the Bible in her lifted hand, warning back each wave of the rising tide of liberty, and each wave has rippled forward, regardless of her threat.

"Let every soul be subject to the higher powers," said the Bible to Cromwell; and Cromwell, though he took off his hat to the Bible, struck down the tyrant who strove to enchain the people.

"Honor the king," said the Bible to Washington, and Washington defied the king and founded the American Republic.

"If a city be withdrawn to serve strange gods, thou shalt surely smite that city with the edge of the sword, destroying it utterly," said the Bible to Alva, and Alva obediently hurried the Netherlands, and the people rose, fought for their lives and won.

"Cursed is Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren," said the Bible from ten thousand pulpits; but men arose, and swore, Bible or no Bible, slaves should go free.

"The Bible! why, it has bolstered up every injustice, bulwarked every tyranny, defended every wrong! With toil, and pain, and bloodshed have the soldiers of liberty wrung from the reluctant hands of priests and Bible-worshippers, every charter of our freedom, every triumph of our cause. But take heart, you who cling to your Bibles, as soon as we have gained this one step forward, as soon as it rings through the land that women are no longer in subjection, you will be able to claim as the offspring of your Christianity, that which, at its birth you anathematized. Each trophy of advancement, each symbol of triumph is claimed by the bibliolater as his, as soon as it becomes popular. You will be able to find in your Bibles a sanction for the development of womanhood, even as you have found room in the six days of Genesis for the vast cons of geology, and space in the petty firmament of Moses for the mighty facts of astronomy. The Bible is claimed as the true parent of freedom. It is the spirit of Christianity that has done all this, you say; when the letter said "kill," it meant "preserve;" when "obey," it meant "resist;" when "enslave," it meant "set free." So take courage, ye worshippers of a book, your idol will fall once more, but it can be re-mended. We mean to set woman free, to follow the guiding hand of nature; to fulfil every fair capability of her being; to develop every noble, intellectual power, and every passionate longing of her heart. Little care we whether or not our work squares with the rules of an old Eastern civilization. If Religion and the Bible grapple with us and try to stop or destroy, they must either stand aside or fall."

As we finished reading the admirable lecture, we felt that the *first Savior* of mankind did his work very imperfectly. His unfinished job must be completed. And that is being accomplished by Saviors in petticoats.

DI VERNON.

Jesus as Seen by Mr. Underwood.

EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER:—In his first article on "Jesus Not a Perfect Character," Mr. B. F. Underwood accused him of teaching men to "take no thought for the morrow." In this Mr. Underwood followed our common English version of the New Testament. In criticising Mr. Underwood's position I called attention to the fact, that, the original Greek of the New Testament showed Jesus as saying a very different thing. The word he used was *merimnao* (your compositor mistook, and made it *moridoro*); I said that *merimnao* does not mean "to take thought," but it means "to be anxious." And thus it should have been translated for English readers; Jesus' real saying being, "Be not anxious for the morrow."

Mr. Underwood, in rejoining, says: "Now the fact is the Greek word mentioned has, like almost every other word, different shades of meaning. The exact meaning of such a word can be known only by the connection in which it is used. In the passage referred to, it is true the morrow does not mean the morrow must not be thought of, that the contemplation of it must be excluded from the mind; but it does mean not simply that we must not be 'torn with anxiety,' but that we must have no care or concern about the morrow in regard to worldly matters, that we should be entirely occupied with spiritual affairs."

It was not simply *anxiety*, as we understand the word, that Jesus forbade, but what we to-day would consider thoughtful good for the future. I will quote from the Sermon on the Mount. Mr. Underwood then quotes Matt. vi: 25-34.

Mr. Underwood is careless. As a lecturer, at this season, his mind is too much occupied for newspaper controversy. But, had he taken time, and looked into his Greek dictionary, he would have found that "anxiety" is the very essence of the word *merimnao*. No "shade of meaning" possible can make it mean less or other than "to be anxious." Jesus said, exactly, precisely, and only, "Be not anxious for the morrow." And no sound scholarship can, by any possibility, make the phrase under consideration mean anything else.

In the passage where the disputed word occurs, Jesus utters the phrase, as translated at present, "For after all these things [i. e. food and clothing,] do the Gentiles seek." This sentence Mr. Underwood italicises. He does so to make it appear that Jesus looked upon providing food—e. g. going a-fishing—as a heathenish act, Christians were to avoid it. Again Mr. Underwood would have done well to have consulted his Greek dictionary. He would have found that the word in the above quotation, translated "seek," needed revision. The Greek word *zeteo* means "to seek." That word occurs in a sentence soon following the one about "the Gentiles." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," etc. In the sentence about "the Gentiles," the word translated "seek" is not "zeteo" but "epizeteo." The addition of the word "epi" to "zeteo," makes it mean "to seek with anxiety or misgiving or apprehension." Jesus' disciples sought food by fishing; and once, at least, we read he helped them at it. He was consistent with his teachings.

Mr. Underwood says, "Jesus taught we should be entirely occupied with spiritual affairs." Certainly, if Jesus said "take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on." But I have shown, beyond any possibility of dispute, that he did not say that. Mr. Underwood is probably confirmed in his error by his misunderstanding of the nature of the business Jesus enjoined. For Jesus did enjoin a business in these words: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Almost every one has been accustomed to confound the phrase "kingdom of heaven" with the word "heaven." Hence they have understood Jesus to mean, in the above command, "Seek to get to heaven, and be good," etc. Now, the phrase, "kingdom of heaven" must be broadly distinguished from the word "heaven," if a man means to have a knowledge of the gospels that shall be anything more than a mere superficial smattering. The word "heaven" means the world above; the phrase "kingdom of heaven" has a much broader meaning. James Martineau, whom Mr. Underwood quotes as very high authority in gospel matters, says, the phrase "kingdom of heaven" means "perfected society." Campbell, a scholar of the highest rank, says that in our gospels it should be translated "the reign of God." According to these great writers, the first branch of the business Jesus enjoins upon every man is, not to seek heaven, but "seek to make the condition of earth perfect." If a man ever conceived or heard of a grander ideal of business than that, I'll be obliged to him to put it into THE TRUTH SEEKER, where I can see it. The whole thing is clear enough to any man who will read the sermon on the Mount carefully and without prejudice. Jesus first tells us to pray, "Thy kingdom come . . . on earth as it is in heaven." That teaches us to look forward for what the world has generally considered a matter of the past, a "golden age." "But not alone pray for this," says the Master, "make it your life's business to bring it about, by working for it." Now, the ideal of heaven is a place where every one is abundantly supplied with all that is needed to sustain life and make it full and happy. Therefore, the

man who is engaged in supplying anything that will make life perfect here, is so far striving to make earth like heaven, is, so far, "seeking the kingdom of God."

In my first article, in reply to Mr. Underwood, I said of Rationalists, that their knowledge of Christianity "is to the last degree superficial." In the article, to part of which I am now replying, Mr. Underwood quotes one of the most thoroughly informed of them, as follows: "Christianity in common with Buddhism," says Strauss, "teaches a thorough culture of poverty. The mendicant monks of the Middle Ages, as well as the still flourishing mendicancy at Rome, are genuinely Christian institutions." I have shown above, that Jesus enjoined upon men not to live by mendicancy, but to do for the world the most valuable business the imagination of man can conceive. And, had not the great German Infidel been "superficial to the last degree" in his understanding of Jesus' business precept, he could not have blundered so egregiously as he did in the above sentences.

2. Mr. Underwood says: "Mr. Willard tries to get rid of the objectionable utterances, 'Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God,'" etc. Had Mr. Underwood known enough of Jesus' teachings to be competent to examine them, he would have known that Luke is no authority for that Master's revelations. . . . Mr. Underwood continues: "The verses which I quoted from Luke, are not inconsistent with words ascribed to Jesus by other New Testament writers. 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.'"—Matt. xix: 24. Jesus does, indeed, as Matthew tells us, enjoin upon men not to get rich. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," is unmistakable. Luke, on the other hand, reports him as instructing men to live in poverty. If Mr. Underwood cannot see the vast difference between these two positions, he has less perception than other men. Crowds of very wise men—not believers in the bible, all of them—have been struck with the great sense and beauty of the prayer of Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." And the "golden mean" between the two has been the theme of some of the most approved and admired literature of the world. And here let me show how time vindicates the Master's supreme wisdom. Last winter Mr. Beecher, a remarkable indicator of the growing opinions of his time, stated most emphatically, in one of his lectures, that we must have laws preventing the accumulation of great fortunes. At the anniversary of "the Boston Tea Party," last Summer, Mr. Wendell Phillips, in lauding the grand statesmanship of Jefferson, said, that "the Jefferson of to-day is employed in devising means to prevent the acquisition of great wealth by individuals." Thousands of very able men, who are not believers in Jesus, see clearly that the effort among our people to "lay up for themselves treasures upon earth," is doing more for the ruin of our race than all other causes combined. The wisdom that, eighteen hundred years ago took ground against this evil, must have been unerring.

Other points in Mr. Underwood's last article I hope to answer in future numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

JOHN B. WILLARD.

Still River, Worcester Co., Mass.

To whom do we Look for the Origin of Christian Civilization.

A correspondent within a few days has stated some facts in the illustration of this subject that are worthy of consideration.

Several communications in the 15th of December issue having revived associations connected with this subject, I revert to the facts brought to light by the lectures of two Asiatic foreigners in our Metropolis a few weeks since. From the specimen already obtained, it appears probable that *great secrets may be yet revealed to the truth seekers* of the present day, from the fact that the literature of the East is now thrown open to their research by introducing to them, not only the educated men from that quarter of the world, but also their various sources of information touching their past and present state of religion, showing that the same rules of criticism should be applied to every species of literature.

W. H. J.

Newton, Pa., Dec. 19.

EXTRACT FROM THE CORRESPONDENT'S LETTER.

"Did you see the synopsis of the speeches made by the Chinese and Persian speakers at the Academy of Music less than a month ago? They proved pretty fairly that our 'advanced Christian civilization' is due to the observance of the teachings of Confucius uttered 300 years before the birth of Christ, and stolen (as printers will steal,) by us, without credit to the author? And have you seen *Macmillan's Magazine* for November, 1874—'The Oldest Fairy Tale in the World'—written thirty-two centuries ago, by one of the scribes of the Pharaohs? There is a story running through several chapters, in scripture style, in which we have a history—a fable, like that of Joseph and the frail woman—and incidents of craft and attempted murder, with miraculous rescue, the parallel of those enacted by Joseph's brothers—with the accompanying *pit and bloody clothes*? I wish you would procure it. I think the author of 'Modern Chronicles' would

perceive that one story was begotten by the others. The editor of the *Telegraph* sent it to me. If I had it of my own, I would forward it. I think as the literature of Persia, India, China and Japan are opened to us, we will find that we owe our moral precepts, our religious ideas, and our religious superstitions, too, to those people. But not our '*Ilan of Salvation*!' That was invented, or at least given practical working, by our people. It is, too, being improved every year. The machinery being complicated—by new *belts* and *cogs*, and *levers*, so as to do other work than that at first designed, and involving a necessity for a greater variety of workmen and increase of salaries. It would be a sad blow to the *plan*, if it should be proved that it had been *patented* a thousand years or more before the present claimant was born!

H. C.

Letters to a Preacher.

NO. III.

FRIEND B.: You say "there are many things not only *ifs* and *perhaps*, but *positive inventions* which ignorant Christians accepted as truth, but Jesus is a more notorious character than Augustus Cæsar, and his history greatly more authentic because its oral and written progenitors were as incapable of inventing the character they describe as I am of repeating it in my life, or of making a world, and so far as having a motive to lie, had a motive as valuable, at least, as their lives for suppressing that knowledge which they imparted."

Now it is no marvel that not only ignorant but educated Christians accept positive inventions as truth, when we consider who and what were the founders of Christianity. The learned Dr. Semler of Liepsic, said, "It is an undeniable fact that the first Christians were the greatest liars and forgers that had ever been in the whole world, and that it was their *best scholars*, the *highest in rank and talent*, who were the practitioners, of these forgeries," and Paul also advised Christians to lie for the good of the Church, and indeed it has always been thought to be a virtue to do so.

If the evidence of the existence of Christ depends upon the testimony of such men as these, what is it worth? And as to not being able to invent such a character that is mere assertion. All the ancient classics, poems, tales, traditions and other books that have come down to us from past ages, prove that men were always capable of inventing greater and better lives than any one man could live out in his own nature. It is easy to bring together in one's imagination all the separate goods in all humanity, and combine them so as to form one individual who shall be greater, wiser and better than any "Son of God" that ever yet trod this earth. Therefore I claim that it *was possible* that just such a character as that called Christ could have been created by his reputed historians, and doubtless *was created*, because there is no evidence aside from the Bible, and little, if any, in the Bible, that is reliable, to prove that he ever existed! And if he did he was far from perfect in that very history. And again, granting the Bible account to be *real biography* how do we know even then that it is a fair statement? No biographer can write a true life. If he loves too well he is blind to faults. If he hates he is blind to virtues. If indifferent he has no real stimulus to write at all; and again as to his reputed biographers "having a motive as valuable, at least, as their lives, for suppressing that knowledge they imparted," that is no argument at all. If they really believed in him and were *honest*, they were compelled through their conscientious scruples, to speak as they believed; but belief never created facts. More, a thousand times more, have been martyrs for error than for truth. Self-evident truths never need proof, but things that are *impossible to be known* are generally what men are always martyring themselves over. It is just as easy to die for a false belief as for a true one, as long as one has real faith, and his martyrdom only proves his *sincerity*, not the *reality* of the thing professed.

Again you say "I should like very much to have the sciences universally diffused, but they have no existence except under the shadow of the cross."

Mere assertion, without a shadow of proof. The real mission of the cross or church is to crush out all science, all knowledge, all happiness, all truth, everything that does not help to build up Christianity as its first aim. Everything else must be secondary, or not be at all. The one assertion that "God made all things" has been the greatest *stumbling block* to real knowledge the world has ever known. The geology of the earth was for hundreds of years a forbidden book because its facts could not be made to come within "the shadow of the cross," or to tally with the account of the Bible creation. But after many generations of scheming, contriving and fixing up, a *pretence* is made of the two being "reconciled," and Mahomet has gone to the mountain since it would not go to him. Where science and religion conflict the latter always has to yield in the end, though the "shadow of the cross" so often defers that end, making it so much more difficult to reach; but the world does move. All life is evolution, and *thought is free*, even though the cross casts its shadow still. But that shadow grows dimmer and dimmer and very soon it will fade entirely from view and the battle of science will be won.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va.

Ancient and Modern Spiritualism.

[We clip the following from a spicy article in a late number of the *N. Y. Herald*.]

I find a singular confusion of ideas in the Old Testament as to the personality of the manifesting "spirit." Whoever appeared was called the "Lord." Take Abraham's case—"And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains of Mamre as he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day; and he lifted up his eyes, and lo! three men [in buckram?] stood before him." This was a strong case of materialization, as the three "did eat" the veal cutlets and johnnycake which Sarah made ready, and then (in different verses called "he" and "they" and the "Lord") made wonderful prophecies. You see our orthodox friends find themselves in an "Eddy" as soon as they begin to read with their eyes open.

Genesis, xxxii.—Jacob wrestles, "collar and elbow," all night with a materialized spirit, who gets no advantage over him until he takes an unfair hold and puts the patriarch's thigh out of joint. This, like many of the others, ought to be counted out anyhow, as it was a dark *seance* and there were no witnesses. This spirit was "nowhere" as soon as the light was turned on.

Genesis, xlv.—Joseph puts himself among the ordinary Egyptian "diviners" by sending after his divining cup. Divine, *nota bene*, that all these ancient wonder-workers only claimed to "go one better" in the same line as the ordinary magicians.

All through "the plagues of Egypt" we find that when Moses changed rods to serpents, turned rivers to blood, brought up droves of frogs, etc., the "magicians did so with their enchantments." He "stumped" them first on the plague of lice. Then they gave up beat. But he gave them a fair chance and did not scorn the competition. The reason of this is that they were the orthodox diviners of that time, and he had to show his hand or "go hang."

Exodus, xxxi.—In the Sinai manifestation there was "slate writing" on a large scale, but Moses got angry and broke the first stone tables, and he was forty days behind the cloudy "curtain" before he produced the second set.

Numbers, xvii.—Aaron's rod buds. Any cunning magician can make plants grow "miraculously."

It will be found that most of the wonderful things spoken of as seen and heard by the old prophets, were encountered by them when in the condition described by Balaam, Numbers, xxiv.—"Which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open." Take away the dreams and solitary trances and commonplace clairvoyance, and the "miracles" become very few.

In Joshua vi., is recorded the greatest "tipping" manifestation in history. It took the Jews seven days to "prepare the magnetic conditions" for tipping over the walls of Jericho. The whole people formed a circle all around the city on seven successive days. They concentrated their will, power and magnetic force upon the wall as one man. Then "music was called for," and the priests tooted on the ram's horns. Instead of singing a dismal song like a modern spirit circle, the whole people shouted with a will. No wonder the wall fell (if it ever did), though no mention is made of sappers and miners.

Judges, xv.—We find Sampson at the rope and cabinet trick. He had himself tied successively with new cords, green withes and new ropes; but every time the "committee" approached the medium to examine the knots, the stupid fellow, instead of slipping the ropes off, broke them by main strength and awkwardness. At his last *seance*, though his eyes were bandaged, he smashed the cabinet and the affair broke up in a row, with many sore heads.

1 Kings, xviii.—Elijah called down from heaven a fire that consumed a sacrifice, a stone altar and the water in a trench. Well, they say that an old woman up at the Eddy's made a fire burn by pouring water on it. Shall we believe the old story sooner than the new? "Do gray hairs make folly venerable?"

2 Kings, iv.—There is commotion in the Syrian Court, because "Elisha the prophet that is in Israel (and many miles away) telleth the King of Israel the words that thou (Syrian King) speaketh in thy bed chamber." Very simple clairvoyance. Some of the "seventh sons," who advertise in the *Herald*, can equal it.

2 Kings, xxii.—Hezekiah is magnetized into thinking that he sees "the shadow brought ten degrees back in the dial of Ahaz."

1 Chronicles.—David produces plans and specifications for a temple, and says, like many a modern writing and drawing medium, "All this the Lord made me understand, in writing by his hand upon me—even all the works of this pattern."

Daniel, v.—We find Israel's great prophet, Daniel (in accordance with a previous statement), gratefully receiving the position of "master of the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans and soothsayers," and ever ready to beat them at their own games.

In the same chapter we read about "the part of the hand" that wrote on the wall; but no expert, like Oleott, handled that hand, "finding no arm behind the wrist," or looked for a hole in the plaster. Can we trust the old test more safely than the thousand new materializations?

Turning to the New Testament, and conning over the stories there, so variously rehearsed by the different apostles, the story of the miraculous feeding of 5,000 persons is seen to stand out most prominently. If the statement is to be credited at all, modern science shows us that the most likely explanation is that the 5,000 were magnetized into a belief that they were being fed. If the modern materializing of all sorts of things by spirit power were credible, we might suppose this food concentrated from the atmosphere; but as that is out of the question, and as we find such men as Mr. Beecher able to convince even an audience of 5,000 of anything, the first theory seems the right one.

The "Transfiguration" scene, and others where unearthly lights appeared, seem capable of a natural explanation, after reading the writings of the great anti-Spiritualist, Baron Reichenbach, who showed that a light called by him "odyle," emanates from magnets and from the magnetic poles of the human body. A great accumulation of this by will-power might be visible in the day time.

The stories about the healing of the sick are nearly paralleled in our day, without making much impression on the general public. A few years ago the wonderful healing power of the Zouave Jacob, of Paris, brought such crowds around him that the priests became fearful for their goddess Diana, and the government was induced to force his withdrawal from the business. We hear frequently of "healing mediums" in this country, whose offices are thronged for months by such crowds as no doctor draws; but we all know that this is only the result of the fact that the credulity of the people has been aroused by the uncommon power of a mere magnetizer.

The perception by Jesus that a certain man would be willing to have him keep the Passover in the upper chamber, his seeing Nathaniel under the fig tree, his knowledge that the owner of a certain "foal of an ass" would put the same at his service, his perception of the treachery of Judas and Peter are of the same style of "clearseeing" as that everywhere practised, with varying success, by fortune tellers, astrologers and clairvoyants in this city. Nobody but simpletons pay much attention to these phenomena now occurring about us; why will the religionist make such a bother about similar things said to have occurred thousands of years ago, at a time when scientific investigation was impossible.

Again, the miraculous draught of fishes. Why, clairvoyance could show the seer just when and where to order the net dropped, as certainly as an "inside view" can show a Washington official when to telegraph to his Wall street pal to "go in" on Pacific Mail or Union Pacific.

Acts, viii.—The spirit of the Lord caught away Phillip, and he was found at Azotus, miles away. So now, we have so-called well authenticated stories about Home and other mediums being hoisted long distances through the air; and what sort of people are they who swallow these yarns? Yet many of our solidest men really seem to believe the old story.

Acts, xii.—It is thought a wonderful thing that a light shone in Peter's prison and his chains fell off. There certainly have been some queer concentrations of magnetic light around some of the mediums, and they have a queer way of shaking off handcuffs; but if we find so many ways of explaining these phenomena on rational grounds, why make such a time about the bare possibility of one Peter having had the same experience 2,000 years ago?

I have thus shown how readily these old stories can be put in the same boat with the new ones. If any of the D.D.'s "cry for more," I am ready.

St. Rocco.

What is Religion?

It is very easy to ask a question, but not always so easy to answer it intelligibly, so that all may comprehend the answer. Among these questions (for in religion there are many,) that have come down to us with scarcely a thought of their meaning, and what idea they were intended to represent. Our ancestors, as we may call them, though not of the same race, yet form a part of our antecedence, and the ideas of one became engrafted upon the ideas of those who were our immediate ancestors. The idea attached to the word religion has, perhaps, a greater diversity of conditions than any other word in our language. When we see a barbarous race giving attention to, and going through a ceremony ever so rude, we say he is at his devotions, which is another word for religion; we may thus trace this religious idea through all nations that claim a civilization above savages, who are so low in the scale of humanity that they rise but little, if any, above the brutes that have no thought whatever upon the subject.

A principle or force of so universal acceptance, and so diversified in its character and influence, demands of us Infidels a clear understanding of its import, for without this confusion reigns supreme. Webster gives it, "Religion, to bind, an oath, an obligation, a belief," etc. Perhaps, we may say, if we must reduce the word to one point, the definition, to bind, covers all essential points, for we find it so practically in all forms of religion.

The religious sentiment or idea among those who

give its first impress are, according to Lubbock, savages very low in the scale of humanity. They admire something that strikes their fancy, without any apparent reason, except what the object possesses within itself, beyond which they have no idea; a simple isolated attention to some object that partakes of a religious character; that is, they seem bound to it for no other motive, apparently, than simple admiration.

This principle in man has been, and is now, used by men to obtain influence over their fellows, and it is through this influence that cunning men have imposed upon others their views of the way this adoration should be performed; thus a system has grown up among men which we call religion, having its inception in admiration of some natural object, this feeling taken up by sharp, cunning men and made use of to aggrandize themselves by the ignorance of those around them. This single fact, in time, has grown up among mankind until a morbid sensibility has become the prevalent force governing the higher civilization.

It is not necessary to trace the influence of religion on the civilized races, for its influence is well known as having blotted out most effectually, all true sociability, dividing "parents from children," and causing discord in families that would not exist if not produced by a religious sentiment—by an organized priesthood. We might have this principle, religion, from point to point, and from age to age, and find it always the cunning few, imposing upon the confiding and ignorant multitude. It was a simple and consistent process, that artificial objects would take the place of the natural; convenient and cunning devices would easily follow the absence of more familiar ones, and thus cunning men have, in time, become sole proprietors of the religious thought of their fellows.

Religion, then, is a thing of growth, and always conforms to the education that the young have lived under; variable, because the conditions vary, and in fact the circumstances surrounding all society is the prime cause of the great variation in the religious opinion of the people. This religious, morbid feeling has produced its sequence in emotional sensibility, producing, first, confused ideas, a wandering of the mind, a resort to stimulants, madness, suicide or murder.

The priesthood have imposed upon their adherents the presence of supra-mundane or spiritual power, whom they control; the ignorance of the masses, together with their fear, gives them power over this mass, who feel, without knowing why, a pressure that produces this morbid sensibility that leads to the acts spoken of. This feeling on the part of the faithful, is called by the cunning priest an evidence that they have sinned, and their services are needed to remove it, as they are the agents appointed by God for this purpose.

This, then, is the condition of the civilized world to-day. The whole religious world, nay, even among some we call savages, feel there is something wrong, the savages have no name for it, the civilized races call it "Sin," or another word is added, calling it "Original Sin." Now, if we examine this idea, that original sin means, we will find it enclosed entirely in the religious fervor, influencing the minds of the people; they feel oppressed, or in other words, something is wrong; this something, then, we know to be purely ideal, yet it is imposed upon the deluded people as a reality, and they feel it as such, because their emotional organization is affected in a manner the same as from reality. We thus find that Religion *per se* is the "Original Sin," under which the human race is groaning; all emotional influence acting upon man through the imposition of these cunning priests for their own aggrandizement, is what oppresses mankind, and through their ignorance not knowing any better, they submit to the priestly diction, only to be drawn deeper into their toils. Yes, religion is the original sin that curses mankind.

L. T. W.

Carondelet, Mo.

"MILLIONS upon millions were sacrificed upon the altars of bigotry. The Catholic burned the Lutheran, the Lutheran burned the Catholic, the Episcopalian tortured the Presbyterian, the Presbyterian tortured the Episcopalian. Every denomination killed all it could of every other; and each Christian felt in duty bound to exterminate every other Christian who denied the smallest fraction of his creed. In the reign of Henry VIII—that pious and moral founder of the apostolic Episcopalian Church—there was passed by the Parliament of England an act entitled "An act for abolishing the diversity of opinion." And in this act was set forth what a good Christian was obliged to believe."

"THE Church hates a thinker precisely for the same reason a robber dislikes a sheriff, or a thief despises the prosecuting witness."

"TYRANNY likes courtiers, flatterers, followers, fawners; and Superstition wants believers, disciples, zealots, hypocrites, and subscribers."

"THE Church demands worship—the very thing that man should give to no being, human or divine."

New-York Liberal Club.

JANUARY 15th, 1875.

The lecture this evening was by Dr. Heitzmann, a learned scientist and microscopist, recently from Vienna, where he has won an enviable reputation as author and microscopic student upon

THE STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN SKIN.

He illustrated the subject by splendid diagrams and drawings by himself. The lecture was a learned one and contained information upon the subject never before brought to the knowledge of the audience. As the lecture contained numerous technical terms, and as the accent of the delivery somewhat prevented a perfect understanding, and as we hope in a future number to be able to lay the lecture before our readers in a more perfect form than we are able to present to them now, we decline making a report at this time.

After the lecture, a lively discussion took place upon the subject, participated in by Prof. Ellsburg, Mr. Nash, Dr. Atkinson, T. B. Wakeman, Dr. Heuber, Dr. Hallock, and Dr. Cook. A little feeling was excited for a few moments, but was amicably settled.

JANUARY 22nd, 1875.

The subject of the lecture this evening was, "Do Eleemosynary Institutions Benefit Mankind?" which was very ably handled by the lecturer, Mr. Charles Moran.

The subject appertains to Political Economy, or rather to Sociology which is one branch of it. Some deny either to be a science. Let us see what science means. Formerly it meant anything systematically arranged. To-day it applies to laws, forces, impulses in active operation. Tested by that rule, Political Economy becomes a science, relating to the laws governing man in the social condition. The science of Astronomy has only reached its present perfection through long years of patient and unremitting research and analysis. Man has never been analyzed. Only when that is done will Sociology become a science; and the principles and laws governing man's actions be fully understood. Law means a force or impulse. Violating we suffer penalty, obeying are rewarded. Hence we see the folly of man-made laws—when for our code we should look only to the higher laws which control every atom in the Universe. The moment we meet with suffering we know that some where there has been a violation of law. An infringement of a natural law always results in this.

Man is born with innumerable latent wants, and also a craving to satisfy them. The first natural want is food, and as he develops, other wants are created which become as much a necessity as a desire for food. First comes the lowest or animal; afterward the intellectual. These latter bring far the greatest joy and satisfaction; they never cloy or grow stale. Labor is one of the necessities of life. It is only through its division that any progress has been made in the world. It is in this distribution, every one doing his part, that the world has advanced. We see every day some reformer comes forward to suggest means of improving the race. It would be far better to leave it to nature. Communism, trades-unionism, &c., &c., are all signal failures. Every soul should be left to act as self-interest dictates. There is a great cry against self-interest. Nothing is more absurd. Time will come when the muscular labor of man will not be needed, except to direct the operation of the forces of nature. Man loves distinction and will always seek it. In the future there will be none except that of intellect and intelligence.

The good of one is the good of all; and the evil in the world effects all humanity. The effect of charity is one of the most damaging and degrading in the world. It interferes with the plans of nature. The priesthoods always advocate charity; being non-producers themselves, they cry charity. Look at the convents in the world. But, you say, what would become of the poor if convents were abolished. You forget how much greater benefit to the monks and priests they are, in comparison to the little help they afford the poor. To-day charity is a trade, as much as commerce or anything else. What is charity? It is taking from the producer or laborer and giving to the idler. When we supply a want even in a child without some return, we retard nature. There is a government-board of charity, which is simply a system of taking from the industrious and giving to the shiftless and non-producers. If the doctrine of self-dependence were taught us, that if we ever came to the verge of starvation there would be no help for us—no charitable institutions to take us in, do you think young men would turn to grog shops and in thousand ways squander their means? Throw away the prop that alone could sustain them in the future? Every fine building, every advance in science, every improvement, is due to the compounding sources of those acquired. But, you say, would you let the little child or the aged, the sick, the infirm suffer? No; there is that instinct in the human breast, that will supply such wants. But these should not be regular institutions which a man feels he can rely on at any time. Man does not labor for himself alone; he labors for his loved ones. Children should always be

cared for by relatives; never be fed, or clothed, or educated at the cost of the community. When a man can get a thing without labor he will make no effort to obtain it. Habit of labor has to be learned, and is a pleasure, especially if crowned with success, and will be so if pursued with diligence. When the time comes that I can get of my fellow-man only as I give in return, when self-interest and competition are left untrammelled by law, then we shall have the millennium, so long dreamed of, but which neither the Christian Church nor any other institution has ever given us; and what indeed has it given us but bloody wars? Insurance is another form of making one part of the community suffer for the carelessness and neglect of the rest. Goethe says we may grow up under the tenderest, fostering care, every want supplied, every desire gratified, but we shall eventually be thrown back upon ourselves. Mr. Alger says, "If I loved all men with the same intensity that I love myself, it would prove my ruin. The divine plan is the best." The law of life then is, "primarily for oneself, secondarily for all."

The first criticism offered was by Mr. Wehle. He objected to Mr. Moran's patent formula for curing the ills of humanity. A close observer will find that general rules will not meet all cases since the exceptions are nearly as numerous. Of course we don't give anything except we get it from some other source, and probably Mr. Moran is the only man in New York that don't require any help from his fellows. I do often. The speaker's views on eleemosynary institutions were correct. But they exist and have become a necessity and can not at once be abolished.

MR. ORMSBEE next spoke. He said the speaker was the Plato, he the Aristotle of this subject of self-interest. He had entertained the idea that most people have, that God's charities were all right. After reading Herbert Spencer on that subject, I concluded it was a great wrong. One idea I got from this was that public charities kill private ones. That is, we pay some one to do what we should do ourselves. If there is any efficacy in prayer it must be done for oneself.

DR. HALLOCK followed, showing that society had a duty to individuals, as well as they to themselves. Too many mistake philanthropy for justice. The Church, boasting of its work, points to its hospitals and charitable institutions. They are rather its shame.

MR. NASH would show where he disagreed with the speaker. Pain and suffering were not always the result of the violation of natural law, but the means often for our development, rather than our punishment. The law of life should rather be, "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need."

DR. LAMBERT acknowledged Mr. Moran to be a master of finance, and in that he should always humbly sit at his feet. But on this subject he must criticize. The speaker said children should be cared for by their relatives; brother by brother, etc. But who is my brother? The man next me—who needs me. With regard to insurance he would say from experience that he knew life insurance to be conducive to life and peace. That the satisfaction of knowing our families would be provided for, was a great blessing, and promotive of a satisfaction here. (It is needless to say the Dr. is President of a Life Insurance Company.)

MR. WAKEMAN, at the close, addressed the meeting with regard to the recent rejection of Dr. Joseph Treat as a witness in the case of Truman vs. Woodhull, Claflin & Co., on account of his not acknowledging any religious belief, (which was referred to in our last issue). He said if allowed to stand unchallenged it would afford a bad precedent, and at any time exclude Liberals who refuse to swear on the Bible, or subscribe to somebody's God.

The following resolutions were submitted and passed, and a committee of five appointed to attend to the case.

The undersigned, officers and trustees of the N. Y. Liberal Club, request the President and Vice Presidents of the Club to appoint a committee to see that the case of Truman vs. Woodhull be appealed; that the right of every man in the State of New York to testify be thereby secured and maintained. That said committee collect the necessary funds for the purpose and account to the Club therefor. And also that they confer with other societies for that purpose.

(Signed)

COURTLANDT PALMER,
W. L. ORMSBEE, Jr.,
D. T. GARDNER,
T. B. WAKEMAN,
R. T. HALLOCK,
HENRY EVANS.

Committee:

JAMES PARTON, Pres.,
COURTLANDT PALMER,
CHARLES MORAN,
T. B. WAKEMAN,
D. T. GARDNER, Sec.

REV. CYRUS OLIVER, of the Zion M. E. Church, Jersey City, has been arrested for traducing two young ladies. Justice Corrigan held him to appear and answer at a subsequent trial.

Heathens of the Heath.

Among the friendly notices taken of this interesting work, we clip the following from *The Banner of Light*:

"THE HEATHENS OF THE HEATH, by William McDonnell, author of 'Exeter Hall,' is a new book of five hundred pages, and is a bewitching, mysterious, and powerful fiction, which its readers pronounce to be such at once. 'Exeter Hall,' as is well remembered, was a theological romance; the 'Heathens of the Heath' surpasses it in the vivid sketches of character whose actions develop the most remarkable religious possibilities. Theology is generously discussed in its pages, but not didactically or in set phrase; it is done in living dialogue, by the changing panorama of incidents in perpetual motion, and through the conduct of its most striking characters. We could not pretend to give an outline of this fascinating romance in the space to which the present notice is restricted; suffice it to observe that for all that is startling yet truthful, radical and attractive, novel and wonderful, powerful and noble, it is one of those books which are written, not to die with the single sensation it creates, but to leave an impression on the mind that will prove indelible and lasting. The romance is entirely religious, but in a large and liberal sense. It elevates the reader's thoughts to a very high plane, and expands them to the real and vivid comprehension of the grandest and most beautiful truths. It is an entirely new era in popular literature when religion is powerfully presented in fiction, and so as to stir and stimulate the hungering soul instead of burying it still deeper under a load of precepts and dogmas borrowed from tradition, priestcraft, and the creeds. Read this book, all you who would enjoy an entirely fresh and healthy spiritual sensation. Published by D. M. Bennett, New York.

Badly Frightened.

A friend in Iowa sends a local paper containing a letter referring to friend B. F. UNDERWOOD, who was advertised to deliver a lecture at Oskaloosa:

"AND SATAN CAME ALSO."

EDITOR REFORM LEADER: In looking over your last issue I was startled on observing an announcement that B. F. Underwood, the great exponent of Materialism, would visit our city, and lecture at City Hall, on the evening of January 9th and 10th, 1875. Subject, *Bible Prophecies Falsified by Facts of History*.

Now, I will not attempt to answer this gentleman in advance, but will predict an entire failure on his part to prove his position.

It appears he is here at the solicitation of "The Liberal Association." Who constitutes the Liberal Association? Where do they hold their meetings, and what object do they have in sending for this self-admitted Infidel and Materialist, whom we admit to be no mean champion of a dangerous cause? We know the man and have heard him lecture on several occasions. He denies the Bible and the truth of the Christian religion, the existence of a personal God, and the immortality of the soul. His doctrine once accepted gives birth to crime, takes away responsibility for conduct, makes the intemperate and licentious the equal of the pious and self-sacrificing, provided they can succeed in evading the statute or human laws of the land (which are all based on the Bible code).

He comes not as a reformer or as a bearer of "glad tidings," but as an iconoclast, taking all we have and giving nothing instead. But we are not frightened, nor do we intend to "whistle to keep our courage up." We have faith in our religion, the divine origin of the Bible, and the good sense of our people. It is the young and thoughtless only that are in danger and the ignorant—those who have not tasted of the truth born of God and the religion of Jesus. Therefore we say to the Christian people of Oskaloosa, arm for the conflict; see to it, that you who are parents and guardians, keep your children and wards under close surveillance. Let the clergymen of the respective churches appoint meetings on the nights in question, and insist on the laity's presence, and pray with one accord for the discomfiture of this child of the Devil. Satan is strong; he tempted even Christ himself, and if a desperate effort is not made to resist this powerful adversary, how can we expect the young and ignorant to resist him?

Be not deceived, my dear brethren, this is no ordinary foe. He is blessed with more than ordinary native ability, is a profound scholar and evinces a bravery worthy of a better cause. He is no outlandish fellow from a backwoods country, but hails from the classic shades of a modern Athens. I believe that this man is permitted to thus invade Christian communities as a just rebuke to a careless and ease-loving clergy. Our clergymen are becoming lax in duty; they are succumbing to the corruption of modern fashionable society; dancing and card-playing are being tolerated in church circles, and hardly rebuked by the men who are paid to rebuke these evils. Ministers are getting so refined that we no longer hear of the terrors of the law, only the glories of the hereafter. Beecherism is very popular nowadays—preach-

ing Jesus as a *perfect man* instead of the divine being we take him to be. One can scarcely tell a Methodist nowadays, or a Baptist, from a Universalist. Members of orthodox churches proclaim their unbelief in a personal devil and literal hell, with all the bravado of so many Infidels. Once the rich man could hardly enter the kingdom of Heaven. Now he is the chief corner-stone; the church doors swing on silver hinges; the clergy are dressed in "purple and fine linen and feast splendidly every day." When I was young in my far-off New England home even fire was not tolerated in church; now we have furnaces and splendid chandeliers and *hired choirs*, and ere long we will perhaps be called upon to pay for hired mourners. The time has been when Infidels were outlaws; now, they go about challenging Christians to discuss the origin of the Bible; flaunt their vile publications in one's face; they even have had the impudence to establish a tract society in Boston, and publish eulogies on Tom Paine and scatter broad-cast all over the country the writings of the Tyndalls, Millses, and Herbert Spencers, who under the dignified title of scientists, are poisoning the youthful mind with their sugar-coated poison. "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how oft would I have gathered ye, but ye would not," etc.

Noble Lives.

There are hearts that never falter
In the battle for the right,
There are ranks that never alter
Watching through the darkest night.
And the agony of sharing
In the fiercest of the strife,
Only gives a nobler daring,
Only makes a grander life.

There are those who never weary,
Bearing suffering and wrong;
Though the way is long and dreary,
It is vocal with their song;
While their spirits in God's furnace,
Bending to his gracious will,
Are fashioned in a purer mould,
By his loving, matchless skill.

There are those whose loving mission
'Tis to bind the bleeding heart;
And to teach the calm submission
Where the pain and sorrow smart.
They are angels bearing to us
Love's rich ministry of peace;
While the night is nearing to us
And life's bitter trials cease.

There are those who battle slander,
Envy, jealousy and hate;
Who rather die than pander
To the passions of earth's great;
And no earthly power can crush them;
Nei'her fear nor favor hush them.

These alone, are truly great;
These are the conquerors of fate;
These truly live; they never die;
But clothed with immortality,
When they lay their armor down,
Shall enter and obtain the crown.

—Balance, August, 1874.

"Go and Sin No More."

The story of Jesus, and the woman taken in adultery, as all scholars know, is an interpolation in the text. As it is found in only one of the gospels, and not in the oldest manuscripts of that gospel, there is no reason for believing that the events as recorded ever happened. Still, the majority of Christians accept it as truth, and as genuine and authoritative as the Sermon on the Mount. Illustrations of the event, of the persecuting crowd, the compassionate Jesus, and the humiliated, perhaps penitent woman at his feet, hang up in hundreds of Christian homes; while these magic words are daily used to shut up the mouths of the merciless in all Christendom, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." If this story is not strictly gospel, it is good enough to pass as such, and we may believe that it is not improbable that somewhere, sometime, Jesus did say these words to somebody. Well, grant it; are they altogether wise words? Ought he not to have condemned her? Is adultery such a light offense that we should simply dismiss the offender as the Plymouth Church did Beecher, with a gentle "Go and sin no more." Jesus was not called upon to condemn her to be stoned to death according to the law of Moses; that power did not belong to him but to the civil authorities. Is not such amicable treatment of criminals weakness rather than wisdom? Perhaps there were palliating circumstances in this case which made such tender treatment politic and wise; perhaps the elderly Pharisees had been rather hard on such offenders; but looking at it from a modern stand-point we think it would have been wiser if Jesus had rebuked the woman for her great sin, and then turned to the Pharisees and denounced the extreme severity of their laws against adultery, which were out of all proportion to the offense. But he simply said to the woman, "Go and

sin no more; I do not condemn thee," and she went, but whether she sinned "no more" is not recorded.

All crushed and stone-cast in behavior,
She stood as a marble would stand;
Then the Savior bent down, and the Savior
In silence wrote on in the sand.

What wrote he? How fondly one lingers,
And questions—what holy command
Fell down from the beautiful fingers
Of Jesus, like gems in the sand?

Oh, better that Homer uncherished,
Had died ere a note or device
Of battle was fashioned, than perished
The only line written by Christ!

P. R. J.

A RELIGIOUS VIEW OF THE BEECHER TRIAL.—The prospects are that Mr. Moulton, Mrs. Moulton, Mr. Tilton and Mr. B. F. Carpenter will swear to Mr. Beecher's confession of guilt; that Mr. Beecher will deny the confession, and that both he and Mrs. Til on will deny the general charge; that there will be a cross-examination of the most searching sort, and a determined and unsurpassing effort to impeach the confronting witnesses; and that the jury will disagree. As the trial goes on, it is one of the saddest scenes that the sun looks down upon in the whole world. It is pitiful to see poor Mrs. Tilton brought into the court-room daily for theatrical effect. The nonchalance and levity assumed by some who are most interested are painfully out of place. Whatever be the truth at the bottom of the matter, the sin committed by one party and the wrong endured by another, are of a sort to awaken feelings of the profoundest pity and sobriety.—*Chicago Advance, Orthodox Congregational.*

GEORGE VANDERHOFF, Esq., the eminent actor, in reply to the Rev. Mr. Talmage's bitter attack on Theatres, used these truthful words: "I know of no single profession; I want to weigh my words—I know of no single profession which has produced, in proportion to its numbers, so many and such flagrant instances of crime, such gross immoralities, such breaches of confidence and trust, as well as of the divine law, of which they are supposed to be exemplars, as the clerical profession."

BUCOLIC.

In the spring the spurs grow longer on the gaudy rooster's legs;
In the spring a pullet's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of eggs.

—St. Louis Democrat.

AQUATIC.

In the spring the vernal blubber ripens in the burnished whale;
In the spring a tadpole's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of tail.

—Minneapolis Tribune.

URBAN.

In the spring th' umbrella owner 'gins to wonder which is his;
In the spring the soda fountain lightly turns to thoughts of fizz.

—Boston Globe.

DOMESTIC.

In the spring the vagrant tomat howls with more discordant cry;
In the spring the housewife's fancy turns to thoughts of rhubarb pie.

—Boston Advertiser.

Friendly Correspondence.

JOSEPH B. SELLEGREN, Knoxville, Ill., writes: I must say I like THE TRUTH SEEKER and I wish it to be a permanent success.

A. BELLIS, Berlin, Wis., writes: I have this morning been reading over your paper of Jan. 1st. I find so many excellent articles in it, and so much to be learned from it, that I desire you to send it to my daughter attending school at Michigan University. Please find address below, and the money enclosed.

JOHN G. JENKINS, Denver, Col., writes: Send me the "four dollar Combination" you advertise. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER very much. It is of the right stripe and is bound to do much good in storming the strongholds of Superstition. I shall do the best I can to promote its circulation.

CHAS. JONES, Waynesville, Ill., writes: I am very much pleased with your paper. I hope it will keep on advancing until reality is substituted for imagination and falsehood. I am a well-wisher to the cause of truth.

ISRAEL BETZ, Oakville, Pa., writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER is improving rapidly. The reports of the Liberal Club are very interesting. I hope you will before long give us the lives and deaths of noted Infidels. This is still a great scare-crow among the ignorant.

WM. WEST, West Elizabeth, Pa., writes: Send me THE TRUTH SEEKER for six months to start on. As a good Christian, I want to read some religious publication, and I find THE TRUTH SEEKER just "fills the bill." Elder Harkins' Sermons are very comforting these hard times.

H. H. HALSEY, Oregon, writes: I must compliment you on the neat and tidy appearance of THE TRUTH SEEKER which comes all ready gummed and trimmed, ready for reading, with the date at the head of every page. The matter contained in its columns seems to me just about right, and I read it with great interest.

J. P. E. WHEDON, Winterset, Iowa, upon sending in thirty names of trial subscribers, writes: Mr. Kiser and myself have done what we could to send you a list of new names, and we hope some of them will become permanent subscribers. We intend continuing our efforts for the spread of "the bread of life." It is conceded by those who appreciate the "situation" that THE TRUTH SEEKER columns are giving some of the hardest blows to priestcraft of any paper extant. Don't "let up." Brother Bennett, for the weak-kneed gentlemen of our ranks, but pile on the blows "thicker and more of them." The world is

brimful of ignorance and superstition, the legitimate results of priestcraft. Let the thunderbolts of common sense batter these mummy piles till they go down.

W. R. WILCOX, Rocky Hill, N. J., in sending in a list of new subscribers, writes: Verily, truth is stranger than fiction." I am throwing the seed of truth broad-cast right under the shadow of the wings of the two churchisms [Dr. McCosh and Dr. Hodge] that overshadow the mercy seat of Princeton College and Seminary. As soon as we can get people to divest themselves of preconceived opinions, and look matters "square in the face," they cannot help seeing how unreasonable and absurd it would be for angels to rebel, have a war and turn devils. It is said in the Scriptures, "There was war in heaven. Michael and his angels fought against the Dragon and his angels, and the great Dragon was cast out—that old serpent called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world." And that God drove Adam out of the Garden of Eden just for eating an apple he told him not to eat, and cursed the earth and exposed Adam and his posterity to hell-fire in another state of existence with those angels—devils to harass and torment them in this world, with the privilege of burning them in hell-fire while eternal ages shall roll, and just for eating an apple. How absurd.

The priests tell us what a merciful Heavenly Father we have got. I defy them to produce an earthly parent—the most degraded tyrant that ever lived—that would punish his children to that degree. Another dogma, equally absurd, is that God was born of a poor woman in a stable, cradled in a manger, reared in the wilderness, worked at the carpenter's trade till thirty years of age; that those angel-devils had kept him there forty days without anything to eat, and all that twaddle. My dear sir, it looks to me more like blasphemy than anything else, to assert and uphold such idle stories.

The "plan of salvation" is another institution equally unreasonable. What would we think of a Governor that would not set a prisoner free whom he had pardoned, and not reinstate him again in society, but leave him in jail to writhe in his chains, with the promise of great rewards in another world? That is just the kind of freedom that is offered us through Christ. If Christ is not able to reinstate us in the original condition that Adam was in before he transgressed, it is of no practical use whatever, and I would not "give a fig" for it all.

THOS. B. JOHNSON, Sterling, Iowa, writes: I read your remarks on Noah's Flood in former numbers with much interest, and thought you threw some new light upon the subject. You showed the utter impossibility of the whole story in the clearest manner. It is plain a new creation of the entire vegetable kingdom would have been necessary after its inevitable death from being covered for months with water. Not an oak of the forest or a blade of grass of the fields could have escaped. There are many minor points that might be questioned—for instance, was the one window of the ark put in after glass was invented or before? We have no account of glass being invented so long ago as that. The window could only have been a scuttle, and therefore as it was closed, the inmates must have been in utter darkness, and old Noah would be troubled to tell Mrs. Noah from one of his daughters-in-law from the elephant's trunk, or from a boa-constrictor. I think Mrs. Noah must have been as patient as Job, for we have no reason to suppose God provided a cook-stove for her, or a chimney for the ark; and we have no account in the story that she ever fretted, or scolded, or gave any "curtain lectures" to the captain of the vessel. She was truly an example of peacefulness and patience for the ladies of the present time. There is no account that Noah or either of his boys ever brought a pail of water or cut a stick of fire-wood during the whole voyage. As for the animal kingdom all perishing that were not with him in the ark, I think it is a matter of doubt. Methinks I see the young ducks Noah left out in the rain without an umbrella, enjoying themselves finely. True, it might have been inconvenient for them in "breeding time," but perhaps the old ducks made necessary accommodations according to circumstances, and gathered together floating twigs and grass, and in the crotch of some floating trees built their nests and raised their broods. Naturalists tell us some birds build floating nests and succeed admirably. I cannot say whether birds take the spirit form or not, but one whispered to me last night and said:

I ride on the wave while I sleep,
The deep all my wants will supply;
On the crest of the surf I can creep,
And feed on the salt water fly.

My home is well known to the whalers,
A thousand or two miles from the shore;
And superstitions seize the mind of the sailors,
If by chance I am struck with an oar.

I follow the course of a steamer,
And play on the crest of the foam;
I call to my mate like a screamer,
And over the billows we roam.

Not a flood since creation began,
But what I've enjoyed like a lark;
And oft have I pitied the man
That God had shut up in the ark.

[So said the sea-chicken, or Mother Cary's chicken.]
The sea utters reply:

Drown me! Indeed what a folly;
Indeed, sir, I'd show you a trick,
I live on fat salmon quite jolly,
Rise up, take fresh air with a lick.

I lie like a log on the wave,
So expose my full side to the sun;
I know that the water's my grave,
But not till my mission is done.

I change my abode at my leisure,
Nor care where the drift it may carry;
I ride on the iceberg with pleasure,
And where there's good feeding I tarry.

'Tis true, I've enemies round,
I know well the smiles of a shark,
But still was not born to be drowned
Or breathe the foul air of the ark.

Such, friend, are my musings for pastime.
If the beaver, mink, osprey, swans, pelicans, quails and the like use me for medium to inform the world how they rode out the storm, on floating logs, living on fish, I will keep you posted.

Some critics ask, what became of the "Tree of Life" and good and evil? Why, sir, they were drowned out in the flood with all the vegetable kingdom, and as they carried so much trouble in the brief time they existed, God deemed it best not to take the trouble to re-create them.

In closing, permit me to say I admire your pluck, spirit and perseverance. Go on in the good fight.

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Altman's New Price List.

MORRIS ALTMAN begs to state to his old friends and patrons that he has made extensive reductions in his various departments, and earnestly calls attention to the following quotations. The fullest satisfaction is guaranteed in every instance, and all goods not suiting will be exchanged, or the money returned in full.

N. B. To insure the immediate dispatch of orders by mail a P. O. Order, Draft, or Registered Letter must accompany each. Goods by express sent C. O. D. Packages can be sent by mail at the rate of 2c. for 4 ounces and 1 cent for every additional two ounces, or fraction thereof under four pounds.

We refer to A. T. Stewart & Co., H. B. Claflin & Co., E. S. Jaffrey & Co., J. B. Spellman & Co., and all the leading Houses in New York City, also to D. M. Bennett, Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and G. L. Henderson, Banker, both of whom are well known to all Liberals, and especially to the readers of this paper, as to our responsibility and integrity.

Notion Department.

All goods incidental to this Department not herein comprised are in stock, and will be furnished at equally low prices.

Clark's O. N. T. Spool Cotton, warranted, at 68c. per doz.
Clark's Cotton on black spools, warranted, at 68c.
Brook's glazed Cotton, white, black and col'd, 68c.
Coat's white, black and colored cotton, at 68c.
Corticelli's and Belding's blk and col'd
Sewing Silk, 100 yds. at 10c. per spool.
Corticelli's black and col'd Button Hole
Twist at 2c.
Knitting Cotton, white and colored, at 9c. per ball
Milward's best Helix needles, at 5 cents per paper.
Crowley's patent Helix needles, at 5 cents per paper.
Milliner's best needles, at 6 cents per paper.
Best American Pins, at 6 cents per paper and upward.
Best English Pins, finest manufacture, warranted, at 10 cents per paper.
Patent Safety Pins, at 6 cents per dozen, in all sizes.
French Hair Pins, two papers for 3 cents, in all sizes.
Best English Hair Pins, at 6 cents per paper, all sizes.
Best English Hair Pins, assorted sizes, at 8 cents per box.

English Pin Books, black and white assorted, at 15 cents.
Mourning Pins, at 6 cents and upward.
Buttons of every description, in all the leading styles, greatly reduced. From 10 cents to \$1 per doz.
Black and colored Alpaca Braids, 6 yard pieces, at 6 cts.
"Can't-Break-'em" Corset Steels, at 10 cents a pair.
Cotton Corset Laces, at 18 cents per dozen.
Linen 3 yards long, at 5 cents each, 55 p. doz.
Linen Shoe Laces, at 4 cents per dozen, all lengths.
Whalebones, at 45 cents per dozen, full lengths.
Jet Beads, all sizes, every variety, in latest novelties, at 5 cents per bunch.

Blk Alpaca from 25 cents to 50 cents in good makes.
The celebrated "Buffalo" Brand, pure Silk Lustre, at 82 cents per yard; equal to that sold at \$1.00.
Dress Goods of every kind, style and price.
Blk Waterproof Cloth, a superior quality, at 92 cents.
The very best English Waterproof cloth at \$1.38.
Navy Blue Waterproof Cloth at \$1.13 per yd.
Medium and clear Blues from \$1.25 to \$1.75.
White and colored Flannels at all prices.
Ladies' Suits in Empress Cloths, Merino's, Cashmeres, Lateen, and all other cloths from \$10 to \$60 per suit, made and trimmed in Latest Styles.

"This Department is replete with the thousand and one articles incidental to it, but which cannot be enumerated in this advertisement."

MILLINERS, STOREKEEPERS AND DRESSMAKERS

will be supplied with goods on unusually advantageous terms, and every care and despatch, will be used in filling orders.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

One of the largest, and the most elegant and original assortment of Imported Novelties to be found in this city, is now in stock, including the following specialties. All goods selling lower than at any other house.

A beautiful assortment of French Flowers in Roses, Buds, Pansies, etc., from 10c. to 5c.
Floral Dress Trimmings and Bridal Wreaths, branched to order, in any style.

A fine assortment of Pompons, Feathers and Wigs.
An extensive assortment of Fancy Feathers, very rich, from 25 cents up to \$20.
All the newest shades of Ostrich and Plume de Cock Bands for trimming, from 65 cents and upward.
All the newest styles of blue steel and jet ornaments at the lowest prices.

Elegant Ostrich Plumes, in all the latest shades, \$2 and up.

The latest shapes in Felt Hats, at 85 cents to \$1.25.
Elegant Imported Felt Hats, best quality, at \$1.15 to \$3.
Drab Felt Hats, in the latest, most fashionable styles, 85 cents and up.
Silk Velvet Hats, of our own importation, in all qualities, at great bargains from \$4 to \$10.

Evening Bonnets, elegantly trimmed, from \$20 to \$35.
Carriage Bonnets, exquisite in design and quality \$15 to \$30, already trimmed in the latest styles.

Ladies' and Misses' trimmed Bonnets and Hats for general wear, in all shapes and shades, at \$6 and upward.
Children's Bonnets and Misses' Round Hats, from \$5 to \$15, ready trimmed.

Infant's Caps in all the new styles, at great bargains, or made to order at lowest prices.
Mourning goods made to order at the earliest notice.
Sent in neat boxes, perfectly.

Altman's New Price List.

SILKS.

Black Silks, of excellent quality - - - \$1 \$1 19 and \$1 25
Better and wider - - - \$1 33 \$1 50 and \$2
Black gros-grain Silk, very rich and good, - \$1 50 to \$2 50
The very best grades, - - - 3 and 3 50
Colored Trimming Silks, all shades, - - \$1 38 and 1 50
Colored Dress Silks at - - \$1 25, \$1 50, \$2 00 and 2 50
Black Satins, beautiful lustre, at - - 1 50, 1 75 and 2 00
Colored Satins at - - 1 50, 2 00 and 2 25
Black and Colored Velvets at - - 1 50, 2 00, 2 50 and 3 00
Silk Cloak Velvets at - - 5 00, 6 00, 8 00 and 10 00
Velveteens at - - 60c., 75c. and \$1 00, worth 1 50
Hat Sashes in every shade and color.
Sash Ribbons in all colors and widths, from 65c. up.
Colored Fringed Sashes, all the new shades, at very low prices.

Laces and Embroideries.

These goods will all be found Extraordinary Bargains, and includes

Hamburg edging at 10 cts. per yard and upwards.
Real Guipure Laces at 25 cts. per yard and upwards.
Black Thread Lace at 20 cts. per yard and upwards.
Valenciennes edging from 5c. per yard and upward.
Patent Valenciennes edging from 6c. per yard upwards.
Beaded black Yak Laces at 25c. per yard and upwards.
Beaded black Yak insertion at 38c. per yd and upward.
Black Yak Laces at 18c. per yard and upward.
Cluny Laces from 15c. and upward.
Colored blonde Laces, from 10c. per yard and upward.
White blonde Laces from 9c. per yard and upward.
Spanish Lace for Scarfs at 50c. per yd and upward.
Black Lace Veils, all patterns, at 50c. per yd and upward.
Black Silk Fringe at 23c. per yd. Black Silk beaded Fringe 35c. per yd. and upward.
Black Silk Galoon 5c. per yd. and upward.
Black Bullion Fringe from 20c. per yd and upward.
Black Beaded Gimp at 20c. per yd and upward.
Large assortment in Hamburg Embroideries.
Large lot of Hamburg insertion at 6c. per yd.
Swiss Medallion Embroideries, great variety at very low prices.
Lace Tides in every variety at 10c. and upward.

Ladies' Underclothing,

A Valuable Reduction in prices has taken place in this Department, and we imperatively state that no other house can compete with the general inducements we offer. We quote the following as a sample:

Ladies' Fine Chemises, warranted Muslin, finished superbly on Wheeler & Wilson machine. French corded band, extremely neat, 80 cts.
Ladies' Fine Chemises finished as above, with 75 tucks, yoke back and front, handsomely stitched, corded braids and sleeves, at \$1.50.

Ladies' Chemises en pointe French pattern with fine hand-made needlework edging and inserting, at \$1.48.

Ladies' Night Robes, Utica Mills Muslin, pointed, tucked, and ruffled yoke back and front, full length, at \$1.10.

Ladies' Night Robes, tucked and embroidered yoke, Masonville Muslin, trimmed and embroidered collars and cuffs, reduced from \$2.95 to \$2.25.

Ladies' Night Robes, greatest attraction in stock, made of best muslin, with diagonal puffing and embroidered yoke, back and front, (new shaped) puffed and embroidered pointed collars and cuffs, at \$5.50. Worth \$6.50 to \$7.

Ladies' Night Robes—another attractive article—entirely "our own style," just received, made with diagonal tucks, puffing and embroidery, robe front; very elaborate. \$5 to \$6.

Ladies' Fine Muslin Drawers, trimmed with deep hem and wine tucks at 75 Cents.

Ladies' Fine Muslin Drawers, trimmed with tucks and ruffle and diagonal tucking at 85 cents.

Ladies' Fine Muslin Drawers, with deep hem, cluster of tucks and needle work inserting, handsomely finished on Wheeler & Wilson Machine, at \$1.25.

Ladies' Demi-train Walking Skirts, with double ruffle, cluster of tucks, at \$1.

Ladies' Fine Walking Skirts, made of Lonsdale Muslin, with cambric flower, six inches deep, diagonal puffing and tucking with needle-work inserting five inches deep at \$5.

Train Skirts, fine muslin, deep hem, cluster of tucks six inches long, at \$1.90.

Ladies' Train Skirts, very elaborate, with one row of tucks, puffs, inserting and puffs over, with deep cambric ruffle, at \$5.50.

Ladies' Masonville muslin Underskirts, with ruffles and cluster of tucks, at 95 cents.

Ladies' Cambric Toilet Sacques, trimmed with fine ruffling, at \$1.40.

Linen and Muslin Pillow-Cases and Pillow-Stands, in plain ruffles and needlework inserting, &c., on hand and made to order. Chemises, square-tucked bosoms, trimmed with ruffles, 75 cents.

French Plouces Skirt, at \$1.20.

Corset Covers, trimmed with Hamburg edging, inserting, ruffling, tucks, &c., at 80 cents to \$1.50.

HOSIERY, etc.

Ladies' Iron Frame Hose, excellent quality, at 25c. per pr.

Ladies' full regular made Hose, at 25c. per pr.

Ladies' fine Balbriggan Hose at \$2 50 per 1-2 doz.

Ladies' Striped Hose in every variety at 46c. per pr. and upward.

A full line of Ladies' Cashmere and Woolen Hose at lowest prices.

Children's White and Colored Woolen Hose, a particular specialty.

Gents' full regular Half Hose, cheapest in the city, at 25c a pair.

Gents' Merino and Cashmere Hose at 43c. and upward.

Gents' Shaker Socks, not to be equalled, at 34c. per pair.

Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, at 12c. and upward.

Gents' Linen Handkerchiefs, superior quality, at 18c. and upward.

Gents' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, all Linen, at 39c. up.

Altman's New Price List.

We have just received a fine assortment of Ladies' and Gents' Kid Gloves, including the following specialties. Single button blk and col'd Kid Gloves at 50c. per pair, Next grade better at 95c. per pr. Warranted.

"ALTMAN" Kid Glove, our own make, in black and all fashionable shades, at \$1 25 two-buttoned, every pair taken back and a new pair given if they rip or tear.

"Josephine" real Kid Glove, perfect quality, at \$1 95 per pair.

"Lucca" Kid Glove, an excellent wearing glove, at 95c per pair, two button.

Gauntlet Gloves, every color and shade, 63c. and upward.

A large assortment of Woolen Gloves for Ladies', Gents' and Children at the lowest prices, from 25c. to \$1 00 per pair.

Gent's Fine French Dogskin Gloves, every color, at \$1 29 per pair.

Gents' fine French Gloves, excellent wear, at 95c. per pair.

Ladies' 3 4 and 6 button, every shade, \$1 40 and 11 80.

Full assortment of Cloth and Wollen Gloves, from 25cts. to \$1 per doz.

Gent's Furnishing Department.

This department is replete with a splendid assorted stock, and our prices are such as undersell any other establishment, where quality is included.

100 doz. Gents' Merino Shirts and Drawers, at 50c. and up.

75 " " Clouded, all sizes, at 64c.

75 " " Red Flannel woven very fine, \$1 69 "

Our own make Dress Shirts, perfect fit, made of Wamsutta Muslin, fine linen bosoms, open or closed at back, at \$12 per half doz.

Extra fine perfectly fitting Dress Shirts, New York Mills Muslin with Richardson's best linen bosoms, made in any style to order, at \$14 per half dozen.

Gents' White Dress Shirts as low as \$1 each.

Gents' Merino Under Shirts at 85c. up to \$2 00.

Gents' Suspenders, every variety, at 25c. up.

Gents' Windsor Scarfs, best quality, at 89c. and up.

" Wide end colored Ties, endless variety, at 45c.

" Collars and Cuffs in all the latest styles.

" Collars pure Linen, latest styles, \$2 00 per doz.

" Columbia 3 ply linen collars, at \$1 90 per doz.

" Turn down collars at \$1 75 per doz,

" 3 ply cuffs at 25c. per pair.

" St. James Cuff, 3 ply, all linen, at 31c. per pair.

" Elmwood Paper Collars at 25c. per box.

" Superior Paper Cuffs at 32c. per box of 10 prs.

" Common Paper Collar at any price per box.

A large assortment of Boys' Merino Shirts and Drawers at 50 cents.

Boys' and Children's full regular made Shirts and Drawers at 73c. and upward.

Children's Merino Dresses, all sizes at \$1 25 upward.

Ladies' and Misses' Merino Vests and Drawers at all prices.

Toilet Department Jewelry, &c.

Tooth Brushes, excellent to best, from 10c. and upward.

Nail " " " " 14c.

Hair " " " " 28c.

Dressing Combs " " " " 10c.

Hand Mirrors, elegant designs, " " " " 31c.

Tortoise-shell Back Combs, " " " " 25c.

Ladies' Rubber Belt Buckles, " " " " 25c.

Jet " " " " 25c.

Ladies' Jet Farrings, in latest designs 10c.

" Real Garnet Sets, " " " " 38c.

" Bracelets of all kinds, " " " " 38c.

" Beaded Belts, " " " " 75c.

" Leather Belts, " " " " 20c.

" Rubber Belts, " " " " 45c.

" Beaded Pockets, " " " " 50c.

" Leather Satchels, in newest styles, at \$1.50 and up.

" Real Russia Leather Satchels, from \$4.50 and up.

" Morocco Pocket Books, from 18 cents and upward.

" Real Russia Leather Pocket Books, from 35c. up.

" Shawl Straps, " " " " from 45c. and up.

Children's School Bags, " " " " 81 to 89 cents.

Ladies' Ties, " " " " 28 cents and upward.

" Linen Collars, " " " " 7 cents

" Linen Cuffs, " " " " from 5 cents per pair.

" Neck Ruffling, " " " " from 15c. and upward.

" Undersleeves, " " " " from 45c. and upward.

Gilt and Jet Earrings, Pins and Bracelets, from 25 cents per pair, or as high as \$5 per set, according to quality and design. We guarantee that, in the exercise of our own judgment, on receiving as near a description as possible of what is required, and the price desired to be paid, we will give entire satisfaction or refund the money on return of goods C. O. D.

Ribbons of all styles, colors and widths, at prices that will astonish customers.

In Velvet, Velveteens, Satins, and all kindred goods, we have a full stock, of which we cut on bias at wholesale prices.

We have on hand 5000 pieces of the Worsted Ball and Twisted Fringes, now so much in vogue, which we are offering at the unheard of low price of 48 cents per yard, in all colors.

Forty different styles of the latest designs in Beaded Gimps and Fringes, now so fashionable, which we offer at from 25 cents per yard up to \$3, according to the quality and design. . . . I will personally attend to all orders coming through the Liberal papers, and having, for many years, filled orders for the readers of this paper, my judgment may be relied upon in the proper selection of purchases.

All goods not mentioned herein, including such as are entirely out of our regular line of business, will be as judiciously and carefully selected, and as readily sent as those enumerated, and I will guarantee, in all cases, that the prices will be as low as anywhere else in the United States. Ladies' and Misses' Suits and Gentlemen's Clothing may be confidently ordered, all that is requisite being the correct measure, and about the style, price and kind of material required. I will make myself personally responsible for the remainder.

I will guarantee to satisfactorily fill all orders that may be sent, and assure all patrons that wherever goods are sent, different in prices or kinds than ordered, that the goods may be returned by express, C. O. D., at our risk and expenses. Address

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OF THE FIRM OF M. ALTMAN & CO.

Sixth Avenue and 19th Street.

Odds and Ends.

A WIFE's farewell to her husband: "Buy buy."

WANTED.—Young ladies to sell on commission.

ADVICE is like castor oil—easy enough to give but dreadful to take.

"Woman, with all thy faults I love thee still," as a man said to his scolding wife.

A WISE philosopher has discovered how to avoid being dunned—never to go in debt.

"O you be darned," said a bachelor as he poked his toes through a hole in his stockings.

FOR SALE.—A piano, by a lady about to visit Europe with carved legs in an oak case.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A girl once blew her lover out of doors and then kissed the candle.

A VOCALIST said he would sing "Way down on old Tar River," if he only could get the pitch.

THE greatest triumph of the surgical art is said to be taking the jaw out of a scolding woman.

A GERMAN waiter at a hotel said to a boarder: "Of you see what you don't want, yoost speak out."

A YOUNG physician asked a young Miss for a kiss. "No, indeed," said she, "I wish no doctor's bill stuck in my face."

"SOMETHING to love" is all very well, but Jenks says in order to do that he must have something to put his arms round.

A YOUNG man named Turn married a cousin by the same name, on the plea that "one good Turn deserves another."

"THE water cure is no new invention," says Stiggers, "it is as old as the deluge, and even then it killed more than it cured."

A WISCONSIN man recently killed six skunks in one day. After interviewing the first one he became reckless and so kept on.

"I'll give that girl a piece of my mind," said a young man. "No," said his uncle, "I would not do that, you have none to spare."

A WITNESS in a case of assault and battery, when asked what he said, replied: "I said to him with the toe of my boot, go home."

WHEN Adam got tired of naming his descendants, and when he got about half through he said, "let's quit and call all the rest Smith."

"THAT's very singular," said a young lady, when a gentleman kissed her. "O," said he, "then I will make it plural," and gave her another.

A COUNTRY magistrate being called on to marry a couple, said: "I pronounce you man and wife, and may God have mercy on your souls. Amen."

AN Irish crier being ordered to clear the court-room, did so by announcing: "Now all you blackguards that are not lawyers leave the court at once."

THE time has now arrived when the voice of the shivering husband is heard at day-break murmuring: "Hanner, where'n the old scratch are my boots?"

"AM I not a little pale?" inquired a lady who was short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor. "You look more like a big tub," was the blunt response.

THE young man who sang, "I'm lonely since mother died," has got bravely over it. His father has married again and his step-mother makes it lively for him.

A PERSON was boasting that he sprung from a high family. "Yes," said a bystander, "I knew some of the same family so high their feet could not touch the ground."

"HERE's to the vine that grew the grapes that made this wine," said Spivens, as he swallowed a glass of milk. "What vine was that?" asked Smith. "Bovine," was the prompt reply.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN often stumbled upon the truth. He said: "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should neither want a fine house nor fine furniture."

"I CAN'T say as he went to heaven," remarked a Fort Scott citizen of a deceased townsman, "but he paid a bill of eleven years' standing only the day before he died, and you can judge for yourself."

A POOR fellow begged for five cents with which to pay ferriage over the river. "O," said the party importuned, "if you have no money, it makes no difference which side of the river you are on."

A LADY setting for her picture was trying to render her mouth much smaller by contracting her lips. "Do not trouble yourself," said the artist. "I will draw your face without any mouth at all."

A MINNESOTA Editor says a man came into his office to advertise for a lost dog, and that such was the wonderful power of advertising that the dog walked into the office while he was writing out the advertisement.

A GEORGIA paper knows a man who went all the way from Cassville to Atlanta. On his return he looked solemn with the weight of garnered wisdom, and said; "If the world is as big t'other way as it is that, it's a whopper!"

MR. B., did you say, or did you not say what I said you said, because C. said you said you never said what I said you said. Now if you said you did not say what I said you said, then in the name of stars what did you say?

A GENTLEMAN who took a common-sense view of things being asked his opinion of a poetical individual, replied: "Oh, he's one of those men who have soarings after the infinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

THACKERAY tells us of a woman begging alms from him, who, when he put his hand in his pocket, cried out: "May the blessing of God follow you all your life!" But when he only pulled out his snuff-box she immediately added, "And never overtake ye!"

A SCOTCH physician being asked the meaning of metaphysics explained it as follows: When the party who listens doesn't know what the party who speaks means, and the party who speaks doesn't know what he means himself: that is metaphysics.

A PERSON named Owen Moore being deeply involved in debt suddenly left for parts unknown, upon which a wag remarked: "Owen Moore ran away Owen Moore than he could pay."

"I WISH to consult you upon a little project I have formed," said a noodle to his friend. "I have an idea in my head." "Have you?" interposed the friend, with a look of great surprise. "then you shall have my opinion at once. *Keep it there*, it may be some time before you get another."

A DUTCH ADVERTISEMENT.—"Sothoring, I takes this way to inform the public vot I can do—dat I can make sehtove bipes, brass, copper and tin vork of any kind, from a still-vorm to a vistle, and I can sother up de booter dea pots vat has a hole in em, and make em shoost as goot as new. All dish I will do for de gash, at mine old shtand near where the carpenter lives vot mamke the wheel barrows and mends de vajons. HANS BRANGEN.

A New Englander, riding in a railroad car, seemed particularly anxious to astonish the other passengers with tough stories of Yankeedom. At last he mentioned that one of his neighbors owned an immense dairy, and made a million pounds of butter and a million pounds of cheese yearly. This story produced some sensation; and the Yankee, perceiving that his veracity was in danger of being questioned, appealed to a friend as follows: "True, isn't it, Mr. P.? I speak of Deacon Brown—you know Deacon Brown?" "Y-e-s," replied the friend, "that is, yes I know Deacon Brown; I don't know as I ever heard precisely how many pounds of butter and cheese he makes a year, but I know that he has twelve saw mills that go by butter-milk."

For Winter Evenings. PLAYING CARDS.

Fancy, Transparent, Illustrated.

THE LATEST OUT.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE divorce business seems to be pretty good in Maine. Last year 487 bills were granted, of which 238 were for desertion.

It has been suggested by a friend at our elbow that, in view of the great trial through which Plymouth Church is passing, that its name be changed and hereafter be known as *The Church of the Holy Adultery*.

THERE are in the United States 156 firms and corporations engaged in the silk manufacture, with an aggregate capital of \$16,000,000, and with a force of 10,651 operatives. New York has 61 of these establishments, New Jersey 30, Connecticut 22, and Massachusetts 12.

A Troy stove firm has received a letter from the West in relation to the purchase of a heater for a church, which concludes as follows: "The heater furnished by you for the church at — works bully. Give us your rock bottom prices, as we are poor, but very pious."

A LATE MINISTERIAL SCANDAL comes from Baltimore. Charges of gross immorality have been preferred against the Rev. Alfred N. Gilbert, pastor of the Paca Street Christian church. The charges are made by members of his own church. A female is connected with the scandal.

THE *Science of Health* impresses on its readers the pernicious effects of the habit of breathing through the mouth, sleeping or waking. The nostrils are the proper breathing apparatus—not the mouth. A man may inhale poisonous gases through the mouth without being aware of it, but not through the nose.

A CHURCH DIFFICULTY IN HOROKEN.—In the Methodist Episcopal Church a serious misunderstanding has arisen between the Shepherd and his flock. They do not seem to like his style of preaching, and have secretly organized a party to oppose and "oust" him. Brotherly love, accord and concord seem to have departed from their midst.

IT HAS BEEN ASCERTAINED a slight mistake was made in the rendition of the statement of the remark made by Samuel Wilkinson in reference to the publicity of Beecher's little deviations from the path of virtue. It is now claimed he did not say, "If this gets out, it will knock *The Life of Christ* higher than a kite," but that his real words were, "It will send '*The Life of Christ*' to the Devil." That our readers may understand the precise direction Beecher's "Life of Christ" was to take, we cheerfully make this correction. Our sympathies are still with the aforesaid "Life of Christ." We cannot help thinking, "what a pity, what a pity, that this is thus."

THE papers inform us the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, the leading attorney in the defense of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, is to be paid \$25,000 by Mr. Beecher's friends for services thus rendered. It is said there are twelve other lawyers working for the defense, with Porter, Tracy, Hill and Shearman at their head; and in the aggregate they ought to be able to earn as much as Mr. Evarts. Other expenses connected with the trial are heavy. \$50,000

is a pretty round sum for the friends of a clergyman to have to pay for his errors and indulgences. If he only had had the grace to exercise due self-denial and continence, it would have saved his friends these heavy expenditures and himself many a regretful pang.

THERE ARE TWO BEECHER SUITS.—Solomon Skinner, a former dentist of Brooklyn, has brought suit against Henry Ward Beecher for \$600 for three sets of teeth furnished twenty years ago,—two sets to Mrs. Beecher and one to Lyman Beecher, father of Henry Ward,—and for which payment was never made. The dentist was rich and did not care for the money, but since becoming poor he finds it would be convenient to have it. Mr. Beecher, through his attorneys, pleads the statute of limitation. If the work was performed, and Mr. Beecher does not deny it, would it not be quite as honorable to pay the debt and say no more about it? Twenty years is certainly a good long credit. Possibly the Reverend gentleman thinks as did that other fellow on a similar occasion: "As it has stodd so long a time, perhaps it had better run awhile."

THE GREAT BEECHER TRIAL still drags its slow length along, and a large portion of the public are weary with it and heartily wish the great Preacher had behaved himself as a decent man ought to do, and thus have saved the recital of such a mass of prurient testimony. Mr. Tilton has passed through the ordeal of a direct examination and a close cross-examination, in which he was clear and concise, clothing his ideas in more finished language than is often heard from a witness stand. Mr. Evarts, in his labored cross-examination, made very little off Mr. Tilton and "lugging in" Mr. Tilton's Poems, Editorials, etc., which have no connection with Mr. Beecher's guilt or innocence only show the weakness of the case for the defense. Thus far the testimony of Messrs. Moulton, Woodruff, West and Tilton has agreed remarkably, and must have made a decided effect upon the minds of the jury. It will, doubtless, be the purpose of the defence to break down this testimony, but it cannot easily be done. These witnesses all presented a candid, impressive manner, and their credibility will be vouched for by any number of persons of the first respectability. It would seem a verdict for the plaintiff will be inevitable, but it is to be remembered the jury is a *Christian* jury, and it is the first Christian clergyman of the country that is upon trial, and the main witnesses against him are *heathen* or unbelievers. "The good of the cause" will possibly have some effect upon the minds of those twelve Christian jurors.

A NOTICEABLE FEATURE of Mr. Tilton's examination was the respect and consideration he bore his erring wife. He repeatedly pronounced her a woman of unusual excellence, intelligence and devotion, possessing in an eminent degree the characteristics of a "true lady." He blamed her not for the mistake she made in listening to the artful arguments and importunities of the man her religious views and associations conspired to cause her to look up to with trust, confidence and adoration, but casts all blame upon her seducer and deceiver.

If he still cherishes for her such esteem, confidence and perhaps, too, love, is it not to be hoped she may reciprocate the feeling, and when all "this cruel war is over," a reconciliation may take place, and this once happy, but now scattered and distracted family again be united, and the bliss of former and better days be at least partially restored? We will cast our vote for this "consummation devoutly to be wished." However reprehensible it may have been in Daniel E. Sickles to shoot the seducer of his wife, we thought it was noble in him that he forgave her and again took her to his arms; and the late great and good Gerrit Smith wrote Sickles a letter warmly and emphatically approving his noble magnanimous course. If Daniel set a good example in this respect, let Theodore follow it.

THE GOLDEN AGE says it has heard of "people dancing at the funeral of a wife or child, but it is not often a man dances at his own." This was said with reference to the remarkable cheerfulness and jolity of the pastor of Plymouth Church exhibits during his trial. No matter how

damaging the evidence, whether it is Moulton's narrative of Beecher's numerous confessions, whether Tilton's of his wife's admission of the sin, whether it is the Pastor's own letters of contrition or his consequent resignation of the pastorate of the church is read, he is all smiles, and his face beams with radiance and good humor. His jokes and witticisms come in on all possible occasions, and he assures us he never was so happy before in his life. These continuous smiles and jokes of the Plymouth Pastor would seem to make applicable to him the merited rebuke, which Mrs. Miller addressed to the Rev. Mr. Glendenning, when he, while being tried for adultery, also frequently indulged in smiles and laughter: "Sir: I see nothing to laugh at in this business." How cheerful, indeed, it makes these reverend gentlemen to be brought into court for their offenses. The more their shame is exposed, the more they laugh. There is some contrast between this conduct and the tears which frequently rush to Mr. Tilton's eyes while giving testimony of the pathetic parts of this sorrowful story, or when the endearing letters which passed between his wife and himself are read. He has, during the trial, often wept, but rarely smiled. He possibly sees but little to laugh at. Which looks the most like innocence? Which, under the circumstances, seems the most appropriate, the assumed cheerfulness and jolity of the one, or the grave, sad demeanor of the other? Among the accomplishments and talents of the great Plymouth Preacher, the art of dissembling and hypocrisy is by no means the least. And is there not danger of his playing the cheerful game too strong?

IT IS FORESHADOWED that the defense in the Beecher Scandal trial will be to break down the evidence of Moulton, Tilton, Woodruff, and others, and to pronounce the whole thing a conspiracy. If it was a conspiracy Henry Ward Beecher was a party to it. He must either be guilty of the charges against him, or he must be one of the conspirators in making it appear so. How else can his letters of confession and contrition and his resignation be accounted for? Why else should he pay out ten thousand dollars so willingly? Why else should he have been in secret conclave at hours early and late with the other conspirators? Why else should he propose to abdicate Plymouth pulpit with its \$20,000 per year? Why else when Deacon West was trying to bring Tilton to a church trial did the pastor do all he could to defer it and stave it off, that the whole affair need not be dragged to the light? Why else did he send away Bessie Turner and pay hundreds of dollars for her tuition? Why else did he propose to send Tilton and Moulton to Europe at his expense? Why else did he write so many letters with his own hand, fitting and dovetailing into the entire statements of Moulton and Tilton? Verily if there has been conspiracy in the case, he himself has played an important part in it, and his confidential attorney, Gen. Tracy, was also a conspirator. By the corroborative testimony of Moulton, Tilton, and Woodruff (who, by the by, will not be easy to impeach as he stands as high for honor and truthfulness as any man in this community), proves that Gen. Tracy was made acquainted with Mr. Beecher's criminality, when he said, while he was not in favor of lying as a general rule, in this case he approved of it and it must be used. It is also intimated by some of Beecher's friends that if it is necessary, it will be shown that Mrs. Tilton acted upon the instructions of Tilton and Moulton in her advances to Beecher, and thus herself became one of the conspirators. If this lying dodge is taken it will be meaner than any other conduct in the whole case, and throw into the shade Adam's defense when arraigned in the celebrated apple case. Will not that be a beautiful defense, that Mrs. Tilton acting upon the instructions of her husband and his co-conspirators by her sweet arts and allurements tempted the good Plymouth pastor when he unconsciously and innocently stepped into the trap thus wickedly set for him? Will it not be a defense worthy a great Christian Church and a great Christian Pastor? Let us at all events hope this great Christian preacher when he is brought upon the witness stand, will not sit day after day and coolly commit perjury. "We shall see what we shall see."

[Written expressly for THE TRUTH SEEKER.]

The Witch of the Wine-Mark.

A Tale of the Royal Colony of Massachusetts.

BY LOTHAR LOGOS.

CHAPTER XI.

When the half-breed stood before the Fanatic and informed him of the discovery he had made, the latter bounded to his feet with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, which was most grateful to the wily and treacherous scoundrel who evoked it.

"What!" ejaculated Sloucher, "you saw them with your own eyes in the wigwam of the Indian; and saw the ferryman and his two godless companions alive, and with their scalps safe and sound?"

Now there was one peculiarity about the manner and language of the Fanatic which was known to but few in the settlement, and that was the readiness with which both changed when there was no longer anything to be gained by the observance of a sanctified mein or drawl. Hence when he addressed Lightfoot, his voice was quite commonplace, and his drawl and long face completely cast aside for a curtness and vivacity most marked.

"Yes," returned Lightfoot, "saw them with my own eyes, and heard them speak. They were seated on some furs in the wigwam beside Firefly the chief's wife, who was here with him a couple of years ago."

"And you say the Indians are all or nearly all to go away on a hunting expedition to-morrow," rejoined the Fanatic, "and that Red Wing will be away also, not to return until the following day?"

"That's just what I heard him tell his three companions as I crept after them to the ravine," said the half-breed. "And that the whole of his party hereabouts numbers only eight or ten, I know also, for I heard him mention the fact, and that only one or two would be left behind to keep watch over the two whites and his wife."

"Don't mention a sentence of this to any one living," said the Fanatic, "but go and find Nat the Moose, and bring him to me before you sleep, if you can fall in with him."

"Good," returned the half-breed. "I think I know where to meet with him; although after his fright—for I saw him run—he may not like to venture abroad again to-night; and, besides, it is now getting late."

"You shall be well rewarded for your trouble if you find him," replied Sloucher, "and what's more, you shall have all the credit due to the discovery of the retreat of the Indians; and you know the government will recognize that service handsomely."

"Well," rejoined the other, "I will try and persuade him to accompany me here if I can make him out, for I suppose whatever work you have in hand, I can help you with it. But will you not inform Peter Huskins of how the case stands?"

"No!" returned the Fanatic. "Not a word must be spoken to him or any one else on the subject. Bring me the Moose, and then you shall know more of my intentions in this matter, and shall take a part in whatever work we may cut out."

In a few moments Sloucher was alone once more; and no sooner had the door closed behind the half-breed, than he bolted it securely; and while his whole aspect changed, as it had changed at the gate of the villa when he was repulsed by Maurice and Alice, he exclaimed, in a suppressed voice, and with a fiendish glare of his eye:

"This time! this time! Alice Ravenswood, you shall fall! The Indians are not aware of the treachery of this Lightfoot, but will still believe in his friendship, and still trust him, although he has proved their deadliest enemy, and was the means of all the troubles that beset Red Wing two years since. He shall betray those to be left in charge of the fugitives to-morrow into the hands of the authorities, while I and the Moose shall be left free to dispose of our share of the live spoil."

The dwelling of the Fanatic, which was as repulsive in appearance as himself, was situated among some trees in a gloomy hollow that invaded the town on one side, and as yet gave shelter to his lonely habitation only, of which he was the sole inmate. The building was a large, rough one, that had been used formerly as an outpost, and which, on being abandoned, had fallen in some way into his hands.

The windows were small and of a loop-hole character, and the entrance narrow and secured by a heavy oaken door with iron bolts and bars. The interior was divided into three or four rooms, one of which only appeared to be occupied by the Fanatic, the others being always kept locked, as if to shut off their gloom from the already sufficiently forbidding apartment in which the meek and lowly follower of the humble Nazarine partook of his coarse fare, and sought repose upon his uninviting pallet of straw.

In this cheerless room only was he to be found whenever Huskins or the Moose visited him; and here, also, he received such of his brethren of "the cloth" as came to consult with him in the best methods of carrying out their diabolical designs in relation to those whom they were determined to sacrifice to

their cupidity, superstition or lust, as the foul fiend inspired them. The half-breed, however, whose eyes and ears were always open, became somehow impressed that, notwithstanding all these appearances of mortification and humility, Sloucher was not altogether indifferent to the comforts of this life, and that there was beneath his lonely roof some little nook to which he could at times retire and obtain a more dainty morsel and a more refreshing night's rest than his every-day quarters seemed capable of affording.

Contrary to the expectation of the Fanatic, the half-breed had not been absent but a very short period when he again presented himself, accompanied by Nat. He had met the Moose approaching the house, his fellow-conspirator after his fright, as he was anxious to learn something more of the affair with the Indians; from the fact of his having been unconscious at the moment they appeared on the scene of action at the ferryman's, he was terribly confused on the subject; and, like the brave fellow that he was, having looked only to his own safety when he regained his legs, he had not paused in his flight to ask any of his companions as to how the matter stood.

"Have you told him anything?" said Sloucher to the half-breed when both the men entered.

"No," returned Lightfoot, "I have left that for you to do."

"How many Indians were there?" interrupted the Moose, "and how many scalps were taken?"

"There were no scalps taken, and not a single drop of blood spilt," replied Lightfoot.

"How is that?" said the Moose, turning to the Fanatic.

"Don't you hear how it is?" rejoined Sloucher. "No one has suffered save yourself, and I must say you went down very easy under the hand of that bully from The Heights."

This sarcastic observation nettled the Moose, who ground his teeth on hearing it. But before he could make any remark upon it the Fanatic continued:

"Lightfoot has discovered where the two witches are hidden; and, besides, has happened to fall upon the spot where Red Wing and a few Indians are secretly encamped. It was the chief and three of his tribe that routed us an hour or so past."

Now, as already stated, the language of Sloucher lost all of its sanctified twang when he was dealing with those who knew him. In the presence of the witchfinder, or of those to whom he did not wish to reveal himself, did he only drawl out his villainous projects and sentiments. In fact, he knew Huskins to be a sincere and consistent monster who believed in the terrible delusions that had overspread the land, and he had consequently to keep on the right side of him, with a view to furthering his own nefarious designs; for although he had himself great power with the Church and the authorities, Peter in the matter of witches was a law to both.

In a few moments all reserve being thrown completely off by the three men, it was decided that the half-breed should visit the ravine, stealthily as it were, on the morrow and betray whatever Indians were in it into the hands of a party that Sloucher should induce the authorities to post toward nightfall at a point to be decided upon. No allusion whatever was to be made to the proximity of Firefly and the fugitives. These, when left unprotected, were to be pounced upon unexpectedly and hurried off to some place of security by the three ruffians—Firefly being now named as the prize of the half-breed.

As may be presumed, Florence felt almost as much relief as the invalid at the intelligence of the escape of Alice from the second attempt to capture her made by the Fanatic and his party. Seeing the intense anguish of the mother of her dear friend, she determined to remain at the villa for a few days, in the hope of being able to solace the poor invalid to some extent, and to hear something more from Alice.

The dangers which surrounded Martha pressed heavily upon the heart of John Langton, while Emily Graham, the maid of Alice, was inconsolable at the terrible calamity that threatened her young mistress. Again and again did she beg Robert to take her to the hiding place of Alice, so that she might share her dangers and troubles. Dearly as he loved Emily, however, Robert could not accede to her wishes in this respect, because he was not only pledged not to approach the ravine at present, but perceived that to add to the number already in sore distress would be to embarrass their secrecy and to expose them to a greater chance of falling into the hands of their enemies. This Emily soon saw was a reasonable view of the case, so she gave up her pleadings and betook herself to the solace of tears in her own little chamber.

Titmouse said but little, although he thought a great deal, and as he had not heard from either John or Robert anything of the true merits of the case, or of where the fugitives had now found shelter, he determined to return to the ravine on the following night and lay all he knew of the matter before Red Wing and Firefly, convinced that they would be able to give some advice on the subject, as he believed it was not known where Martha and Alice fled after they had left the cave.

Although Maurice and the detachment that had marched in the direction of Cape Ann, were con-

strained to right-about face and retrace their steps, they found it no easy matter to dispose of the few miles that separated them from Boston.

The fatigue of a single day, of one sleepless night, and the effects of the bitter encounter with the enemy, brief as the latter was, had so preyed upon some of the party that, after a march of half a dozen miles, the little command was constrained to pitch their tents once more, so that the strong and the hardy might minister to the needs of those who had fancied that a couple of hours' rest was sufficient to restore their wasted energies after the hardships they had suffered.

They still kept close by the sea, and where they halted they found a second sheltered spot in which they determined to encamp for the remainder of the day and for the approaching night, as the wounds of one or two of the men, which had at first been considered mere scratches, were becoming not only extremely painful, but absolutely dangerous.

Maurice and the officer who had been liberated after the fight with the French and the Indians, were active in making the best of the situation during the delay, a duty in which the commander of the other section of the volunteers was busily engaged also.

The restoration of this officer to liberty was a source of extreme gratification to Maurice, inasmuch as he was neither more nor less than Francis Ellencourt, the cousin of Alice, who, at the time of his capture, was on his way to Boston to visit his relatives and friends, whom he had not seen for a long period.

Maurice and he had first met at Cape Ann a couple of years previously, where our hero and his sister Florence had been on a visit, and when an intimacy sprang up between the three which became very warm in a very short space of time.

So far as Mr. Ellencourt and Florence were concerned, this was soon made apparent; for, in the course of a single week, there was no disguising the fact, that the one was exceedingly happy in the society of the other.

Nor was this all; for on the return of Florence to Boston, she frequently received a missive from the young officer that heightened the rose on her beautiful cheek and set all her pulses in rapid motion.

The fact is, Francis had received permission from Maurice to write to her, and hence the correspondence in question, and the tender secret, which in Boston was known only to brother and sister and the Ravenswoods.

So deeply imbued were the people of Boston and the surrounding settlement with the terrible superstition of the day, that the few who were possessed of more rational views on the subject, and who regarded the league between Church and State against freedom of thought as infamous in the extreme, dared not express themselves openly, for fear of becoming entangled in the meshes of both powers.

Among the boldest and most outspoken of the mere handful of Liberals—a dozen or so—to be found in the town and near it, were the Fitz Raymonds and the Ravenswoods; although even these were cautious at times, and knew that their opposition to the persecutions of the Church was at their peril.

It was to them revolting in the extreme to hear of the atrocities inflicted almost daily upon innocent persons of every age and sex, by men who assumed to be commissioned from on high, and who alleged that the dungeon, the fagot and the rope were necessary to the spread of gospel truth and the welfare of human souls.

If Baron Munchausen was the central figure of the creed of Christendom, and the originator of the beliefs and theories of which it is constituted, it could not be more absurd and untenable than it is. In the first place, it presupposes a creator of all things, who is omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient; who is all-wise, all-great and all-good, and, the next moment, it tells us that he had botched the work of creation, and got so angry with the fruits of his own incapacity, that he wiped out the whole animated world with a flood, save some necessary representative pairs, that he had most consistently preserved to perpetuate the very breeds he was about to destroy. There is not one of Baron Munchausen's stories more lamentably preposterous—more utterly ridiculous than that of the Deluge. The efficacy of the Flood, in so far as the purifying of the world was concerned, may find an illustration in Sodom and Gomorrah, and the infamous wars of the Jews. It was a dead failure, for the races that succeeded Noah were composed in part of as infamous a pack of scoundrels as could possibly have been found among antediluvians.

What did Baron Munchausen ever fabricate more absurd than the story of the Ark, with its freight of lions, tigers, panthers and every other savage creature in existence, from the white bear of the polar regions to the deadly cobra of India? Would it not have been quite as pleasant for the Creator to have harmonized and purified all the inhabitants of the world and to have saved them from destruction, as to have created a special millennium for the dangerous monsters that crowded that impossible old scow, and that became so amiable and so docile all in a moment, as to approach in sample pairs from every quarter of the globe, ignoring intervening seas and walking across that plank to their floating quarters in as gentle and good natured a manner as if they had never previously preyed upon each other.

The theory of evaporation was not well understood in those fanciful old days, else the people would have discovered that it not a single drop of rain that fell from the clouds but had been previously drawn from the stock of waters already on earth, and was but simply returned to them under a most admirable law. To have achieved the Flood, we should have had five miles deep of additional waters spread over the level of the ocean, with a view to submerging the tops of the highest mountains, and as there was no possible place for these waters to come from; and as, if they had been called into existence in any miraculous manner, at such a height from the earth's surface, they would have been frozen solid to a great depth, encasing the world in a sphere of ice, it may be fairly presumed that this old fable has been ruled out of court by common sense, and consigned to the dust heaps of the past.

It was an implicit belief in the alleged atrocities of the divine being, as set forth in the Bible, that fostered the spirit of blood and rapine which has characterized the Christian religion throughout a lapse of eighteen hundred years. If God told the children of Israel to steal, and prompted the murder of his own son, who shall find fault with those who choose to emulate his example? The fact is, as already observed, if you want a warrant for the commission of any crime, no matter how heinous, if you don't get it somewhere between the first chapter of Genesis and the last of Revelations, a drop of blood has never been shed under the laws of Draco.

These points had often been privately discussed between the Fitz Raymonds and the Ravenswoods, and a conclusion arrived at in relation to them, which influenced both families to repudiate much that was contained in "the book of books," and to set their faces against the terrible persecutions which were devastating the settlement under the sanction of the secular and the religious power. The households of both were permeated throughout with a deep hostility to the fiendish movements set on foot in these relations, and were consequently the most implacable enemies of Sloucher and the witchfinder.

The ferryman and his daughter had also become deeply impressed with the degraded aspect of the creed that led to the heinous crimes that were almost daily perpetrated beneath their eyes by men who assumed to be doing the will of God, notwithstanding that they were palpably imbruing their hands in innocent blood.

There were of course some others in and about the town who sympathized with the opinions of the two families, and who secretly denounced the superstition that had consigned so many already to the dungeon and the rope; but so deep a dread had fallen upon the people, that few dared to copy the example of the Ravenswoods or the Fitz Raymonds, by uttering occasionally an indignant protest against such foul inhumanity.

When Sloucher and his companions, the Noose and the half-breed, had decided fully on their course of action, the two latter sallied forth once more, and left the Fanatic to himself and his humane meditations. Now that he was alone, and the hour solate, one might suppose that he would have repaired at once to his humble couch. But the supposition would be at fault, for no sooner had the Noose and Light-foot disappeared, than he closed and bolted the heavy oak door through which they had just passed, and approached the hearth where the fire was still burning.

Here he knelt down, and raising a small flag close to the chimney, drew from beneath it a large key, which he at once applied to the lock of one of the doors that shut off the apartments already mentioned.

Speedily the bolt answered to the nervous twist of his massive, bony hand, and the door swung upon its hinges, revealing a comfortable, if not expensively furnished room, with a large and curiously wrought silver lamp, upon a centre table, whose mellow rays were thrown upon an arm-chair of antique workmanship that stood beside a few dying embers that smouldered in the fire place.

Into this seat he now threw himself, and, resting his head upon his hand, he began thinking aloud, and running over the events of the last couple of days.

"Yes!" he observed, "my resolve is taken; she shall be mine, were I ultimately constrained to seal the secret with her death. Once in my power, I can shut her in from the whole world, and then her life and her happiness, if she will, are in her own hands. The Noose and the half-breed can take care of themselves, and try the depths of the forest with their prizes; and then bid good-by to the settlement. As for myself, I have committed my whole being to this issue. Alice Ravenswood, I shall not trust you even to the walls of a prison, now. I shall be your jailor and your executioner if you drive me to it!"

After some sentences, which were ejaculated at intervals, he remained for a few moments wrapt in the most profound thought. Then, rising slowly from his seat, he took up the lamp, the rays of which could not find a single crevice to struggle through to any of the adjoining apartments or to the outer world, and opening another and smaller door, which led into a sleeping room, he disappeared for the night.

When Alice found herself in the wigwam of Red

Wing, by the side of Martha and Firefly, she breathed more freely than she had since the hour of her flight from the town; and expressing her sense of relief to her beautiful protectress, when the chief disappeared at the instance of the ferryman's daughter, she observed:

"Dear Firefly, when we last parted, I had but little idea that when we met again it should be thus, and that I should be indebted to you and your brave husband for the shelter and assistance that enable me to set my enemies at defiance for the time being. How grateful ought I to be to kind Providence for this favor shown me in the hour of my extremity."

"Sweet white squaw make 'um mistake," returned Firefly, smiling, "'um Providence make all spoil; 'um make white squaw trouble, and 'um no kill bad mans who hunt 'um. 'Um half-breed! 'Um make good one side and trouble on the other so much as more."

"There is some truth in what she says," chimed in Martha, "for this Providential escape you allude to involves Providential exposure, which balances the account; so that, after all, there's very little to be grateful for, when we come to view the affair in its proper light."

"White mans make 'um Great Spirit too much in one place," said Firefly. "Make 'um too much talk like squaw. Make 'um bid bad mans sneak after poor white squaw and kill 'um. Red Wing better than white man's Great Spirit. 'Um fight for white squaw and save 'um from kill."

Even the most liberal minds in the settlement had not yet advanced so far as to doubt *in toto* the authenticity of the Scripture records, so that the startling proposition of Firefly regarding the superiority of the God of the Red man found but little favor with Alice, although there was something about the unsophisticated argument of the beautiful squaw that impressed her seriously. She perceived, without an effort, that between the alleged beneficence of the Creator of all things, and the works of his accredited agents, as they termed themselves, there was an impassable gulf, and that had the latter been the emissaries of the foul fiend himself, greater infamy and cruelty could not have been expected at their hands. She had not yet learned the great fact, that cause and effect are God's right hand and left, and that good and evil are necessarily complements of each other. Had she comprehended that all law is universal, and that a partial revelation, under the divine government, was an impossibility, she would have arrived at the conclusion that all religious sects, beliefs and theories were but simply the offspring of an imperfect appreciation of things, and of the influences of climate, education or early habits on our part.

The three friends were conversing on this and other subjects, when Red Wing entered from the ferryman's. Martha was glad to hear from the chief that her father had accepted, with more than his ordinary courage, the misfortune that had overtaken her, while Alice felt some consolation on hearing that Florence had determined to remain a few days at the villa, and that Robert Miles and John Langton were now aware of her place of refuge.

After some remarks upon the scene at the ferryman's, and the summary manner in which the Noose was disposed of by the lover of Martha, the chief informed Firefly of the journey he was constrained to take on the morrow, and of the fact that all the Indians in the ravine, save two, were going, at the same time, on a hunting expedition, from which they might not return for three or four days, although he should be back on the day following that of his departure.

The fugitives had already partaken of some refreshments prepared by Firefly; and now, as it was time to retire, the furs, which had been brought from the cave, were called into requisition, and Firefly and her two guests entered the compartment of the wigwam already spoken of, while Red Wing stretched himself beside the smouldering embers, on the deer skins upon which Titmouse had slumbered the night previous.

The morning broke bright and glorious over the town and Bay, and, considering the lateness of the season, the air was warm and inviting.

That something of deep interest was about to occur, was quite evident, for toward ten o'clock, long-faced and silent groups were seen moving to and fro in the vicinity of the prison, where some lay unsentenced, and numbers who expected the rope or the cat-tail, were lying in awful suspense as to their fate.

There was to be a double spectacle of horror. A woman was to be publicly whipped for some offense against the Church, and another was to suffer the death penalty for witchcraft. Although the Fanatic and his two companions of the preceding night had other matters in hand, they could not resist the temptation of being present; and, besides, Sloucher's absence, on so glorious and triumphant an occasion, could not fail to attract attention, that might, perhaps, embarrass his operations in another direction.

At the prison gate the three scoundrels met Huskins, who had just emerged from the gloomy building, and who informed them that the whipping would first take place, and almost immediately.

In this he was correct; for scarcely had he made a single additional remark, when the gates of the dungeon were thrown open, and a vision of pale-faced loveliness and frightened modesty—a creature of the

most exquisite beauty, stripped to the waist, was led forth between two coarse, low-browed ruffians, one of whom held a knout made of knotted whip-cord in his sinewy right hand.

When the sunlight struck on the beautiful apparition, and she caught a glimpse of the numerous faces that were turned sternly toward her, she uttered a sharp, wild cry, and attempted to conceal with her outspread hands her two beautifully moulded breasts which in their fullness gushed between her taper fingers where one of her nipples gleamed like a rosebud or ruby. Her hair, which had not been cut off, was dark and luxuriant, and swept her shoulders as she eagerly turned from side to side, as if seeking some avenue of escape. Her eyes were a miracle of darkness, and her face so exquisite that something like a suppressed murmur of admiration was heard in one part of the crowd, as she was pushed forward by her jailors.

In a few moments she stood in an open space surrounded by trees opposite the dungeon where she had been confined for but a short period only, so speedily had her sentence followed her arrest, and so inexorable the clerical council that had doomed her to such cruel and ignominious pain and degradation.

Not a fibre of compassion was moved in the infamous soul of the Fanatic, or in that of any of his companions, at a spectacle so well calculated to melt even a heart of stone. The Noose even passed some unseemly jokes upon the fair bosom and trembling lips, and seemed anxious to witness the first cut of the lash that should lacerate her delicate flesh, for she had evidently been born in no low station of life.

Her hands were now quickly fastened with cords to a post in the centre of the space, and the man with the knout stepped back a pace or so, as if about to begin his hellish work.

At this juncture there was the report of fire-arms among the trees, and the next instant, and just as he was in the act of raising his murderous lash, a bullet pierced the brain of the executioner, and he fell a corpse where he stood.

The wildest commotion ensued in an instant, but ere it had time to manifest itself in any active measure for the apprehension of the murderer, a second report was heard, and, this time, the head of the beautiful prisoner fell suddenly forward, and she sank to the earth without a moan. Another bullet had entered her heart just below the crimson nipple she had sought to conceal a few moments previously from the rude gaze of the fanatical mob.

The last deliberate deed of blood, which had anticipated the sufferings of the now lifeless maiden, and saved her from a further sense of shame, degradation, and from bodily anguish, leading doubtless to a lingering death, wrought the cruel and relentless crowd into madness filled with terror. They could not comprehend the terrible daring which prompted the two deliberate acts—one in the light of vengeance, and the other in that of mercy. There was no one to be seen, and all were anxiously looking for some explanation as to the possible perpetrator of the terrible deed, when suddenly there appeared in their midst a youth of noble presence, with a gun in his hand and a brace of pistols in his belt.

Without uttering a single sentence, he bounded toward the lifeless form of the beautiful maiden, and in an instant cut the cords that bound her hands. He then, as she sank deeper on the earth, leaned over her and kissed her wildly. The crowd recognizing in him the person who had committed the double deed of blood, rushed forward to tear him limb from limb, but ere a single hand was laid upon him, quick as lightning he drew one of his pistols, fired and sank a corpse on the prostrate form of her he loved.

He and a few friends had tried every means in their power to soften the heart of her judges, but to no purpose. So, finding that she was to be whipped on the morning in question before the jail, he secreted himself at day-break in an evergreen close by the whipping post, determined to rescue her with a bullet from the degradation that awaited her, and then to sacrifice his own life on the same altar.

The body of the coarse ruffian who had been struck down was borne away hastily from the scene, while those of the two lovers were left to some friends who ventured to claim them when the crowd had gathered round the jail once more, to await the appearance of the witch who was to expiate her crime on the scaffold, for the time for her execution had now arrived.

The Fanatic and his friends had been terribly disappointed at the unexpected termination of the whipping affair. The release of instant death was considered by them altogether deplorable, inasmuch as the crime of the accused had not been expiated fully, through lengthened pangs of bodily anguish. This latter humane idea was entertained by every long-faced clerical wolf on the ground, as well as by the degraded wretches who, following in the footsteps of the Church, believed that human anguish, human gore and human degradation formed the staple of the only adoration acceptable to the triune God.

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed since the tragedy just described had closed, when the gates of the prison were thrown open once more, but this time a being of very different aspect emerged from them between two guards who had not previously presented

themselves, and who were surrounded by a number of soldiers, with halberts, and bearing horse pistols in their belts.

This was a woman, also, but with white flowing hair, and almost bowed to the earth beneath the weight of years. As she was not yet bound, and leaned on her well-worn staff, she looked up now and then as she passed along, at the cruel eyes that were fastened upon her, and heard with a sort of stony unconcern and with lack-lustre eye, the heartless jibes with which she was greeted.

One of her arms was bared to the elbow for the purpose of exhibiting to the superstitious groups through which she moved, a large brown mole, now scarcely distinguishable from the flesh of the frail dark limb on which it was pointed to as incontrovertible evidence of her dealings with the foul fiend.

On this having been mentioned by one of the guards, hisses and hootings immediately filled the air, together with a chorus of opprobrious epithets heaped at every step upon her defenseless head. Only one thing that had life among that cruel crowd looked upon her wonderingly and lovingly, and that was a dog which followed close by her side, and which now and then gazed into her withered and wrinkled face with a piteous moan. He had been her faithful companion for long years, and now he was her only friend in the last moments of her existence. She seemed to comprehend his faithfulness and love; for once or twice, as she was hurried along, she tried to reach him with a caressing hand, but in vain.

The gallows had been erected at some distance from the whipping-post, so that the poor creature was so much fatigued when she reached it, she had to be carried on the scaffold. Here she was unable to stand, having to be supported by two brutal soldiers who had just passed a heartless joke with Nat the Noose.

As the rope was being put about her neck, and her hand pinioned behind her back, she caught a glimpse of the Fanatic and his companions. All her apathy and feebleness seemed to disappear in a moment, for she stood almost erect, and looking about her upon the throng of upturned faces, she cried in a voice of unexpected power and startling energy, while fastening her eyes upon Sloucher, once more:

"Accursed among men, and forsaken of heaven, hear my dying words, Solomon Sloucher. You who have brought me to this with your infamous falsehood, and who are the prime mover in all the persecutions that now afflict this land, shall soon be called to a dread account for your infamy.

"Those whose instrument and prompter you are, shall fall with you, but your last hour shall be filled with horror beyond that of any of them. Blood and plunder and lust have marked your course. Your religion has been that of the wild beast; and the sanctified murderers and robbers that fill the Church and the pul—"

Before the word was finished, a signal from a cadaverous looking minister who stood on the scaffold beside her, cut the sentence short, and before the cap had been even put on her head, she was swinging in mid air with her white hair streaming in the wind and her dog howling mournfully beneath her.

Applause and execrations arose to the echo, as she struggled and writhed in the merciless clutch of death. Through some error the cap, which should have covered her face, had been forgotten, and now the latter presented to the gaze of some few present at least, a battle field the most terrible. Her frame was so light that her neck had not been dislocated by the fall, so that, as her features indicated, she was being remorselessly strangled. The veins stood out on her forehead like whip-cord, and her tongue protruded from her mouth, while her eyes had started from their sockets, and glared hideously far beyond her forehead.

At this terrible stage of the murder, the hangman, a huge, burly scoundrel, took hold of the rope, and with a hoarse laugh leaped down upon her shoulders. The blood sprang from her nostrils, purple patches overspread her face, a slight tremor ran through her whole form, her limbs fell limp and straight beneath her, and she was dead!

When the last scene was over, the Fanatic, the Noose and the half-breed turned away from the spot. They had kindred work in hand, and as it was verging toward the afternoon, there was no time to be lost. As they moved along, the Noose referred to the prediction of the witch; but Sloucher, who appeared to be occupied with his own thoughts, made no remark upon the subject.

ANOTHER BROOKLYN SCANDAL.—This time a Catholic Priest, the Rev. Michael Hickey, pastor of a church in South Brooklyn, has suddenly abandoned his flock, and charges of a two-fold character are brought against him. 1st. For appropriating to his own use considerable sums of money that had been contributed toward building a new church. But the more serious charge is connected with a young lady. He had been holding a clandestine correspondence with a young lady at a boarding school. These letters had been intercepted by the father of the girl, and when he went with the letters to the priest and upbraided him, the latter was at first imperious and contemptuous, but when he learned the father had his letters, he cooled down very materially; and the next thing known about him was that he was among the missing.

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D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

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The Bible.

NO. XXI.

Among the many "big stories" with which the Bible abounds may be included that of Balaam and his ass (or his jennet, for it was a female ass), and the conversation she held with her master. This is the only instance in the whole history of the world, including the animal kingdom, of an ass speaking the human language. Asses and mules have a language of their own, if the noise they make may be dignified with that title, but while it is very sonorous it is not regarded as being musical or possessing much variation.

The formation of sounds constituting human language requires a peculiar set of organs which alone are found in man, and hence it is an utter impossibility for horses, cattle, dogs, and all other kinds of animals to make the various sounds and connect them together, which constitute a human language, and no amount of education or practice on the part of animals can overcome this difficulty. Parrots are about the only exception to the rule; they have the faculty of imitating various sounds, and can be taught to articulate words and imitate human speech. Thus, asses, though they have no deficiency of lung power, are lacking in the essential organs for modulating and connecting sounds, and they will never be able to speak with a human voice.

Our remarks apply only to four-legged asses; there are many of the two-legged kind that not only possess the organs of speech, but use them also to such extent that many who have been compelled to listen to their braying have heartily wished they could talk no better than their four-legged namesakes.

Æsop, who lived some four thousand years ago, and who taught excellent moral lessons by means of fables, often represented asses, lions, cattle, dogs and other animals and birds as using human speech, and he often caused them to utter sound sense and wisdom. He knew, however, his readers would understand his recitals were mere fables, and that no one would for a moment think those animals really talked.

Charles Dickens, of our own time, used to draw largely upon his imagination in the stories he wrote. If he did not say that animals used human speech, in his fancy he converted the merest shadows, articles of furniture, andirons, shovels and tongues and various other household goods into human beings, and made them talk, and often with excellent sense too, but after all, he knew nobody would believe these articles were really human beings, or that they used human speech, but would understand in a moment, that he was only letting his fancy have a little innocent play for a specific purpose.

How often have many of us in our childhood days witnessed the effects of imagination when alone in the dark, either out of doors or within; how impelled by fear, trees, stumps, posts and other objects assumed human shape, the slightest movement of a limb would fill our imagination with ghosts and hobgoblins, and in the sighing of the wind through cracks and crevices often we heard human voices. As we arrived at years of discretion, however, these fancies took their flight, having no more existence, in fact, than "the baseless fabric of a dream."

This Bible story differs from all these. This is given us as a *bona fide* fact, and priests tell us it is divine truth, penned even by the hand of God himself, and must be believed. Let us look at it a moment and see if it appears probable. That which is divine ought at least to possess probability. No one knows who wrote the account. Our Christian friends attribute it to Moses, but they have not the slightest authority for doing so, and even if he did write it, we cannot see why we should believe him, as he was not present to know the events he was writing about. This total

uncertainty as to who wrote the story is quite sufficient, with the improbability of its truth, to excite our strongest suspicions as to its fabulous character.

It seems while the Israelites were journeying towards the land of Canaan they came in among other nations and tribes of people, who, from the aggressive character of the Israelites feared and dreaded them. Balak king of the Moabites was greatly annoyed by their presence, and wished to gain some advantage over them, and for this purpose sent some of his princes to Balaam, a prophet of Midian to come over and curse the Israelites for his benefit. Balaam did not belong to God's chosen people, but nevertheless seemed to be on very good terms with him, and held direct conversation with him. When the king of Moab sent for Balaam, God went to him and asked him what those men wanted. Balaam, like an honest man, told God the facts in the case, that Balak wanted him to go over and give Israel a good cursing. Then God told Balaam he should not go, neither should he curse his people, for they were blessed. So Balaam the next morning sent word to Balak that he could not go over.

Upon receiving this intelligence, Balak sent over more princes of a still higher grade, and urged Balaam still more strongly to come over, offering to confer great honors upon him if he would come. Balaam, however, was unmoved and replied, if Balak would give him a house full of gold and silver, he would do and say no more than God authorized. He, however, begged the messengers to wait over night, that he might see God again and have another conversation with him upon the subject. God held another interview with Balaam that night, and he told him to go with the men when he arose in the morning, and that he would be there and direct him in what he should say and do. So in the morning, in accordance with God's instructions, Balaam saddled his ass and went with the princes of Moab. But here we have another instance of God's fickle and changeable character; though he had just a few hours before told Balaam to go, yet no sooner had he yielded to these instructions, and while he was on his way, God's anger was kindled very suddenly, and he became greatly incensed toward Balaam for doing just what he told him to do, and he had one of his angels stand in the road for an adversary, so as to prevent Balaam and his two servants from passing. This disagreeable habit God had of flying into a passion on the most trifling provocations, as so often narrated in the Bible, was one which cannot be recommended for human beings to imitate. It is far better, under all circumstances, to keep cool and unruffled.

There was one fact connected with this affair which seems singular. Although Balaam seemed to be a man remarkably favored of God, and had several interviews and conversations with him, yet he was far inferior to his ass in spiritual discernment. She saw the angel, but her master could not. That was truly a remarkable ass; she could not only talk, but could see spirits. She must have been a medium. She seems, however, to have been afraid of the angel, for when she saw it, she turned out of the road and went into the fields. It was Balaam's turn to get angry now, and he struck Jenny to turn her back into the road; but as Balaam and the ass were passing close to a vineyard wall, the angel appeared again before the ass and caused her to shie up to the wall and crush Balaam's foot, when he beat her again. Farther on, in a very narrow pass, where there was barely room for the ass, the angel again placed himself before the ass, and as she could neither turn to the right nor left, she fell down, and probably Balaam fell off, for now he got very angry again and smote the ass with a staff. At this juncture God interfered and opened Jenny's mouth, and she talked and asked her master what she had done, to cause him to beat her these three times. Balaam did not seem at all surprised to hear his ass talk thus, and simply replied that he had beat her because she had mocked him, and regreted he had not a sword with him that he might kill her at once. The ass then asked him if she was not his ass, and whether she had ever misbehaved before, and he acknowledged she had not. Then the Lord opened Balaam's eyes, and he too saw the angel with a sword in his hand, and he immedi-

ately fell on his face. The angel put him through a short catechism and reproved him for his conduct. He also told Balaam if the ass had not turned out of the way as she did, he (the angel) would have slain Balaam and kept the ass alive. Balaam, fearing he had been doing wrong, proposed to turn back and not pursue his journey farther, but the angel told him to go on with the men.

Now this is all a singular story. That God should interest himself so greatly in a matter of no more apparent consequence; that he should hold conversations with Balaam, and talk to him as one man would talk to another, is entirely different from what he does now-a-days. Then his being under the necessity of asking Balaam what the men wanted, seems a little odd. God who knows every-thing would not seem to be under the necessity of doing this. What great difference could it make whether Balaam cursed Israel or not? If God had blessed him and did not want curses should fall upon him, couldn't he do just as he pleased about it? Then after conferring with Balaam and telling him to go, it seems to us weak in him that he should fly in a passion at him for going. A man merely, with a small allowance of reason, would hardly act so absurdly, but the Bible makes God to get very angry on a great many occasions on the slightest provocation, and to do many things which a man with half sense would be ashamed of. Then obstructing the way so the ass could not get along, causing her to be beat three times, and crushing Balaam's foot, really seems like "small business" for God to be engaged in, especially with no greater apparent reason. The story says he made the ass to talk, and as it was probably the only time that such a beast ever did talk, it would seem she ought to have uttered something more important. All she said was to ask Balaam what he whipped her for, and whether she had not always served him faithfully? As it was so easy for God and Balaam to converse together it appears wholly unnecessary for God to perform such a miracle, to make a beast speak which had no organs of speech, merely to ask two or three simple, unimportant questions. God does not do such things now; but the priests tell us his ways are mysterious and past finding out. Nothing seems to have been gained by all this trouble and detention, for Balaam was told to go on according to the programme laid out. When he met Balak he had the latter build, in all, twenty-one altars, and offer on each an ox and a ram to get God in a good humor so that he might put into his mouth what he should say; but blessings on the Israelites where Balak wanted cursings were all that came. This shows one thing, that building altars and offering oxen and sheep to the Lord to produce a favorable influence was not peculiar to the Israelites, for the heathen around them had the same fashion. We also see that heathen prophets had access to God and talked with him the same as the most favored of God's peculiar people.

A question that naturally arises is, why did God open the ass' mouth and give it human speech? Was it because Balaam had beat her? If it was for that reason, and he is "always the same," why does he not now open the mouths of asses, horses, mules, oxen and brutes of all kinds when they are whipped, and so cruelly abused by hard-hearted man? If he did not give Jenny human speech for that purpose what in the world was it for? Did he get before her to cause her to shie and crush Balaam's foot that he might beat her, that her mouth might be opened and she ask Balaam why he did thus? The conundrum is too great, we give it up; the mystery is too deep, we will not try to fathom it.

Balaam seems to have been a good sort of man and doubtless tried to do as God wanted him to, but nevertheless in a short time after this he was cruelly murdered with the five kings of Midian, and all the men of the nation, at the time God authorized Moses to send twelve thousand men to utterly destroy them and devastate their country.

There are a good many points in this story we would like to notice, but we will have to let them pass. Our article is already too lengthy. In closing we will just say, we are willing anybody should believe this story who wants to. For our part we think it is altogether too silly and childish to believe for a moment

that the Deity that rules all worlds and pervades every particle of matter in the Universe, either ever had anything to do in the asinine events here narrated, or in writing or dictating such a senseless, preposterous story.

Another Letter from George Snode.

BELOIT, OHIO, Feb. 8th, 1875.

MR. BENNETT, Dear Sir: THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 1st contains an article to stop your Paper, written over my signature; you called it *uncomplimentary* (Thanks for the concession) I should have been sorry indeed, if you had construed it in any other way; Was sorry that I forgot the sum due on your paper, as I do not want you to estimate my Religion and honor as low as you do your friendship, which can be bought sold and bartered away for seventy-five cents. (For that is the amount that severed us taking your own Words for it) I shall remit that amount with the greatest of Pleasure; and Pleas accept my thanks for the great favor you conferred by giving my name a Place in your Dr. column.

1st. You say you are SORRY that "a year's Reading the T. S. has done me no more good."

My Dear Sir do you go to the gutters of your city or some filthy stagnant Pool to wash and expect to come away clean and refreshed?

Or when you want to breath the pure fresh air, do you go to some back filthy alley or some loathsome dark dungeon? Or are you in the habit of going in a cellar or a coal bank to see the sunshine; Instinct would teach you better than that if nothing else.

I intend to go to the fountain head for all Pure good and enobling thoughts to guide my steps in this world let that be to sustain my Phisical, Moral, spiritual or mental.

2d. You think I am as much in the dark as though I had never seen a "liberal Paper." Mr. Bennett Pleas tell me what good has such liberal Papers and free speech done in the world? We only have to look at France Blood Washed Infidel France, and that answers all.

Infidelity was the mother, Disbelief and Obscenity the Cradle that nursed and cradled the viper that poisoned her life's blood.

You say, "the thoughtful are reaching for a higher phase of truth." A Heard of men that can see more beauty and morality in the Koran (than in the Bible) a Book that has very little novelty or Originality to recommend it, the most material parts of it being borrowed from the Old Testament or the New, and even these are so deformed by Passing through the hands of the impostor, who vitiate and debases everything he touches. In the Koran, Mahomet continually boasting of his own merits and the Excelencies of his book the son of Mary is the oposite.

3d. When Infidelity triumphs in any heart the hope of immortality is Banished; It crowns the Tyrant Death forever on his Throne and seals the Conquest of the grave over the human race forever, it wraps the tomb in eternal darkness, and suffers not one Particle of the remains of the great, the Wise, the good, of all ages to see the light of eternity; but consigns by an irreversible doom all that was admired, loved and revered in man, to perpetual annihilation. It identifies man with the vilest reptile and levels man to the grade of the meanest weed whose utility is yet undiscovered.

You rob him of everything which could make him dear to himself, and proud of his Existence, it murders all his hopes of future being and future bliss. It cuts the cable and casts away the golden Anchor and sets man adrift on the ocean, of uncertainty to become the sport of the Wind and waves of animal passion and appetites untill at last in some tremendous gale "he sinks to everlasting ruin." O skepticism is this thy Philosophy—is this thy Bosted victory over the Bible? And for this extinguishment of light and life eternally, What do you teach? You teach us to live according to our appetites and Passions, a mean animal life; You might well preach with zeal and exert all your energies for your heaven is only worthy of your efforts and the Purity of your life is just suited to the high hopes of eternal annihilation.

Yours in the hope of a hereafter,

GEORGE SNODE.

P. S. Mr. B. I have confidence enough in your honor as a man and as one of those that is earnestly seeking after "a higher phase of morality" and better code of morals that you will let the readers of the T. S. know that I have Paid the price of lost friendship "75 cents." I would not lose the Friendship of a dog for that sum much less that of one of the poor deluded sons of Adam.

Respectfully,

G. S.

REPLY.—We cheerfully lay the fact before our readers, that Mr. George Snode has sent in the sum of seventy-five cents, which pays for THE TRUTH SEEKER up to the time of his discontinuance. We are obliged to him for this compliance on his part to the rules of right and justice. The publishing of his letter with our accompanying remarks, has done this much good, if no more. If, by the same means, others in arrears—both those who have stopped and those who have not stopped their papers—can be induced to do likewise, we will feel well repaid. Seventy-five

cents is not an immense sum to us, but a good many of these together count up, and we find these little amounts very necessary in meeting the bills presented to us.

As to the sum of seventy-five cents buying our friendship or respect, our friend slightly miscomprehends us. Though it does cause us to esteem a man higher if he pays what he justly owes, it does not buy our respect for a blackguard or a falsifier.

It seems our remarks had the effect to draw Mr. S. out—not only his pocket-book, but his piety and historical lore. We only wish he had adhered more closely to the truth in his rejoinder. An Infidel values the truth very highly, and expects to be amenable if he violates it. With a Christian it makes not so much difference; if he deviates from the truth, or commits any other offence against morality, the one he depends upon for righteousness and atonement will perhaps pay all such debts he may contract, and he possibly even shine brighter in glory than he who depends upon his own good deeds for happiness and justification.

Mr. Snode says, "when Infidelity triumphs in any heart, the hope of immortality is banished." This is wholly untrue. There are hundreds of thousands in this country, and hundreds of millions in the world who are entirely infidel to the system of Christianity, and yet entertain a bright and cheerful hope of a life beyond the grave; and we think a far more consistent one than the average Christian. True, immortality is a mystery; many cannot understand how organized beings, which had a beginning fifty or seventy-five years ago, can become immortal or never-ending, and they have doubts upon the subject. Others have received proofs that are satisfactory to them that there is an intelligence outside of the body, and that their friends and relatives who have passed out of sight, still exist and retain their identity. Unfortunately Christianity throws no light upon this subject, and what belief or views it has, were borrowed from the heathen religions which preceded it. It so happens, however, that no belief that may be entertained upon the subject makes the slightest difference as to the facts. Whether we exist as individuals after death or not, belief or non-belief in the matter makes not the slightest difference one way or the other. If there is a brighter world after this, an honest Infidel will doubtless be quite as well prepared for it as a canting, self-righteous hypocritical Christian.

Mr. S. says, "Infidelity crowns the tyrant Death forever on his throne, and seals the conquest of the grave over the human race forever; it wraps the tomb in eternal darkness, and suffers not one particle of the remains of the great, the wise, the good of all ages to see the light of eternity, but consigns to an irreversible doom all that was admired, loved and revered in man, to perpetual annihilation." This is also utterly false. There are ten times, yes, probably a hundred times as many Infidels in the world who believe in a happy existence after death as there are Christians. As we just remarked, however, no belief we may hold upon the subject can make the slightest change in the reality, what we want is the truth, so far as it can be ascertained; and this is what the intelligent Infidel is searching after. The most skeptical view that is entertained, is not so horrible as our friend paints it. It is simply that we return to the same condition we occupied previous to our birth. We never heard any one bewail the death, the horror and the eternal darkness he was in previous to his existence.

What, on the other hand, is the future which the Christian religion holds out to us? It is, that ninety-nine-hundredths of the millions of billions of human beings that have existed on the earth are irrevocably doomed through an endless eternity to suffer the torments of an excruciating, burning hell. The most ultra Infidel unbelief is a thousand times preferable to this horrible doctrine, and if belief could possibly change it at all, commend us forever to a long, quiet sleep rather than burning and writhing in a terrible hell. The hell-believers seem to think that the tortures of that horrible place are not destined for *them*, but for their cursed neighbors, and especially for the Infidels. But the belief that one-millionth part only of the human race are to suffer forever in hell, is incomparably worse than the most ultra form of skepticism.

(Continued on page 8.)

The Jews and their God.

BY ISAAC PADEN.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

In connection with the examination of this subject, the existence of spiritual beings inevitably comes in for a share of our attention. In the Bible various accounts are given of these spiritual personages being seen, under various circumstances and conditions. The seeing of them is not an opinion, but a *fact*, claimed by all nations and ages of the world, and even at the present day. To deny their existence, would give the lie to all nations, and to some of the best men of our own time. This, perhaps, should place it beyond a doubt. But here is a mystery, the extreme Materialist, who denies the immortality of man, and our Christian friends agree, that there are none seen and talked with at the present time. In this the materialist is far the most consistent, as Christians claim they were once seen and talked with, but not now. If the question rested upon the claims of the Christian, and those who deny man's immortality, presumption decides the question in favor of the Infidel; if none now, there never was any.

Here the Christian, in his defense, replies to this reasonable decision: "Yes, there may be spiritual personages or spirits now seen by those who are mediums, but they are all of the Devil and his angels or evil spirits, but those seen and talked with by Abraham, Jacob, Moses and others, were God himself and his holy angels." Here we propose to take our Christian friends at their word, and admit their claims, that God and his holy angels administered in person in the affairs of man, from Adam to Constantine, and that the Devil and his angels have been exercising in person to rule ever since, or at least from the days of Swedenborg, and are now doing all in their power to govern the affairs of man. This is the substance of the claims of the Christian world on this point. And the thing most necessary is to realize the condition of man *then and now*.

How was it then, commencing with Abraham, when the idea of one God and angels were first introduced, previous to Abraham's day? Gods were in the plural, and the original Greek from which the Bible was copied, begins with the words, "In the beginning the Gods created the heavens and earth, Gods in the plural was used throughout" in the creation of man, which agrees with all ancient records of the different nations. Abraham and his God, entered into a covenant of circumcision, changing and altering the private member of each male as a mark of distinction, the same as a stock raiser cuts off a piece of the ear of his calf or pig. There was also a land contract entered into, the possession of which cost rivers of human blood and the destruction of property, the value of which is beyond figures. This was all done by the command of Abraham's God in person, aided and assisted by angels. As for the slaughter and carnage throughout, there is no parallel.

It is also recorded, Jacob had a wrestle (rough and tumble) with the same personage that he calls God, and prevailed, but in the fall got his thigh put out of joint. Here he refused to tell his name, but blessed Jacob and left for fear of daylight. We would ask, was he afraid some one would see him and know him?

It is an undeniable fact, wars and bloodshed were the only means advised by the Jewish God to settle national disputes; in fact death was the penalty for all crimes, and in some cases the criminal's father's house had to suffer with the criminal. Fraud, deception, theft and robbery were the national character of the Jews; polygamy, whoredom and concubinage were tolerated. Human slavery and selling females for wives and concubines were the practices of the day. A compound of drugs, that would poison a horse, was given to the wife of a jealous husband, but no redress for the woman, who was cursed with a dishonest companion. Where is justice to be found in such a law. The priests and those in authority, put to death all who dissented from them in religious views—their God aiding and assisting in all this. Tyranny was the ruling power.

But our Christian friends may tell us, God and his angels have not spoken to man on earth, nor made their appearance since the New Testament was written, therefore God is not responsible for what Constantine and the Pope did. Not so, friends, you claim the commands, statutes and laws recorded in the Bible, were put there by God himself, to govern his people in after days. This Constantine and the popes believed and acted in accordance therewith.

How are things now, under the reign of the Devil and evil spirits, who now appear in person, conversing with men and women face to face, such as Swedenborg, Judge Edmonds and thousands of others, who, for truth and veracity, stand unimpeached? These spirits or spiritual personages are, and have been, using all their power and influence to wean the affections of man away from the God of the Jews, and to abandon all the Jewish and heathen relics of savage barbarism. I ask, how is it now? Wars and bloodshed are being now discarded, and arbitrations are now about to be instituted to settle national difficulties. Crimes of all kinds are now being punished according to the aggravation in the case, and the death penalty is now limited to only murder in the first de-

gree, and that is discarded by our best humanitarians. Polygamy, whoredom and concubinage are prohibited by law. As for jealous wives and husbands, our laws are the same for both. As for priestly power and divine authority, by which thousands were put to death, they are becoming things that once were, and men and women are now permitted to worship God according to the dictation of their own conscience. As for human slavery and selling females to the highest bidder, it is almost universally abandoned. Fraud, deception, theft and robbery are now individualized and punished by law, except in war, which is a Jewish relic, and cannot be avoided, until the god of war and of vengeance is discarded, and the god of peace and good-will to man adopted. The reader is left to decide and judge between the condition of *then and now*.

We have said, there was a plurality of gods before the days of Abraham and Moses; and it is true. The Jews, as a nation, were the first people who claimed one God, and all other spiritual personages were angels. Before this they were all called gods, and many were named according to circumstances. Thus, Mammon was the god of riches, Bacchus was the god of wine, Cupid, the god of love, Æolus, the god that ruled the wind and lived on an island in the sea. There were the god of war and the god of peace. There were gods many, and lords many, but with the Jews there was but one God, all other spiritual personages were called angels. Thus their God and his angels were believed by the Jews to constitute the spirit world.

How was it with Abraham? He saw three men, which were three spirits who were materialized, so as to be a tangible substance, a *fac simile*, but could have vanished and disappeared at pleasure, the same as the hand that wrote upon the wall. Abraham called them men, and they were men in every sense; they ate, which proves their condition was the identical same as Jesus' was, when seen on the bank of the sea, eating broiled fish. Two of these men or spirits were afterward called angels, whose interest it was to inform the Sodomites that a volcano was about to burst upon them. But on account of ignorance and religious superstition, the history of the facts in the case are very imperfect, yet we may get the outlines. Abraham believed one of these three men was God the Lord, and held a conversation with him as such; and he was God in the sense he conceived him, when, in fact, he and the other two were angels or spirits materialized, the same as now. How was it with Jacob, who said, I have seen God and my life is preserved. Yet he calls the same person a man. How was it with Moses at the bush? He some times says it was God, at other times the angel of the Lord. It is recorded God got angry several times with Moses, and one time declared he would not go with him on their journey, but would send his angel. And the next thing you read, "And the Lord spake unto Moses saying." In all cases the power of an angel (spirit) was the same as he whom they called God. The idea of a god showing fear, as is recorded in the case of the building of the tower of Babel, that a man could build a road to heaven with brick, when he, God, said, "Go to, let us go down," etc.; also in the case of Sodom he came down—but there were three distinct persons—to see if the report he had heard was true. Are such ideas calculated to represent the true character of the Jewish God? If so, no wonder he yielded to the counsel of Moses, and asking Moses to let him alone, that he might execute his wrath. All this proves his inferiority and petulant passions. As for his name, he refused to give it to Jacob, but gave his name Jehovah to Moses. By this name he was not known among the gods. This proves he assumed this name, or was a new god.

Even in the days of Moses, the Lord himself makes Moses a god to Pharaoh, and claims to Moses that his origin is back of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but says he was known to them as God Almighty, but by the name of Jehovah he was not known to them. The idea of this Jewish god existing or figuring in anywise in the singular, previous to the days of Abraham is assumed and unwarranted. It is true he called himself God Almighty; but this proves nothing, when the plurality of gods is not only sustained by the records of all nations but admitted in the original Greek, and so expressed in the fore part of the Bible as being the order of the day previous to Abraham.

From Adam to Abraham he is not spoken of in the plural (Gen. i: 26; iii: 5-22; xi: 7), to Abraham and the Jews in the singular. The Lord appeared unto Abraham, etc. (Gen. xii: 7), to Hagar he appeared twice. First he is called the angel of the Lord, then Lord, and spake unto her; she says, "Thou God seest me;" also he says, "I will multiply thy seed," etc. (xvi: 10-13). Next the angel of God speaks out of heaven, tells Hagar what to do, assuming the authority of God himself as before. "For I will make him a great nation." It is evident the angel of the Lord, the Lord, thou God, the angel of God, and God who opened his eyes, were all one and the same person (Gen. xxi: 17-19). He again is said to appear to Abraham as the Almighty God, proposes to make a covenant with him and to multiply, etc. (Gen. xvii: 1). On another occasion he appears as a man, one of three. In this case the plural is used the same as before Abraham, except the first salutation after seeing them. Abraham addresses the singular and includes

the other two by saying, "Comfort ye *your hearts*," and *they* said, "so do," etc. And *they* did eat; after dinner the *men* (not one) rose up from thence and Abraham went with *them* to bring *them* on the way. It is evident here they parted, and two went to Sodom—Lot's house; the other one Abraham called Lord, who said he had come down (from the spiritual sphere) to see if what had been told him was true. After a chat with Abraham, the Lord (in the singular) went *his* way unto *his* place (Gen. xviii). Two angels are next seen at Lot's, and stay with him over night, and Lot calls them Lords. He now appears to Jacob as the Lord God of Abraham, and having charge over a ladder upon which the angels (spiritual personages) ascended etc., (Gen. xxviii: 12, 13). He again appears to Jacob as a man, the same as he was when he ate dinner with Abraham—being alone he is called God, seen and handled by Jacob (Gen. xxxii: 24-30).

This same personage appears to Jacob, and orders him to build an altar, and is called God Almighty (Gen. xxxv: 1-11). His first appearance to Moses was that of an angel of the Lord in the burning bush, and said, "I am the God of thy father Abraham," etc., (Ex. iii: 2-6). When presented to Pharaoh he was called the Lord God of Israel. Pharaoh asked who is the Lord, and was told he is the God of the Hebrews (Ex. v: 1-3). Again he appears to Moses, and says his name is Jehovah; by this name he was not known (Ex. vi: 3). Before this he claimed his name to be I am that I am (Ex. iii: 14). He also tried to kill Moses and is called Lord (Ex. iv: 24). He makes Moses a god to Pharaoh (Ex. vii: 1).

When killing the first-born in Egypt it was necessary to put blood upon the door-post of each house in which the Jews lived, lest the Lord might make a mistake (Ex. xii: 7). He was called Baali, but this name he refused and was called Ishi (Hos. ii: 16); these names mean man, husband, etc.; the name Baali got mixed up with other gods. [See Hitchcock's Bible Margin]. His name, for common, was the Lord; or, the Lord of Hosts, which means *boss* or *chairman* over a goodly number of his equal lords, or one in charge. For instance in council sitting as chief (1 Kings xxii: 19; Job i: 6 and ii, 1). In both of these councils there were different grades of characters, yet all on friendly terms, attending to the business of the times.

We have given a few quotations in regard to the personages, whom the Jews claimed to be their God. We will now give a few others in regard to the places of his abode. Darkness was his secret place (Ps. xviii: 11). Darkness was under his feet, and round about him dark waters and thick clouds (2 Sam. xxii: 10-12). Dwells in thick darkness and Solomon builds him a house—a settled place to abide forever (1 Kings viii: 12, 13). 2 Chron. vi: 1 says the same. We now give a few quotations as to his disposition. On this point he is well mixed. One moment he is full of love, mercy and human kindness, and the next, as it were, he burst open in the most horrible rage like a savage monster. In fact in almost every page of the Jewish history, he is stained with human blood and most heart-rending threats: on this a few quotations will suffice. He is as a bear in wait and a lion in secret places (Lam. iii: 10). I will pour out my wrath like water; as a moth, and as rottenness to the house of Judah (Hos. v: 10-14). I will be unto them as a lion, as a leopard by the way; I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and devour them like a lion (Hos. xiii: 7, 8). The Lord is a man of war (Ex. xv: 3). Hath sworn that he will have war with Amalek from generation to generation (Ex. xvii: 16). Full of vengeance, wrath and is furious (Nah. i: 2). The Lord goes forth as a mighty man; he shall stir up jealousy like a man of war. Yea more, will cry like a travelling woman, destroy and devour at once (Isa. 43: 13, 14). This is the day of the Lord God of hosts, a day of vengeance, the sword shall devour and made drunk with their blood (Jer. 46: 10). I will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when they call I will not answer; they shall seek me early but they shall not find me (Prov. i: 26-28). Dear reader, my soul sickens when reflecting on such a savage god, now imposed upon humanity by our theologians. One of the most changeable and excitable beings on record; one moment full of love and tender kindness, overflowing with compassion, the next minute in a rage of anger, bursting open with wrath and revenge, finding fault with that which he does himself (Gen. vi: 6; 1 Sam. xv: 11, also 35; Jer. xxvi: 19; 1 Chron. xxi: 15; 2 Sam. xxiv: 16; Ex. xxxii: 2-14; Ps. cvi: 45; Deu. xxxii: 36.) Notwithstanding his savage disposition, yet in the same record many acts and sayings are recorded that would be an honor and credit to any man. All of which goes to show he was a personage not only subject to, but absolutely possessed of all the imperfect attributes of a man from the sublime to the ridiculous. In no sense whatever above men, only in spiritual power and angelic majesty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REV. JOHN A. HUSKINS, who has been acting as pastor of a Methodist Episcopal church at Germantown, Pa., has been discovered to be a bigamist, having two wives in the same State. Upon the fact being discovered, he immediately fled with wife No. 2. Some are beginning to think ministers are not very much better than other folks.

A Respectable Lie.

BY LIZZIE DOTEN.

"A respectable lie, sir!" pray what do you mean?
Why the term in *itself* is a plain contradiction;
A lie is a lie, and deserves no respect,
But merciless judgment and speedy conviction.
It springs from corruption, is servile and mean,
An evil conception, a coward's invention;
And whether direct, or but simply implied,
Has naught but deceit for its end and intention."

Ah, yes! very well! So good morals would teach.
But facts are the most stubborn things in existence,
And they tend to show that great lies so in respect,
And hold their position with wondrous persistence.
The small lies, the white lies, the lies feebly told,
The world will condemn both in spirit and letter;
But the great, bloated lies will be held in respect,
And the larger and older the lie is, the better.

A respectable lie, from a popular man,
On a popular theme, never taxes endurance;
And the pure golden coin of unpopular truth,
Is often refused for the brass of assurance.
You may dare all the laws of the land to defy,
And bear to the truth the most shameless relation,
But never attack a respectable lie,
If you value a name or a good reputation.

A lie well established, and hoary with age,
Resists the assaults of the boldest seceder;
While he is accounted the greatest of saints
Who silences reason and follows the leader.
Whenever a mortal has dared to be wise,
And seize upon Truth, as the souls' "Magna Charta,"
He always has won from the lovers of lies,
The name of a fool, or the fate of a martyr.

There are popular and political lies,
And "lies that stick fast between buying and selling,"
And lies of politeness—conventional lies—
(Which scarcely are reckoned as such in the telling.)
There are lies of sheer malice, and slanderous lies,
From those who delight to peck filth like a pigeon;
But the older and far most respectable lies,
Are those that are told in the name of Religion.

Theology sits like a tyrant enthroned,
A system *per se* with a fixed nomenclature,
Derived from strange doctrines, and dogmas and creeds,
At war with man's reason, with God and with Nature;
And he who subscribes to the popular faith,
Never questions the fact of divine inspiration,
But holds to the Bible as absolute truth,
From Genesis through to St. John's Revelation.

We mock at the Catholic bigots at Rome,
Who strive with their dogmas man's reason to fetter;
But we turn to the Protestant bigots at home,
And we find that their dogmas are scarce a whit better.
We are called to believe in the wrath of the Lord,—
In endless damnation, and torments infernal;
While around and above us, the Infinite Truth,
Scarce heeded or heard, speaks sublime and eternal.

It is sad, but the day-star is shining on high,
And Science comes in with her conquering legions;
And every respectable, time-honored lie,
Will fly from her face to the mythical regions.
The soul shall no longer with terror behold
The red waves of wrath that leap up to engulf her,
For Science ignores the existence of hell,
And chemistry finds better uses for sulphur.

We may dare to repose in the beautiful faith,
That an Infinite Life is the source of all being;
And though we must strive with delusion and Death,
We can trust to a love and a wisdom all-seeing;
We may dare in the strength of the soul to arise,
And walk where our feet shall not stumble or falter;
And freed from the bondage of time-honored lies,
To lay all we have on the Truth's sacred altar.

Enthusiasm and Enthusiasts.

TO YOUNG TRUTH SEEKERS.

To all earnest men and women, to every one learning for the first time how to shake off the shackles of educational prejudice; most especially to those young and ardent souls who are just beginning to know the satisfied pleasure of thinking for themselves independently of creeds and dogmas, there comes a transitional stage, which is termed, by older and colder brains, "A period of *enthusiasm*,"—enthusiasm which, at white heat, is fanaticism, and when frozen into solidity is bigotry.

The first glimpse of truth comes to the heart of the man just beginning to think for himself, as does the world of reality to the dreamer, newly aroused from his slumber, and as yet only partially awake, as rather a portion of the world of vision than the real; and so it is not to be wondered at, that sometimes ludicrous mistakes are made ere the glamor of dream-land is completely shaken off. But having once caught a glimpse of the divine face of Truth, it is not long before, with all a young lover's ardor, he seeks boldly to know her face to face. And it is in his first

eager and uncertain pursuit of her, that enthusiasm comes to help him on his way, making the beginning of the rugged path, which is to lead him to her, easier for his tender and inexperienced feet.

Enthusiasm always accompanies our first sincere belief in any truth; and sincere belief is the offspring of earnest thought and the parent of action; or, as Theodore Parker states: "In all great movements there are three periods; first, that of sentiment—there is only a feeling of the new thing; next, of idea—the feeling has become a thought; finally, of action—the thought becomes a thing."

I like to meet in this prosaic world of ours, an enthusiastic man or woman, even though, in their eager pursuit of the true, they plunge floundering at first in the direction of error. I do not fear for them; for I know that Truth will yet meet them half-way and lead them to the light. Enthusiasm has been the lever applied to every progressive movement and grand achievement. It is that which gives us at the outset in any great aim the faith to believe in our fellow-man's willingness to help, instead of retarding us on our way; it is that which makes martyrs smile at and glory in their pains.

But to all enthusiasts, there comes at last an hour of reaction—an hour when the young and fervid hearts are filled with a divine despair of *accomplishing*. They wonder at the luke-warmness, the apathetic indifference which men exhibit toward them and their aims. They begin then to question whether they have not, after all, been mistaken in their ideas. Then, for the first time comes lassitude, weariness, and they feel as though they had at last

"Lost the dream of doing,
And the other dream of done,
The first spring in the pursuing,
The first pride in the begun,
The first recoil from incompleteness
In the face of what is won."

It is in this hour that enthusiasm is first tested as to its solidity of basis. If the aims and hopes from which it emanates are not founded on the inherent love of truth in the soul and the most inflexible principle, then alas for the enthusiast!—for henceforth enthusiasm, which was but the propelling power to start him on his way, is gone forever, and only the bitter ashes of the Dead Sea fruit of error remains. At this time of depression and gloom, when firmness of principle must take the place of ardent enthusiasm, many fail from lack of will sufficient to overcome the difficulties which appear like mountains, but which indomitable resolution may reduce to mole-hills. But he who truly brave,—O how brave, how courageous, you who have never dared to think for yourselves, who know not the disheartening task of fighting daringly for "truth which men receive not now," can never know or even guess at—dare yet turn his face and footsteps steadily toward the goal of his early ambition; who shall, in spite men's unbelief and coldness, yet cry passionately with recanting Galileo, "But still it moves." He shall in the end triumph over all obstacles:

"For with his side shall stand at last
The victory of endurance born.

SARA A. UNDERWOOD,

Politics and Religion in the Granges.

BY A. GAYLORD SPAULDING.

It is evidently a wise regulation to exclude from the granges all exciting and bitter debates and discussions of partizan politics and sectarian religion, which tend to distract and divide the order; since the success and prosperity of any people or enterprise requires a spirit of harmonious unity and co-operation, firm and unwavering, that the winds cannot shake. But the principles of true politics and true religion are very different things. We want a new political dictionary for workingmen. When politics means home interests and every-day duties, of labor, production, wealth, and comfort, then it properly belongs to the grange. We also need a new defining of religion. When that is made to consist of love, affection, brotherhood, sisterhood, it at once becomes most heavenly in its character, and fit for the Patrons and the family.

The politics of party, as understood by professional politicians, is of course wholly unsuited to grange exercises, because the principle of equity and brotherhood is not its basis. Its motive is selfish, and its method a continual conflict for personal station and aggrandizement, and the spoils of office. It is rough, heartless, wrangling, and unprincipled, and consists of cunning tricks of leadership and caucus management, election days, and counting votes. It is the politics of lottery speculators, and not of the common people; of salary grab and monopoly, and not of plain, honest production; of the small-souled trinket peddler, and not of the fair and sober farmer, mechanic and worker.

The religion of sect, like party politics, is a thing of popular aristocratic, professional church leadership—of theological dogmas, controversy, and speculation. It gives an easy living to men in high seats of sanctimony, who pick their bread from the hard toiling class. It is not the religion of humanity, and not the kind for the grange. It dwells too much in the

clouds of mixed and debatable theologies, and soars too far above the heads of common minds and common sense. We want the *practical*, with less theory and Sunday formulæ, and more real, solid work of moral reform and social improvement; less of costly and gaudy steeples, and more of home culture. That is sensible grange religion.

Partizan editors and leaders are highly gratified with the fact that the granges are non-political, and expect, therefore, to retain their party leadership as heretofore, and secure the offices and emoluments right along, under the old names. The late election is claimed as a glorious democratic triumph. But is it not a mistaken interpretation? Aye, that is the delusion of it. Certainly it is a different sort of democracy, so far as the grange vote is concerned. There has been a considerable landslide under our very feet, and we stand on advanced ground. Some don't seem to know it, but so it is, nevertheless. With the granges it is now a democracy with an equal rights plank. The reform element is diffused, which commends it.

Woman suffrage is a grand and happy feature of the grange. Woman in the old parties has no recognition as a part of the human family, except as a mere subject, but is kept down as something *below* the human. But now she rises up, and is welcomed to the grange, to its politics and its new government. Her domestic services fit her most admirably for government housekeeping, and such a cleaning out of the filthy Augean stables of masculine corruption will be marvelous in our eyes. Our bachelor-hall government will be changed by the new order from a house of moral disorder to a ladies' parlor and home of industry, refinement, frugality, and economy. Man without woman is but half a man. With her help, corruption must fall, and monopoly cease.

The grange philosophy remodels our old politics in all its practical arrangements, and brings the ruling power *home to the people*. It individuates them, and makes each one personally responsible. Home, strength and manly dignity are self-sustaining, and more important to the country than any outside law. It is its own law, and if united, it is public law. Unite, then, dear workers—combine in a compact body. Organize, co-operate! We have sense enough among the people, scattered round, confused; but it must be transferred from the city to the country—from the tender and delicate professionals to the rough-skinned industrials. The farmer's home is made his royal palace. The November election is past, and we wait a whole year for another. But the workingman can never wait so long for the political wagon. He requires his daily meals, with his regular toil, and to depend on legislators and congressmen is a discouraging life delay. The home is a little world—a kingdom—to every family.

Let us understand, that co-operation kills all monopoly. The grange saves the farmers, and therefore all should come into granges and lodges. Dairy associations are co-operative, and when the cows co-operate all can eat cheap butter and cheese. The world is a big monopoly of kings, presidents, governors, money, and professions, to be subdued by co-operation. The post-office system is a grand example of universal co-operation, most perfect and beautiful. A letter goes thousands of miles for one cent, or three cents, when, if a man carried his own mail, his correspondence would cost a fortune! So all things are cheapened by co-operation. Banks are cruel monopolies. The few are rich; the many, poor. Apply co-operation to finance, and every workingman will have plenty of work, and plenty of money.

Love is co-operative. Marriage is the co-operation of the sexes, and equal rights make it happy. Woman's ballot will equalize. Monopoly of wives is Brigham Youngism. Death, death to monopoly! Lawyers monopolize law; and doctors, medicine, and rob the ignorant masses. The priest monopolizes religion and lives nice and easy, fine and cosy, with very little work. Co-operation remedies such things. There is no monopoly in heaven. All are in the grange. Anti-monopoly is the essence of grange politics and grange religion.

What a mighty revolution in a single day, as it were, and that without blood! Now, instead of a king, with his sword, to awe his subjects, we have thousands of farmers with the plow, mechanics with their tools, and women with their needle, broom, cook-stove, and cradle—each and all armed with the ballot. The hand that holds the bread is the power that makes the law. The farmer's granary is his bank, and he holds the key, and should govern the transportation. Under Potter law, or no law, the right belongs to the people—the common people. That is the true democracy.

Now, it is plain that such discussion is eminently appropriate to the grange, in its County Councils, and in the newspaper. It is friendly and brotherly, and requires unchecked and unlimited free speech. Let it rouse up the sleeping apathy of all drugged laborers over the whole land. The idea is strange and absurd that grangers have tied their own hands or choked their own mouths in any true sense of politics. The reform movement is really both political and religious practically. Theologically, *free religion* only suits the order. Toleration is freedom.

Champlin, Minn., December, 1874.

(Continued from page 5.)

ticism or Infidelity. In this respect the Christian religion is the most direful, the most abhorrent, of any religion upon the face of the globe. This belief in eternal damnation, endless misery, and ceaseless torture, for any portion of the human family is most execrable, and makes God a cruel monster—an infinite fiend.

Mr. Snode has the gentlemanly (?) bearing to speak of Infidels as a "herd of men who can see more beauty in the Koran than in the Bible," and that it contains less novelty, and that its important parts are borrowed from the Bible. This is not correct. *Herd* is not just the word to apply to men, it is more appropriate for cattle, sheep and hogs. It is particularly inapplicable to Infidels, as they are somewhat scattered over the country and are hardly numerous enough yet anywhere to get together in herds. As to the Koran being copied from the Bible, it is possible it may be to some extent, as it was written a long time after, but that seems a singular reason why a *Christian* should condemn it. We are no special champion or admirer of the Koran. We believe it to be entirely a human production, as all other books are, and consequently possesses excellences and imperfections, as nearly all others do. As a "copy" it is far less so than many parts of the Christian's Bible. A large portion of this is essentially borrowed from the literature of nations older than the Jews, as can be easily shown.

If success is a proof of excellence and truth, the Mahometan religion is superior and more under divine patronage than the Christian. Although some five or six hundred years its junior it has far outstripped the elder, more than four adherents having flocked to the crescent to every one that has gathered to the cross; and to-day there are 140,000,000 believers in Mahomet in countries that were once Christian, but where a Christian is now scarcely to be found, except such few as occasionally pass through. In civilization, enterprise and wealth, which are not dependent upon religion, the Mahometans are in the background, but in morality and good conduct they are ahead. There is less murder, less stealing, and less crime of all kinds in Mahometan than in Christian countries.

If, however, the Koran has less "novelty" than the Bible, it also has less of cruelty, slaughter, carnage and bloodshed. In morality, likewise, it is eminently above it. We cannot take the room here to draw comparisons or point out one case in a hundred where the morality of the Bible is below the Koran, but will cite one chapter only, which will answer our present purpose. It is the thirty-first chapter of Numbers, where is narrated how Moses, who acted under the direct command of God, sent out 12,000 brigands and murderers to despoil and destroy a peaceful, quiet nation, the Midianites, and how they put all the men to death, captured women and children together with all their property, consisting in part of 675,000 sheep, 72,000 beef cattle, 61,000 asses and several hundred shekels of gold, besides jewels and other valuables. These the holy robbers (for they were no better,) took to their camp, but the meek man Moses became very angry with the officers and captains of the hosts and said: "Have you saved all the women alive?" "Kill every male among the little ones, and every woman that hath known a man by lying with him, but all the women and children that have not known a man by lying with him, keep for yourselves. In pursuance to these orders, 32,000 virgins, consisting of children, half-grown girls and young women were divided out pro-rata among the officers and soldiers of the different tribes, to be the helpless victims of their animal lusts, and fifty to seventy-five thousands of defenseless women, mothers, children, babes and suckling infants were fiendishly put to death in cold blood for committing no offense at all; and all this by the command of God. There is nothing like this to be found in the Koran, nor in any of the Bibles of the Pagan nations in the world. Nay, take all the cruelty, bloodshed and assassinations recounted in all the other bibles that were written, (and there have been many of them,) add them all together in one aggregate, and so much horror and extreme cruelty cannot be found, as is narrated in this one chapter.

We will say more, among all the tyrants, despots and murderers that have lived in any part of the world, whether savage, barbarous or civilized, including all the Neros, Caligulas and Dracos that ever lived, not one of them, in their maddest freaks of cruelty, malice and devilish hate have ever equaled the horrid recitals of this one chapter. Mr. Snode wishes to compare the morality of the Bible with the Koran. If he is pleased with this aspect of his idol, we have nothing to say, only that he has a very singular appreciation of goodness and morality.

He also introduces the subject of obscenity. This is a point in which his adored book is so vulnerable it would seem better for him not to mention the subject. Why, the Christian Bible is one of the most obscene books in the world, and those which are more so, are prohibited by law, and men are sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for from five to fifteen years for selling them! Why, George Francis Train within the last thirty months was imprisoned in the foul and malarious "Tombs," of this city, till his life and health were seriously endangered, for simply publishing some quotations from the Bible, without a word of comment. We could call attention to a thousand obscene and impure passages of the Bible, but lest the pious "Comstock" get after us, and to spare time and room we will pass them by for the present. We are, however, free to say that in all the other Bibles (and we may add, also, all the other books of the world, except the small number of obscene books alluded to,) of the Pagans, not a tenth part of the obscenity can be found that exists in the Bible of the Christians—a pretty source, indeed, from which to look for morality and purity.

Mr. Snode in his flings at Infidels refers to France and the French Revolution to show how much inferior Infidels are to Christians. The allusion is not a happy one for him. The facts in the case are very damaging to the Christians. True, in the French Revolution there was a great rebound from the political and religious tyranny under which the people had been groaning for centuries, and it is only natural that under such conditions, as in many similar ones in changes of governments and dynasties, excesses and wrongs should be committed, thus, during ten years known as the French Revolution not exceeding 4,000 executions of criminals and political offenders took place all together.

Admitting, to please Mr. Snode, that Infidels were responsible for all this, which is by no means true, as a large share of these executions took place under the avowal of the existence of a God, how does it compare with Christian rule? We will, for instance, take a single day of Christian work in the same France when, by pre-concerted arrangement, and by the direction of priests, over 40,000 men, women and children were assassinated and cruelly put to death, not for political offenses, but for opinion's sake? A more cruel, infamous and bloody piece of business was never known, and when the intelligence reached the ears of the Pope—the head of the Christian Church—he was greatly rejoiced at it, and ordered *Te Deums* to be chanted in honor of the *good work* thus performed. If the executions of the ten years named reached but 4,000, they make but a small show compared with the 40,000 the Christians basely slaughtered in a single day.

Does Mr. Snode like this picture of *Christian France* better than that of *Infidel France*? In truth, very few of the executions during the French Revolution are chargeable to Infidelity. They were political not religious. Infidels have rarely ever persecuted their fellow men for not believing as they do. This business is monopolized almost entirely by Christians.

We cannot undertake to give one case in a thousand of Christian persecution, or even a minute fraction of the enormities the Church has committed. It would take volumes to contain a brief recital of them only. One has but to read the horrible details of the bloody work of the "Holy Inquisition" which existed under the immediate control of the Church for five hundred years, and under whose infernal tortures hundreds of thousands of innocent people were most cruelly mangled and murdered; of the relentless and exterminating persecutions for years visited upon the unhappy Albigenes and Waldenses, by which scores

of thousands of men, women and children were tortured out of the world under the most cruel and damnable circumstances; of the wars of the Crusades, by which a great effort was made to exterminate Infidels and unbelievers, and by which millions of all ages, sexes and classes were sent to bloody graves by those emissaries of the Church. We say one has but to read these historical facts to be entirely convinced there has in all the world been no such bloody persecutions, such continued and relentless slaughter as the Christians have been guilty of. All the religions the earth has been cursed with, falls in this respect far behind the Christian religion. Pagans and heathens cannot compare with them for cruelty, persecutions and horrors.

Mr. Snode's enquiries as to what good Free Thought, Free Speech and a Free Press have done in the world, are too insipid and senseless to even merit an answer. What have these agencies done? Why, they have broken down and destroyed just the state of things we have here described. But for the existence of Free Thought, Liberal Sentiments and a Free Press, the world to-day would be groaning under the same relentless tyranny, the same murderous persecutions, the same mental slavery and degradation which existed in the Dark Ages, when Christianity had entire control. A moiety of Liberalism infused into Christianity made Protestantism; a little more brought out Quakerism; a little more produced Unitarianism and Universalism; another degree brings in Spiritualism, and when all superstition is discarded, Liberalism is pure and unadulterated—a state of belief as much superior to the bloody and darkening creeds and practices of Christianity, as the glorious sun of day is superior to a common "tallow dip."

Mr. S. talks glibly about "filthy gutters," "stagnant pools," "filthy back alleys," "dark dungeons," "damp cellars" and all that sort of thing, but we have no taste in that direction, and will leave him in that locality with the superstitions and fallacies of a darker age, while we climb the high grounds of science and truth, and bask in the glorious sunshine of mental freedom and human progress. Mr. Snode, good bye.

WE REGRET exceedingly to learn that the Shakers at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., have sustained a heavy loss by fire. Eight buildings, some of them large and valuable, were swept away in a few hours on the 6th inst. The loss is estimated at \$140,000. Mid-winter is a sad time to be turned out of house and home by the destroying element, and we sympathize with those thus situated. Having spent a portion of our childhood and youth at the locality designated, we remember it distinctly as our boyhood home. We are truly sorry such a loss should fall upon our whilom friends.

We also have suffered to the extent of a few hundred dollars by two fires within the last few days. In one instance some five hundred volumes of *The Heathens of the Heath* were consumed in a Bindery that burned, and a lot of stereotype plates for pamphlets and tracts, were destroyed in a printing house where another fire occurred. We are sorry to say we were not insured.

MATTIE'S OFFERING is a collection of original songs by Mattie Sawyer of Boston. Many of the pieces possess poetical merit, and are faultless in sentiment. Price 25 cents in paper, or 50 cents in cloth.

THE GOLDEN AGE.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of our cotemporary on page 14. Our friends of the *Golden Age* are making extra offers to subscribers. To every one is presented a pair of *Ladies' Elegant Kid Gloves*. The *Golden Age* is one of the very best papers published. Its articles are able, well digested and well written. Mr. William T. Clark, the Editor, understands how to get up an interesting paper, well calculated to please and instruct the studious, enquiring mind. It is a Literary, Progressive sheet, favorable to all true Reforms, and Liberal in sentiment. It is not so Radical as THE TRUTH SEEKER by considerable, and for this many will like it the better. Those who want a splendid pair of kid gloves for nothing, will do well to subscribe for the *Golden Age*, Box 2848, New York.

Paine Hall Dedication—Boston.

We had the pleasure of attending the opening and dedication of this new Liberal Hall, just completed in Boston, on the birthday of THOMAS PAINE, on January 29th, and met there a large collection of Liberal friends from various parts of the country, including Materialists and Spiritualists. The best of feeling seemed to animate and cheer the spirits of all present, and the opportunity of thus meeting and holding communion in a beautiful hall devoted to free discussion and mental liberty, seemed to be appreciated by all present.

The Building Committee—Messrs. Mendum, Seaver and Savage, as well as the architect, Mr. Brown—are entitled to much praise and gratitude for the fine edifice they have so well constructed, to stand as a memorial to the memory of the great man who performed such valuable service for his adopted country and all mankind, in breaking down the idols of superstition, and opening up the way for the lovers of truth and light to walk in.

Three meetings were held, one at 10:30 A.M., the second at 2:30 P.M., and the last at 7:30 in the evening, after which in the upper hall two or three hundred for five hours joined in the mazes of the dance, and partook of a splendid supper. The arrangements were well planned and executed, and everything passed off agreeably.

We have not space to give even a brief report of the many speeches made, and can do little more than name the speakers. Josiah P. Mendum of the *Investigator*, presided. Horace Seaver, Editor of the same paper, delivered the first address. It was one of welcome and congratulation. It abounded in appropriate allusions to the struggle that had been made in the direction of Free Thought and in dispelling the mists and fogs of superstition and ignorance. He hoped Paine Hall would be to Mental Liberty what Faneuil Hall was to Political Liberty. He hoped in the former Truth, Reason, Liberty, Equality and Fraternity might ever find a home, and that its doors may always be open to enquirers after Truth. He paid a fine tribute to Abner Kneeland, and alluded to the efforts he made to build up a temple of science. Since Mr. Kneeland's death there had been little agitation in regard to a public Liberal Hall until a few years ago, when it was revived by Mr. Mendum and others, through whose efforts and struggles the task was at last completed. His address lasted for an hour, and was warmly applauded.

The Rev. Mr. Sargent of Boston made a few congratulatory remarks, and referred to his having been disfellowshipped by the Unitarian Church on account of his Liberal views.

Mrs. Townsend, a Spiritualist was called upon the platform, and made a beautiful address, which was cordially received. A splendid bouquet of flowers which stood upon the desk afforded her a good text to illustrate the organization of the human body and soul, and she handled the subject beautifully. She expressed great love for humanity, not excluding the lowly and despised. She regarded all mankind as her brothers and sisters, and she felt willing to spend her strength and life in lifting up and helping the down-trodden.

F. C. Birtles of Woonsocket, R. I., addressed the audience in a vigorous speech, and alluded to the progress he had made in freeing himself from the bonds of ignorance and bigotry. He had for twenty-six years been free from the fetters that once bound him, and he rejoiced in the increasing light and freedom which were spreading over the world.

Mr. Mendum read congratulatory letters from W. F. Freeman, Stockton, Cal., Mrs. Mary Brown, Mrs. L. F. Smith, and Morris Altman.

G. L. Henderson of this city was the next speaker. His subject was the moralization of wealth. He alluded in complimentary terms to George Peabody, Peter Cooper of this city, and James Lick, for the liberal donations and magnanimous efforts they had made for the amelioration of mankind and for the advancement of science. He paid a merited tribute to D. R. Burt of Dunleith, who had contributed liberally to the Paine Hall fund, and induced others to do the same, and had made a trip to California and sold the property donated by James Lick. Though Mr. Burt

is very deaf he is vigorous and active in the cause dear to us. Allusion was made to the objects of the donors, that the donations were not made to individuals, but for a Memorial Hall to aid in the diffusion of Liberal sentiments. He hoped New York and other cities would have similar temples of Science and Liberalism wherein the scientific truths inculcated by such teachers as Spencer, Huxley, Geo. Combe, Mill, and others can be made familiar to the people.

Mrs. Prudence Worcester, ninety years of age, was invited on the platform by Mr. Seaver, and spoke for a few minutes. She stated she was at the opening of the first temple in which Abner Kneeland taught in Boston. One hundred and fifty took dinner with her family that day, and they were insulted by cries and abuse from people in the streets. She spoke in warm terms of the efforts Mr. Kneeland made in the cause of truth and progress. She gave advice to mothers upon the treatment of children, and said children should not be whipped. She dilated somewhat upon this subject. The remarks of the aged mother were kindly received.

Mr. Seaver made the closing speech, expressive of the kindest feelings toward Spiritualists, and declarative of the freedom of speech and sentiment that should be maintained in Paine Hall. He gave credit to Mr. Savage, one of the trustees who had given his personal attention to the erection of the building, and who had hardly given sleep to his eyelids for many months. Much credit was due him for the meritorious style and appearance the building presented. This closed the forenoon meeting. The Hall was full—not a seat being left unoccupied.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Hall was densely packed, the aisles and standing room being fully occupied. The dedication hymn by F. C. Birtles was sung by the choir, after which Mr. Seaver read a poem by J. Alberger of Baltimore, entitled *The Age of Reason*, after which another hymn was sung. A toast proposed by D. R. Burt was read.

Mr. Hamilton then read a somewhat lengthy but spicy poem in which many fine hits were made at old theology—the same was well received.

Miss Susan H. Wixon, of Fall River, Mass., made a very pleasant and effective speech which was entirely *extempore*, as she stated she had no time to make any preparation for speaking. She passed happy eulogies upon the memory of Thomas Paine, whose birthday was being celebrated. She was proud of being numbered with his admirers, and of being counted an Infidel. She felt to be counted a Free Thinker was the proudest title to which she could lay claim.

She said she held no dogmas in regard to the existence of God. To her it was of far more concern to know of the poor who were walking the streets hungry and shivering with the cold. "Let us," said she, "relieve the suffering of humanity about us, and let all theological nonsense and superstition take care of itself. I know no God, save that which appears to me in humanity up or down. Which ever way I look I can understand nothing about any God, except as it appears to me in human beings. I love Humanity, and if that is loving God, I love him well. I cannot find him anywhere else. I never saw a man so degraded, or a woman so utterly vile, but that I could discern some evidence of God in him or her. I have come to the conclusion there is no God anywhere except as he is exhibited in Humanity. Hence I love all human beings.

I know nothing about the 'atoning sacrifice' and all that kind of absurdity. I don't want to know anything about it. I would not if I could. I know very little about creeds, except as I see the different sects fighting with each other. What concerns me most is to know how the poor people of our cities are to get through this Winter; whether they have food enough to keep them from hunger, and whether they have clothing enough to keep them from suffering with the cold. I don't want to meddle with anything but that." She referred again to Paine, and said in conclusion:

"When I think of the immortal sage who said, 'I believe in the equality of man, and that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy and endeavoring to make our fellow-beings happy,' I am compelled to say, 'If this be Infidelity, the more of it the better.'"

Moses Hull followed in a speech of moderate length, first of dedications, next of Thomas Paine and Theodore Parker, and lastly of social reform. In the latter discussion he alluded to his well known theory upon this subject. His manner is impressive, and his eloquence of no mean order.

Mr. John Verity, of Cambridge, Mass., was next introduced, and made a brief speech, and recited a poem of his own in answer to the question, "Who was Thomas Paine?" His remarks were in reference to the progress that has been made in mental liberty, and the charity we ought to exercise towards those who differ from us.

Anthony Higgins, Jr., made one of the most eloquent speeches of the day. He commenced by saying he felt much inclined to keep in the rear guard and remain a listener to others. He could not probably claim to be one of the Old Guard of Free Thought as it had not been very long since he had "broken the shell." It was some thirty-five years since his birth. Mentally and physically he came into the world a *Radical*. It would be hard to mould him a conservative. Christianity did for a time try to do something in that direction, but it proved an utter failure. He complimented Messrs. Mendum and Seaver on the fine Hall thus reared for the expression of Free Thought, and said it would command respect from our opponents. Oh! money and its products are wonderful charmers even to old Mrs. Grundy.

In alluding to the spirit of proscription and want of due gratitude exhibited towards Thomas Paine for the great services he had rendered this country, while Washington, Jefferson and others stood out from canvas and were sculptured in marble, Thomas Paine who had rendered equally valuable services, has no canvas to represent him, no marble to hold him in memoriam. And why? Because of the spirit of fanaticism and persecution that has had its hand upon the people of this country, and because the brave man dared to be anti-Christian—to oppose the superstition and absurdity of the Christian Church. But his admirers took it into their heads to build a fitting memorial to his name, and hence this proud edifice has been reared. And now as a Spiritualist I must believe if ever a spirit could come back to earth, that the spirit of Thomas Paine stands upon this platform and addresses you to-day.

Thomas Paine did not end the warfare in behalf of the rights of man when he attacked the Bible. He but attacked the cause of human ignorance, iniquity, priestcraft and superstition. The triumph of the rights of man is yet to come. We have only entered upon the dawn, the sunrise is yet to appear. We have here a monument to one of the heroic leaders in that warfare. While there are thousands who have no memorial it is grand to think that one at least has been remembered.

Prof. Morse, of England, followed with a good speech. He avowed himself a searcher after truth. He was proud to stand upon this platform in an edifice reared to the memory of an Englishman, one who had been a foremost worker in securing the independence of this country, and in securing the rights of opinion for all. He as a Spiritualist hailed with joy the fraternization of Spiritualists and Liberals and hoped they would continue to work together in accord and harmony.

Prof. Toohy made an excellent speech. He paid a tribute to the memory of Paine; hoped for a continued fraternal feeling between Liberals and Spiritualists, and for a steady progression in the cause of Right and Truth.

Mr. Corwin, delegate from Milwaukee, made a few remarks. He had come a long distance to attend this celebration, but would travel ten times as far to witness another.

Dr. H. B. Storer made a good speech. Was rejoiced at the fraternal spirit manifested. He did not want to advertise his personal convictions, but believed Thomas Paine was doing as much, aye, more good to-day, than he did when in the body, for the deliverance of the mind of man from the thralldom of dogmatic superstition. He believed Paine's influence pervaded the country. He congratulated the Liberals of Boston, and Messrs. Mendum and Seaver especially upon the erection of this elegant structure.

(Continued on page 12.)

Elder Zebedee Harkins.

Sermon No. 4.

[Delivered at Mt. Zion Church, near Frog Island, Southern Illinois. Reported by THOMAS A. DIDYMUS.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

Quarterly Conference has just closed here, and the excitement incidental to this important occasion is subsiding, but I assure you we have had a lively time. Elder Slocum, the presiding Elder of this quarterly conference, ably assisted by Elder Harkins (formerly a presiding Elder, but now a circuit rider), were the preachers who conducted the series, and each of them did their tallest preaching.

The result was a revival such as is seldom seen in modern times. There was a wonderful outpouring of grace, and many souls found joy and peace in believing.

The meeting began on Friday, and by Sunday evening the interest and excitement culminated in a scene of the wildest enthusiasm on the part of the saints, and a regular panic in the ranks of the sinners.

Elder Harkins preached one of his most powerful revival sermons, from the following text:

"For, behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven and all the proud, and all they that do wickedly shall be as stubble."

"Thus saith the Lord of Hosts by the mouth of the prophet Malachi, the last of the long line of illustrious prophets, who testified to the righteousness of Jehovah, and warned the people of the terrible vengeance that would come upon them if they refused to flee from the wrath of God, and close in with the offers of mercy.

The prophet Malachi died and slept with his fathers, but before he departed he foretold the coming of the Son of God and of the end of the world, and also of the great judgment day, in which the wicked should be burned up as stubble. And now my dying congregation, it is for you to decide whether you will be among the wheat that shall be gathered into the garner of the heavenly kingdom, or whether you will be found with the chaff and stubble, that shall be cast into hell, and burned with the fire of God's eternal vengeance forever and forever.

Now is the day of salvation. Now is the accepted time.

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?"

Yes, poor sinner, I beseech you stop and think before it is everlastingly too late. Too late? What an awful warning is found in these little words, too late! To-morrow may be too late. This may be the last opportunity some of you may ever have to close in with the offers of mercy, the last sermon you may ever be permitted to hear. Then listen to the voice of the Savior to-night. He is waiting to be gracious; yes, the blessed Jesus is whispering in your ear, to-night. He is saying to you, "poor sinner, I died on the cross for you. To secure your salvation I sweat the bloody sweat of *Gethsemane*. It was the weight of your guilt that bowed my head in grief and agony, as slowly and painfully I climbed the rugged steeps of Calvary. And its expiation on the cross wrung from my agonized soul those groans that rent the veil of the temple, and shook the foundations of the earth.

Sinner, do you believe this? Then confess my name before this congregation, and your sins shall be blotted out; for whoso confesses me before man, him will I confess before my father and all the holy angels. But he that denieth me before man, him will I also deny before my father and the holy angels.

Oh sinner, how can you resist such an appeal? The King of heaven and earth, the Son of God stands with open arms waiting to be gracious; stands pleading with you to come to him and be saved.

But if tender mercy will not move you, remember the words of the text and tremble. For behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud and they that so wickedly shall be as stubble.

Oh my dying friends, that will be a terrible day to you, if you are out of the ark of safety. When the Archangel shall stand with one foot on the sea and one on the land, and swear by Him that liveth forever and ever, that time is, and time was, but time shall be no longer. Then shall the solid earth melt with fervent heat, and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll and pass away with a great noise. And the moon shall be turned to blood, and the stars of heaven fall.

Then will the wicked, both great and small, flee from the fate that awaits them and finding no place to hide, they will cry to the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from the wrath of God, and from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne of judgment.

But my poor, lost friends, let me warn you that you cannot escape in that day. The rocks and mountains will refuse to hide you, and your prayers will be in vain, for the day of grace will be past and the day of God's vengeance come.

"And I saw the dead, both small and great, stand before the throne and the books were opened and they whose names were not found in the Lamb's book of

life were cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

Poor sinner, its a solemn and awful thing to die; but who can describe the terrors of that second death, the death that never dies. When the soul shall be doomed to endless woe, there to dwell in a sea of red-hot fire beneath the hot and stifling air of hell and mingle your groans of agony with the laughter of heartless devils, and the oaths of the damned.

Oh ye of little faith, and you who are hardened in sin, I beseech you by the mercies of God, and I warn you by the certainty of judgment and the terrors of hell to flee from the wrath to come, and I warn you now that I shall meet you at the judgment seat of Christ on that terrible day that shall burn as an oven, and I shall there present you as brands snatched from the eternal burning, jewels in my crown of glory, or I shall then and there be a swift witness against you for having rejected the gospel.

For how can you escape the damnation of hell if ye reject this great salvation?

Oh sinner, come to Jesus to-night!

Delay not another moment!

Tarry not in all the plains of doubt nor sin! Harken no longer to the voice of the Devil, who tells you there is time enough!

Time enough? Life itself is but a span; time but a fleeting moment compared to eternity.

Cling not to the world and its joys, for they are deceitful and transient.

"This world is but a fleeting show,

For man's illusion given."

Come, sinner; if you are old and hardened in sin and rebellion against God, come and see how merciful he is, how freely he forgives. If you are young and of tender years, come, for it is written, "Thou shalt remember the Creator in the days of thy youth." If you are a moral man, and upright in all your walk and conversation, but have not acknowledged the Lord Jesus Christ, come, for there is no other name given under heaven whereby you can be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ. All your morality and honesty will count for nothing in that day that shall burn as an oven, for the righteousness of man is but as filthy rags in the sight of God.

Sinner, come; start now. The old Ship of Zion is weighing her anchor and spreading her sails. Come on board and register your name for the port of glory before it is too late. This glorious old ship has landed thousands safely on the shores of everlasting deliverance. The passage is free; then come and go with us.

Why will you stay on board the pirate ship of Infidelity; the privateer craft of Science, or the balloon of Spiritualism? I tell you, my friends, these modern ships will go to the bottom sooner or later, and the Spiritual bubble will burst and pass away in God's own good time. But the old ship of Zion will ride the storm and safely land you in the port of glory.

Brethren sing,

"O do not let the ship depart,
And close thine eye against the light,
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart,
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?"

During the singing of this song the Elder's voice could be heard above the roaring waves of heavenly music that surged up from the congregation, exhorting in loud, yet pathetic tones, the sinner to come to Jesus.

Some half-dozen specimens of total depravity walked forward and knelt at the anxious seat.

It was evident that these were but the first fruits of the harvest, and after a prayer, in which the Lord was invited and implored to come right down from heaven in all his power, and majesty, and glory, and make one in their midst—an invitation which was not accepted—Elder Slocum entered upon an exhortation by telling a story, or rather two stories.

I want to appeal to the young men that are here to-night. I want to tell them that they are standing upon the very brink of hell, and there's no telling what minute any one of you may be plunged in that gulf of dark despair. I know you are each saying to yourselves, "there is time enough; I will enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, and then get religion." This is a dangerous course you are pursuing.

I once knew a young man who took this course, and when the pious ministers of God would warn him of his danger, he would say, "O! I don't mean to die without a hope in Christ, but I can't give up the pleasures of the world just yet. When I get older I mean to get married and get religion, and settle down to a steady, pious life."

Remember, my young friends, this young man was not an Infidel. No, indeed; he believed in the Lord Jesus Christ as most of you do, but he was not willing to give up the pleasures of sin and serve the Lord. He put off repentance that he might enjoy this life as long as possible, intending to get religion when the joys of earth should cease to please him, or if suddenly cut off, he meant to repent and call on the Savior in his last moments. But the Lord would not be trifled with in that way for ever, but cut him off suddenly, and he went down to hell with all his sins on his head.

He was on his way home from a horse race one night, being about half drunk, and full of devilish

mirth, when suddenly his horse shied to one side of the road and threw him off and broke his neck. He had been heard to say, that if he was ever thrown from his horse, he would say as he fell, "Lord have mercy on my soul," and all would be right.

But what, my dying friends, do you suppose this poor lost young man said as he fell into the open mouth of hell? It is enough to make one's blood curdle in his veins and his hair stand on end to think of it. He found himself falling, and no doubt tried to remember his prayer, but the Devil was there and put these awful words into his mouth: "DEVIL TAKE BODY, SOUL AND ALL."

And his prayer was answered, and to-night his poor lost soul is writhing and shrieking in hell, and if he could come here to-night he would say, "Young man, take warning by my awful fate, and flee from the wrath of God." Now will you do it?

Perhaps some of you are saying, I am honest and upright, and have done nothing to repent of. O! my friends, this is the most awful state of mind you could get into. You may be all that you claim to be, yet you are lost and ruined without faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, for there is no other name given by which you can be saved.

I once knew a man, who was a good man, an honest man, a moral and law-abiding man, and a good-hearted, benevolent man, but he was an Infidel. He denied the Lord, and even doubted the existence of God. I saw this man just before he died. He was then an old man, and his race was almost run—for he was then sick—and I asked him how he felt in view of the near approach of death, and he answered, "Serene and peaceful."

I said, "Do you base your hopes upon the merits of a crucified Redeemer?" And what, my dying friends, do you think was his reply? It's awful to contemplate; it's terrible to repeat. He said:

"No. I have lived as true a life as I could, and if there is a God, I am ready to stand before him and take the consequences of my actions, scorning to beg for mercy, or to shield myself under the skirts of Christ or any other man."

He died only three days after uttering such terrible blasphemy, and of course he went to hell, there to learn that God's vengeance is not to be defied or trifled with. Young man, come to Jesus. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be washed as white as wool in the blood of the Lamb.

"To-day, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ, or no?"

The effect of the Elder's anecdotes was electrical. Young and old of both sexes pressed forward, and prostrated themselves at the foot of the throne—pulpit—and asked to be prayed for.

Elder Harkins led in prayer, and the saints all joined in, and for ten minutes exclamations, ejaculations, pious expletives, adjectives and groans filled the air, and toward the close a number of the penitent mourners began to shout glory and clap their hands, and one young lady danced a *minuet* and then fell on the floor in a trance.

The Sunday Question in this City.

To the Clergymen of the City of New-York.

DEAR FRIENDS: We may as well have this fight out, first as last. It is you who are opposed to granting people liberty on Sunday. It is you who wish to shut all up to the strict observance of Sunday as a Sabbath. You regret every open door affording them escape from the ministrations which you see fit to provide them in your pulpits. The old-fashioned Sunday has been yours, and you wish to *keep* it. So we grapple at once with you, and hold you to this public *expose* of your inevitable weakness and doomed defeat! You will fail, the Sunday will be rescued from your grasp, till there will be no *pretense* of any such sacred Sabbath as you have claimed! There is no holy Sabbath, there never has been any; and nobody ever dreamed there was, except because it is a Baby-World! There never was a Bible that was the word of God, there never was a God to give a Bible, there never was a God to make a holy Sabbath! You may wriggle and twist, but Science tells you the Universe is infinite, and then it was never created, and there is no Creator, and there never was any Bible, and there never was any Sabbath! Now that is the end of it! Even if the Scientists will not stand to this, they *must*, they will have to—they can no more get away from their own Science than you can! Once for all, Evolution is true, and this is a Baby-World, and there never was a finite Universe, nor any Creation, nor any Creator, nor any holy Bible, nor any sacred Sabbath—but your whole foundation and superstructure have gone to the bottomless together! And Luther, Calvin, Melancthon and all the other early Reformers, had no sacred Sabbath, they scouted any such institution! But the Puritans were the creators of your strict, holy day, and they went back for it to the old Jewish Book calling itself a Bible, but no more one than any other product of the superstition of all ages, as *all* Bibles have been simply the product of this superstitious Baby-World!

And these very Sunday statutes on which you have always relied to enforce the observance of the day, so far from being in your favor, are ten thousand times against you, for they are the spawn of the Baby-World, such bald relics of the ancient *heathenism and idolatry*, that they shall not only, not be suffered to be executed, but they shall not even be allowed to remain on the statute-book, longer to disgrace our civilization! The first heathen, such uncounted thousands of years ago, worshiped fetishes, and you make Sunday a fetish, and these statutes, framed in those days of the Puritans, and handed down till now, require *all* to make Sunday a fetish, under penalty of fine and imprisonment; but the people of this country, will not submit longer to be insulted by such priestly impositions! The statutes are already obsolete, the people have outgrown them fifty or a hundred years, and now they will sweep them away till there shall no vestige of them be found, except on the same page of history which preserves the shameful record (but no more shameful) that our ancestors offered up human sacrifices! Under this blaze of Science, these laws, these insults and not laws, will be erased from every statute-book in this country within two years [if we only make the strike within our power], and you and we all shall say Amen! For you want the best thing done, and we shall show you by what Science will give in exchange for your holy Sunday, and in exchange for your way of keeping it, how much better all become, how much happier all are, under a rational system of spending that day. We will have nothing *immoral* on Sunday, for we will not tolerate that on other days, for Science will make the secular stage purer and worthier than it is now; but on Sunday we shall have such scenic representations, and concerts, and lectures, and *whatever may be necessary*, as shall instruct, entertain and amuse the whole population together, men's moral and spiritual demands attended to and supplied equally with their physical, social and entire self-needs; and you will come in to help, for you will convert your church-edifices into lecture-rooms and halls—temples of Science—so that Sunday will be made a day of universal rest, recreation, enjoyment, intellectual and moral improvement, as the need may be! You dare not say, in the light of Science, this is not good and noble! You dare not go before the country, *against* us on this issue! You know the people will say this is right, and will sweep you away forever if you oppose! We represent the immense and overwhelming majority, and they will rule and ought to, and you (if you stand out) go to the wall! The newspapers of the country will all be on our side, for they cannot but see—they know this is Science! And you dare not say we who propound this are not good, honest, spotless and holy as yourselves, and doing all this because we must, doing all for the regeneration and salvation of the world! We defy you if you dare pick up the gauntlet, but we know you will not, you will admit all this, and turn in and help us. And so we give you our hands and our hearts, and with you march on to a natural and secular Sunday, as the only thing right, the only thing possible, the infallible dictate of Science, the inevitable fate of Evolution!

In the name of over forty millions of Americans,
Your equal brother,
JOSEPH TREAT.

P. S.—DEAR FRIEND HENDERSON: This very Evolution means to many, the transparent reverse of what you insist on, in your articles in THE TRUTH SEEKER. It means that since the whole past from which you draw your inference, was one of *heathenism*, therefore we do not want "priests" and "churches," but only Lecturers and Teachers for Congregations and Meetings, thus letting the old *superstition* die and be buried out of mind as well as influence! Evolution is good for nothing, is not Evolution, unless it supersedes!—*outgrows* the old—not only grows out of it but beyond it!

Talmage and Byron's "Childe Harold."

"Childe Harold is adorned with evil till it smiles like a May Queen."—Talmage's Sermon, Jan. 12th.

The imagination of the Rev. Dr. Talmage is truly wonderful! What powerful magnifying glasses he must use that can discern in Byron's "Childe Harold," "adultery until it smiles like a May Queen!"

I have read that beautiful poem so often that I can almost repeat it from memory, and you will allow me to tell Dr. Talmage, that in the whole one hundred and eighty-seven stanzas, there is not one indecorous line, one licentious thought; but he shall find more than he can in any other poem of the same length, that is so pure, so exquisitely refined and beautiful, that Byron might have plucked the pen with which he wrote it from the wing of the angel of Purity! Why does not Dr. Talmage preach a sermon on the commandment, "Bear not false witness," and be sure to press the application home to his own heart, and conscience? But then the ways of the Rev. Gentleman are "not our ways;" "his thoughts are not our thoughts," and I have not the least doubt that to his distorted vision, he sees only in this wonderful poem, impurity and vice. In the second canto we find such lines of beauty as these following (I am quoting from memory, excuse me if I should drop a word):

"Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the sabbath-keeper,
And sophists madly vain of their uncertain lore!
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who make our labors light!
To hear each voice we fear to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight
The Bactrian, Samaritan sage, and all who taught the
right!"

Is there any vice and immorality in those words of thrilling beauty?

"Dear Nature is the kindest mother still.
Tho' always changing, in her aspect mild;
From her bare bosom, let me take my fill,
Her never-weaned, though not her favored child.
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild
Where nothing polished dare pollute her path;
To me by day or night she ever smiled,
Though I have marked her when no other hath,
And sought her more and more, and loved her most in
wrath."

This second canto contains also those lines so often used by our buncombe orators:

"Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?"

And the whole of the remaining twenty-three stanzas to the end of the second canto are so fringed with beauty, that it will make them as enduring as the language they are written in. Who ever forgets these words:

"Wherever we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground."
"The sun, the soil, but not the slave the same."

Was Sir Walter Scott a libertine? Did he pander to the "lascivious pleadings of a lute"? He says of the first and second cantos of "Childe Harold," that they place at once on Lord Byron's head the garland, for which other men of genius have toiled long, and which they have gained late.

The third contains the very gems of the English language:

"Stop! for thy tread is on an empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchered below."

I need not quote, but I will write the word Waterloo, and the magnificent stanzas ring in our ears, for memory retains them forever.

Then comes "Lake Leman wooing with its crystal face," and we have in the following fourteen stanzas an avalanche of poetic beauty.

Do give space for these three, that the face of the libeler may be tinged with shame! (That is supposing he has a soul and feelings that can be touched with those exquisite lines of the great Master Artist.)

"All heaven and earth are still, tho' not in sleep.
But breathless as we grow when feeling most,
And silent as we stand in thought too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all, Creator and defence."

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so-felt
In solitude, where we are least alone;
A truth, which through our being then does melt,
And purifies from self; it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty;—'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to charm."

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar, the high places and the peak
Of earth-o'er-gazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unvalled temple, there to seek
The spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak,
Upward of human hands. Come and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Now fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer."

The fourth and last canto contains that wonderful apostrophe to the Ocean, which every school-boy or girl knows by heart.

Of this fourth canto, Sir E. Bridges says, "It is the fruit of a mind which had stored itself with great care and toil, and had digested with profound reflection and intense vigor what it had learned: the sentiments are not such as lie on the surface (the italicisms are my own) but could be awakened by long meditation."

Whoever reads it, and is not impressed with the many grand virtues as well as the gigantic powers of the mind that wrote it seems to me to afford a proof of insensibility of heart, and great stupidity of intellect!

Oh, Bigotry! How thou canst blind the understanding! How thou canst harden the heart, when thy votary declares that the wonderful poem "Childe Harold," "is adorned with evil till it smiles like a May Queen!"

I have often wondered if Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe ever read those touching lines, breathing such a spirit of loving charity:

"Yet peace be with their ashes,—for by them
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn."

Think you that the pen would not have dropped from her clasping fingers; and the cruel and wicked slander, by which the author has forfeited her right forever to the name of woman, would never have been written. Read Byron's justification from the conservative pages of *Blackwood* in 1825: "Nothing can be more unfair than to give as the personal character of Lord Byron what may be guessed at from his poems. Is there a noble sentiment, a lofty thought, a sublime conception? Yes is the answer, but it is the *roue* Byron that speaks! Is a kind and generous action of the man mentioned? "Yes, yes," comments the sage, but only remember the atrocities of Don Juan; depend upon it, this is only a bit of caprice or vile hypocrisy. Thus salvation is shut out at either entrance, the poet damns the man, and the man the poet. Was Byron dishonest or dishonorable? Did he ever do anything to forfeit, or even endanger his rank as a gentleman?

No such accusation has ever been maintained against Lord Byron. Was he so profligate in his morals, that his name cannot be mentioned with anything like tolerance? We should like extremely to have the catechising of the individual man who says so. Was he worse than the majority of those who join in the cry of horror at his sensuality? We believe exactly the reverse and we rest our belief on very intelligible grounds. How could sensual profligacy form such a great part of the life and character of the man, who dying at six and thirty, bequeathed such a collection of works as Byron did to the world? Again, looking at the nature of the intellect which generated, and delighted in generating such beautiful and noble conceptions as are to be found in almost every page of Byron's works—we hold it impossible that very many men can be at once capable of comprehending these conceptions and for sensual profligacy to form the principal, or even a principal part of their character. No story of villainous false intrigue, no story of base, unmanly seduction has ever been made against him. No father has ever reproached him with the ruin of his daughter! No husband has ever denounced him as the destroyer of his domestic peace!

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, there is an Eastern proverb that says, "Chickens always come home to roost," and this carrion buzzard chicken you hatched so kindly into life on Lord Byron's grave, now full-fledged, full-grown has returned to its home.

"The mills of the gods grind slow."
"And the measure ye mete to others shall surely be meted to you again."

WM. WILLICOTT.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Educating Children.

"As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," is a self-evident fact. And this fact is, I think, universally known, and is every-where more or less acted upon.

If we desire our children to possess a fine education, we tutor them at an early age. If we want them to follow a certain branch of industry, we direct their attention to it as soon as advisable. If we wish them to become labor-loving men and women, we give them at an early age such employment as will not be too fatiguing, and which will create in them an interest for its accomplishment. If we wish them to love pure morals, we inculcate them at a tender age.

In the religious world, it is well known, that children must be drilled into any desired religious belief, as soon as their prattling tongue can lisp the word "Dad" or "Desus;" hence the Sunday-schools everywhere; and hence the zealous care, and watching, and training which the religious devotee feels it his bounden duty to exercise to the utmost, over the heathenish youth.

Many well-meaning Freethinkers say, they will not ask their children *pro* or *con* in regard to religion; and that when they are of age, they shall have the privilege of accepting that which their judgment conceives to be the truth. But, dear parent, are you aware how difficult it is, with religious teachings all about you—in the public schools, in the lecture room, in the three or four churches to a thousand inhabitants, on the street—aye, every-where—to bring up your children to maturity without their having received religious teaching? We can everyday see the sons and daughters of Infidels uniting themselves with this or that creed; and why? because of influence, impressions and teachings received outside of the home-circle.

If Infidelity, so-called, is good enough for parents to live and die by, it certainly ought to be good enough for their children; and I see not why they should hesitate to verse them in its teachings; or, at least impress strongly upon their minds the necessity of keeping aloof until they have made a thorough investigation of the subject, and are capable of comprehending it.

Berlin, Wis., Jan. 24, 1875. J. D. KRUSCHKE.

REV. LUKE MILES, pastor of Zion Methodist church at Norwich, Ct., has decamped with all the Society's funds he could appropriate. There is also said to be some female scandal connected with it.

(Continued from page 9.)

A letter was read from Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose from London, which closed the afternoon meeting.

EVENING SESSION.

The Hall was again crowded. The exercises were opened by an overture from the orchestra, after which a young lady sang two pieces with well cultured and musical voice accompanied on the piano, when B. F. Underwood, the able champion of Free Thought, was introduced, and gave the address of the day. He said:

I understand the object of these exercises is to honor the name of Thomas Paine, and to dedicate this hall to Free Thought. I venerate this object, and I wish Thomas Paine might give us a "materialization" to-night (laughter), so as to look upon this sea of faces before him, to stand up before us, a human being in flesh and blood, and express his gladness at the great progress made since the time in which he lived. I delight to speak the praises of Thomas Paine, not because I agree with him in all his views, but because he was a pioneer in Free Thought, and did great and noble service in his day and generation; and we should be ungrateful if we neglected to give him his just meed of praise. He did a great and noble service for this country in its hour of need, and but for the fact that he went farther and honestly defined his radical creed, he would have occupied a position of great honor among all people to-day. His little book, "Common Sense," was published in 1776. It attacked monarchical governments, portrayed the excellence of Republican institutions, and pointed out the practicability of American independence. When these sentiments were first advanced, it is difficult for us to understand how they were received. The great mass of the American people were shocked; they thought it was premature. At first it created indignation, but soon it spread and the opposition diminished, until from New England to the Carolinas spread the cry for independence. Mr. Underwood depicted Paine's signal services to the country during the dark days of the Revolutionary war. "These are times that try the souls of men," are his own words. (Applause.) But he lived to see the cause so dear to his heart triumphant. Paine's style as a writer has in some respects never been equaled. Every sentence he wrote was stamped with his luminous mind. He was a sagacious and clear-headed man, and he wrote his thoughts in such a lucid and striking way that the most uncultivated person cannot read his works without being struck by the logic and force of his ideas.

This building is dedicated to Free Thought and to universal mental liberty. It has been built by the contributions of many who go much further in their radical ideas than Paine did. We have not accepted Paine as a leader; no person who is entitled to the name of a Free Thinker ever acknowledges any man, living or dead, as his mental leader. (Applause.) This hall ought to be a reminder to us not to accept our beliefs as ultimate truths. We must not ignore the great ocean of truth that lies beyond. Mr. Underwood advocated great courtesy and moderation in setting forth the ideas of Freethinkers, and thought that, thus presented, radical thought would always be received with respect. The editors of the country, he said, were as a rule sufficiently infidel. The largest circulated papers were those which were not afraid to report the most liberal utterances of the platform. Our advances, which this hall marks, have been in every department, in science, in theology, in philology. We have cause for rejoicing over its completion. Mr. Underwood showed at considerable length the immense strides that had been made in skepticism, free thought and free enquiry, and that this was true in the pulpit, in authors and publishers. Literary matter tending to Radicalism was tolerated now, that a few years ago would have been utterly discountenanced. The speaker concluded with a complimentary allusion to the *Investigator* and its editor and publisher.

At the conclusion of Mr. Underwood's address which was listened to with great interest and attention, Mr. Francis E. Abbot, editor of the *Index*, was called for, and, stepping to the platform, made a few sensible remarks. Paine, he said, was a great popularizer of free thought, and for this service I think he merits the great credit which has been so long withheld from him. Mr. Abbot referred to the innumerable slanders and calumnies that have been heaped upon Paine's name, and added, this stately hall is to be one of the answers to these foul and baseless calumnies. It is a testimony of the living sentiment we feel toward a great servant of American liberties. Mr. Abbot closed by paying a deserved tribute to the untiring industry and single-hearted devotion of Messrs. Seaver and Mendum to the cause of truth. He was followed by Mr. Barker of California in an eloquent address, in which he referred to the noble bequest of James Lick, who was the first man, he said, who was wise enough to be his own executor.

Mr. G. L. Henderson was the next speaker. He was followed by others in a series of brief addresses, which concluded the evening's exercises. At 9 o'clock the ball opened in the upper hall, where a large company enjoyed the dancing, while yet the exercises continued below. Refreshments were served in the banquet hall, and the crowd in Paine Hall was constantly augmented up to 11 o'clock, at which time the floor presented a very brilliant appearance. At two o'clock the company broke up.

This terminated the exercises of the celebration of the 138th anniversary of Thomas Paine's birthday and the dedication of the elegant Hall to his memory. Everything connected with the exercises passed off pleasantly. It was a "feast of reason and a flow of soul" that will not soon be forgotten by those who participated in it.

We hope the time is not far distant when in this city we may witness the dedication of a similar Hall to Free Thought and the best interests of humanity.

We are now getting up a printed list with which to mail THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hope to have it ready for our next number. The tabs accompanying the paper will show the time the subscription expires, and will inform those in arrears when their time was out. This improvement has subjected us to considerable expense, but we are satisfied it will be much more perfect than the plan heretofore used, and will tell all patrons when their time terminates, and we hope will alleviate the necessity of so often requesting our readers to remit their dues.

Kind readers, permit us, right here, to request such of you as have not renewed your subscription for Vol. II. of THE TRUTH SEEKER, to do so without further delay. This number completes the first half of Vol. II., and we think it is time every patron who feels like sustaining the efforts we are making in the cause of truth and mental freedom, had sent in his renewal. If there are those who don't wish to continue the paper, we simply ask them to notify us of the fact, and pay us for the time they have received it. We hope there is not a person who reads THE TRUTH SEEKER who feels unwilling to pay for it so long as he receives it and reads it. Those who have not remitted for the second Volume must certainly know it, and as half the Volume has already been sent them, they should not ask us to wait on them longer. We assure our readers we are needing the amounts due us to enable us to meet the bills we are compelled to pay. It has been suggested that we publish the names of those in arrears, and especially those who refuse to pay for the paper after taking it for months from the post-office, but we dislike to take that course. We much prefer that those who are indebted to us will send in the little amounts without such a reminder. Friends, please let us hear from you.

We have to pay the postage on all the papers we send out, which is quite a tax on our limited resources, and ask friends to help us, by sending what they owe us.

We have received from several directions, notices and accounts of Birthday commemorations of Thomas Paine, but the pressure upon our columns will not admit of our giving place to them in this issue. It is gratifying that Liberals and friends of Free Thought in various parts of the country are sufficiently imbued with the memory of this great man to celebrate his birthday when it comes around.

We hope at every future recurring of the 29th of January, the grateful admirers of Thomas Paine may meet in every city and town in the land and commemorate his great services in behalf of both political and mental liberty.

Dr. R. P. Fellows.

This distinguished Magnetic Physician stands to-day without question the most successful Spiritual Physician of the age. He is now treating the sick in almost every State of the Union by his Magnetized Powder with unsurpassed success. The Powder can be procured of the Doctor at Vineland, N. J., at \$1 per box.

Notice to the Liberal Public.

M. ALTMAN & Co.,
301 & 303 6th Ave., N. Y.

I have during the last six years kept my name and business constantly before the readers of Liberal papers, and have during that time supplied most of them with merchandize from my establishment, orders in most cases coming through the advertisements published by me.

But the limited space necessarily occupied in a newspaper makes it impossible to enumerate or specify accurately the many articles required by the public and I have been and still am in receipt of many letters begging for a more detailed *Price List* or *Catalogue*, I have determined to issue the most complete *Price List* of Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Ladies' and Gent's Undergarments and outfits, Suits, Costumes, Hosiery, Gloves, and the thousand small articles in Millinery, Notions, and Haberdashery, that has ever been circulated, free of cost, to all who may send stamp and address. The matter is now in the hands of the printer and by the time this is read will be ready to mail. Send on your addresses with stamp for return postage. Liberals who may not be able, or who hesitate to send stamp, may simply send their address and I will mail a few for distribution among their friends.

Faternally yours,

MORRIS ALTMAN.

New-York Liberal Club.

JANUARY 29TH, 1875.

The lecture of this evening was by MR. W. L. ORMSBY, JR., Vice-President of the Liberal Club. Subject, "*Known Factors in Sociology*."

Science is the knowledge of laws. The test of science is prediction—the verification of science the fulfilment of prophecy.

That there is a science of society is now unquestioned; and man, since his appearance upon earth, has been engaged in discovering the laws of his being or the order of nature. We must all of us be prophets for ourselves, and upon the correctness of our prophecies must depend our weal or woe. In our youth our parents must prophecy for us, and surround us with proper conditions for our welfare, and we in our turn for our children. Indeed, in all the relations of life this element of prediction must enter. *Pre-vision* for the sake of *pro-vision*. The legislator predicts the result of legislation; the merchant, of commercial venture; the philanthropist, measures of reform; the teacher, the results of education.

I know of one restaurant keeper, who prophecies every day that his patrons will require five hundred baked dumplings on the morrow, and as he is generally correct, so far he is a social scientist. He has discovered that a certain compound will please the average human man, and justly reaps the reward of his discovery. A. T. Stewart is merely a true prophet, who has discovered the operation of certain laws. In trade these laws are simple. The purchaser will invariably buy where he can get the best goods for the least money. Every purchaser will look out for his own interest. Solomon says, "it is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he hath gone his way he boasteth." That is the explanation of Jay Gould's bearing the stock market.

The object of this lecture is to show what are the known laws of society. Mr. Wakeman, a member of this Club, some years ago made the assertion that there was no such thing as a natural law. Mr. Moran replied that he was prepared to demonstrate that there was one natural law of society, namely, that all mankind are guided by self-interest, and that only in proportion as the self-interest is enlightened, can human happiness be secured.

I am prepared, after years of careful study, to concur with Mr. Moran. The universal desire of mankind to secure his own welfare and happiness is the potent source of human well-being and social progress. Various religious systems and social theories have sought vainly to build a social progress upon the very opposite principles—self-abnegation and self-sacrifice. The Christian system teaches, "If a man take thy coat, give him thy cloak also." But the Christian practice is far different. Christians now a-days won't even allow you to take their umbrellas—unless you leave a better in their place. They don't submit kindly to these things in the Nineteenth Century. If sued for seduction, they will likely employ Mr. Shearman, Judge Porter, Mr. Tracy or Evans to defend them. People whose theory is "live for others," usually look after the main chance like the self-interest groundlings.

This law of Compe didn't even work well in its founder's life, for he took good care to make others live for him. Self-regarding motives lie at the bottom

of many acts which seem to be self-sacrificing. "What a devoted woman," you say, "is Florence Nightingale. Here is indeed a life given for others." And yet she herself says: "I give a quarter of a century's European experience when I say, the happiest people, the fondest of their occupation, the most thankful for their lives, are those engaged in sick-nursing. It is a mere abuse of words to represent the life as a self-sacrifice and martyrdom." If a smoker hands a friend a freshly lighted match, it is less from politeness, perhaps, than a dislike to inhaling the brimstone himself. If a man denounces a certain indulgence, you are not sure he is depriving himself of a pleasure, or that he does not, in the words of Hudibras,

"Compound for sins he is inclined to,
By damning those he has no mind to."

But we may believe also a man may serve his own interest and ours at the same time. When we see the Treasury Department at Washington filled with beautiful girls, the gayest of the gay, let us not be so unkind as to imagine there is anything *wrong* about it. Doubtless each is an efficient government clerk, and the Congressmen who keep them there are actuated by a sense of the *strictest public duty*. Some years ago, some public-spirited men were active in establishing Central Park. Some of them proved to be owners of vast tracks in the vicinity, which became greatly enhanced in value in consequence.

If we examine we shall find society a vast network of lies, subterfuges and hypocrisies. It was amusing and instructive to listen to the honest indignation of some boys who had expended their hoardings of pocket money at Barnum's. "Why," said they, "It wasn't like the advertisements at all." Like the advertisements indeed! Do you want a housemaid with the qualities of an angel? They will find her. Are you afflicted? they will cure for twenty-five cents a bottle. Do you wish to get married? behold they offer you a paragon of perfection. Your housemaid turns out a slattern; your patent medicine, poison; your wife an adventurer. On all sides you are assailed by the surreptitious advertisement. It gets into the obituary and on the coffin plate. The genius of advertising is too much for us. He puts his signs in the dome of the Capitol, on Washington's tomb, and plasters our most beautiful scenery with medicine cards.

There is a great deal of sympathy wasted on the fact that there are so many wolves in sheep's clothing. Let us not do injustice to the wolf. In the scheme of creation he is a very valuable link. None of the traps and pitfalls of life but are necessary, for the education of the race. We learn by suffering; and he who does not profit by experience is, as Mr. Darwin says, "a perennial perambulating calamity." If people will go through life without using their brains it is surely no great calamity for them to take the consequences. While from the stand-point of humanity we deprecate the wolf, from the stand-point of philosophy we view him complacently. Every Tom Collins is a public benefactor, since he teaches us to be on the alert for myths. Myths have caused a great deal of trouble in the world. The myths of a personal devil and a literal hell, and multifarious Gods. And the day will come when we may appear as foolish for our belief in Tom Collins as do our ancestors for their belief in infant damnation. When happy and prosperous villages are engulfed by the bursting of a dam, humanity bewails, but philosophy points the lesson, which will result in the protection of generations to come.

The Christian system is full of appeals to self-interest, either by promise of reward or threat of punishment. Isaiah says, "do ye what is good, and let your soul delight in *fatness*." And again, "if they serve Him, they shall spend their days in prosperity, and their years in pleasure; but if they obey not they shall perish." The Bible and Koran are alike full of threats and promises, appealing to the self-interest of man. The old negro woman's prayer illustrates this, and proves she had hit upon a factor in sociology: "I've got one favor to ask; O Lord, he-abit, he-abit! My tree sons! dems de burden! Trubble 'em, O Lord, trubble 'em! Don't gib 'em no peace 'till deys saved! Gib 'em a rough time, O Jesus, gib 'em a rough time!"

The fear of punishment and the hope of reward have been alternately used by moral teachers to keep men in the paths of morality. The Christian has no right to any especial claim to a high motive, who desires merely to lay up his treasures in heaven. If the joys of heaven are not depicted in sufficiently attractive terms they prove ineffectual.

Most moralists are constantly representing right conduct as a self-denial. Instead of pointing out that there is a legitimate and proper qualification for every human faculty, they represent that certain faculties must be repressed, cut off, extinguished, and that to be a proper person, a man must be something contrary to his nature. The intelligent and educated discover that their own happiness is not inconsistent with that of others, but that both may be secured at once. The mere effort of each individual to better his condition, though it leads to strife and competition, and a struggle which ends in the survival of the fittest, contributes to the progress of the race. If you eradicate from these things, the selfish principle, you destroy the very essence. Take the greatest en-

gines of civilization, printing press, means of locomotion, etc., all have been extended by the greed of man for money making.

The self-interest of man is then the known factor in Sociology. From this we may predict that, in our present state of ignorance, it is unsafe to trust men with unlimited power. You may predict that municipal, State and National jealousies will embroil men for long years yet to come. You may predict that, under the present false relations of the sexes, marriage will continue to be an effort on the part of each to outwit the other, and result in unions of widespread misery.

You may predict that the only way to compel men to do what is for the interest of society, is to prove to them it is for their *own* interest.

Social and individual interests are identical. Formerly the tutor was a tyrant. Now education is made attractive.

When self-interest becomes enlightened, we shall see the altruist and the egotist shake hands, an amalgamation of individuals and social interests, and all shall join in these beautiful lines of Bryant:

"With light from heaven, a nature pure and great,
Will place its highest bliss in doing good!"

Ministerial Courtesy.

"O ye who are so good yourself,
So pious and so holy;
Ye've naught to do but mark and tell
Your neighbor's faults and follies."

We have been led to ponder seriously lately, on the many instances of discourtesy shown by ministers to each other, and to members of other denominations. And may we not conclude that among the many degrading influences of Christianity, this is getting to be one of the most injurious to public morals, at least among the votaries of the church. We are not inclined to be particularly captious and fault-finding toward this class of *misguided souls*. We only believe that they should be judged by the rule which is used in estimating common humanity. Because they have set themselves up as teachers of morality, there is even more reason why they should be judged for things which we severely condemn in the ordinary mortal. Among the many noted instances which have occurred lately of gross discourtesy, we would mention first that of Dr. Adams of this city in his uncalled for and ungentlemanly attack on Prof. Tyndall, who, among scientists, occupies so high a position.

Next, that of the Rev. J. S. Glendenning during his trial for the seduction of Mary Pomeroy. Who, that read the account of those proceedings, but felt a shudder of disgust, when this man, on trial for one of the grossest of crimes, rudely laughs in court at some statement of the dying girl? We could hardly conceive of this in a hardened villain, much less in a Christian minister. The displays of Talmage lately of this sort of impertinence, in his attacks on actors and authors, are too well known to need repeating. This man is, in our opinion, almost too contemptible to speak of. If we forget our own early teachings in this criticism, and fail to be polite in our estimate, it is because we feel these fellows must be fought with their own weapons. Hidden behind their sacred cloth, they lash their fellow men unmercifully. It is only, really an evidence of their own inward depravity. They see naught but villainy around them. I would remind them that to the pure in heart all things are pure." Recently Dr. Carroll of Brooklyn made an attack on Liberals. In the course of his remarks he said something like this, "Infidelity and Atheism are synonymous terms with adultery, lying and licentiousness." This man was ejected from his own church some two years ago or more, on the charge of adultery, and his wife left him in consequence. Fine specimens these, to teach the world morality! Last of all the shining light of orthodoxy,

"Our great Congregational preacher,
The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher,"

in a Friday evening prayer meeting recently, said he had been invited to attend a conference in this city and as he couldn't go, he should substitute his assistant—pausing a moment—"What's his name—anyhow?" "Halliday," was the response of the crowd, laughing. Now this wasn't quite as bad as the foregoing examples; but it was a coarse and rude way to treat a faithful and devoted friend. But like poor Mrs. Tilton, Beecher's friends have a way of being patient under all circumstances. Is it not time that the world divested the church of its halo of sanctity, through which it has so long looked, blinded to its real deformities and shortcomings?

Gentlemen of the cloth, more courtesy would beget more respect. If you will throw mud, you must not complain if you get besmeared. Remember you have given little cause for charitable treatment.

"Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!"

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother at his back.

Learn three-mile prayers and half-mile graces,
With well-spread loaves, and long, wry faces;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthened groan,
And damn all parties but your own."

DI VERNON.

PLEASE read our friend Morris Altman's article in another column, in reference to the varied and extensive list of goods he offers at remarkably low prices. Many of our readers have purchased goods of Mr. Altman, and need not be told he sells merchandise of the very best quality, and at the lowest possible prices, and those who have not yet patronized him, just give him a trial.

A CASE OF NEED.—We are acquainted with a worthy Liberal by the name of C. A. Zamzaw, a German by birth, with a wife and child. He has for a year or more been coming down with Pulmonary Consumption, and has become so reduced in health and strength he can no longer work at his trade, and is in absolute want. If there are any friends in our ranks who feel able and disposed to contribute something toward this friend's necessities this cold winter, and will remit such sums to us, we will see that the same are placed in his hands. He has no relatives to call upon, and needs the help of sympathetic friends.—[Ed. T. S.]

Friendly Correspondence.

HENRY CASEY, Ashland, Oregon, writes: I send you two dollars for THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is a "nipper."

MISS CORA E. STONE, Crab Orchard, Neb., writes: My father has been reading your paper over a year, and thinks there is nothing like it. I also prize it highly myself; it is good.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, Vineland, N. J., writes: I am much pleased with the neat appearance of your paper as well as the grand and noble utterances within its pages. I predict for it, success.

EX-REV. A. B. WHIG, Vandalia, Mich., writes: I am so highly pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER I shall do all in my power to give it a wide circulation. I think all who can be induced to read it three months will be likely to want it longer.

JAS. R. BIRGE, Creston, Iowa, writes: None of the club whose names I sent you regret the investment. They like the paper well. I again send you a few more names. Please also send a copy of THE HEATHENS OF THE HEATH to Mrs. F. A. C. Fitzmaurice, Princeton, Ill. I have with much pleasure read the copy you sent me, and think it the best book of the kind I ever read. I wish it could be placed in the hands of all.

D. R. SPARKS, Alton, Ill., writes: My beloved sister, Mrs. Mary S. Coon, of Staunton, Ill., while at my house on a visit this winter, found THE TRUTH SEEKER among others of my papers and was delighted with its bold and free religious thought. I promised to make her a present of a copy for a year. Enclosed find two dollars to pay for the same. Never mind the change—that will pay for the postage. May your list gradually grow until it really becomes a power in the land.

DR. C. D. GRIMES, Kalamazoo, Mich., writes: Your paper still comes to me, and I delight to devour it, for my soul delights to feast on fat things, and watch the unfoldings of God in the new revelations of Science. I am sustained as I revel in the new light which is bursting upon us in this much favored era, and hail it as the harbinger of a clearer day, which "kings and prophets waited for and sought but never found." Be thankful, brother, that it is yours, not only to strike herculean blows, that will tell on the hydra-headed monster of ignorance, bigotry and superstition; but to blaze the trees through the dark forests of the world, that the millions that are to follow after may clearly see their way.

L. W. BILLINGSBY, Lincoln, Neb., writes: On Thomas Paine's birthday we organized a Liberal Club in our city. We think we can get as many as one hundred members and chiefly of our best citizens. We have a "broad-gauge" religious society here with a lecture each Sunday to crowded houses by Professor Copeland, who is very liberal, endorsing Abbott's nine propositions or demands. These lectures or services we are supporting at an expense of \$1,600 per year. Our Orthodox divines have opened upon our young society all their heavy artillery, but we enjoy it. Underwood is to be here in a few weeks, from whom we will doubtless have some fine addresses.

DAVID PORTER, Salem, O., writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER is invulnerable and mighty in pulling down the strongholds of superstition; it is "a power in the land" for good; it furnishes food for reflection; it brushes away the veil of Moses; it annihilates the old Jewish Jehovah; it furnishes its readers with arguments to defend common sense; it gives us history in a nut-shell; it keeps us posted with the progress of the age; it gives us a catalogue of good books; it is not only a truth seeker but a truth finder; it is easy to read and understand; it is a school-teacher to instruct us in our duty, and it surely ought to be sustained.

JACOB W. GREENE, Chillicothe, Mo., writes: Please send me a bound copy of *The Heathens of the Heath*. I have carefully read the copy in paper you sent me and wish one for my library. I consider it a most masterly stroke at superstitious teachings, religious bigotry, intolerance, political oppression, social disorder, and an uncommon move toward disenthralment from mental slavery. It is truly *multum in parvo*—a hundred volumes in one, and it would indeed be a deeply anchored faith and devotion to "things as they are" that would not be shaken from centre to circumference by its careful perusal. No work I have ever read is so well calculated to remove moral cowardice as this.

Many other letters and communications are unavoidably crowded out.

Wonders of Nature and Art.

How few seem to learn of them! True, the great mass seem to want the time, or lack the curiosity or determination to learn even the origin of the common pin, how made, or the struggles of genius to produce them, stuck on paper by machinery as now sold, the only attention it requires being a supply of paper and pins into the cylinder, to furnish eight to ten tons a week in the United States alone.

The making of needles is a still more delicate and difficult process, yet one person handles 4000 every hour, each needle going through many manipulations in its make. How few can tell the operation or where made! Glass is in advance of any other material of man's invention in its service to humanity, especially in the aid it has given to chemistry and astronomy; yet, how few seem to know of what materials it is composed, how made, or manifest a determination to learn.

Few, I presume, know of the great heat required, the quick, and nice movements, of the variety of forms produced, and how easily put in any form desired.

If we reflect what is necessary for a good telescope, the lenses of optical instruments—for photographic purposes, or even the common spectacle, it must be evident that somebody's thinking powers have been exercised in their production, as also of thousands of articles not here named. In connection with this, think of the study necessary to produce the beautiful pictures of many, many kinds seen every-where, showing every iota placed in the focus of the camera.

Of iron, how few know the process of its manufacture in bars, etc.; of heavy masses almost reduced to a liquid condition, being seized, and though red hot, conveyed with ease and dumped into a machine that rolls it round and round to its exit, being some two feet long, and one foot in diameter, when it again is seized, and placed in fluted rollers moved by machinery, the process repeated until the size wished for is obtained, requiring less time than to write about it. Of the thousands upon thousands conveyed by steam power, how few take the trouble to learn how it is applied, or to learn of the trials and struggles of the inventors of the steam engine—of the printing press, of the telegraph, and many other things of daily use; how little also, are their labors properly appreciated.

Of the nature and habits of the animal creation, how little is really known! Of the sky lark for instance, in its wonderful ascent spirally, or perpendicularly, commencing its song at the start, continuing it to a great height, it being heard for several minutes after being lost to view, its song when descending being different; and never roosting on a tree. The stormy petrel is another curious bird, being continually on the wing far out to sea, never going on land except to continue its race.

The kingfisher is another, depending on fish for its food, pouncing down upon them with unerring aim from quite a distance. These wonders are as nothing compared to snails and shell-fish, the former having its eyes on the point of its longest horns, and each being both male and female, impregnating each other, each hiding their eggs in the earth with great attention and industry.

The oyster is equally curious, each having two ovaries as a female appendage, and two seminal vessels as a male appendage; yet each impregnates itself alone, by having this self-creating power, though as dependent for its food as all other animated life. More wonderful still are the zoöplyte, and polypus. The former if divided in two or more parts, the head part shoots forth a tail and the tail part a head, each in time becoming as perfect as the original. More surprising yet is the Polypus, with several young growing out from its body, and they also having young growing to, or from the their body all at the same time, and all produced naturally without any union of sex or previous act of nature, each dropping from the parent stem without any known cause, or time necessary, and more wonderful still, for, if cut into ten, a hundred, or a thousand pieces, and even turned inside out it will continue to move, seek its food, and soon attain its original perfect form, and becomes as industrious and voracious as ever. While the land polypus are small, being often seen in a wet ditch, or in stagnant water in the mud, those of the sea are from two to four feet long. For the truth of the foregoing, examine Goldsmith, who informs us that naturalists have spent months and years examining into the nature and habits of the animal creation.

In my younger days I lived some time with a family whose son spent day after day for a long time, secret-ing himself in the branches of a tree hanging over the water, so as to learn the habits and actions of fishes, Seth Green by name, now famous for the knowledge he then obtained, and he is yet living to benefit others by it.

Other wonders are learned from history—viz: that in 1721, John Baratar was born, and at four years of age would talk French to his mother, Latin to his father, and high Dutch to the servant girl without ever being instructed, or any confusion of the languages. He understood Greek when six years old, and Hebrew at eight years, and could translate from the Hebrew bible into Latin or French the moment he opened the book. When fifteen, he applied for the degree of Master of Arts, drawing up fourteen theses

in one night, defending them next day before 2000 hearers who were amazed with a universal astonishment, and also delighted.

The King of Prussia assisted him with money, tools, books, etc., but his powers gave way, he dying at nineteen, after experiencing great suffering.

The same year was born Henry Heinecker, a still greater prodigy. I omit his biography thinking many readers would view it as incredible; the same as many do of the items called spirit doings published by those having the grit to do so.

I have a neighbor who visited a writing medium, and says he received a communication from his deceased wife, that was impossible for the medium to know of, but there it was on the slate, and how it got there without hands is past his comprehension, and was no humbug, let the people call it what they please.

Now let us reflect a moment on existing facts, and the inconsistency of calling them humbugs, when so many believe the power that created all things went into the "overshadowing" business with a Jew girl, the result being a baby God, born in an ox manger December 25, at three o'clock P. M., 1874 years ago last Christmas at the town of Bethlehem in Judea, Tarus the bull being the zodiacal sign of his heavenly parentage, the witnesses being wise men presenting it perfumes and sugar plums. Where the wisdom in such presents to a squalling young one is, is not apparent unless to dissipate the odor of the stable.

Now Mr. Editor, I infer from the heading of THE TRUTH SEEKER it is to embrace all useful topics that "tend to emancipate and elevate the human race;" hence it must prove itself as a great, glorious, enlightened, and active missionary, ready to glean and make known facts in history, philosophy, physiology, psychology, the arts and sciences, political economy of nature and human industry, of noted characters conferring benefits to humanity, the claims of sects of Materialists, and Spiritualists, and also all possible respecting deity, religion, and human destiny.

Much is said about a "free press," and I feel confident yours will prove one, but in general I feel sure they are no more "free" than a fox in a trap. The editor of a paper in this place has no confidence in sectarian dogmas; yet, for his bread and butter, feels compelled to pander to it; such being the condition of our boasted free press all over our land; such aid to its continuance, and a suppression of free speech and of free press. Many conceal their convictions from fear of being called an Infidel, and their views being unpopular deter them from free speech. Out upon all such—for all humanity of any sense always honors and respects an honest man, far, far more than a hypocrite.

It should be widely known, that those having power, or wishing for it over the human intellect, are mum respecting absolute truth, its effects being what they fear. A few words more respecting spiritual items. Sectarians raise a Babel sound, calling them "all humbugs, or of the devil." Well, they believe Jesus was both God and a man, and that John xx: 19 tells the truth in his appearing to his disciples, the doors being closed, Luke confirming it in xxiv: 36 and yet he calls the people fools, "fools and slow of heart" to believe the prophets—see v. 25—and yet the sects believe the prophets foretold the coming of Jesus, one of them being "with child as a woman"—see Isaiah xxvi: 17, 18; that barren women can have children by the million—Gen. xxiv. 60—that Elijah went to heaven in a chariot of fire, and that God is a consuming fire—see Heb. xii: 29—and yet taunt Spiritualists with being credulous fools. They also believe the Apostles were all filled with the Holy Ghost, or the spirit, and could talk all the languages of the earth—see Act. ii—and yet they soon forget it all, for chapters 4-13 say, "they were unlearned and ignorant." So let all those who rant about imposition in mediums, asserting they were "ignorant of their sayings when in a trance," etc., for, if they assert an untruth, let fault-finders acknowledge that Acts ii: 20, and the prophet Joel, are less to be depended on than these "devilish mediums." Ranters against them show themselves as devoid of good manners as the Apostles did when the third person in the Trinity made them a visit, viz: sitting—Acts ii: 2—and doubting and mocking—12 and 13 vs.—not so much as bidding him welcome to instruct them, the same as sectarians act to-day. To show the ignorance existing a few years ago, I quote: "The Rev. Mr. Marsh, a preacher in New Hartford, prayed that Satan's kingdom might be destroyed, thus raising the wrath of one of his hearers to a high degree, because he owned land so nick-named, which Mr. Marsh was not aware of. He damned the preacher for praying for the destruction of his property."

Another of a different kind entirely, in the person of an English clergyman by name of John Henly, too independent to submit to Church discipline and the orders of his Bishop. So he preaches on his own hook for thirty years outside of church government, publishing a paper, "The Hyp Doctor," filled with burlesque and nonsense to ridicule his opponents, issuing at times ridiculous advertisements, such as "A short way for shoemakers to make shoes. By cutting off the tops of ready made boots," or "To make monkeys laugh, let them listen to the speeches of opponents," and at times in verse, as

"O great restorer of the good old sage,
Preachers at once, and Zany of the age—"

O those of Egypt, wise abode in bogs.
Decent priests, where monkeys are the Gods."

The history shows this was as far as he dare go to keep from prison and save his life. Well, Mr. Editor, this I admit is an odd communication, but the fact is with me, papers having the same old story over and over, they soon become stale, and devoid of interest, while those filled with variety, having spice and vim, and good sense manifested, then each issue becomes of interest, and is eagerly looked for by all wide-awake people. As nature is exhaustless and never can be fully learned, or the arts and sciences become generally known, it appears to me that if your readers generally would communicate facts of general interest, that it would help much to extend useful information. That is the reason of this article. As "variety is the spice of life," I send this dose; which you can consign to the waste basket, or the fire, if deemed unworthy of an appearance in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Yours very truly, A. B. CHURCH.

[To show the spirit of intolerance that exists in various parts of the country, we lay before our readers the following communication from the *Whitewater* (Wis.) *Sentinel*, which was sent us by a friend,

Ed. T. S.]

Religious Intolerance.

A Recent Instance at the *Whitewater* (Wis.) Normal School.

WHITEWATER, Dec. 11.—B. F. Underwood, of Boston, recently gave a lecture in this village on Evolution. Many of the students of the State Normal School intended to hear the lecture, to which for several days they had looked forward in expectation of an intellectual treat. This coming to the knowledge of President Arey, he requested them not to attend Underwood's lecture, giving as a reason that Underwood was an Infidel. Some of the students came to Mr. Underwood full of indignation and complained bitterly of the bigotry and tyranny of the President. But since they could not attend the lecture they gave their attention the same evening to the President, and his course was discussed in the society. But they had not the backbone to vindicate their cause to the end, as the next issue of *The Whitewater Register* shows the following:

"The following resolution was unanimously adopted at a recent meeting of the young men's Literary Society in connection with the Normal School:

"Whereas, We, the members of the Lincolnian Literary Society, having learned that the action of President Arey in requesting us not to attend the lecture of B. F. Underwood, delivered in the village on last Friday evening, has been severely criticised by certain parties, and we being deeply sensible of the conscientiousness and faithfulness of President Arey, do hereby

Resolve, That, in our opinion, his action was reasonable and proper, under the circumstances, and we do hereby extend to him our sincere thanks for his kind and salutary counsel in relation thereto, and the expression of our gratitude for his continued efforts to promote our moral and intellectual welfare."

Comment is unnecessary. The bigotry and intolerance of President Arey deserves a rebuke. What right has he to dictate to the students what church or lectures they shall attend? The school is supported by the state. The students ought to be free to attend a scientific lecture if they wish to do so, if it did not happen to be just his own religious notion.

I hope the people of Wisconsin will give their attention to this matter. I see Mr. Underwood's lectures were given at Milwaukee, and are spoken of in high terms by the daily press. They all say Mr. Underwood is a thorough master of his subject, and made the discourse very interesting to the highly intellectual audience with which he was favored. Again, "The lecturer contrived to crowd into the lecture of last evening the greatest mass of information, well digested, which it has ever been one's good fortune to hear on the same topic in one evening, and he rendered his summary acceptable, as well as clear to most of his hearers."

Yet such a lecture must not be listened to by the students of the State Normal School. It has the appearance that he feared they might hear something he did not know anything about, and they might ask questions he could not answer.

In this village Mr. Underwood had a large and intelligent audience. There is no difference of opinion as to President Arey's course among liberal-minded men, and the time is not far distant when such men will not be allowed to control our State Institutions. Mr. Underwood is engaged to return here at his earliest convenience, when he will give a course of scientific lectures.

SOMEBODY has figured out the interesting fact that the total amount of State, county, city, and town taxes collected in the United States in 1870 was \$280,591,000, which was about \$7 a head for the entire population. The total amount of these taxes collected in 1860 was \$94,186,000, which was about \$3 a head for the entire population. It cost, therefore, more than twice as much to take care of a man in his State, county, and municipal relations in 1870 as it did ten years before. This does not include the Federal taxation.

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Odds and Ends.

How much cloth is required to make a spirit wrapper? About a medium pattern.

PEOPLE who travel barefooted in the dark around a newly-carpeted bed-room often find themselves on the wrong tack.

"PAPA, are you growing taller all the time?" "No, my child, why do you ask?" "'Cause the top of your head is poking through your hair."

"WHERE do people go to who deceive their fellow-men?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a pupil. "To Europe," was the prompt reply.

AN Illinois woman has sued for divorce because her husband made her eat for her supper a loaf of sour bread she had set before him.

THERE is a good supply of fruit hanging on the trees of Texas at all seasons of the year. The fruits of iniquity—horsethieves and such.

IF you don't like your neighbor, buy his child a small drum. But not your next door neighbor. If you don't like him, raise chickens.

A WESTERN paper decides that, from the darkness of his epidermis, King Kalakaua is a descendant of Ham. He is therefore a member of the Ham-Sandwich family.

"YOUR feet are not very stylish," said a man to his friend whose feet covered with bunions. "No, not very stylish, but exceedingly nobby," was the good natured reply.

MRS. PARTINGTON, reading of the strike of the wire drawers, remarked: "Ah, me! what new fangled things won't they wear next?"

ENCOURAGE her to take her beau into the house, and our grown-up sons and daughters won't have so many severe colds. And yet it's a funny feeling—this kissing when both noses are cold.

THE New Orleans Times, speaking of a man who had lately died, says that he has "passed to his sempiternal heritage." This is a good phrase, but, after all, it leaves a torturing doubt.

"ONLY a woman's hair," remarked Spivens, musingly, as he gazed down into his plate; "a red haired woman at that! It may be very sentimental, but it somehow gets away with my appetite."

THEY tried to scare a man in Missouri by threatening to tar and feather him; but he replied, "Come on with your old tar? I've been there six times, and I've got a recipe for washing it off."

"WELL, how do you get along?" inquired a country landlord, one rainy morning, of a guest whom he had put in a top floor room under a leaky roof. "Oh, swimmingly," was the reply.

"SIR," said a Yankee, "you promised to vote for my bill. 'Vell," said the Dutch member, "vat if I did!" "Well, sir, you voted against it." "Vell, vat if I did?" "Well, sir, you lied!" "Vell, vat if I did?"

BAGGS got up too early one morning, and began to scold the servant girl. His little six year old, who had been listening very attentively during the conversation, broke in with, "Father, stop scolding; you needn't think that Jane's your wife."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher remarked:—"You must recollect that all I am telling you happened one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four years ago." "Lor, miss, how the time do slip away," was little Sallie's comment.

SCENE, a court room.—Seedy individual arraigned for theft. Question by the judge—Did you steal the complainant's coat? Seedy individual—I decline to gratify the morbid curiosity of the public by answering that interrogatory.

A YOUNG man of Marshall, Mich., has received a gift of seven shirt bosoms from his sweetheart, with her photograph on each, so that he will wear her next to his heart. Is that young lady warranted to wash?

A WOULD-BE school teacher in Toledo recently replied to a question by one of the examiners: "Do you think the world is round or flat?" by saying: "Well, some people think one way and some another, and I'll teach round or flat just as the parents please."

THERE is a gruff old party who lives opposite to a church, where the members of the choir met twice a week to practice, and who says if the singing affects heaven as it affects him, there'll be no use going there for happiness.

A THOMAS street school boy had just got his face fixed to sing, "Let us love one another," when a snow-ball hit him in the mouth and so confused him that he yelled: "Bill Sykes, just do that agin and I'll chew your ear off."

"Ah! Sam, so you've been in trouble, hab you?" "Yes, Jim, yes." "Well, well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us, and shows up our best qualities." "Ah! but adversity didn't try me; it was an old wag-abond of a judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

"GIVE us a copper, yer honor?" cried a little street Arab of ten years, recently. "Be off with you!" replied the gentlemen; "I have no change." "Please, sir," continued the urchin in the same nasal voice, "do give us a half-penny; I've lost half an hour running after yer!"

"JOHN, stop your crying," said an enraged father to his son, who had kept up an intolerable yell for the last five minutes. "Stop, I say, do you hear?" again repeated the father after a few minutes, the boy still crying. "You don't suppose I can choke off in a minute, do you?" cried the urchin.

A GENTLEMAN whose house was repairing went one day to see how the job was getting on, and observing a quantity of nails lying about, said to the carpenter: "Why don't you take care of these nails? They'll certainly be lost." "No fear of that," was the reply; "you'll find them all in the bill."

A LITTLE boy of six Summers was sent one morning to call his grandfather to breakfast. The old gentleman was in the habit of snoring very loud, and as the boy pushed open the door he was frightened at the unusual noise. He rushed back to his mother, exclaiming: "Ma! grandpa's been barking at me!"

"Now then," said a physician, cheerily, to a patient, "you have got along far enough to indulge in a little animal food, and—" "No you don't, doctor," interrupted the patient; "I've suffered long enough on your gruel and slops, and I'd starve sooner than begin on hay and oats."

A COUNTRY deacon went home one evening and complained to his wife that he had been abused down at the store shamefully. One of the neighbors, he said, called him a liar. Her eyes flashed with indignation. "Why didn't you tell him to prove it?" she exclaimed. "That's the very thing—that's the trouble," replied the husband; "I told him to prove it, and he did."

AN industrious citizen of San Juan arose a few mornings ago, and with a tin bucket under his arm, went to the barn to milk the family cow. It was dark and rainy, and in fumbling about for old Brindle he got into the wrong pew and began to pull the off mule of his wagon team. He can't remember which side of the roof he went out at, but his recollection of alighting on the picket fence is very vivid. He expects the bucket down in a few days.

THE following love letter is published as the production of a North Carolina boy, nine years old:

WILMINGTON, July 5.

MY DARLING LUCY: I must leave you tomorrow, you used to love me but your love for me is gone but my love for you is just the same just think lucy how your words cut my heart i would give you things too as well as Robert but if you want to see your love for two or three apples go ahead i dont care a straw lucy i love the ground you walk on i would die for you i love you lucy please receive my vow.

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Vol. 2. No. 13. { D. M. BENNETT,
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Notes and Clippings.

MR. GLADSTONE has published another pamphlet, entitled "Vaticanism," in reply to Rev. Dr. Newman and Archbishop Manning. He maintains his original assertions, and eulogizes Dr. Newman, whose secession, he says, is the greatest loss to the English Church since Wesley's.

HOME TESTIMONY.—It is, perhaps, a coincidence that while Mr. Beecher's sister, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, has all along been fully convinced of her brother's guilt, Mrs. Tilton's brother, Mr. Richards, has had grounds for entertaining the same opinion with respect to her. It is *honest conviction*, truly, that brings out such reluctant admissions.

CHARLES LYELL, the greatest Geologist of this or any other age, has recently died in London at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. His investigations and sound reasoning have done much to destroy the confidence of the intelligent portion of mankind in the fables of the creation, and the age of our planet as given in the Bible. His works will long survive him.

STILL MORE.—The Rev. Mr. Deardoff, of the United Brethren denomination, recently held a protracted meeting near Yates City, Ill., and was invited by one of the sisters to spend the night at her house. Soon after being ensconced in the comfortable quarters, and they being alone, he said: "We are commanded to greet each other with a holy kiss." She was not in the humor for familiarities, and tearing herself away from the clergyman, rushed to one of the neighbors. It is almost needless to say the protracted meeting was not longer continued.

STILL ANOTHER.—The Rev. Mr. Curtis, not long since met with a slight accident. He had been conducting a revival meeting at Plano, Ill., and had been living on "chicken fixings" and everything nice, as the pious friends there knew how to prepare them. Business called him to the village of Blackberry a few days ago, and he put up at the hotel and staid over night. When he retired, he was either so sleepy or so "full of the spirit," he got into bed with a woman who was not his wife. He was so absorbed in his devotions he did not change his location, until he was discovered by some over-inquisitive persons. He insisted the matter was entirely an accident. Is it not a little singular how many such accidents are recently befalling our good clergymen?

BEECHER TO MOULTON.—In 1873 Mr. Beecher thus wrote to Moulton: "Oh! that I could put in golden letters my deep sense of your faithful, truthful, earnest, undying fidelity, your disinterested friendship. Your noble wife, too, has been to me one of God's comforters. It is such as she that renews my waning faith in womanhood."

"For a thousand encouragements—for services that no one can appreciate who has not been as sore-hearted as I have been, for your honorable delicacy, for confidence and affection—I owe you so much that I can neither express nor pay it. Not the least has been the great-hearted

kindness and trust which your noble wife has shown, and which have lifted me out of despondencies often, though sometimes her clear truthfulness has laid me pretty flat."

How are such protestations to be reconciled with claims that both Mr. and Mrs. Moulton were at that time engaged in a damnable conspiracy to ruin the trusting pastor who had not the sagacity to discover their base designs?

Mr. Beecher, in his Friday night and Sunday talks to his devoted flock, continues about as jovial and rollicking as ever. He abounds in witticisms, fun and mimicry, and he has a great deal to say about God and Christ, and the excellence of prayer. He has concluded that if God is on his side, it matters not if all else are opposed to him. In this way he may become reconciled to the fact, that thousands who have heretofore sympathized with him, are now losing confidence in his innocence. He probably needs to have God on his side.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, one of the ablest women in this country, knows a great deal about the Beecher-Tilton business, and while she declines to say to a Chicago interviewer he is guilty, she is decided that "in Mr. Beecher's defense, his attempt to establish his own innocence by pulling down the character of many noble people, is alike unmanly and contemptible." Of Tilton she says: "He is one of the best-hearted men I ever knew, but like all men of genius he has weak points." Of the Tilton home, she says: "One hardly ever meets with a better-ordered household, or a husband and wife who lived in such harmony as did Mr. and Mrs. Tilton." [Was it not a crime to destroy such a home?] Of Moulton, she says: "I know him to be a gentleman in every sense of the word—a man of honor and honesty." Of Tracy she says: "I think his position is as dishonorable as it is lacking in legal etiquette."

REV. DR. FISKE, upon trial in Michigan, honestly "owned up" as follows: "I frankly confess to the fearful sin of which I am charged, and will not be a coward to lie or seek a palliation of my weakness and guilt. I can only crave the pity and compassion of the world I have offended, and the forgiveness which my sincere and profound repentance before man and God calls for. I have returned my letter of fellowship to the denomination I have so grievously stricken, and abandoned the profession I have so deplorably shamed. May God and man pity and forgive me, and aid me to do some humble work yet in life for the good of society. I am not a coward or a sneak to make Adam's plea that a woman did it. It was my own weak and unguarded soul that in a moment of frenzy and passion wrought my downfall." If some of the clergymen in our midst hereabouts, would be half as honest as this one, and if not so self-condemning, they would to-day stand far better in the estimation of thousands. Persistent lying and perjury are a far greater sin than the original offense. Some think us rather severe upon weak, fallible clergymen, but so long as they do wrong, so long as they persist in lying egregiously about it, and so long as an equally corrupt church holds them up as models and paragons of perfection and morality, so long we shall not hold our peace.

THE BEECHER TRIAL slowly drags its tedious length along. The eighth week (we think it is) as we write, is nearly completed. Very damaging testimony against the defendant has been presented. We recapitulate: Moulton stated that Beecher on many occasions admitted the crime of adultery with Mrs. Tilton, and numerous letters were read confirming the same. Tilton testified Beecher admitted his crime in his presence on different occasions. Mrs. Moulton stated Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton had both confessed their crime to her on more than one occasion, and she detailed long conversations held with Mr. Beecher on the subject. She stated that Mrs. Tilton had said to her that in an examination she should turn against her husband, tell a falsehood, and do all she could to exonerate Mr. Beecher, and she thought it would be right for her to do so. Mrs. Tilton's brother testified to seeing Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton in close and improper proximity. Mrs. Cary did the same. The plaintiff has rested his case. Gen. Tracy has read his

long opening speech, giving the plan of the defense. He of course made Tilton a base man and Beecher a paragon of virtue. The skill with which cunning lawyers construct the most ingenious defense for vile, abandoned criminals is well known, and on this occasion we must look for an extra effort in this direction. One side in this extraordinary case has perjured himself in the most fearful manner; which side is it? From the testimony now in, it would seem a clear case had been established; and that a verdict accordingly must be rendered; but we must remember the party being tried is a Christian Clergyman; a Christian Church worth millions of dollars is at his back, ready to spend any needed amount to clear their favorite; Christian lawyers are defending him, and a Christian jury is to judge him. We need not be surprised, then, if we obtain a *Christian* verdict—guilt pronounced innocence.

A LARGE majority of the American people appear to be settling down in the conviction that Henry Ward Beecher is guilty of the charges preferred against him; that he is involved in such a complete net-work of complications and suspicious circumstance, that his own letters are so self-condemnatory, and the mass of testimony is so strong against him, as to preclude the possibility of his innocence. In this view of the case we ought to be lenient toward him, and not bear too heavily upon him. He is only a man with the temptations and infirmities incident to his species. If he is susceptible to the charms of the opposite sex, if his own domestic conditions have not been just as happy as might be desired, if he found abroad that sympathy and love that were denied him at home, if he found others who fondly administered to his earthly bliss, can we wonder at his cultivating their acquaintance, or blame him for doing that which is perfectly natural for a man to do? Perhaps not. His offense is not so bad as his defense. Falsehood and perjury are infinitely worse than yielding to the wants and incentives of human nature. This can be excused and overlooked, but that, never. A mean and despicable feature in the defense is, that the virtuous Mr. Beecher was beset and importuned by both Mrs. Tilton and Mrs. Moulton; that they loved and adored him and were willing to do almost anything in the world for him, but Joseph-like, he turned his back to them and said unto them nay. This defense in reference to Mrs. Tilton was made in his statement before the Church Committee last summer, and as to Mrs. Moulton, it is made now; and by this ignoble, false claim it is hoped to neutralize her damaging evidence. Will it succeed?

THE *New York Herald*, after admitting Mr. Beecher's great talent and ability, says: "His recent pulpit displays are as indecorous as his extraordinary letters to Moulton and others were unwise. While this scandalous trial is pending, it would have become him to subordinate personal considerations to the honor of the Church. No judicious person can believe the cause of religion is promoted by the preaching of a man who stands in the equivocal position of Mr. Beecher. The honor of the Church, public respect for religion, and a decent regard for morals would forbid the entrance into a Christian pulpit, of a man whose purity was impugned, however brilliant his talents. His usefulness in the great cause of religion is totally impaired, until he can vindicate his character. His weekly demonstrations that he is a brilliant and unequalled preacher, prove his talents, but not his innocence, and an attempt to make it such would seem to display a consciousness that he cannot stand on the result of an impartial investigation. Nothing is more delusive than the idea that a man who makes eloquent discourses on virtue, is therefore virtuous. Mr. Beecher must be judged by the evidence of facts, and neither his eloquence nor his popularity can avail him, unless he can confute the testimony of his accusers. He must stand or fall by the evidence in the case, and the great display of eloquence which he makes in his pulpit, is quite as likely to be interpreted against him as in his favor. If he felt sure of his ground of defense, it would seem a becoming act of dignity and respect for religion, to suspend his pulpit labors until his character is cleared of unjust reproach."

[Written expressly for THE TRUTH SEEKER.]

The Witch of the Wine-Mark.*A Tale of the Royal Colony of Massachusetts.*

BY LOTHAIR LOGOS.

CHAPTER XII.

When the two fugitives found themselves alone with Firefly, on the departure of Red Wing and all the Indians save two, they began to experience some uneasiness. What if the Fanatic and his crew should again procure some clue to their retreat, or what was to be their ultimate fate?

These reflections pressed heavily upon them, and the more so as they now found themselves without anything like adequate protection, should they again be assailed by their enemies.

They were surprised to perceive the cheerfulness that characterized Firefly, although she, too, was in a measure an outlaw, and liable to be pounced upon by the emissaries of the government. Her husband and tribe were under a ban; and now that he had ventured within the very lines of the enemy, so to speak, she, in her unprotected state, seemed to be in as great danger as they were themselves.

They could not, therefore, comprehend the confidence that she displayed; for it was obvious that the merest accident might betray her into the hands of the whites. They therefore asked her why she evinced so little fear in the absence of the chief and so many of the red men, while almost in the very grasp of her foes. To this the beautiful squaw replied:

"Great Spirit now come and watch over Firefly! She no want 'um so much watch when Red Wing in 'um wigwam with her. Red Wing watch then, and save her from white mans. Red man no want Great Spirit to do 'um work when 'um can do it 'umself. White mans make too much ask Great Spirit eberything."

This was a philosophy that struck both the maidens as not only consoling in the extreme, but exalted in no ordinary degree. Here were they, brought up in what they were taught to consider the purest and most enlightened of all beliefs—in fact, one stamped with the very signet of the Creator himself—put to the blush by a person whom they had been told to consider an untutored savage plunged in both mental and moral darkness the most profound.

That God exacts no particular religious belief at the hands of his creatures is evident from the fact, that the world has, for ages upon ages, been filled with conflicting religious theories, and that there are to-day as many shades of Christianity as there are days in the year. Strange, if he favored any peculiar system of belief that he did not attach some symbol by which we should become satisfied of its genuineness and comprehend that it alone was worthy his unqualified approbation. The members of all creeds are subject alike to the laws of nature. There is, we apprehend, but very little difference between a Methodist and a Mohammedan toothache; and medical men have not yet been able to classify the decay of the human body as Baptist or Presbyterian. The beggar outlives the rich man and the rich man outlives the beggar. All die alike and suffer from the same causes. The sun shines for all; the rain falls for all; the wind blows for all, and the earth yields fruit for all whatever the zone. In all physical things we share alike at the hands of the giver of all good. There are no two opinions on this subject. And why? Simply because these facts are demonstrated in every-day life and in every portion of the habitable globe. No one disputes them. Their existence is constantly before our eyes, and we therefore accept them as true.

But see what becomes of us the moment we enter a field of a more metaphysical character, where demonstration is completely out of the question. Then we forsake the impartial physical basis upon which God has manifested himself to us in his goodness, and assume that we are no longer a universal family, all sharing his care and love alike, but that Brown is more favored than Jones, or Jones than Robinson. So that on the one hand we declare the Great Father to deal impartially with his creatures, while on the other we assert that he does what is diametrically the opposite.

This latter is as illogical a feature of our existence as could possibly obtain in any relation. There is, therefore, no partial revelation. God speaks to all creatures alike, and in a language that transcends the petty creeds that dot the earth. No book is inspired whose contents are not known and comprehended by all; for it would be injustice and tyranny to exact obedience on the part of any individual to a law of which he had no perception. In relation to things truly divine and essential to man's happiness and elevation in this world or the world to come, all intelligent beings must think mainly and fundamentally alike. Hence, the only truths to be found in creeds are those which are common to all and consistent with the manifestations of nature.

When the Fanatic parted from his two companions after the horrible scene mentioned in the last chapter, he regained his lonely dwelling in the gloomy and deserted hollow, and entering it, closed and bolted the heavy door that shut him in from the world.

This done, he gained the apartment in which we found him seated in deep thought on the previous night, and throwing himself into the chair already alluded to, began ruminating aloud upon the probable success of the nefarious project that he had concocted, and that he now hoped should be consummated before another sun rose.

"Yes," he muttered as if in answer to some enquiry from within. "I can manage it! Once surrounded by these walls, she shall never see the light of day again, save through these dim windows, invisible to the outer world. I can never trust her! Were she out of my sight a single moment, she would betray me, and I should be lost."

As he spoke he looked up to a couple of skylights by which only this inner apartment was made sensible of the day. There were along the sides some narrow loopholes that had been securely boarded, and that, although once affording light and air, were now blind as midnight. Along these his eyes ran also, as if to detect whether there was any tell-tale crevices in them. Finding them all safe as he supposed, he once more fell into his train of self-communing, and in a voice that could not be heard by any one who happened to be in the apartment close by, continued:

"The Noose knows too much of me," he mused, "and so does the half-breed! I wish they were both out of the way—although I am less anxious on that score about the latter than I am about the former. Madge, old Madge, however, will be here ere long, and to her I will hand over the proud beauty. She'll know how to manage her; for she is the only person on this earth that I can now trust implicitly."

Madge Gordon was not only a fanatic of the most hopeless character, but was one of the most cruel and reckless creatures in the whole settlement. She had only one virtue, if it could be called such, and that was her blind adherence to Sloucher, and a confidence that nothing could shake, in his divine mission and powers. His will with her was law, and under his influence she would, it was said, use the knife or the poisoned bowl in the carrying out of his commands, as though these were the most divinely appointed agents that ever effected a noble purpose.

On more than one occasion rumor had it, she silenced a poor innocent creature who happened to provoke his malice, or who stood in the way of one of his criminal designs. And now that he had determined to seize upon Alice and bear her to this forbidding retreat, he determined to place her, "until she came to her senses," as he termed it, in the hands of this remorseless woman, without letting his confederates know of his intention in this relation.

Everything was in readiness for the evening. The soldiers were to be secretly stationed near the ravine, where the two Indians were to be betrayed into their hands—the half-breed promising that they should capture the chief and a dozen besides; although well aware of the number left to guard the whites and Firefly.

The Fanatic and the Noose, it was decided, should be waiting near the wigwam, into which the half-breed should rush, after the capture of the Indians, and warn the inmates to fly as the witch-finder and his men were upon them.

When once outside the lodge they were to be seized and bound—Nat bearing off Martha whither he would, and the half-breed carrying off Firefly into the depths of the forest or to any point he deemed safest. The Fanatic knew, of course, what line he was to pursue, and was, therefore, not much perplexed as to the final destination of his prize; and, moreover, circumstance favored him so far, that, with ordinary caution, he should be able to bear his captive to her prison without the possibility of detection, as the path from the ravine to the hollow was one almost wholly unfrequented even in daylight. Already three stout horses in a barnyard on the verge of the town, had been secretly pitched upon by the Noose and the half-breed as necessary to the furtherance of their conspiracy. These were to be led into the woods after nightfall and held convenient to the wigwam of the chief. They were to serve in bearing away the intended victims to their points of destination, upon which the animals were to be turned loose.

The three scoundrels agreed to bind and gag their victims lest there should be any cry for help, or any effective resistance. This they thought could be done without any serious injury to them, while their helpless forms could then be hastily swung on the horses and ridden away with.

All this, or a great portion of it, had been passing through the mind of Sloucher, when he was aroused from his reverie by a loud knocking at the outer door. He instantly arose from his chair and going to the apartment in which we first encountered him with his two fellow conspirators, he demanded who it was that knocked, and was answered in a hollow voice:

"Madge Gordon, a hand-maiden of the Lord, and the servant of his servant, Solomon Sloucher!"

A hideous grin overspread the forbidding face of the Fanatic as he drew the heavy bolts and admitted the tall, gaunt figure of a woman, wearing a long, grey mantle, with the hood thrown over her head, and with a long oak staff in her hand.

As she entered she threw back the hood and revealed a face never to be forgotten. She had been once remarkably handsome, and even now, while her white

hair hung in hopeless tangles about her shoulders, and her eyes blazed with unnatural fire, there was, as she stood erect, a ruined Juno about her look and mien that was terribly fascinating. Her features, though weather beaten and wrinkled, were singularly regular; and to those who were given to analyze the human face, there was sometimes a tenderness in their expression and a far off look in her eyes that seemed as if she was struggling to regain some long lost memory that had once been heaven to her.

When she perceived the Fanatic, she at first recoiled from him with an expression of horror; but the involuntary spasm, as it were, passing away instantly, without his having observed it, he extended his huge, bony hand to her, which she kissed reverently, while he closed and bolted the door with the other.

"Well, faithful servant of the Lord," he drawled out, as he led her into the room in which he had just been seated, "the Children of Zion are sorely tried in these times, and his servant has had a narrow escape from the spells of the woman Ravenswood, who is now proven to be an emissary of the Evil One."

The new-comer stood silent for a moment, then leaning upon her staff, she looked into the Fanatic's long and solemn face, and exclaimed in a strange though not unmusical voice:

"The fagot or the rope! The rope or the fagot for Alice Ravenswood! She is doomed! A most beautiful witch, and a most dangerous witch! She is doomed! She is doomed! The fagot or the rope! The rope or the fagot!"

"No, not yet," returned Sloucher. "I have had a vision warning me not to be too hasty, but to seize upon the witch, and place her in your charge, in your secret charge, in this very apartment, until certain things are brought to light. No one is to suspect that she is beneath this roof! Not a whisper of it even to Peter Huskins. So says the vision. She will be brought hither to-night, and the will of the Lord be done."

"Amen!" ejaculated Madge, an expression of awe passing over her countenance, which was quickly succeeded by the same singular, far-off, lost look that bespoke her what she really was, a lunatic that seemed completely swallowed up in the terrible superstition of the day.

She now divested herself of her cloak, and at the instance of Sloucher, laid aside her staff and took a seat by a clear fire that was blazing in the chimney, the flue of which joined that of the fireplace in the other apartment, so that but one column of smoke issued from the building.

Sloucher now instructed her with great minuteness and emphasis as to the strict watch and ward she was to keep over her prisoner when she arrived; and that in case of her attempting to make any outcry, she was to threaten her with instant death; although, except under circumstances yet to be explained, she was not to put her threat into execution. The villain would, however, not have called in the poor lost creature to assist him in his insane design of ultimately procuring the forgiveness of Alice and coercing her into a union with him, could he have accomplished it unaided. But perceiving at a glance, that the poor fugitive could not with safety be left alone for a single moment, and that without attracting suspicion he could not remain shut up with her for one day even, he struck upon the plan of placing her under his faithful dupe, and of diverting attention from her place of confinement, by being seen constantly abroad himself.

When night set in, everything was in order. During the day the half-breed visited the ravine, where he soon fell in with the two Indians who, believing him their friend, and as he spoke their language, were glad to see him. They walked with him a good way along the bottom of the glen in the direction of the town. Here they parted at a certain huge elm—the half-breed suggesting that if they met him at the same point an hour after night-fall, he should bring them some trifles from his own house that he knew they stood in need of.

The red men were delighted and promised to be at the trysting place to the moment, and so they separated. The Fanatic and the Noose were apprised of this, and now that it was dark and Lightfoot had previously instructed Sloucher as to where the soldiers were to be posted, all three set out—the Fanatic for the ravine, and the Noose and the half-breed to secure the horses and lead them by a circuitous route to the edge of the glen where Nat was to hold them in readiness while his treacherous companion was away disposing of the two unsuspecting red men.

The horses were to be kept on hand by the side of a track, along which the half-breed was to lead Firefly and her companions when he bounded into the wigwam and warned them to fly, to which point the Fanatic was to make his way also.

The times, as we remarked in a former chapter, were stirring and dangerous. On the one side were the wild and superstitious whites, consigning both men and women of their own race to the rope and the fagot, in accordance with the most debasing law and improbable theory that had ever been propounded; while on the other, were the Indians ready to take the scalp of any settler who happened to stray a single yard beyond the range of his own property without being well armed.

This feeling of insecurity and a sense that an ene-

my lurked in every corner, made the carrying of weapons, both offensive and defensive, a necessity upon the part of the sober-minded colonists, whatever their sex; so that both Martha and Alice had for many a day concealed about their persons individually a small keen poniard, unknown to any living soul save themselves respectively.

Singularly enough, while Sloucher was approaching the point of rendezvous, where the Noose had already arrived with the horses, and while the half-breed was off to betray the red men into the hands of the soldiers who were ready to pounce on them, Martha and Alice were exhibiting to Firefly the two weapons just alluded to, either of which might prove deadly enough in even feeble hands.

The squaw examined them with great interest, and returning them to their respective owners, remarked: "Um kill berry soon, dead! 'Um like 'um for bad white mans, or 'um like 'um for bad Injuns. 'Um kill berry quick!"

In the mean-time, the two Indians had arrived at the spot where they were to meet Lightfoot, and were now awaiting his appearance. They soon heard his step and the signal he was to give them on his approach. They moved forward to meet him, but ere they had proceeded a dozen yards, they were surrounded by the soldiers and hurried off toward the town—the party being somewhat disappointed on learning from the half-breed, that the chief and the rest of the Indians had discovered the ambush, and fled.

However, as it was supposed that some important information might be extracted from the two prisoners, no more was said on the subject; and Lightfoot being satisfied that the coast was clear, now retraced his steps along the edge of the ravine until he came to the point where Sloucher and the Noose were waiting with the horses, but a short distance from where the fugitives were still conversing with their dusky hostess.

On learning that the two red men were prisoners, the Fanatic advised instant action in relation to the fugitives; upon which the half-breed turned toward the wigwam of the chief, but first informing his fellow conspirators, that Firefly and her two companions would be flying before him or with him along the track in a few moments. Upon this he disappeared, leaving the Noose and Sloucher in a state of the most anxious expectation.

On gaining the wigwam, and hearing its three inmates conversing without any apprehension of immediate danger, he paused for a moment and then, at a single bound, was in among its startled occupants.

"Fly! fly!" he exclaimed in a voice of well-feigned alarm. "The witch-finder and his soldiers are upon you! Follow me! Follow me!" he exclaimed, "there's not a moment to lose!"

Firefly, who knew the half-breed and who always believed him to be friendly, did not hesitate a moment, but sprang to her feet and counseled her companions to follow his advice. Bewildered and not knowing anything of the villain, they were instantly by her side, and preparing to rush out into the night, the half-breed waiting to lead the way.

The betrayed fugitives equipped themselves hastily to meet the growing coldness of the season; and the squaw, without being noticed by Lightfoot, thrust a deer knife into her girdle as she threw her fur mantle about her shoulders, so that, like her companion, she also was armed.

Martha, great as was her danger, felt no small repugnance to leaving her father's fine bundle of furs to the tender mercies of the party she supposed now all but within grasp of her; but the love of life, overruling every other sentiment, she soon dismissed the subject from her mind.

The three conspirators had provided themselves ropes and gags, which in the latest consultation they had held they determined to use, lest the cries of the victims should possibly attract attention, or that the difficulty of carrying them off should be insurmountable. They were, of course, powerful and agile themselves; but then Firefly and Martha and Alice were no dwarfs; and the strength of a woman, when that which is dearer to her than life is in danger, was not to be underrated.

Once outside the wigwam, the half-breed, who had been a few steps in advance, fell back and walked besides Firefly, with whom he conversed freely, although what he said was in a low and seemingly agitated voice. As the path was narrow and difficult up the ascent to where the horses and the two villains were standing, Alice and Martha followed, one after the other, until the party arrived within a single pace of the infamous ambush. Here the half-breed paused, when there was a suppressed cry, and a momentary struggle, and then all was silence! Firefly and her two fair companions were securely gagged and bound, and in a few minutes afterward, Lightfoot and Nat the Noose were riding away, they scarcely knew whither, with Firefly and Martha supported by one arm before them on their respective horses, while Sloucher, who had not been recognized by Alice, began making the best of his way with her to the gloomy retreat where Madge Gordon was awaiting her arrival, and which she was soon approaching while lying helpless and almost insensible in the powerful arms of the Fanatic, who managed to sustain her weight, and guide his peaceable and sturdy animal at the same time.

It was now eight o'clock; and Titmouse, who, as previously observed, secretly resolved to revisit the ravine for the purpose of enlightening the chief as to what had again befallen Alice, found himself in the wigwam once more. It was deserted, and hastily, as he could perceive, for there lay a bundle of furs and several articles that would have been removed, had not the chief and his party been surprised. He stood for a moment bewildered and disappointed; but as no one appeared, and as there was nothing to be gained while there might be something lost by delay, he sprang into the night once again, and soon stood at the door of old Giles the ferryman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Orthodox Musings.

I don't want to know anything about science. Science is all about matter and force, and nothing about the soul. It tells about rocks and bugs, and all kinds of animals, from tadpoles to horses. These new-fangled scientists say that man is only a high kind of animal, that he is an improved edition of the monkey. This is all nonsense, for how could there be even a calf if there wasn't first a cow for it to suck? A calf is always preceded by a cow. That's a law of nature. Calves don't grow around on bushes. But they say that life started in a mere bag of jelly that took in food without any mouth. That's contrary to Genesis. Now, when I was young they squared science by the Bible, not the Bible by science.

But suppose life is transmogrified, where did the matter come from? There can't anything be eternal, for then it would exist without a cause, which is contrary to reason. Something can't come out of nothing, therefore God made matter. He made it so that it produces plants, bugs, and all the other things that worded folks call phenomena. Besides, suppose matter is eternal, any fool knows that it could not move unless somebody moved it.

Science is of no use unless it brings in money. In this material world we want material things. We want hundred thousand dollar churches, rich clothing and jewelry and five hundred dollar carriages to go to therein. It is true that millions of heathen are going to hell annually for want of missionaries, but, then men should go to them like the old apostles, without purse or scrip. In this land want and poverty abound, but that's an inscrutable Providence.

I am on the safe side. I enjoy the good things of this life, and by believing the Church dogmas I shall gain an eternity of spiritual joys. If I should die while digging potatoes I should go straight to heaven and be equal to the angels. I pity the poor Infidels. There's neighbor A. His mind is so obscured by the phantoms of human reason that I fear he'll be eternally lost. He does not know that he ought to be baptized; he does not know that men's souls

Rise to good with holy yeast

When soured in water by a priest.

He's a born skeptic; he can't help it, but he'll be damned if he don't believe. "Has not the potter power over the clay to make one vessel to honor and another to dishonor?" That proves election. There's a text somewhere that proves free-will. True, there's a text somewhere that proves astrology, for it says, "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." But exegesis explains all difficulties. Exegesis explains one text literally, another figuratively, and where a text is too tough to agree with either, you strike an average.

A is a good man in some respects. He is very careful about the right of other people. He don't order his wife and children about in a tone of voice that would jar the sensitive nerves of a mule. But I don't believe women and children ought to have personalities. They ought to be kept in awe. Being descended from an ancestry in whom the devil was kept down by force instead of ideas, if force is removed, the devil is raised. The devil is hereditary—clear from Adam. But angels come through grace.

A believes something, but it ain't what we believe, which alone is true. He has never wronged any one, nor done anything for which the civil law can punish him, but if he dies before he is converted he must go to hell. This looks hard, but, as Mahomet said, "It is for God alone to punish man with fire."

A is sunk in vulgar materialism. Still he seems to be pure-minded; he never speaks a vulgar word, or reads it, except in the newspapers, or some parts of the Bible. I delight to saturate my mind with the criminal record. It proves natural depravity, and shows me that by the grace of God I am better than people. He seems fond of intellectual pursuits, and I can't see how he can be such a fool about theology. But the Bible and the newspapers are enough for me. In the time of the Beecher furore to read his trial in connection with those vigorous old patriarchs was extremely refreshing.

A talks of enjoying this life in a rational manner, and then going back calmly to nature from whence he came. That'll never do for me. I am John Smith, and John Smith I want to be forever. He will merge his individuality into that of all humanity. Now, if I was famous as Washington, it wouldn't do me any good if I didn't know anything about it. Jones' bacon don't do me any good when he eats it himself.

Solomon's nor Brigham Young's wives never gave me any satisfaction. I believe in salvation by proxy, but I prefer to exist as John Smith.

If A can bear to go unprepared to the judgment, he's got stronger nerves than I have. His talk about morality, and principles, and justice, won't avail him then. All the desperate wickedness of his skeptical heart will come to light then. If he does not believe the Church dogmas, nothing will save him. Can he withstand the awful vengeance? Why, how I used to quake at the awful voice of my father when he roared out, John, come here, sir! and the withy hickory produced its salutary effect on my immaterial soul. Yes, I am on the safe side. By believing I live to the glory of God, and receive eternal happiness as my reward. It is true that for every one in heaven a million or two are roasting in hell. But that won't hurt John Smith. If it don't help me when Jones eats his bacon, it won't hurt me when he gets his hide scorched. No, one, say I. "The devil take," etc. Amen. J. E. P.

Du Quoin, Ill.

"Clever Devils."

"Educate men without religion, and you only make them clever Devils."—*A Christian Aphorism.*

Beginning with the history of that most successful of all devils, Satan, in the Garden of Eden, where he took our great progenitor, Adam, from the hands of his Creator, an absolute moral and intellectual failure, a total idiot, and taught him knowledge like unto the gods, and reviewing all the great inventions and grand schemes for the enlightenment and happiness of mankind which have been accredited to his wonderful genius for eighteen centuries, the question may well be asked, "Who would not be a 'clever devil,' and with such devils dwell?"

According to religious authorities, contemporary with their lives, the following great men have been "possessed of devils," which the world must acknowledge have been very "clever devils" indeed: Socrates had a "just and virtuous" devil, Christ had a "meek and forgiving" devil, Spinoza had a "rationalistic" devil, Galileo had a "mechanical" and "astronomical" devil, Faust had a "printer's" devil, Milton had "Lucifer" and a "hell" devil, Harvey had a "blooded" devil, Brunel had an "engineering" devil, Stephenson had a "devil on wheels," Watt had a powerful "steam" devil, Franklin had an "electro-magnetic" devil as high as a kite, Evans had a "*Orukter Amphibolos*," which was the most unsightly devil that ever "materialized" on this favored planet; Fulton had a "walk-in-the-water" devil, Whitney had a "gin" devil, "with teeth like a saw," Morse had a "telegraphic" devil with a "lightning tongue," Good-year had an "India-rubber" devil, and his was the only devil on record that was actually made better by "fire and brimstone" treatment; Ericsson had an "iron-clad" devil, (so the Chaplain on the *Merrimac* said,) Howe had a little devil, with the "eye in the point," and General Grant had some "devilish whiskey" in the rear of Vicksburg.

To this list of personal devils there might be added a thousand more, to say nothing of that great "Devil of Progress," which the age has placed on the throne of the world's thought, and yet we find that the only utterly worthless devils in the whole catalogue have been those "possessed" by Milton and the "God-like John Calvin."

Has it not been a good thing for the world—though a poor thing for religion—that there has been so much of this "clever devilry" going on amongst men? These "Christian aphorisms" look very well in Christian almanacs, but they don't "ventilate" worth a cent. A. FORREST.

Sioux City, Iowa.

THE UNHONORED DEAD.—It is sad to think of the multitude of good and true men and women who, in the reign of superstition, now happily declining to its death, have been during their lives (if permitted to live) branded and ostracised as felons, and who, when dead, were consigned, by religious bigotry, to unknown graves, "unkept, unhonored and unsung."

Among this noble army of martyrs, there lived about forty years since in New Rochelle, N. Y., Captain Daniel Pelton, a neighbor and disciple of Thomas Paine, who, for his heretical opinions and attachment to Paine, was refused burial in the public cemetery, and whose remains were in consequence consigned to the earth in the burial ground of the Friends, where it lies without even a slab to mark the spot.

The following incident is related of him by an old resident still living there: During a very severe winter, a vessel was frozen on the sound opposite New Rochelle, about two miles from shore. The ice was not in some places thick enough to bear the weight of a man, and the crew being out of provisions, after many day's delay raised a flag of distress. No one dared venture to the rescue, the risk was so great. Finally our hero, providing himself with a plank, on which he placed some provisions, and arrived with two iron-pointed sticks, propelled himself and load over the treacherous ice, and after incredible labor and risk of the ice breaking up, reached the famished crew and saved their lives. Honor to the brave.

The Truth Seeker,

A JOURNAL
OF REFORM AND FREE THOUGHT.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.
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The Bible.

NO. XXII.

When Moses, after forty years of wandering with the Children of Israel in the wilderness between the Red Sea and the river Jordan, (which is but a few hundred miles in distance,) and becoming aged in making a journey that could be performed in a few weeks, at length died without entering the promised land, Joshua, the son of Nun, became his successor. It seems the Lord sought an early opportunity to hold a conversation with the new general, in which he informed Joshua that Moses was dead, and that he, Joshua, must assume the leadership of the only people in the world for whom he, the Lord, had any special regard. He made munificent bequests of territory to the descendants of Abraham, and gave them the homes of the Canaanites, the Hittites, the Hivites, the Perizites, the Girgashites, the Amorites and the Jebusites; "even unto the great river Euphrates and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun." He repeatedly enjoined Joshua to be strong, courageous and valorous in driving out the luckless inhabitants of the countries the Israelites were to become possessed of. It seems most clear, the Lord was extremely partial in his preference toward the Jews and favored the filibusters which Joshua led, far before those who had been born and raised in the land of Canaan.

Joshua sent out a reconnoitering party of two, to spy the city of Jericho, not far from the Jordan. They arrived there a little before nightfall, and put up at the house of a prostitute named Rahab. The officers of the king, learning of the presence of the strangers, enquired of Rahab in reference to them; but she being in the interest of the Lord, resorted to falsehood and made statements at utter variance with the truth. Before morning she let them down from her dwelling, which was on the top of the wall, so they landed outside of it. For the services thus rendered, she subsequently received great favors from Joshua.

Forty thousand of the warriors of Israel crossed the Jordan in the same remarkable manner in which forty years before their fathers had crossed the Red Sea, upon their escape from Pharaoh. The manner in which the waters of the Jordan were parted is thus described: "The waters which came down from above stood and rose upon a heap very far from the city of Adam, and those that came down toward the sea failed and were cut off; and the people passed over right against Jericho."

God's way of doing things at different times is very noticeable. Thus when Joshua with 40,000 men wished to cross the small river Jordan, God saw fit to pile the waters up in a heap, so this comparatively small army could pass over; but a few hundred years later, when Xerxes with near 2,000,000 of men wished to cross the Hellespont or the Dardanelles, a strait or arm of the sea, and probably containing one hundred times as much water as the Jordan, he did not see fit to lend his aid. But Xerxes managed it extremely well, and by a system of pontoons, constructed a bridge over which his immense army passed, thus performing one of the greatest feats of the kind the world has ever known. In our late war many of our rivers, larger than the Jordan, were successfully spanned with pontoon bridges over which our armies and their artillery and baggage easily passed. God left our generals to their own resources and they seemed to get along pretty well. It is a natural question to ask, if God does not now pile up waters to aid armies in crossing rivers, have we any reason to suppose he ever did? If he did it 4,000 years ago, why not later?

There have been many instances where armies would have been extremely glad to have had the waters thus piled up for them, but it was not done. Even our own sainted Washington, when in winter he wished to cross the Delaware, when large bodies of ice

made crossing in boats extremely hazardous, would doubtless have been very glad to have the water or the ice piled up so he could pass safely; but he evidently was not the favorite Joshua was, and the Americans were not the Jews, and he had to pick his way among the huge masses of ice the best way he could. This crossing of Jordan when the waters were piled up was only effected by the 40,000 warriors; how the old men, women, children and cattle afterward got over we are not informed. Possibly the river parted again for them, or a boat or boats were constructed for them. That the warriors were passed over so that fighting and bloodshed could be taking place was, perhaps, the main necessity.

As remarkable as Joshua's style of crossing rivers appears to us in this unmiraculous age of the world, his manner of taking a walled city and throwing down its walls by blowing on rams' horns and shouting, was a feat in acoustics quite as wonderful. It seems the Lord told him just how to do it. Seven priests with seven trumpets of rams' horns for seven days to march around the doomed city, and then when they blew a long blast on their rams' horns and the people at the same time all shouted, the heavy stone walls of the city were to fall like a cob-house; and verily thus it came to pass. This story sounds a good deal like the hocus-pocus tales of the nursery, but it is in the Bible, and every one has a right to believe it who can and wishes to.

Priests have been noted for making a great noise in nearly all ages of the world, and if they have not done it by blowing rams' horns they have by blowing their own; but this is the most remarkable account of the effectiveness of their blowing that has ever been written. Those seven priests evidently were extraordinary "blow-hards." Whether the tumbling of those walls was the result of the sapping and mining which Joshua might secretly have prosecuted during the seven days of waiting; whether it really was the rams' horns that did it, or whether it ever occurred at all, every person is probably at liberty to believe, as to him seems most likely.

The mercy and kindness (?) of the Lord which are ever extended to all of his creatures, were exemplified by the manner in which the citizens of Jericho were treated. Every man, woman and child were put to death for no other offense than staying at home and minding their own business. Not one escaped except the woman of easy virtue already mentioned, and her household. God doubtless attended to it that she was not forgotten for the favors she had done the two spies.

One noticeable feature in the conduct of the soldiers at the fall of Jericho, was the carefulness with which they took charge of the gold and silver and all the valuables of the slain Jerichoites, and these were all added to "the treasury of the Lord." What an honest way of acquiring wealth, to cruelly murder the possessors and then steal their treasures and jewels! but this is the manner in which God and his chosen people worked in those days, and they were always careful after killing all the men, women and children, to gather up all the gold, silver and wealth of all kinds and carry it off. Such conduct would now be considered low and barbarous in the extreme, and would hardly be tolerated by the most savage. We must remember, however, these things, according to the Bible, were done under the immediate command and inspection of God, and however monstrous it may appear to us now, we have only to raise our hands in admiration and exclaim: holy! holy!! holy!!!

After the city was burned with fire, Joshua pronounced a curse upon any one who should ever rebuild it, but it is not known that this curse ever amounted to anything. The city was afterward rebuilt in greater splendor than ever before, and existed to the time that Vespasian visited it, when he destroyed it, many centuries after. It was subsequently rebuilt, and as a small village, by another name, it exists to this day. That cursing of Joshua was, doubtless, entirely thrown away.

There is one consolation growing out of all this, and it is that God has grown much more mild, peaceful and benignant, than he was in former times. Then he seemed to delight in partiality, cruelty and carnage more than anything else. Now he has become less warlike, less malicious, less revengeful, less destruc-

tive and more forgiving, more amiable, more unobtrusive, more fair and even-handed with all the different nations of the earth, and more inclined to not interfere unduly, or to take sides with one against another, and to let every nation manage their own affairs to suit themselves. Verily, with the many advances made in the world, in the fields of science, art and progress, it is gratifying in the extreme, to see that God also reforms and improves. In fact, in the histories of the gods of the past it is very noticeable that the character of such deities always corresponded with the peculiarity of the nations who worshiped them. The tribes who were ignorant and debased, had a coarse, crude god. Barbarous and warlike nations had gods that were great for battles, butchery and bloodshed. Nations more advanced in the intelligent scale, created or took unto themselves a god that partook of such intelligence. The Jews were no exception to this rule. They were a barbarous, marauding, quarrelsome, aggressive, warlike people, and it is not strange their God should also partake of their characteristics. Possibly the day may come when all those murders and abhorrent traits which the Bible wrongfully attributes to Deity, will be accorded to unprogressed mankind, where they doubtless belong, when the Supreme Power of the Universe will not be believed to be such a cruel, vindictive being as the Bible represents him.

Visit to Dr. H. Slade.

There have recently appeared in the *Herald* and other papers, some accounts unfavorable to this gentleman, as a medium, and though we have lived in this city some fifteen months without calling upon him, we decided a few days ago, to pay a visit at his residence on Twenty-first street, and see for ourselves the nature of the manifestations which occur in his presence. It is not unknown to many of our friends that we are rather materialistic, and not a very strong believer in the endless existence of beings who had a beginning only fifty or seventy-five years ago. We, nevertheless, have a "warm side" for our Spiritualistic friends, believing they have done much towards breaking down the walls of superstition and bigotry which have so long encircled mankind, and we really hope their theory of the continued existence of the human race is true. Albeit, we think we are able to give an unprejudiced and truthful statement of what we witnessed at Dr. Slade's.

We met there, by appointment, a friend, and after a few minutes' conversation with the Doctor, we entered his back parlor, some twenty feet square, and lighted by two large windows. Near the centre of the room was a good sized walnut breakfast-table. We examined it closely, and found no machinery nor wires about it. With the leaves opened, its surface is some five by five and a half feet square. This is the table at which the Doctor and his visitors sit. We at once took our positions, Dr. Slade on our left and our friend on our right, occupying a side each. The Doctor sat near our corner, and somewhat sideways, with his feet toward us and in our sight. When he had them under the table, our feet were placed upon his, so that we might be assured he was not using them.

We each placed our hands in the centre part of the table, and touching each other. Within a minute a sensation somewhat similar to a current of magnetism from a magnetic machine was perceptible; light and heavy raps occurred, apparently on the under side of the table, some of them were so heavy as to visibly jar it. In response to questions, raps were promptly given, indicating yes or no, in answer to questions.

Dr. Slade handed us an ordinary slate; we examined it closely, and found it clean, and without any writing on it, and we held it under the table, firmly up to the leaf, no hand touching it but our own, and a sound like writing with a pencil was distinctly heard. Upon looking at it, a few lines of writing were plainly visible. This was repeated two or three times, and at no time when writing on the slate occurred, did Dr. Slade touch it at all. On one occasion it lay on the table, three feet from either of us, but plainly in our sight, and we heard the pencil writing as before. Upon reading the message, it was in reference to ourselves, saying several of our friends were present and would be pleased to communicate with us if we would call another day. As the slate was held under the table

by myself it was nearly wrenched from our grasp by a force we could not see. Once it was taken from our hands and it immediately appeared on the opposite side of the table, where no one was sitting, and stood in the air in a perpendicular position and disconnected with anything, and at least five feet from us, after which it returned under the table to our hands.

An accordeon was handed us. It was not unlike an ordinary instrument of the kind. We held the lower part with one hand, and some invisible force pulled the other part, it seemed to us with a force of five or ten pounds; the keys were manipulated, and music from it was discoursed, with no hand touching it but our own, and that not within several inches of the keys. A popular air was played—we cannot play a tune ourselves were we to use both hands.

We frequently felt gentle but distinct tappings upon our knees and other parts, once our coat was forcibly pulled, and twice the chair in which we sat was pulled suddenly back from the table and turned nearly quarter around by an unseen force. An easy chair several feet from the table and from us, was suddenly moved around, and a centre-table, with marble top, standing apart by itself, wheeled around in a curious manner.

We then placed our hands upon the table again, and it raised immediately twelve inches from the floor, remaining thus suspended some seconds. It next tipped toward us, and while all our hands were still upon it, it continued tipping until exactly bottom upwards, the legs pointing up, after which it returned to its position without our aid or dropping to the floor. The table is rather heavy, and this operation seemed rather curious. We know not what force produced the results we have mentioned. We say not that it was spirits, or that it was not. It may have been odic force or od force for ought we know, and that it seemed decidedly odd to us, we will not deny. This, we assert, it was in daytime, the room was light, we saw or touched the Doctor's hands and feet all the while, and we are sure no trickery was used in our presence. We think of paying another visit to Dr. Slade when we can spare the time.

Christianity Examined.

NO. VI.

The desultory remarks we have made upon this subject up to this time, cover but a small portion of the ground we propose to occupy, but as it has perhaps been indifferently said, we will for a few moments review the ground thus gone over. We have seen, first, that there have been very few original religions or systems of faith in the world. One creed has evolved from another, or patterned after it, sometimes being improved by the change, and sometimes not. In primitive times, when man occupied a much lower mental grade than now, his religion was in keeping, his views were crude, his God was a monster, and his worship fetichism. As he advanced in civilization, his religious views advanced also. We said Christianity offered no exception to this rule. We find while it is claimed by its devotees that it is superior to all other systems of religion that have preceded it, that it is not new in any particular.

We have said, and assert again, that every dogma in its list of dogmas has been borrowed from systems that existed in the world long before it did. Its whole story of the miraculous conception and birth of its reputed founder, the events of his life, his teachings, his conduct toward his direct followers, the manner of his death are all so completely plagiarisms of religions and creeds thousands of years older, that the most fair conclusion that can be arrived at is, that the reputed founder of Christianity—Jesus Christ—was a myth, and never had an existence save in the imaginations of his deluded followers, or, that if such a man as Jesus did live he was begotten just as other persons are, and possessed the same amount of divinity that every human being does. The tale is such a complete copy of the story of the heathen god of India, Krishna, Christna, or Jezeus Christna as the name is differently rendered, who was half God and half man—that several nations prior to Christianity borrowed the same fable from India. These facts, we say, coupled with the entire lack of proof that there ever lived such a person as Jesus of Nazareth, begot-

ten without a natural father, that it becomes us as honest enquirers, to examine the subject closely, and be sure we have due grounds for such belief before we yield implicit assent to its demands.

The accepted account of the origin of Christianity is either true or it is not. Jesus Christ was an original character or simply a revision of his prototype—the Hindoo savior. It is strictly right every person should look closely into this subject, and be sure he is founding his belief upon the truth. If the story Christians are insisting upon is true, we want to know it. On the other hand, if it is false and untenable it is quite time we are apprised of it, and that the delusion under which Christendom is laboring is made apparent. We wish not to shock any honest, sincere person, but the truth is what we are seeking, and we shall continue the search and to give utterance to our convictions as we progress onward.

Nothing is more susceptible of proof than the fact that India is the great source from whence the whole world has obtained its religious and theological dogmas. The Sanskrit is the oldest human language known to man. It went out of use more than two thousand years ago, and consequently before the dawn of the Christian religion; but by authors of the highest respectability, both Christian and Infidel, and who by the learned men of the day are regarded truthful and reliable in the first degree, assure us in that language is found written, not only the whole story of Jesus Christ, but the foundation for an important portion of the Jewish Scriptures. They demonstrate positively that the writings possess an antiquity greater than the Old Testament and consequently far greater than the New.

Sir William Jones, an English Christian scholar, spent many years in India pouring over the voluminous literature of that ancient country, and he positively asserts that their mythology contains a character closely resembling the Christian semi-deity in all the essential particulars, and that this doctrine was taught a thousand years before the story of Jesus Christ had an existence. Max Muller, probably the most learned Sanskrit scholar now alive, has been for several years delving in the lore of the olden world, and he bears testimony extremely similar. Jacolliot, the learned French author, has given years of study in the same direction, and has written elaborately upon the subject. We will make here a few quotations from this author:

"India is the world's cradle; thence it is that the common mother, in sending forth her children, even to the utmost West, has, in unfading testimony of our origin, bequeathed us the legacy of her language, her laws, her *morale*, her literature and her religion.

"Science now admits, as a truth needing no further demonstration, that all the idioms of antiquity were derived from the far East; and thanks to the labors of Indian philologists, our modern languages have there found their derivation and their roots.

"Having exhibited conspicuously the influence of ancient India on all the societies of antiquity, proven the moral, philosophic, historic and religious traditions of Persia, of Egypt, of Judea, of Greece, and of Rome, to have been drawn from that great primitive fountain, exposed the work of Moses as derived from the sacred books of Egypt and of the extreme East, we shall now see Christ and his apostles recover, whether from Asia or from Egypt, the primitive traditions of the Vedas, the *morale* and teachings of Christna, and, with the aid of those sublime and pure principles, attempt regeneration of the ancient world which was everywhere crumbling under decrepitude and corruption.

"We have recounted simply and faithfully the Hindoo Genesis, the conception of the Virgin, the life and death of the redeemer Christna, reserving, as far as possible, all reflections and all commentary.

"Christna appears, proclaims himself the promised Redeemer, the offspring of God, and the entire of India recognizes and worships him as such."

In giving in detail the Indian mythology Jacolliot continues thus:

"The Hindoo's Redeemer, son of Devanaguy, is named Christna, and later his disciple decreed him the title of Jezeus.

"The son of Mary, the Christian Redeemer, is

named Jesus, or rather Jeosuah—and later his disciples gave him the title of Christ!

"The two mothers of the Redeemers conceive by divine intervention, and remain virgin, maugre their maternity. To which assign priority? To which the reproach of imitation? To ask the question is to answer it. Devanaguy and Christna preceded Mary and Christ at least three thousand years; the antique civilization of India resulted from that incarnation; all sacred books, all works of philosophy, *morale*, history and poetry, have made it a point of honor to rest upon it. To suppress Christna, would be to suppress ancient India.

"The tradition of the Virgin-Mother, brought from India is common to the whole of the East—in Birmah, China and Japan—the apostles have but recovered and applied it to their doctrine."

We will not quote farther from this author at this time, though we might go on almost indefinitely. We will give a simple quotation from Rev. Father Dubois, for thirty years a Christian missionary in India, and noted alike, for his purity and intelligence.

"Justice, humanity, good faith, compassion, disinterestedness; in fact, all the virtues were familiar to them, and taught by them to others, both by precept and example; hence the Hindoos profess, speculatively at least, nearly the same principles of morality as ourselves."

There can hardly be a doubt of the "second-hand" character of the Christian mythology when it is so thoroughly demonstrated that the same incidents, the same characteristics and the same essential details were taught in the East thousands of years earlier than its birth. There is no room for a question as to which is the original and which the copy.

To show that Christian authorities even, were in doubt about the authenticity of their system, we will, in our next, quote from the early Christian Fathers upon the subject.

Our Delinquent Readers.

When we commenced the second volume of THE TRUTH SEEKER, we deemed it best to continue sending the paper "right along," hoping our friends would promptly renew, as they found their time had expired. To encourage this, we have made several appeals to our friends, and have endeavored to explain our necessities. Many responded promptly, while numerous others have, even until the present, failed to respond. Many thanked us for continuing their papers, and others thought we ought to stop when their time had expired. We have repeatedly asked such of our readers as did not wish to continue THE TRUTH SEEKER to either inform us by postal card or get their postmaster to do so for them, but many hundreds still—though the second volume is more than half expired—have neither remitted for it, nor notified us they wished the paper discontinued.

We have recently sent notices by mail to such persons as are in arrears, requesting them to send the price of the second volume, \$1.75, or at least for the half that has been sent them, and to notify us if they wished the paper stopped. We are sorry to say these notices have received far less attention than they should. We hardly know what to make of a portion of our readers. We are loth to believe we ought to publish the paper and send it to them, post-paid, for nothing. If they think it is just and equitable that we should do so, they view the matter differently from ourselves. They are such curiosities that we seriously think of publishing their names, and if they deem their course strictly honorable and right, they cannot complain if we do so.

We have made considerable sacrifice to make THE TRUTH SEEKER a success, and have toiled almost unremittently in that direction, and if those whose names are on our list feel willing to contribute their small share—the price of the paper—there will be no doubt of its success. We will be glad to continue sending the paper to all who have heretofore received it, but we cannot longer do so unless it is paid for. We are not able to publish it and send it, post-paid, without pay. There are numbers we shall be compelled to cross off, unless we hear from them soon; and if they still refuse to pay for the thirteen numbers of the

(Cont. next on page 8.)

The Jews and their God.

BY ISAAC PADEN.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

The whole end and aim of the Jewish God, (a spiritual personage, as we have no doubt he was), was to create and get to himself a great name among the nations and their gods. This accounts for his jealousy, as he had many to compete with, and thus every Jew, that would not acknowledge him to be greater than all other gods, was put to death. I will here say, he has got bravely over his jealousy, or lost his power, or lacks executioners. Yet there are many priests who would now do it, but they lack the power. Whom shall we thank for these priceless blessings, the Jewish God or the Jewish Devil? I propose thanks to the god of progression for the religious liberty we now enjoy. It is said, God told Moses he could not see his face (he must have been making believe as he did to Abraham, when he commanded him to kill his son, when he did not intend to have him do it, which proves he did not know the confidence Abraham had in him until after the experiment. He was then satisfied and said so) as Moses had before that, talked face to face with him, and so had others.

But our Christian friends claim he was now in a halo of glory. We are ready to admit this, but what does it prove? He was only in the same condition in which Moses himself appeared in company with the prophet Elias (Elijah) on the Mount, a thousand years after their decease, which proves the spirit of this heathen king could assume a glorious body, the same as Moses and Elias. The assuming of this glorious body, seen by Moses, did not make a god of him, any more than did Moses and Elias. As to what he said to Moses, it only showed the position he claimed.

We now pass over many facts recorded, co-operating with our views, proving the Jewish God to be none other than the living spirit of a heathen monarch, as can be seen in the offerings of animals as sacrifices, commanded by him, with their dung, their entrails or inwards, their galls, cauls, livers, shoulders and blood; pigeons, turtles, doves, bulls and heifers, (can a heifer represent the same sacrifice as is claimed for a he-goat) rams, lambs, oxen and sheep; all these go to show he was of heathen origin, and delighted in the shedding of blood, uncivilized and savage in all his requirements. Our position is sustained on almost every page of the Bible. Dear reader, if you have never realized the silly rites and ceremonies of the heathens and savage nations, in their zeal and religious exercises, just read Leviticus, or the twelfth chapter, if no more; "A woman having a child born, a sin-offering was required, and this heathenish idea was held sacred even at the birth of Jesus, who is claimed to be God in human flesh; yet it was a sin for his mother to be delivered, and an offering of a pair of turtledoves or two young pigeons was required to satisfy the law of this Jewish God.

As for the conception, birth, and all things pertaining to Jesus' nativity, without doubt, it was managed by angels or spirits, but God, as a person, is denied in the New Testament—see Tim. vi. 16. But the spiritual personages spoken of are in perfect keeping with our position from the beginning—an angel proper is a spiritual personage. Moses and Elias, when seen on the Mount, were angels in a full sense. The Holy Ghost is a spirit. Your dictionary will tell you a ghost is a dead man's spirit, and these spirits vary in character, in the same proportion as when in the flesh. This accounts why so many of the Jewish prophets were deceived, believing as they did, they supposed it was God that deceived them, and it was their God that did it; but who having common sense, can believe the God of the Universe uses deception; but as the Jewish God claimed the exclusive right of communicating, the prophets were justified in charging him as they did, and of being the author of evil, acting direct in all the domestic affairs of life. If there was evil in the city, it was their God that did it. If a prophet was deceived, it was his God that deceived him. If they prophesied lies, it was their God that put lies into their mouth.

If a man at any time was influenced by a good spirit, and on the morrow by a vicious and revengeful spirit, it was said of him, an evil spirit of God troubled him. And should a prophet's vision or sight be such as to enable him to see spirits, and should in open vision see them in council, having an object in view, he would suppose the chief spirit or the one who conducted the council was God. Thus the prophet Micah says, "I saw the Lord (God) sitting on his throne, and all the host of heaven (perhaps one hundred) on his right hand and on his left (which council was and is a common thing). The object of concourse of spirits being made known by the chief, one said on this manner, another on that, (each one made his proposition) and there came forth a spirit and made his, (the fact was, they were all spirits, and could talk, and did counsel together, and the Lord (the chief) being satisfied with the plan proposed by this one, commissioned him to execute it. Thus the prophet exclaims after seeing what he did, "Now therefore, behold the Lord (Israel's God) hath put a lying spirit in the mouths of all these prophets. We have called the reader's attention to a few facts recorded by the Jews. We think enough to satisfy a

reasonable mind, one free from religious prejudice, that our position is fully sustained. It is an undeniable fact, that the actions of the person claimed by Moses to be his god, and the council seen by Maah, and the actions of angels in general, fully corresponded with the low, savage, and revengeful condition of man at that day, which in fact, sets the question at rest, that our position accords with the facts in the case.

CHAPTER VI.

We now propose to look after spiritual mediums, and the present condition of man, as well as the former, which shows man in his earthly career, has been traveling on the path of progression, the same as an individual, from conception to embryo, infancy and childhood to youth, and is now becoming as it were twenty-one, a proper age to do our own individual thinking, living as we are upon a plane of eternal progression. This present period was faintly seen by many who mediumistically saw our day, and rejoiced that religious freedom, as well as political, would be tolerated, and every man be permitted to sit under his own fig-tree [in his own house] and none should make him afraid, and be permitted to worship him who is spirit power, and the life of all existing things, and do it in spirit and truth; and this beautiful theory will increase till it covers the whole earth, thereby uniting and binding together all nations in love for one Father and one universal brotherhood, and learn war no more. This is the age of man we are now entering; and it was seen by many (mediums) out from under a dark cloud of despair, when dens and caves in the earth were the only places of safety from the savage disposition once the ruling power over man, when ignorance and the God of the Jews ruled the nations. But, thanks be to the god of progression, love and humanity, brotherly kindness will in time supersede the present religious superstition, which claims that moral goodness is inferior and worthless in the absence of Church membership.

We find their gods were of the same disposition, character and temperament as the people, and it could not be otherwise; a savage people always had a savage God, and all spiritual communications were the same, while the present communications are now more or less seasoned with universal love and brotherly kindness, similar to the greetings of the heavenly hosts at the birth of Jesus, yet more mild. Hell fire, and endless damnation, and the surging billows of a lake burning with fire and brimstone are not now the teachings from the spirit world, and it is a fact this doctrine is not heard from the pulpit, as was fifty years ago; it was then the hue and cry from the tall steeples to the shanty. I will venture to say at this day and age, a man cannot be found on earth (a lunatic or savage excepted) that he having the power to save or destroy in endless misery, would do the latter, independent of ancient precepts and examples. Let every man test this question by divesting himself of religious prejudice and pass judgment in the case. Therefore, looking back upon the past life of man, under our present developed condition, we are not justified in condemning our forefathers and their God, neither are we justified in worshipping the same God. In fact, there is no such a god now in existence; such a god as the Jews worshiped is inconsistent, and must have been more or less imaginary, and will pass away like all other heathen gods.

As for mediums, they are a class of men and women designated and known as prophets, seers, revelators and men of God in past ages, female included. All of these, both male and female, who acknowledged the authority of the priesthood and the divine right of kings, were more or less connected with in all important matters, but should any speak against those in authority, they were punished with death as blasphemers and seditious. For it was written in the law of the Lord, "Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of my people." What tyranny! Yet there were a few whose development and mediumistic powers were sufficient to sustain and protect themselves by spirit power, as Elijah did when he destroyed the fifties sent to him by the king, and others of the same development and power. Jesus had this same power, and could have protected himself the same way, but refused to exercise it, choosing rather to suffer, than to revenge himself upon his enemies. There were others who did not acknowledge the Pharisee's order. These were looked upon as outcasts, and were held under condemnation, and by the priest, called neromancers, witches, wizards that peep, and those having familiar spirits, such as the woman of Endor.

Taking a retrospective view of the ancient mediums in all their grades of development, we naturally conclude, if we were in possession of all that was said and done by them, it would not add to the credit or respectability of that which is recorded. In addition to the foregoing, many of the prophets, rulers and priests, of Israel were bribed and hired to lie, while others were honest, yet directed by lying spirits, and charged to their God, though he may have been innocent. Others acting under the influence of wine and strong drink; upon the whole things were badly mixed up at times. Those who were bribed and those who acted under the influence of wine or any other spirit, except himself, were condemned. We also call the reader's attention to the mediums of other nations, all having mediums and their gods, from

whom the people received communications, whose powers were equal to the power of the Jewish mediums, and about the same with their gods, which gave rise to jealousy. Balaam was a heathen medium, whose powers were not surpassed by any of the Jewish prophets, and to his credit he could not be bribed. As for the Gentiles as a race of people they were more honest than the Jews. As for priests, prophet, seers, revelators and mediums, they were all similar. They were all religious and devotional. The Jews, as to immortality, had no preference—Moses not being a teacher of immortality, it not being congenial to the position he held. Therefore, in a manner, they were disbelievers in man's immortality (see Josephus' Wars of the Jews, Book 7, chapter 8, ph. 7).

Then Jesus came, who was a teacher of immortality, and through his teaching it was brought to light, but the Jewish priests claimed he was in league with the Devil, the same as the priests now say of spiritual mediums. Socrates was a medium, and talked with spirits; Confucius was one, and taught the principle involved in the "Golden Rule." Plato was a medium, and talked with spirits. It is in perfect keeping with my position for the followers of Jesus, who believe in him to hold him as their god, and offer prayers and worship to him as such. The Catholic offers prayers not only to him, but to Mary his mother and other saints, and it is consistent with past ages.

Swedenborg was a medium, and an honorable, truth-telling man, and we give credit to his statements, not claiming for him nor any others infallibility. Perfection in its full sense lies far above man's first sphere in spirit life. Judge Edmonds, of New York, whose character was unimpeachable, saw and conversed with the spirits of the dead, recognizing them. There are now in the United States about 9,000,000, besides a vast number in other countries, who are convinced of the fact of an intercourse between earth and spirit life, and of this class of thinkers are mediums. But here is a wide difference between the Jewish mediums and those of our day, and it is worthy of notice. The Jewish mediums, when once deceived, accused their God of deceiving them, and of putting lying spirits into their mouths, and that evil spirits from their God troubled them, and if evil was done in the city, the Lord did it. Not so with our mediums. They have a higher and more exalted opinion of a god of justice and the father of mankind. They discard the idea of such a god. How do our present mediums stand in the estimation of those who hold the present priesthood? They are held and looked upon as the Jewish priests looked upon the class of mediums to whom Jesus and the woman of Endor belonged, and those who suffered death and banishment at their hands, from Abel to Jesus, whom they nailed to the cross. Comment is not needed on this point. Yet it is a well-known fact, many of our present priests, had they the power, would willingly do honor to the Jewish God by executing his wrath upon spiritual heretics (mediums). [TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Devil Still Ahead!

BY JOHN SYPHERS.

According to the teachings of old, rotten theology, there are at least two gods in this great Universe. They are represented as being of about equal power. It is true they call one of them "the Devil," but it makes no difference what they call him; their own history of him shows that he is a being of as much power, and even greater in some things than his opponent, and much better success attends many of his operations. If God is God, then the Devil is God too. No one can do what they say he has done, and is still doing, unless he be possessed of goddish attributes and powers. They say these two gods are at war with each other—perfectly antagonistic in all their operations. When one says *yes* the other says *no*. When one pulls *up* the other pulls *down*; but the downward pull seems to be the long pull, the strong pull, the pull all together, and takes the crowd.

The upward-pulling God, although all-powerful, finds it an up-hill business, and the consequence is that his gospel net is taking, and has taken but very few fish from the great ocean of humanity, and those generally of a very small fry! One of these Deities they call God, the other the Devil, but both they say are *real* persons. Both great, big masculines, but not supposed to have any wives. One of these Deities they say has had children, at least an only begotten son, and this said son often spoke of his brothers and sisters, which leads one to infer that this god-family embraced quite a number of persons.

But Mr. Deity No. 2 had something of a family too, that is, if a certain ancient writer is to be believed, for I remember that he on one occasion, when he wished to spit a little fire and be unusually severe on his enemies, said to them, "You are of your father, the Devil, and his works will ye do." But then there is no ancient or even modern writer who has ever affirmed that this creature of orthodoxy, the Devil, was ever engaged in the *regular, natural, old-fashioned, begetting business!* His children, according to the heathen writer mentioned above, are only his because they *work* for him. "His works will ye do," etc. But if God never had any wife, how could he have an only begotten son? The only reasonable, natural conclusion must be that he used somebody else's wife. Born

out of wedlock, 'tis monstrous, oh 'tis monstrous; what an example! But the idea of big masculines, without any feminines—only think what an anomaly in nature.

They say that one of these gods is very good, while the other is very bad, and that one is very black, while the other is very white. Theology represents these two great antagonistic gods as having set out on a very long race many thousand years ago. The prize for which they run is the human race, a race for the human race. The thing is laughable. Theology also demonstrates that in this race the Devil is still ahead! It is now demonstrated by a little close figuring, that if theology be true, the Devil will get, and has already got, about nine out of ten of the entire human family. Rather a losing game that, and to be played too by an Almighty player on the losing side. He had better invest his almighty power and material used in making men and women in something else than to make them, and then have them gobbled up by a cunning Devil, who invariably beats him at his own game. It don't pay. If God represents good, and the Devil represents evil, then the great question before the world is to tell why it is that good is so continually outstripped by evil, especially when everybody knows that good is the most powerful principle of the two.

Why don't the Lord exchange positions with the Devil, and get the down-hill side of the question himself? If he is as all-wise and all-powerful as he is represented, why does he let the Devil outwit him and get the advantage of him in every case? Why did he not have the advantage of the broad, smooth and down-grade road for his followers at the start, and not have his friends going around through this world all the while singing the doleful songs, "How tedious and tasteless the hours," "Jordan is a hard road to travel," and that "Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers, have lost all their sweetness," etc.

Why should this be the condition of the special favorites of an Almighty? If God is all-mighty, of course he could have had everything his own way. If he has not, there is nobody to blame but himself. Why does he allow himself to be thus beaten in everything, even on grades, and per consequence lose ninety per cent of the whole human family, all of whom naturally belong to him by the rite of creation? Why build so great a house of many mansions in the heavens, and then be cheated out of men and women to occupy them? But why ask questions? I could ask ten thousand right here, not one of which old theology could answer to the satisfaction even of a man possessing only an ounce of brains. Such doctrines are ridiculous. They are awful. They are old reminders of heathenism. How humiliating and derogatory to the character of the great God to thus suffer himself to be beaten at his own game by a subordinate being of his own creating. *How very like a God!*

But O! methinks I now see how this matter all is. I have discovered the key that unlocks the whole mystery. *God is sick.* If not so, why do they have so many Doctors of Divinity? The D.D.'s have been at work on their patient for thousands of years, and still he is neither healthy nor happy. No being can be happy while he is angry, and God's doctors say that he is angry with the wicked every day. I pity him, or any other being in a like state of mind. But the god-doctors are too much divided among themselves to accomplish anything. They represent too many schools of medicine. They have too many plans of salvation. Methodists feel certain that God is a Methodist and the author of the Methodist plan of salvation; Presbyterians are just as certain that their peculiar plan is God-given; Catholics think the same of theirs.

These are the old regular allopaths in religion, and believe in giving strong medicine, and lots of it. They administer to sinners tremendous doses of *hell fire and damnation*.

Universalists and Unitarians are Homœopaths. They use small pills, *sugar-coated*.

The Campbellites and Baptists are Hydropaths, and believe in sacred hydraulics and hydropathic salvation, using *rivers of water*, applied externally. But if Deity is not sick, his affairs on earth are. He has got things into a pretty pickle by entrusting them to the hands of those different orders of priests. His kingdom, which should be a unit, is all cut up into sectarian factions, *rival institutions*, presenting the finest specimen of a house divided against itself that the world ever saw. The kingdom of the Lord is now fearfully demoralized, and sadly needs reconstructing. He must either come himself, or send another only begotten son, clothed with full powers, as minister plenipotentiary direct from the High Court of Heaven. His present corps of ministers (carpet-baggers) have made merchandise of his gospel, and think only of ways and means whereby they may be able to *filch substance out of the people*.

This demoralized condition of affairs pertaining to the Lord's kingdom, has brought his religion into general disrepute with all the thinking, progressive minds of the age, giving the Devil all the best minds—the very flower of the intellect of Christendom, leaving all the imbeciles and fools for the Lord.

What a singular mystery this great system of theology is, anyhow! What great effects, without any

natural, appropriate cause! Nature teaches us that all effects must have *natural causes* sufficient to produce them. This is reason and philosophy. It follows, then, that the great systems of theology now in existence, being founded on no natural principles whatever, are purely imaginary and superlatively *bogus*. Now what is the cause of this great loss of so large a per cent of the whole human family? Analyze the whole bogus system down to first principles, and we will easily discover that it all resolves itself into this silly story, laughable as it is. That Adam and Eve made a slight mistake in a garden, and ate a few apples from off the wrong tree. A certain walking, talking serpent persuaded them to just nibble a little, if nothing more, at that forbidden fruit, whose mortal taste brought death into our world, with all our woe. A religion that has nothing better to present to the thinking, reasoning mind of this Nineteenth Century, should not be astonished that the whole world is fast running into *Infidelity*. Our present theological systems, based as they are upon the ignorant, superstitious stories of a dark and by-gone age, are a disgrace to the present light, knowledge and intellect of the age. The sectarian *Infidelity* of the churches is the meanest Infidelity that was ever born from the great kingdom of darkness. The only hope of the world is now centered in the success of the new dispensation, now being ushered in, full of science, light, progress and spiritual salvation.

Woman's Rights in the Ancient Roman Senate.

BY JOHN ALBERGER.

No just person can deny woman her rights; no generous person will refuse to accord and vindicate them. The only question which may embarrass a just and generous personage is, what are her rights? This problem once solved to his satisfaction, he would be more likely to err in exceeding them than diminishing them; and feel prompted, in proportion to her weakness, to commit this magnanimous fault. But should a barbarous and antiquated superstition so far degrade and obdurate the public mind, as to induce it to withhold what should be accorded woman unasked, then common justice requires that she should be invested with all the political power necessary for their acquisition and vindication. My object is not to examine the question, but simply to submit to your readers a discussion which occurred in the Roman Senate under the reign of Tiberius, at the time it is alleged Christ was on earth, elicited by a motion made by Cæcilius Servus, forbidding governors of provinces in future to be accompanied by their wives. The discussion is recorded in Tacitus' Annals, Book III, Tet. XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV. It is interesting as it shows the status of woman in the Roman Pagan world at that period.

In support of his motion, Cæcilius said: "It is with good reason, that in former times, women were neither allowed to visit the allies of Rome, nor to have any intercourse with foreign nations. The softer sex brought many inconveniences; in time of peace they were prone to luxury; and in war, easily alarmed. A female train, in the march of a Roman army, presented an image of savage manners; it had the appearance of barbarians going to battle.

That women are by nature feeble, and soon overcome by hardships, was not the only objection: other qualities entered into the female character; such as pride, revenge, cruelty and ambition. The love of power is the predominant passion of the sex, and in the exercise of it they know no bounds. They appear in the ranks; they march with the troops; they rule the centurion of their party. We have seen, in a late instance, a woman reviewing the cohorts, and directing the exercise of the *cegeons*. Have we forgot, that as often as rapacity and extortion have been laid to the charge of the husband, the wife has proved the principal offender? She no sooner enters the province than her party is formed. The unprincipled attend to pay her homage. She becomes a politician; she takes the lead in business, and gives a separate audience. The husband and wife appear in public with their distinct train of attendants. The tribunals are established, and the female edict, dictated by caprice and tyranny, is sure to be obeyed. By the Oppian and other laws, the wife was formerly restrained within due bounds; at present all decorum is laid aside; women give the law in families; they preside in the tribunal of justice, and aspire to be commander-in-chief."

To this speech, Valerius Messatinus, an orator of no inconsiderable eloquence, replied: "The rigor of ancient manners has taken a milder tone. The enemy is not at the gates of Rome, and the provinces have no hostile intentions. In favor of the tender sex some concession ought to be made, since it is now known by experience that the wife, so far from being a burden to the province, is scarcely felt in the private economy of the husband. She is no more than a sharer in his splendor and dignity. In time of peace what danger from her presence? War, indeed, calls for vigor; and men should go unencumbered to the field. When the campaign is over, where can the general so well repose from toil and labor as in the bosom of his wife, whose tenderness relieves his pain, and sweetens every care? But

women, it has been said, are prone to avarice and ambition; but what shall be said of the magistrates? Have they always been free from irregular passions? and if not, will it follow that men are no longer to be trusted with the administration of the provinces? We are told that the vices of the wife have their influence on the manners of the husband; and it is therefore true, in a life of celibacy we are sure to find a life of unblemished honor?

"The Oppian laws were formerly deemed expedient; the policy of the times required them; but the manners have varied since, and with the manners the law has been modified. We strive in vain, under borrowed terms to hide our own defects. The truth is, if the wife exceeds the bounds of the female character, the blame falls on her husband. In two or three instances we may have seen that the men were weak and too luxurious; and shall we for that reason take from the commander of armies the most endearing comforts of marriage, the mutual joy in prosperity, and in affliction, the balm that heals his sorrows? By the restraint now proposed, the weaker sex will be left in a state of destitution, the sport of their own caprice, and a prey to the passions of the profligate seducer. The presence of the husband is scarce sufficient to guard the sanctity of the marriage bed; what must be the consequence if they are separated, and as it were, divorced for a number of years? In that interval, the nuptial union may be obliterated from the mind. Let us, if we can, prevent disorders in the provinces; but let us not forget the manners of the capital."

Drusus followed in the same strain. A few consented to the proposition of Cæcilius, but in consequence of the arguments of the opponents, it fell to the ground by an overwhelming defeat.

Woman and the Church.

It is frequently thrown out by Liberals, and with reason, that women are the chief supporters of the Church. It is said, and justly, that they are, generally speaking, the bitter denouncers of Free Thought and liberality of religious sentiment. Every now and then we hear of some woman who violently opposes the reading of the *Investigator* by her husband, because it is an "Infidel paper." A Christian woman not long ago, told me, with much bitterness, that said paper was "rank poison." In her opinion THE TRUTH SEEKER would be regarded no better.

But who is to blame for this sad state of things? Surely the subject is worthy of investigation. It is a palpable fact that woman has never been permitted to enjoy a very wide range of thought upon any subject whatever. For ages she has been driven in a certain groove, and taught that outside of that limited space for her were only disgrace and dishonor. She accepted man as her teacher, guide, controller and protector, and most shamefully and to his discredit has he abused the position he assumed. A "strong-minded woman" was the special abhorrence of man, and an object shunned by her own sex. Man demanded woman as a plaything for his leisure hours, a household drudge, a nurse for his children. The supply has been equal to the demand. Shut out from everything else but the house of her husband and the "house of God," it is any wonder that woman has lived, and so lives to-day, almost entirely in her affectional and devotional nature?

This was the boundary of her world, the extent of her latitude, according to her teachers, her minister and male relations. She was taught that she must be *silent*, and only those having a woman's tongue may know the full meaning of that word. Subjection has been the great lesson of her life, engrafted in her nature before she was born. Hence the great faculties of her being, that she possesses equally with man, have, from disuse, become dulled and morbid, and ceased to run into the broad channels of life and thought. She is not to blame. She is not to blame. She could not help it. She has been educated to believe that she has no part nor lot in the business affairs of the world; that the original woman was only a miserable bone abstracted from the anatomy of man, whose first business was to get her lord and master into trouble, in which his descendants have been wallowing ever since; and to try to remove the curse imposed, woman meekly accepted a subordinate position in the Church.

To remedy the effects of long years of false teaching, let woman have the benefit of the true. Give her a chance to unfold and develop the noble principles of her nature that are not dead, only dormant. Make her an independent citizen in reality; let her choose freely her own work in any department, and give her a chance to do the best she can. Permit her to think for herself. Make her free and equal before the law. Show her that she is *expected* to be familiar with the live issues of the day, and she will not disappoint your expectations. Let her understand that the fossil teachings of St. Paul, in regard to woman, are behind the age, and tinctured with a cynical old-bachelordom foreign to our time and institutions. Let her have an interest in the body politic, as well as the body religious, and see how quickly she will outgrow the falsities of the past. Man has made the mischief in bending woman to himself and the Church, let him be quick to undo it.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

Full River, Mass., Feb., 1875.

second volume we have issued, and they received, we hope they will not complain if we feel impelled to publish their names.

The notices we have sent out in some instances have inadvertently been directed to subscribers who have already renewed for the second volume. We beg pardon of such. We do not wish to dun those who have already paid. We are content to collect once, and don't mean to ask any one to pay the second time.

Hoping the great bulk of our delinquent readers will decide to continue on with us, and promptly send in the sum of \$1.75 for the year, we will for the present subside.

Renewed Offers.

We are anxious to extend the circulation of THE TRUTH SEEKER so far as possible, and are disposed to give all the encouragement we can to the movement.

For \$1.75 we will send THE TRUTH SEEKER post-paid for one year, and a copy of "Blakeman's 200 Poetical Riddles."

For \$2 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, "Blakeman's 200 Poetical Riddles," and either of the following works: "Lamb's Essays of Elia," Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," "Sentimental Journal," "Colleen Bawn," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Arabian Nights," "Burns' Poems," "Moore's Poems," "Milton's Poems," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Bell-ringer of Notre Dame," "Scottish Chiefs," or either of Marryat's Novels.

For \$2.25 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, "Blakeman's Riddles," and Byron's complete works.

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For \$5.50 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, and one of "Calkin's Champion Washing Machines," which the Company invariably sell at \$7.50. They are decidedly one of the best washing machines in use. Over 60,000 have been sold within two years—more than have been sold of any other washer in the same time. For representation and description see 14th page. The papers and premiums sent to one or more parties as desired. The papers and books always sent post-paid by mail; the washer and spoons by express.

Here, friends, are liberal offers. Those who accept them will obtain more than their money's worth in every instance. We hope every friend of the cause will take interest enough in THE TRUTH SEEKER to send us a few names, at least, upon some of the above propositions.

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We will still send THE TRUTH SEEKER three months to trial subscribers for 25 cents.

For 35 cents the Paper three months, and a copy of "Blakeman's 200 Poetical Riddles."

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All postage prepaid.

Here is a fine opportunity to obtain standard works at half price, and THE TRUTH SEEKER three months included. The names of many trial subscribers have been received, and we are anxious for thousands more. Friends of THE TRUTH SEEKER, please make a little effort to send us all the trial subscribers you can. The outlay is very small, and the good result-

ing from it may be considerable. Let us hear from you.

True, "the times are hard;" we are in a position to realize it. While all are struggling to get through "the pinch," let THE TRUTH SEEKER not be forgotten.

Owing to an accident which occurred to the engine or machinery where THE TRUTH SEEKER is printed, this number is a few days late. We hope a similar accident will not again occur, and that we hereafter may be promptly on time.

CORRESPONDENTS will please bear with us patiently. Several articles we would gladly find room for if possible, we are compelled to defer. Writers for THE TRUTH SEEKER will please aim to be brief. Short articles suit everybody best, and are the ones first read.

THOSE who in connection with THE TRUTH SEEKER have subscribed for *The Ladies' Own* and *The Herald of Health*, and fail to receive them regularly, are requested to address their letters concerning them to the publishers themselves. This course will save us some labor, and insure more prompt attention.

THE CROSS AND THE STEEPLE, a little pamphlet of sixteen pages, by Hudson Tuttle, and published by Bateson & Tuttle, Toledo, O., has been sent us. It gives the origin of the Cross and the Steeple as symbols derived from the ancient sex-worship. It is a curious little work, and very cheap at ten cents.

We would again recommend to our patrons, *Koch's Patent Binder* for THE TRUTH SEEKER. It holds the papers as securely as a bound book, keeps them from being lost or soiled, and the numbers are easily inserted. It is the best thing out for the purpose. The words, THE TRUTH SEEKER, are in gold on the front cover, and it looks as well as a neatly bound volume. Sent post-paid by mail for \$1.10. Address this office.

We would again call the attention of our readers to the Spring Price List of goods to be found in another column, of our enterprising and Liberal friends, G. L. Henderson and associates. Also to his spicy and instructive letter from the West, where he is now sojourning on business connected with his Banking and Purchasing Agency. Our friend while conducting a large and flourishing business, does not forget the claims of humanity nor the cause of progress and free thought. We can cheerfully recommend to our readers both his services and his ideas, believing they will be of benefit to all who use the one, or accept the other.

GARDEN SEEDS. The winter is now nearly spent, and soon the warm, cheering days of Spring will be upon us, when sowing and planting will be the business to be attended to. It is time that every farmer and gardener had supplied himself with such seeds as he will need. Two reliable seed firms are advertising in our columns, and being somewhat acquainted with them and the business they are transacting, we take pleasure in recommending them.

D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Mich., probably do the most extensive seed business in the United States, and their seeds are well known to hundreds of thousands of America's husbandmen. Their extensive seed farms in the immediate vicinity of Detroit comprise several hundred acres, where seeds of vegetables and flowering plants are produced in immense quantities, and of the best possible quality. They issue a magnificent illustrated catalogue of 218 pages, gotten up in the very best style, representing all varieties of vegetables, and the principal kinds of flowers. These are mailed free to all applicants. Send to them for a catalogue. If you send to them also for seeds you will not regret it.

R. H. Shumway, Rockford, Ill., is also an extensive grower of seeds, giving his personal attention to it. When we were in the seed business we bought and planted many seeds of his growing, and found them reliable and satisfactory in every instance. His prices are also very reasonable. He furnishes a catalogue free. He is a good Liberal besides being a good seedsman. Send to him for catalogue and seeds.

Letter from the West.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 21st, 1875.

MR. EDITOR: By missing the train, I lie over here to-day, and have the pleasure of meeting with the German Freethinkers, or rather the Positive-thinkers of this city, who have an organization incorporated under the name of Bundperer Gemeinden of North America, of which J. E. Louis is President; A. Keye, Vice-President; E. Solomon, Secretary; Otto Kaiross, Book-keeper; and Wm. Hoeckler, Treasurer. They have a fine hall, 50x100x26, which cost \$18,000. They employ Freitz Schuettez as lecturer, who, this forenoon, addressed an intelligent and thoughtful audience, on Physiology, which he handled with skill and some humor, and at the close was highly applauded.

J. E. Louis received me as a friend and brother, and is an earnest and positive thinker, and has cut loose from superstition in every form, but has not for that reason cut loose from the world and its great interests. He is desirous of seeing the German and English-speaking people of this continent more firmly united together, in order to resist the encroachment of Evangelical sectarianism, and also to increase their own happiness and extend the knowledge of science, which is the redeemer of the world from ignorance, poverty and crime.

Milwaukee is the centre of a social and scientific organization, of which there are several in Wisconsin, and quite a number scattered throughout the United States. The Provincial societies pay into the general fund \$1 for each paying member, and this is used for a lecture fund. The society in this city has over 300 members. The choir, consisting of fifty ladies and gentlemen, are led by Prof. Bach, one of the ablest musicians of the city. They have also a select committee of sixty ladies; who have general supervision over their special entertainments at parties, and also provide the money—for ladies are in every society, the best agents to find a way to the heart and the purse of the male members.

They have a debating society, where young men and women discuss every question which can interest a rational being. They have a fine scientific library and a museum, where the student of natural history will find specimens of nearly everything, from the shell-fish up to man. Back of the speaker's desk there is a fine bust of Humboldt, the greatest German scientist of this century. On the wall there is a fine picture of the Paine Memorial Hall of Boston. In the library they have a portrait of J. J. Loubenheimer, one of the founders of the society, who, though dead, now holds a subjective existence in the Temple, which, while living, he had helped to rear.

"This," said Mr. Louis, "is the knell of immortality only, which falls to him who serves well the human race." This is indeed a society of brave men, noble women, and broad thinkers. They are ready to accept cremation, or any cheap and inoffensive mode of disposing of the dead. But they are desirous of preserving the memory of the just, and will give them a place in the temple where the living meet for social purposes, both to commemorate the deserving dead and devise new methods of increasing the happiness of the living.

I hope soon to see a temple of science in New York city erected by the industrial and professional men, where the truth as it is in nature, will be taught to the million, and where the brotherhood of man will be enjoined, and where a great furnace will reduce the body to ashes, so that the organic remains of the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, will be consigned to a common democratic grave, but where the memories and features of the good, the wise and the noble, will be enshrined in grateful hearts, and preserved by the art of man.

There are now millions of rational thinkers in the United States. Their influence for good is felt even now, scattered and divided though they be. But let this force unite, and their power will be irresistible. Thrones, both temporal and spiritual, will, at their touch, crumble into dust. A crowned humanity, wise, beautiful and rich, will rise Phoenix-like out of the ashes. The laborer will occupy the palace; the paupers, known as kings, princes, popes, bishops and priests, will disappear. The cathedrals, churches and colleges will then be filled by a new order of men—men who will know about what they reason, and reason about what they know, men who will explore the earth where they live before they attempt to explore a world they have not yet discovered, men who will first serve man, whom they know, before they serve the gods, of whom they know nothing. They will furnish every human being with fresh objects and motives for love. The suicide will disappear, because life will then be worth preserving. Regicide will cease, for there will be no kings to kill. Prostitution will be impossible, for to be human will be to be noble, and to be a mother of what is noble will be the desire of woman. To be loved by such a woman will be the ambition of man. Therefore there will be no child without love, and no mother not a wife, and neither wife nor child without husband and father.

O! glorious future, come quickly! Men of science, work bravely! O humanity! rise proudly and demand the worship and service of all thy children!

Yours till death, for such a work,

G. L. HENDERSON.

MONDAY, Feb. 22d, 1875.

Last evening after I wrote you, I went to Plymouth church (not Beecher's, but J. L. Dudley's, and at least as good). I listened to an excellent lecture, the gist of which was, that humanity, like a volcano, was bubbling and throbbing and struggling upward to the light, not by the help of churches, and priests and kings, but in spite of them.

That Luther, Voltaire and Rousseau have not lived, and written and battled in vain. Their works live after them, in a vastly improved social condition for man. "Away with your salvation for the future. What man needs is to be saved *now*! Give him rather, a nobler aim in life, a higher culture, and all-controlling reason. The grandest palace is none too good for the humblest being that bears the human form. Improve the home, surround it with flowers, flood it with light, purify it and put the redeemed humanity therein, and let him occupy it as a god."

Such is a specimen of the gospel preached in Plymouth church of Milwaukee. I have hope for man when the priesthood are prepared to do such work. I was delighted with the whole discourse, and wish I could send it to you. I hope he will send you some of his sermons for publication in THE TRUTH SEEKER. He is ready to go hand in hand with us. I went home with him, and passed a very pleasant evening. Mrs. Dudley is a woman of extraordinary power of mind and goodness. She said not very much, but what she did say was pointed and effective. Such a pair might revolutionize a continent.

They, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley, offered a plea for the human Christ. Thus I asked: "How about his specific gravity? was he lighter than water? could he pass through oak doors and stone walls?" Mrs. D. quietly remarked: "That is what they said of him, and not he of himself." "Ah, true," said I, "but where is there anything he did say about himself? Who can separate the false from the true amid such a cloud of fable and parable?" Her answer was: "The authority is in the thing said, and does not depend upon whom or when it was said."

She was right, for when it is said, "The sun shines upon the good and the evil, and the rain falls upon the just and the unjust," it matters not whether Christ or Confucius uttered it, since it is demonstrably true.

Since I have met Mr. and Mrs. Dudley, I now think a good thing may "come out of Nazareth." Yours for the truth and THE TRUTH SEEKER. G. L. H.

Precedents.

MR. EDITOR: I have been waiting some time in hopes that some one would point the way for an easy and proper solution of the Tilton-Beecher scandal. Let it be taken out of the hands of sinners, and be treated as a parallel case was, by the "man after God's own heart." Beecher should get some member of Plymouth Church to kill Tilton, and then have God kill the boy Ralph, who is of doubtful paternity, and then Beecher can take Elizabeth and raise up another Solomon, who, with such parentage, would doubtless eclipse the glories of his father in as great a degree as did the ancient Solomon his, as recorded in the word of God. I fail to see the use of a word of God, if it is only to be preached about and not practiced.

The only other way that I can see to settle it, is for some Jesus of the present day to scratch in the sand with his finger, and then say, "go and sin no more." If he dare not adopt God's first way out of the difficulty, let him adopt the second way, *as it is in Jesus*. H. SEVERENCE.

Dunkirk, Feb. 18th, 1875.

God and Science.

BY T. B. TAYLOR, A.M., M.D.

I am utterly unable to understand what is meant by the use of such terms as "God," "the Great First Cause," "the Creator," "the Unknown and Unknowable," and such like terms, that I find in the writings of Theodore Parker, Herbert Spencer, Mr. Darwin, and men of like scientific and philosophical thought.

When I find such terms in the writings of Drs. Lightfoot, Clarke, Bickersteth, Newman Hall, Bishop Simpson and Henry Ward Beecher, I understand perfectly what they are "driving at." They mean to refer to that imaginary or real intelligence spoken of in the Old and New Testaments, called sometimes "God," "Lord God," "Jah," "Jehovah," "I Am," etc. But surely the scientists named above do not mean to refer to, and have us believe in, that character as the "Original Creator" of matter, as the author of a work called "The Genesis of Species," would have us to believe. They surely do not mean to say that an intelligence, in the form of a man, having "feet," as when he was seen standing on a brick pavement upon the top of Mount Sinai; "legs," "body," "heart," "bowels," "head," "eyes," "ears," "face," "hands," etc., for these terms are applied to that personage, who, in his *persona propria*, seemed to be tinkering around on the hill-sides of Judea, in the "wilderness," and other very small and limited sections of the country, the whole extent of which was not larger than the little State of Connecticut, or of this and Rhode Island combined, at the outside, working

"miracles" for the space of 1,500 years, or 1,800 at the greatest extent, and then all of a sudden quitting off, as it is claimed by theologians, as with the death of Christ and his apostles, "all miracles ceased."

I say our scientists can scarcely mean this character when they use the terms referred to above. Whom then do they mean? If you ask them if they believe in the "God of creation," such as is popularly addressed in public prayers, referred to by our Presidents, Governors, Mayors, etc., in their "proclamations," and claimed to be "the author and giver of every good and perfect gift," the Bible amongst them, they, the scientists aforesaid, simply smile an incredulous smile, or sneer at an idea so absurd and ridiculous. Yet they do all of them use the words I have quoted at the head of this article.

Some of them essay to tell us that he is a "force," or an "unknown property in matter, operating through molecular particles to form specific animals and plants." One man, claiming to be quite a scientific thinker, Mr. J. J. Murphy, "Habits and Intelligence," Vol. i., p. 348, says: "There is something in organic progress which mere 'natural selection' among spontaneous variations will not account for, and this something is that organic intelligence which guides the actions of the inorganic forces, which neither 'natural selection' nor any other unintelligent agency could form." So he, Mr. Murphy, would make out that the "force" spoken of by Spencer, is an "intelligent force," and this he calls God—so determined is he with others to have a God—even if it be one whose head they can pinch off with finger and thumb, as I will show you in a moment. This "intelligent force," however, Mr. Murphy considers—be it said to his shame, or the shame of his prejudice and superstition, as a defender of a position that has no show in science, but is only a "sop" handed out to orthodoxy—"this force, though intelligent, may be *unconscious*." The italics are mine. Loc. cit. p. 348-9.

Now, reader, the truth is, these scientific gentlemen have whittled the "Divine Being" down to so small a point, that he is utterly undiscoverable in nature, and absolutely annihilated as to "Providential dealings." As a being fit to worship, an entity to be feared, or loved, or honored, he does not amount to "the end of a burnt straw."

If the scientists and philosophers of the present age have discovered, by actual research and disquisition, that there *was* and is a world of *philosophy* in the answer of that little kinky-headed darkey Topsy, in her answer to Miss Ophelia ("Uncle Tom's Cabin"), *why do they not say so, frankly and candidly say so, and have done with it?* Miss Ophelia stamped her foot down upon the floor and screeched out to the little negress, "Topsy, who made you?"

The child answered very serenely, "Lo'd bless yo' so'l, Miss 'Phelia, I wan't made at all! I des growed!" Now I ask, if these gentlemen have found that the world, and all that is therein, have "des growed,"—and that is really what they say—why in the name of common sense and good English do they not tell us so, *and there stop?* Not state a given proposition, and go on to prove it, and then to conciliate the churches, "sugar-coat" it, and throw it as a "sop" to orthodoxy! I am sick of this contemptible catering. It may be admissible in a *Socialist*, but in a *Scientist* never.

I can't believe that anything is gained by avoiding the naked truth. "The truth shall make you free!" Now let us look at a few aspects of *truth*, as developed by science.

1. As to the existence of a Creator. Science leaves no room in the universe for such a being, that is, a personality outside of Nature. Even Mirvart, an advocate of Evolution, but a believer in God as a creator, says, p. 289, "The Genesis of Species": "Some persons seem to object to the term 'creation' being applied to evolution, because evolution is an exceedingly slow and gradual process." "The terms 'slow and gradual' are simply relative, and the evolution of a specific form in 10,000 years would be instantaneous to a being whose days were as hundreds of millions."

Did you ever see such a begging of the question? Everybody knows that the doctrine of "Creation," as taught by the gospel expounders, is like this; and I hold that the conception is grand and glorious, poetical and full of rhetoric; and the only trouble in the case is, *it is not true*. Viz.: He spoke, and it was done! He commanded, and it stood fast! He said: "Let there be light," and there was light! "Let there be a firmament," and immediately the blue curtains floated aloft in the sky! "Let the sea bring forth, and the dry land!" and immediately the great whale, the leviathan, the shark and the ten thousand forms of life, on land and sea, sprung into existence, and that since then no animal, or plant, great or small, has ever been created. "For in six days God created the heavens and the earth and rested on the seventh;" and they tell us he has never resumed operations. Why not "tell the truth and shame the devil?"

2. Science demonstrates that *nature is a slow and gradual process of growth*. This is a *fact* and a *truth*! Now then, what and where is the use of talking of a force or power outside of *nature*. Why we are told in reply: "That such exquisite skill and workmanship as are displayed in the mechanism of the human eye must show a wisdom and skill superior to man and nature!" Yet a modern German philoso-

pher has recently published to the world that if an optician should construct an optical instrument for him, with so many imperfections in it, as the human eye, he would send it back and refuse to pay for it. See Prof. Tyndall's Lecture on Light.

But admitting that there are many beautiful and useful things in nature, shall we plead these as evidence of a personal Creator? If so, as a candid man, I am bound to check-mate that idea with the fact that *Nature teems with monstrosities and nevis-materne*. I can fill volumes with these and not exhaust nature.

"The goodness of God" is urged from the fact that there is so much "more of good than evil in the world!" But that is a mistake and a mere assumption! "Where is there a closet without a skeleton?" "And every heart knows its own bitterness." And if God is still creating by and through the laws of evolution, as some of our Scientists seem to contend, why does he not stop the evil and create only the good? Let us have at least a new *Theodicy*.

Chicago.

Radical Fragments.

NO. I.

MR. EDITOR: The scraps here commended for your columns, are from the pen of one no longer young, but for half a century in the same field of enquiry, now occupied by THE TRUTH SEEKER. You will say he must have been a dull scholar indeed, if he has not arrived at some definite conclusion respecting some of the problems of human life.

For the last twenty-five years an earnest investigator of mediumistic phenomena, known under the name of Spiritualism, and yet leaving condition after death still an open question! And for twenty years a "revival" minister, under the auspices of ancient mediumism, and yet to this day the personality of the Deity is an open question, and still undecided. But here is a question that has been fully settled in my own mind for many years, settled beyond all doubt, and it is this:

I was not consulted as to the matter of my own birth, and there is no good reason why I should feel any more concern in respect to my future after death, than there was why I should have felt concerned about this present life, before I had been born into it. And now upon the threshold of an acquaintance with a large circle of truth seekers, whose faces I have never seen, it may be well for me to premise a few words of explanation:

What is the correct idea of religion?

Religion, from *ligo*, to bind, and *re*, again or anew, signified among the heathens, by whom this term was originated, a constant sense of obligation to the god. And Christians, having borrowed this word from the heathen, have misapplied it to signify faith in dogmatic theology and mystical phenomena; whereas, when used in its legitimate import, it signifies that innate sense of obligation that binds us to the fulfilment of the relations of life in human conduct.

Hence we find this sense of obligation in the first dawn of emotion and consciousness, which is manifested in the infant's mind as it hangs upon the mother's breast.

What is "saving faith?"

It is that mental act which creates for itself the "evidence" in regard to invisibilities (God or ghosts), upon which the mind implicitly relies. See Heb. xi: 1. This faith is a paramount power, and in certain temperaments it cures diseases, induces the "trance," converts the sinner, and "sees" what otherwise cannot be seen. It is the motive power of Christianity, modern Mediumism (Spiritualism) and Mesmerism, and without which these movements would—each of them—collapse like the empty balloon when its gas is spent.

TRUTH TELLER.

Quincy, Mass.

The Wordy Torrent.

"Men, from the wordy torrent fly"—can't say how it is with other folks.

Many years ago, I attended a meeting, as I did, sometimes, in those days. The preacher for nearly an hour, had been toiling to say something. I occupied a seat near the door, endeavoring to reconcile myself to the situation with, "what can't be cured must be endured."

An Irish lady approached me, and with a graceful bow, said: "Can you tell me, sir, who is that preacher?" I respectfully gave the name. "And sure it takes that gentleman to say nothing." With another bow that would do honor to a queen, the lady withdrew.

When I open a paper, I cast my eye over the titles, and read the short articles. Articles occupying over a column I pass by as wordy torrents, taking for granted that if a man has something to say—we know how it is with the ladies—we appreciate their brevity—if he has something to say, he can say it without using up all the dictionaries. If he has nothing to say, of course, what he lacks in substance he tries to make up in wind.

We are not disposed to take issue on a talker's or a writer's right to spin out of nothing, a yarn for his own edification. In this fast age, we respectfully decline to be audience. PRENTISS.

Elder Zebedee Harkins.

A Class-meeting.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: Dear Sir: The great revival meeting on the first ult., resulted in a large number of conversions, and yesterday a number of the new converts attended class-meeting, and gave their experiences. It was a solemn and interesting occasion, and I am quite sure that a brief report of what was said will be accepted by your readers as a substitute for one of the Elder's sermons. You and your readers will please remember that this is not a fashionable church, but one of the primitive type. The people here are not trammelled in their manners by forms of etiquette, nor by the rules of grammar in their speech: On the contrary, they act out their natures, and express their feelings with a rude sincerity that would shock a city Christian of the regulation type.

The Elder led the class personally, and after singing a song and offering a prayer, he said: "I hope the young converts will not be bashful or backward, but boldly stand up for Jesus and tell what he has done for their souls; for remember that if you are ashamed of Jesus now, he will be ashamed of you in the great day of his glory and power." The Elder had scarcely ceased to speak, when sister Nancy Bryant arose, and said: "Bless God, I've been married to Jesus, and I want to tell all the world how good I feel." A suppressed smile rambled over more than one saintly face at this announcement; for this good sister is a maiden of forty summers—or was until joined to this illustrious bridegroom. "Yes, glory be to God, I'm not going to be a foolish virgin any longer, but, by the help of the Lord, I'll keep my lamp trimmed and burnin', and be ready for my heavenly bridegroom whenever he comes. My young sisters, let us all keep our lamps a-burnin', and then we need not be ashamed nor afraid to see the bridegroom a comin', nor there won't be no danger of him a catchin' of us asleep if he should even come at the dark hour of midnight. I've fixed my affections on Jesus, and I feel in my very soul that I am accepted and I am on the road to glory."

The newly-made bride resumed her seat, and Elder Harkins commenced singing:

"Prone to wonder, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above."

As this appropriate stanza was concluded, our Teutonic friend, Hans Snyder, arose and gave his experience:

"Mine frines, you all knows dot old Hans vas shust so vicked as never vas. I drinks lager bier unt rein vine, unt somedimes viskey, unt I gets drunk, den I swears, unt my frow, Catrine, she gries, unt den I gets mad unt dells Catrine to go mit the tife, unt all dot. Bimeby somedimes one day, Catrine she comes home, singin' shust like von leetle angel, unt she say, 'Hans, I lofes you shust so goot as never vas,' den she butts her leetle arms around mine neck shust like she used to do ven I vent a sparkin'; to see her ven she vas Catrine Swartz, I dells you, mine frines, dot vos burty goot, unt I said, Catrine, mine frow, I loves you shust a right smart goot deal, unt den Catrine, she say, 'Hans, vont you go mit me to hear de breachin' at de Zion meetin'-house to-night?' unt I gissed her, unt bromised to go mit her to de breachin', unt ven I got to de meetin'-house de breacher he vas a breachin' about de tyfel unt de hel lire, unt all dem dings, unt I got skeered so bad as never vas in mine porn days afore, unt ven I vent home mit Catrine, she dalks to to me unt dells me dot if I not got converted, de tyfel vill get me shure, unt he vill pitch me into dot hell. Vell den I vas so skeered dot I never sleep von vink dot night, unt de next day Catrine unt me vent back to hear sum more about dot hell unt dot old tyfel, unt ven dey sing de song about de poor sinner a gowin' to Jesus, I vent up unt I got down on mine knees, unt I brayed unt I brayed, unt I feel so bad as never vas. Bimeby, somedime all at vonce I dink somebody just bour more as two gallons of varm milk all over me, unt I felt so goot dot I shust jump up unt slap mine hands togedder, unt say glory, unt den de breacher he say, 'you all right now, you got religion,' unt mine frines, I ain't afraid of de tyfel eny more, unt I don't drink no more lager so long as vot I lives, unt Catrine she is so glad as never vas, and vc all go to de himmels togedder; dot's so!"

Amen! Thank the Lord! responded the Elder. Brother Snyder, you have witnessed a good confession. May the Lord bless you, and keep you in the hollow of his hand.

"Oh to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let thy goodness like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to thee."

It is the invariable custom to sing one verse of some emotional hymn or chorus of an inspiring song between the speeches of the saints—who are alone permitted to speak in class-meeting.

As the above musical interlude closed, Miss Sally

Bowers—the young lady who fell into a trance during the time of the late revival—arose and in a timid manner and modest voice began the relation of her experience:

"Aunt Sally Barnes says as how I ort to speak in this meetin', and tell what great thngs the Lord has done for my soul."

"That's right, bless God; go on, my young sister."

Thus encouraged by the Elder, the young lady proceeded to relate the following remarkable experience:

"I've bin awful wicked all my life. Ever since I was big enough, I've loved to dance and go to parties. I knowed it was wrong, 'cause mammy told me so, but I just couldn't help dancin' and goin' to parties. But one night, about three weeks ago, me and Andy Simpson was a goin' to a dance over to Squire Young's, and we had to go rite past the meetin'-house, and the big meetin' was a goin' on, and just as we got fernenst the door, I heard somebody say, 'Sally Bowers, turn from your wicked ways to-night or you will never have another chance.' I said, Andy, did you hear that? and he said 'what?' and then I told him what I heard, and I told him I was a goin' to meetin', and he said 'all right; I expect we can have as much fun there as anywhere.' So we both went in, and when the time come for mourners to go up and be prayed for, I wish I may never breathe again if that same voice didn't tell me to go to the mourner's bench."

"Well, I went because I couldn't help it, and I knelt down and began to pray, when something said 'I want to dance with you,' and before I knowed what I was a doin' I was a dancin' as hard as I could. I didn't want to do it, but I couldn't help it, and when I tried to quit, I fell down and didn't know ennything, only I thought I was in heaven, and they had a big dance going on, and somebody asked me to jine in, but I said I'm goin' to quit dancin' and jine meetin', and then the angel said, 'it's no harm to dance, we dance as much as we please here,' and after a little persuasion, I jined in and danced like sixty, and then they all went to dinner in a great, big room, and of all the good things I ever hearn tell on, that beat all, and I was as happy as a lark, and everybody else was happy, and wanted to stop there allers; but they told me I wan't ready to come yet, and all of a sudden I waked up a shoutin', and that's all I can tell about it, but I know I've got religion, for I'm chuck full of glory."

During the recital of Miss Sally's remarkable experience, profound silence prevailed, but a close observer could detect looks of incredulity and disapprobation on the faces of the older brethren and sisters. The Elder looked puzzled, but as Sally resumed her seat, he arose and said:

"The sister who spoke last has had a wonderful experience; and some things about it is hard to understand, but I believe she is soundly converted. We should all remember that God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. You all know I'm down on dancing, that is, such sinful dancing as the young folks of this wicked generation engage in; but it is written that David danced before the Lord, and he was a man after God's own heart; and there may be dancing in heaven for all we know to the contrary; but if there is, it's a holy dance, and the music is sacred music."

The Elder's argument produced quite a change in the minds of the merely doubtful, but after class was over one man there and an old lady were heard to say, I don't keer what Elder Harkins says, I never will believe there's dancin' in heaven; and as for that story, Sal Bowers allers could tell whoppers when she got started, and it's my opinion she just made up the most of this yarn about going to heaven and seein' em a dancin' just to justify herself in her wickedness. The idea of folks a dancin' and havin' a good time in heaven, why it's perfectly ridiculous. Why, they do nothin' but hold prayer-meetings and love feasts there, and if enybody was to offer to git up a dance, the angel Gabriel would put him out o' doors so quick it would make his head swim. Don't tell me!

The greatest triumph of grace over depravity that ever occurred in this neighborhood, is conceded to be found in the conversion of old Dick Hatfield, who got hauled in during the late revival. Dick is a queer fish. Few men have stronger points of character, but he seemed to run to depravity naturally. He could lie with Longbow or Sinbad, utter more oaths to the minute than Captain Kid, drink whiskey with an Irish squire, and beer with a Dutch Alderman; and drunk or sober, he was as pugnacious as a bull fiste. For years he was the terror of the itinerant preachers, some three or four of whom he waylaid and whipped most soundly.

He was the terror of the camp-meeting managers, for he never failed to come down upon the meeting at exactly the wrong time, bringing the spirit of Belzebub to supplant the holy influences that had been invoked.

On one occasion he captured a hornet's nest, and carefully closing the opening, he hid it in the straw that lay scattered about between the benches reserved for the mourners. The result can be imagined. The Elder had preached one of his most terrible and exciting sermons, and the alarmed sinners crowded the altar by scores. Of course the hornet's nest was smashed, and the unsanctified but patriotic insects

avenged the destruction of their house in their peculiarly vigorous manner. A panic ensued, and worship suspended for that day.

When, therefore, old Dick Hatfield, popularly known as Old Sinner, went up to be prayed for, there was great rejoicing in the camp of Gideon's Band, and his conversion was regarded as a great triumph for the Lord.

Expectation was on the *qui vive* yesterday in the class-meeting, on the occasion of the ex-sinner's first attendance upon this means of grace. Won't brother Hatfield favor us with his experience? said the Elder.

Dick arose to his feet rather gingerly, and cast about him a glance of embarrassed suspicion, and thus began:

"This tawkin' in meetin's a leetle grain outer my line, but as how old Dick's broke with the Devil and jined meetin', I spose he ort to say sothin' just to show that he ain't afear'd or ashamed. You know it ain't my way to be afear'd of nothin'. I swow I don't scacely know what to say, but here goes fur a ventur'. The night I got religion I'd bin to town, and was just a little 'how cum ye so,' and was a comin' home a leetle arter dark, and jest as I struck Mud Creek bottom, who should I see but Old Split-foot hisself a standin' rite afore me. He was the homeliest critter I ever sot eyes on, and he looked as cross as a meat-ax. I begun to think Old Sinner's time had come shure enuff, and I got weak in the knees, especially when Old Roan snorted and reared up and nearly throwed me off, but I stuck to the saddle like a mud turtle to a nigger's toe, and the old mar' reared up a time or too, and then set to runnin' like all sin, and the fust thing I knowed I was rite furenst the meetin'-house, and I sed to myself, says I, Old Sinner, it's about the rite time for you to repent and get religion; so I went in, and jest as I got in they was a singin' and a callin' for mourners, and you bet I didn't waste no time. I tell you, I felt a mity site safer then than out in Mud Creek bottom, and I kept on a feelin' better till I thought I should bust with real glory, and I told Elder Slocum how I felt, and he said, 'you'se got religion, shure,' and by this time the old ooman got her eye on me, and she went fur me, and hugged me, and cried and shouted over me awhile, and then the meetin' broke up and we went home, and I told Sally I had turned over a new leaf, and she sed she thought it was about time I had, and she was awful glad ov it."

"I never believed the yarns about the Devil before; but I've seen him, and I don't fancy his looks; and he ain't a goin' to git his clinchers on me if I can help it; and as I haven't seen him since, I'm in hopes I've got the start on him, and if you'll all pray fur me, I think I'll git to heaven yet, as hard an old sinner as I've been."

Old Dick was listened to with close attention, and when he resumed his seat, the Elder said, "Let us pray." He then gave an exhortation, and dismissed the class.

Be True.

BY MRS. JACOB MARTIN.

Public good-will is a nice thing to have,
I neither despise nor defy it;
But I'd rather lose the respect of mankind
Than sell out my own to buy it.

And though I'm a "horrible infidel,"
(How they sneer who thus express it.)
And Suffragist and Spiritualist,
I'm one that's proud to confess it.

For with hated name does glorious truth
Perch high on fair reason's steeple;
Though scorned by progression's enemies,
The world's respectable (?) people.

Persons opposed to my ways and belief,
Can drop me without any trouble;
The event will not cause in the ocean of life,
I dare say, a ripple or bubble.

Should I lie to please a fastidious world,
And nature's sweet counsels smother,
My outraged conscience would be no friend,
And I might lose every other.

Were I vile, dishonest and wicked—peace
Would fly like a frightened swallow;
While I could not run so far nor so fast,
But my sins would also follow.

So it's to my interest to strive for the right,
While reason and honor guide me;
If in aught I fail, I'll be glad to know
There's no one to blame beside me.

While many may fawn for favor and show,
And cower to fashion and pelf;
I'll try to be true, and oh, above all,
I'll try to be true to myself!

Cairo, Ill.

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New-York Liberal Club.

FEBRUARY 5TH, 1875.

The lecture this evening was by JAMES PARTON, the honored President of the Liberal Club. The subject, "Who are the Vulgar?"

It was such a masterpiece of wit, wisdom, and literary gems as is but seldom listened to from the platform, and we regret we are not able to present our readers a more perfect report of it.

He stated that until the last century there had always been attached unto the mechanical and industrial callings a degree of reproach; and in evidence of this he quoted from Plato, Shakespeare, and other authors. The first had implied that for shoemakers, makers of pickles and other laborers there could not be much respect. The latter in his characters, that farmers and clowns were synonymous. The names even of his mechanics were suggestive of the low estimation in which they were held, thus, *Snug* the carpenter, *Bottom* the weaver, a starveling for a tailor, and others were mentioned. To such extent did Shakespeare carry his disrespect for laboring classes that the late Horace Greeley had justly pronounced him a *Tory*. Passing over the twenty centuries from Plato to our own time, we still perceived the same discrimination against labor. Even our own Washington had spoken of *gentlemen* in contradistinction to those who labored, and he had given orders on certain occasions that none "but gentlemen be in charge." In Europe the same sentiments prevail. A lady of wealth in England is shocked if she thinks her daughter in the boarding-school comes in contact with the daughter of her grocer.

Ignorance is the real vulgar, and ignorance is the past. While civilization is indebted to those who have leisure to study and think, and while perhaps it would not exist to-day but for these men of leisure, labor is becoming more and more to be respected, especially in this country. How often when we hear honest toil sneered at as degrading, we characterize it as "British vulgarity." The old idea of vulgarity is fast becoming obsolete.

In olden times it required the labor of hundreds to maintain a few families in ease and leisure. Social society was then in its infancy—it had not become of age. Various authors were quoted to show the meaning of vulgarity. In a book he found in a bookstore he had read, "nothing can be more vulgar than for a lady to present her guests with soup uncomfortably hot." By some the art of fencing was esteemed a high mark of gentility—as with Claude Melnotte in the "Lady of Lyons." Chesterfield had laid it down as an axiom that nothing was more vulgar than immoderate and loud laughter, and gave reasons why a gentleman should never be heard to laugh aloud.

In religion there was the reputable and the disreputable side. Charles II. said, "Presbyterianism was no religion for a gentleman." Walter Scott even gave as a reason why he changed his religion, that "Episcopalianism was more refined than the religion of the dissenters."

Ruskin held that the stain from the battle field was more respectable than the smurched from the forge or the kitchen. The lecturer dissented from this; he believed the honest toil of the farmer, the mechanic or the cook in the kitchen ranked far above the occupation of the soldier, whose trade is to kill his fellows.

A century ago the queue was thought to be a great mark of respectability. It was thought, in the time when James Madison was selected for President, a great shame that "such men as Daggett of Connecticut, or Stockton of New Jersey—either of whom had queues as big as your arm—should be set aside for such a man as Jimmy Madison, who had a small queue not half as large as your wrist." Mrs. Somerville relates when she remonstrated with her father against wearing a queue, he said emphatically: "If his queue must be cut off, his head should go with it."

In alluding to the aristocratic feelings of the Virginians of former times, he mentioned John Randolph, who had no sympathy for a laboring man, and who had a special hatred for sheep. He said he would any time go out of his way to kick a sheep. He hated a sheep because its wool was made into cloth and the manufacture gave employment to the laboring man.

Among the Indians it was considered respectable for a young warrior to have a good string of scalps on their belts, and if he has the scalps of young ladies thus to exhibit, it raises him in the eyes of his people far above the vulgar.

He said all trades are partial to their own. With a shoemaker there was nothing like leather. The tailor believed in cloth, the book-worm like himself, thought more of books than anything else, though he had noticed many who read the most really knew the least.

With some, respectability was gauged by the quantity and value of the jewelry worn. Some men assert they can tell a lady at once by the jewelry she wears, and can in a few moments take an inventory of the value of her outfit. If it only amounts to a few dollars, she is not accounted a lady.

Speaking of the devotion to fashion which exists in our country, he said within one or two weeks after a new fashion in bonnets or dress appeared in Har-

per's Bazaar it would be worn in the prairie towns of the far West. Money has a great deal to do in making up respectability, and it seems to matter but little in the general estimation how the money is obtained. Tweed, who stole \$5,000,000 from the people and gave back \$50,000 to the poor of his ward, was counted generous. Peabody spent fifty years of toil, twisting, screwing and making every possible exertion, in old age to go over the world to scatter it again. The better way is not to aim to accumulate such vast sums, but to make the best use while we live of such means as we have in our reach.

Some hold it very respectable to have late dinners. In Kansas he met an Englishman engaged in stock raising, and he gloried in dining at half-past seven at night the same as he used to in his father's house in London. Dining at that hour in a swallow-tailed coat was his idea of gentility. In Colorado he once witnessed a State dinner, when one man stopped short and looked with surprise at one near him, and exclaimed, "By golly this is more than I can stand, he is eating his pie with a fork!"

He alluded to the time when he was young and lived in White Plains in the adjoining county of Westchester, when the idea of vice and virtue was held to be represented by the sheep and the goats. The grim deacons, who made wry faces when they sang, and prayed for the rocks to fall upon the wicked—these were the sheep. The goats were the young lawyers and such as cared not for the outward forms of piety, who bowed to the ladies and knew how to dance. He remembered these used to help the boys out with their lessons in Virgil.

He alluded to an instance of spending two days last winter in Springfield, Ill., where the monument commemorative of Lincoln stands. On Saturday he walked around among the bookstores and saw the counters well supplied with the works of Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer and Mill, and one of the clerks informed him they sold more of that class of books than any other. He thought it argued favorably for the increasing intelligence of the people. On the next day he attended Sunday-school, and listened to the minister addressing the scholars upon the Deluge. He had a representation of the ark, Mt. Arrarat and God himself holding conversation with Noah, and God appeared much as Edwin Forrest used to look in *King Lear*. This clergyman was impressing it upon these children that the flood, the animals in the ark, and the ark landing high and dry upon Arrarat, were all important facts which they must believe, and when in a little time after they read in the works of the geologist Lyell, that there never was such a deluge at all, they could make up their minds whether to believe the great man in London, or the small man in Springfield. He thought very little of the lies taught in Sunday-schools, and deemed it not best that children should be taught old legends and superstitions, but rather science, truth and the moral principles of honesty, and virtue, and right.

In America no ordeal is more severe than letting people do just as they please. The genius of this country means that no honest and decent person shall be looked down upon because he is poor and does common work, or has no pedigree of his grandfather; that every person shall have a fair share of the good things of the land. It means that every honest man is a gentleman, and every honest woman a lady.

He made some humorous remarks about the pride of ancestry. Many Southern families claim to be descendants of the younger son or scion of some distinguished English family. In New England almost every person believes his direct ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*. In Pennsylvania they point proudly to Wm. Penn, in New York to their Dutch ancestors, now represented by "shoddy and codfish aristocracy."

Allusion was made to the Guelph family of England—an old one which had never produced a great man or a distinguished character. He complimented Joseph Arch in what he had done for the laboring classes of England, though himself a laborer and the son and grandson of a laborer.

Passing attention was made to Commodore Vanderbilt, and of the much he has accomplished, but that now in his old age he took more pride in recounting his life when captain of a schooner than of what he had done since he became a Railroad King.

Humorous remarks were made about fashionable dinners—four hours at the table, and seven kinds of wine in colored glasses—and the dinners given by various clubs and associations, in which many fine hits were made.

We will not do further injustice to this excellent lecture by trying to report it. Suffice it to say, the large audience were greatly pleased and amused with it, and but little idea of it can be obtained from this meagre outline.

MR. DAWSON followed, complimenting the lecture. He alluded to the writings of Shakespeare and Dickens, giving his preference and admiration for the latter, and called attention to several of Dickens' characters.

The following gentlemen made remarks: DR. LAMBERT, DR. HOEBER, D. T. GARDNER and DR. HALLOCK; also MRS. HALLOCK.

MR. PARTON made a few closing remarks, in the course of which he referred to some allusions that

had been made to the great Brooklyn trial. He said it was a great lesson from which we all could learn. Pontiffs must be dethroned, and the shams and absurdities of society and the Church must be seen as they are.

FEBRUARY 12TH, 1875.

The lecture for this evening was *The "Physiology of the Skin,"* by Dr. HEITZMAN, an able microscopist and learned student of science, recently from Vienna where he attained distinction for his discoveries and scientific productions, and who has established a Microscopic-Anatomical Institute in this city. The lecture was an able one, and well illustrated by drawings and charts of the doctor's own painting, but there is so much demand for our room we will be compelled to give a brief abstract only of the lecture.

The skin is composed of two principal tissues, the first called by anatomists the *Corium*, the other the *Epidermis*. The corium is provided with blood-vessels and lymphatic vessels; in the epidermis, on the contrary, these are wanting. The nerves terminate in the elevation of the corium, the so-called papilla, in the form of touch-corpuscles, while the lower filament enters the lower layer of the epidermis and terminates with button-like knobs.

The epidermis sends processes into the depth of the corium, which are denominated sweat-glands, tallow or sebaceous glands, and root-sheaths of the hair; we can distinguish an external and internal root-sheath. These different strata, or layers, form a tube-like covering, in which the hair proper is implanted. The hair itself may be considered as an epidermic formation in which the mucus and epidermic layers, instead of being extended flat on the surface, grow simply in their length in form of cylinders. We have, therefore, in the hair again two layers, namely, the external or cortical, and the internal, or medullary or marrow substance.

The hair shaft on its surface is covered with small scales, to which the Latin term *cuticula* has been applied. The principal mass of the hair consists of spindle-shaped, flat elements, containing in different colored individuals and homogeneous coloring substance. It is a matter of taste to decide which is the more pleasing to the eye, jet-black, the auburn, the flaxen, the sandy, the red or the white hair. It is said the color of the hair is peculiar to certain temperaments, so that dark-haired persons are held to be more lively, energetic and amorous, but less constant than those possessing paler tints. The color of the hair depends principally on the supply of their substance with granules of pigment and an evenly distributed coloring matter. It has been asserted bubbles of air within the marrow of the hair favor especially the gray color, but this is not fully established.

The development of hair begins at the end of the third month of fetal life. It first appears in the eyebrows and eye-lashes, next the hair of the scalp, and then the other parts of the body, and last of all the hair of puberty. The first formed hair is not permanent, but is frequently thrown off in childhood to make room for a stronger growth. The formation of new hair ceases when the papilla becomes sick and shrinks, when the wig replaces what the stubborn skin refuses longer to furnish.

Similar to the horny formations of the hair are the nails of the fingers and toes. The corium is well supplied with blood-vessels and nerves, while the upper and outer portions of the nail are without sensation and life. The horny formations—the epidermis, the hair and the nails require a tasteful culture. Water and soap remove the superfluous epidermic scales, and scissors and knife the unnecessary elongations of the hair and nails. We may appreciate how appropriately it has been remarked by the great chemist, Liebig, that the consumption of soap indicates in a great measure the degree of a nation's civilization. I will state, without fear of contradiction, that there is no nation known to me on this globe that equals the people of the United States in the consumption of that article.

I will next mention the moving apparatus of the skin—its muscles. In the face and on the neck exist muscles of the skin, partly subject to our will, these being far less developed in man than some mammalia. Besides these there are numerous muscular bundles composed of spindle-shaped elements, which produce a net-work, partly single muscle-strings and layers traversing the corium in oblique directions. These hairs themselves are obliquely implanted in the skin, and when the muscle contracts, then the hairs stand straight, and the corium is retracted. In this manner the so-called "goose skin" is produced, which, by some persons, can be brought on at will.

Let us consider the function of the skin as a protective covering of the body. It possesses a solidity and elasticity to a considerable degree. Dull bodies coming in contact with the skin with great force do not always produce lesions, even if the underlying muscles, vessels and nerves are torn, the bones broken, and the intestines are smashed, still the skin remains unimpaired. This properly presents itself to our observation when, for instance, a heavy weight falls on the body, or a spent cannon ball strikes the skin, or when a careless railway employee is caught between the puffers of two cars. Sometimes all the tissues beneath the skin are smashed into a soft, mel-

low pulp, and still the skin remains uninjured. The toughness of the skin makes it possible to use it in the form of leather, after having passed through the hardening process at the hands of the tanner. The heavy boots of a longshoreman, the delicate shoes of a lady, the covering of old books, the parchment on which we write and paint, the belts with which we unite the wheels of machinery, and the drum-skin on which the drummer beats the tattoo, are all from the skin of different animals. During the French Revolution, towards the end of the last century, when leather became scarce and dear, the skins of the people executed by the guillotine, were sometimes turned into leather. The skin of men furnished straps, while the skins of ladies, being generally of a more delicate character, were used for the manufacture of gloves.

It is again due to the elasticity of the skin that some persons accumulate large quantities of fat, and in others in certain physiological functions, or in the pathological derangements, caused by dropsy or large tumors. If a sudden diminution in the volume of these follows, the skin accommodates itself again, after a brief lapse of time it comes to its former normal condition.

The skin regulates the temperature of the whole body, preventing on the one hand the giving off the heat too quickly as a bad conductor, on the other hand spending the surplus heat produced in the body.

A cold skin is pale and contracted; as the temperature sinks, the skin becomes paler and paler until white and stiff in frost.

The skin has the property of absorbing gaseous and other substances held in solution. It is well known that the absorption of noxious gases, which are unfit for respiration, is sufficient to produce death by acting upon the skin alone. Sparrows being immersed in an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas, with their heads free from the agency applied, die within one or two hours, while rabbits being placed in an atmosphere of sulphureted hydrogen, their heads alone being kept above the same, die in ten minutes.

It is well known that persons whose occupation requires the handling of dead bodies, sometimes become poisoned though their skin being unbroken. An immeasurable and imponderable quantity of this poison transmitted from the dead body to the healthy skin, produces, under certain circumstances, the most alarming symptoms. Many talented and promising students have thus laid down their valuable lives as victims of science.

In the hot-air baths, by perspiration, the weight of the body is often reduced one or more pounds in a short time, but the weight is soon recovered from the atmosphere by the absorbing power of the skin, and without the aid of drink, as proved by absolute experiments.

The skin is an organ of perspiration, its office being the elimination of certain volatile substances from the blood. In order to study this property of the skin, repeated experiments have been made in such a way that the skins of various animals were covered with an impermeable coat of gum Arabic, of lead varnish, or oil paint. The duration of life of animals after thus completely closing up their skins, depends upon the size of their bodies. Having thus covered, for instance, one-eighth to one-sixth of the surface of their skins, rabbits die very rapidly. If a less covering is made, death follows somewhat later. The phenomena are great restlessness, trembling, difficult breathing, convulsions, etc. The post-mortem examination of animals so treated, show that the brain, the liver, the spleen, the kidneys are over-filled with blood, with inflammation affecting various organs. Animals deprived of their skin, survive longer than those covered with varnish. A child who, to represent the "Golden Age" in the celebration of the election of Pope Leo Tenth, was covered with gilding, died a short time afterward from the effects. By experiments made with animals, it has been found a rabbit, by covering with varnish and applying thermoelectric needles, the temperature was found to lessen from 100° to 89°, in the next half-hour to 96°, and in a third half-hour only at 30°, while the surrounding atmosphere was 63°.

The fat, which we accumulate beneath our skins, not only furnishes us with protection, but is also an excellent respiratory medium. This is proved by the experiments made on animals during their Winter sleep.

What an immense influence on the function of respiration our fat cushion underneath the skin possesses, is evident from the fact fat people generally need far less nourishment and non-nitrogenized, therefore less fuel or respiratory materials than lean persons. If, in consequence of, or during disease, the nourishment is not assimilated or cannot be properly introduced into the body, and the supply of nourishing material is cut off, in the first place we observe the disappearance of the fat. If, however, the supply of nourishment is suddenly withheld, death follows before all the fat of the body has been consumed. This fact is sadly illustrated by the case of a girl in England, named Sarah Jacobs. She ate nothing for some time, and notwithstanding she remained very fat. It being suspected the statement was not a true one, the child was carefully watched, and it was found she partook of no food whatever. After eight days she was a corpse. Upon post-mortem examination, layers of fat from

half an inch to an inch were found in the chest and upper portion of the abdomen.

The functions of the different tissues of the skin will be more fully discussed in a future lecture.

A discussion, bearing upon the subject, was participated in by Dr. Atkinson, Dr. Cooke, Dr. Hoerber and two or three other medical men.

Then Who's to Blame?

If God foreknew all things at first,

And likewise planned the same;

If man strict follows out that plan,

Then who's to blame?

If moral agents men are made,

It still connects the chain;

For reason guides—God gave the aid,

Then who's to blame?

If God decreed an endless hell

To sear the human frame;

If man is sear'd, then, reader, tell

Me, who's to blame?

If Election be the plan of God

A part to save from shame;

And part must feel his scourging rod,

Then who's to blame?

If I arrive in realms above,

And you in sin remain;

'Tis God's decree, the will of love,

Then who's to blame?

If nature all was formed in sin,

Did I my nature frame?

Or can I change what God has made?

Then who's to blame?

God formed our limbs and gave us breath,

Our thoughts he formed the same;

And now if man should meet with death,

Then who's to blame?

If life eternal rests on works,

To praise the Almighty's name;

If man is weak and cannot work,

Then who's to blame?

If Satan gets full half of man,

To you and me lays claim,—

Not me, 'twas God who formed the plan,

Then who's to blame?

W. K. TREMBLY.

A Chapter of Queries for the "Cloth."

MY ORTHODOX BROTHER:—Is it a fact that man is endowed with Reason? If so who gave it to him? God? Let it stand as granted. Then, has God given an arbitrary book revelation that contradicts it? If so, does it not involve the absurdity that God has contradicted himself? Are you as sure that God is the author of a book revelation which man *might* make, as you are that he is the author of Reason which you are certain none but God *could* make? If you find ten thousand statements in the book revelation which men *might* make, contradicting every principle of Reason which *none* but God *can* make, which is the safest to follow? Is the doctrine of "Atonement" or forgiveness of sins, a sentiment of Justice and Right? Is it not the evangelical doctrine, that a man guilty of heinous crimes against God and man, can be forgiven, and be as good, pure and happy in heaven as though he had never been guilty of evil deeds?

Can a god, that will permit a violator of his law to escape due punishment, be a god of Justice?

Can a god, that does not, or will not, reward a man for every good deed, be a god of Justice and Right?

Can a god, that will punish the innocent, or allow the innocent to suffer for the guilty, be a righteous god?

What is the effect of the doctrine of Atonement or "forgiveness of sins" upon evil-doers? Is it good, or does it offer a premium on vice?

In view of the many delinquents in morals among the "faithful," is it not a clear case, that to teach them to believe they can escape a just punishment due to their sins, is the surest doctrine of all others to encourage them *in them*? Suppose there was no positive, fixed law, regulating the movement of our earth and the innumerable worlds of infinitude—what do you suppose would be the condition of things? Do you suppose there would be any certainty in calculating the ebb and flow of tides, or reckoning about day and night, the revolution of planetary worlds and systems of worlds, eclipses, seed time and harvest? What would be the natural consequence, if things were left without law, and governed only by capricious dictation and special legislation? Would not the result be just the state of things we find in the religious (?) world—"confusion worse confounded," contradiction and anarchy?

A child in comprehension ought to be able to see that without a fixed, unvarying order or law, to rule supreme with *all* existences, in every department of being, confusion, disorder and despair would be the legitimate result.

Now, if a universal system of "order" is so essen-

tial in the physical domain, is it not equally so in morals and religion?

Does the "Universal Soul" turn "sharp corners" to deceive, and then punish his children because they are deceived? Where are the consistency and goodness of an arbitrary book-religion when none of them are commensurate with the penalty affixed to unbelief:—*Eternally damned forever lost*? Is the Christian book-revelation any more consistent, when measured by eternal principles, than the Shasters, Vedas or Al Koran? Is it not too *human* to say God writes books?

Would it not be less "human" and more consistent to say God makes worlds, and systems of worlds, and governs all by universal, unchanging law, that measures out exact justice for every act of obedience to, and for every infraction of it? Do you believe the plan to dispose of sins as laid down in the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus was given to Moses by God? You do! You believe then, that by heaping your sins on the back of an old he-goat, and *killing* him, you thereby clear yourself of the effects of violated law, eh!

What a god is this, you have set up, who takes no notice of violators of his law, or, if he does, is pleased to accept an "offering" of dumb animals, and permits you to palm your sins upon the head of a goat (as under Judaism) or, as you are *now* trying to do, upon Jesus? Don't you think you will be just a little surprised when you wake up some day before long to find that the effect of every violation of universal law, has unmistakably stamped itself upon every department of your being, whether of body, intellect, mind or soul? Do you think it was a sensible manœuvre for Moses, four thousand years ago, to tell the ignorant and fearful, they could "pile" their sins (like ponderous articles) on the head of a goat? Do you think priests to-day are any *more* sensible to instill into the minds of the ignorant, credulous, and immature youth, the heathenized dogma, that they can "pile" their sin on Jesus? Is it an act of justice that the innocent Jesus should bear the great penalty due your sins? Is it in accordance with your reason for you to palm your guilt upon him, even if you could? Is it reasonable to believe that a just god would accept an innocent person for punishment, instead of the guilty one, and let the latter go free? What is your honest opinion of the character of a god who would do it? Is it not your candid opinion that such a god is to be *watched* instead of worshipped? Do you know of any human government that has so far deviated from the path of justice, reason and common sense, as to save by proxy and hang by proxy? Where is the civil government on earth that would allow its president or rulers to establish a system such as the Christian (?) plan of "Atonement"? How do you think an honest man would look and feel, to be caught creeping into a heaven made up of honest men, on another person's ticket? Don't you honestly think that all but Christians would feel and look as though they were caught at last—at *mighty* little tricks?

Do you not imagine that sometime when you arrive in spirit-land, where all are clear-sighted and all things transparent, your *borrowed* "cloak of righteousness" will be stripped from your guilty back, and you be left in all your hideous nakedness?

Would it not be acting more the part of a man, to go where you justly belong, be that where it may, instead of "squeezing" into good (?) company with nothing but borrowed merit? And finally, Which *view* do you think an enlightened reason takes of your "Christian-Scape-Goat-plan" of saving souls; namely: Is it Heathenized Christianity, or Christianity Heathenized? *which*?

Winterset, Iowa, Jan., 1875,

Volume I.

WE will furnish the First Volume entire, of THE TRUTH SEEKER bound in paper covers, postage paid, for \$1.00.

The same minus one number	75 cts.
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Single copies, of back numbers of Volume I, such as we have on hand, 3 cents each. Those who wish THE TRUTH SEEKER from the beginning and to have it convenient for reference and perusal will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity.

Liberal Lectures.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., Feb. 10th, 1875.

MR. EDITOR: We have just been highly entertained by thirteen lectures delivered by Dr. L. York, from San Jose, Cal. Dr. York is a full team in the Liberal field. His lectures were attended by large audiences, and highly commended. He goes from here to San Diego. Thus we see the Liberal element extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Canadas to the Floridas. Yours for universal mental freedom,

P. R. WRIGHT.

Friendly Correspondence.

R. THOMAS, Winterset, Iowa, writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER makes the church-members here feel very uneasy; but few will hold conversations on the scriptures or religion. They say they will not argue on the Bible. They know we can beat them with their own text-book.

SENECA BEHYMER, New Palestine, Ohio, writes: I like your paper very much. We need many such documents in this neighborhood, where old superstition has reigned supreme from time immemorial. Carry on the good work until Reason, thrown on the world's brain, shall be king of kings and lord of lords."

WM. STACKHOUSE, East Cambridge, Ill., writes: I must congratulate you upon the merits of THE TRUTH SEEKER. It grows better all the while. Each number is an improvement upon its predecessor. Its typographical appearance cannot be beat. It is full of advanced ideas of the age that are destined to revolutionize the dogmas of old theology.

CLARK B. CHATTEN, Mullica Hill, N. J., writes: I am a constant reader of your falsehood-destroyer, and think it is increasing in knowledge and interest. Your readers can hardly fail to see how worthily you carry out your contracts, and those who are negligent about paying their just dues for work so honorably performed, ought not to adopt Mr. Snodde's religious views of not paying up.

DR. C. R. DWIGHT, Danville, Ill., writes: My brother, at Monmouth, Ill., writes me to order THE TRUTH SEEKER for him. He saw a copy or two of your paper but could not remember your address. He says he likes it the best of anything he has seen. All who are taking it here are delighted with it, as every one must be who has outgrown the method of taking sugar through a rag or playing horse with a broomstick.

WM. A. THOMPSON, Duquoin, Ill., in sending in a list of trial subscribers, writes: I hope soon to be able to send on more names. I will do all I can in this direction, believing that by so doing, I am not only assisting you, but conferring a great favor upon those who read your paper. I am aware Mrs. Grundy is looking awry at me for doing what I am, but I am getting used to persecution as I have lived long enough to be mobbed for opinion's sake, but this gives me no fear or uneasiness; I am perfectly willing to stand by the truth.

TOWNSEND WARE, Fairfield, O., writes: I esteem THE TRUTH SEEKER highly, and hope it may long be sustained to promulgate the principles of mental freedom and the cause of the religion of humanity and a common brotherhood among mankind. I believe it wrong to attribute the barbarous imputations the Bible contains; to that great power we call God. If it were half true we should indeed fear him greatly, more even than the devil, and love him but little. He is there represented as being cruel and bloodthirsty toward the children of his creation. I hope you may be encouraged in the efforts you are making to expose a false theology.

CHAS. L. ROBERTS, Yates City, Ill., who has sent in the names of near fifty subscribers, some for three months and some for a year, writes: I received your card stating there was some prospect of my obtaining the largest number of trial subscribers. I do not wish you to be at any expense for a present to myself, should I be the lucky person. I am satisfied if my feeble efforts will help to roll the ball of progress. I consider THE TRUTH SEEKER the best Liberal paper published in the United States and I am acquainted with a number of them. It is a perfect eye-opener, and meets the wants of those who are really seeking for truth. I am therefore willing to do all I can in extending its circulation.

M. M. PERKINS, Collins, O., writes: A friend of mine, living in Chicago, sent me last year a few numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, the tone of which suits me much, and I intend to become a life-long subscriber to it. Your comments on the Bible precisely agree with my views, and I have many times expressed the same opinions as I find you have in your Bible narrative. We have a goodly number of Liberals here, and I shall try and introduce your paper among them, so far as I can, believing it will do a great work, beating back foggyism, and letting light shine where Pagan fables have gone for more than their true value. It is time the old humbug was shown up in its true light and the good sifted from the bad.

FRANK M. TERRY, Liverpool, N. Y., writes: Through the kindness of my esteemed friend, Dr. Sterling, I am introduced to you through the medium of your valuable paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am happy to congratulate you upon your success in editing a paper that exactly fills the place so much needed in the minds of thinking, intelligent people. The age of miracles has passed, and what we now need is the instructions you are publishing to the world—common sense and facts, not fancies. I am much pleased with the candid manner in which you unravel the mysteries of the past, and your able course in overturning the falsities of life and the creeds of the past. As I read in music the character of its author, so can I read from your paper the character in the history of our children's children. Your principles will be recorded as the outbreak from fettered ignorance and superstition. I rejoice that I live in the day when we can talk by lightning and ride by steam, and that the rays of light and truth are spreading over the world. I sent one copy of your paper to my father, and he soon got up a club of eight subscribers and sent you.

JESSE MUNN, Anderson, Ind., writes: Through the exertions of Dr. Hockett—vanguard in thought and action in this place—THE TRUTH SEEKER has taken root here, and is enjoying a healthy growth. Another volume will find its way to 100 subscribers here. In accelerating the doom of church despotism and preparing the way for Free Inquiry in all that concerns the welfare of man, your paper is doing a big work, only requiring the sustaining influence of public opinion to make its effectiveness the more certain. Though many regard Christianity in a state of decrepitude, as it most certainly is, yet the Church is still a power in checking every onward improvement and must be effectually squelched before any great good can be attained. I am glad to see your shafts so well pointed in that direction. Your articles on the Bible are pungent, clear and withering in the extreme. Each number shows a clear insight of both the negative and affirmative sides of the great questions at issue. The reports of THE LIBERAL CLUB fill a very commendable space in the columns of your journal, and afford much information.

J.W. SCOTT, Morrill, Kansas, writes: Your paper makes some of the hard heads howl hereabouts. When I fail to obtain a subscriber I send them a paper now-and-then. My business is farming, so I speak my sentiments openly without fear of being injured in business. I know of several who dare not speak their honest sentiments for fear of losing trade. I send you five subscribers now and will send some more after a while.

[We presume our friend finds the sun shines just as warmly and the rain falls just as gently upon him as upon his Christian neighbors, and that he raises as good corn and wheat as they. We hope the time will come when merchants and mechanics will not fear to express their belief lest they lose Mrs. Grundy's patronage and approval.—Ed. T. S.]

M. K. TREMBLY, North Fairfield, O., writes: I regret I have not been able to send you some new subscribers, but I am living within gunshot of four orthodox churches, having four preachers to watch and pray for their bread and butter. There is not much chance to work upon their flocks. Again, my wife and her people, my father and his whole family, except myself, are "the Simon pure" of the "Elder Harkins" stripe; and since I have taken your paper I have been persecuted from every corner, by friends, priests and all. I am the only person in this community who dares to open his mouth and speak against the dogmas of the Church; and though I may be ignorant in scholarship, I trust I have some rational ideas, and with the aid of your paper I stump and confound priests with their boasted learning. They get mad and call me crazy. They would burn or kill me if they could. In scattering the seeds of truth against bigotry and superstition, I know I am doing no harm. I want to say, my brother, the reading of your paper has brought light to me and caused me to see myself as I never did before. I find I have not been living as I ought. I have not set the example before my fellow men I should. I have not practiced love and charity. I have resolved to change and live up to the best light I have.

UNCLE TOM, of Long street, Ohio, sends us the following *Mormon Sermon*, delivered at Indian Creek Bridge on Long Street, Ohio:

Brothers and Sisters: I have a very practical but searching discourse to bring before you this morning, and one which is of great personal importance to all. I therefore most earnestly desire you to pay the strictest attention to my words. My text is, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Perhaps some have not heard me, and I will repeat, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" For the benefit of that man who has just come in, I will repeat again for the last time, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Why, Why, Why? Why not if? Why not it? Why not off? Why not because? Why stand? Why not sit? Why not lie? Why not kneel? Why not she? Why not it? Why not that dog? Why not that woman, sitting in the corner? Why stand ye here? Why here? Why not there? Why not down under the bridge? Why not in your mill there? Here he pauses and says, "I don't know how you feel, brothers and sisters, but I do wish some one would open a window."

Why stand ye here all? Why all? Why not part? Why not a half-a-dozen? Why not one?

A young woman has just entered the bridge and for her especial benefit, I will repeat my text, in order that she may fully understand what we are discussing, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Why stand ye all the day? Why the day? Why not the night? Why not the morning? Why not the evening?

Lastly and finally, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Why idle? Why not at work? Why not sowing? Why not reaping? Why not spinning? Why not weaving? Why not washing? Why not ironing? Why not scrubbing? Why not digging? Why not hoeing? My brothers and sisters, I have exerted myself to a great extent, in order that you might leave the place of worship fully impressed with the sense of duty imposed upon you, and hoping that I have not wearied you, and I am very sure I have not, I bid you good morning.

I incline to think the story a fib.
Of Eve's being made from a stolen rib;
I'd sleep till they stole every rib from my side,
If I got in exchange a beautiful bride;
For I know of no swap that would bring greater bliss,
Than to trade away bones for some Eve's pure kiss.
Philadelphia, 1875. H. M. R.

Not long since a German was riding along Samson street, near Sacramento, when he heard a pistol shot behind heard the whizzing of a ball near him, and felt his hat shake. He turned and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and found a fresh bullet-hole in his hat. "Did you shoot at me?" asked the German. "Yes," replied the other party: "that's my horse: it was stolen from me recently." "You must be mistaken," said the German, "I have owned the horse for three years." Well," said the other, "when I come to look at him, I believe I am mistaken. Excuse me, sir, won't you take a drink?"

A SINGULAR clerical dispute is reported from Newcastle-on-Tyne, in England. The Rev. Mr. Veale, the rector, who had left his house and cure to Archdeacon Matthais, on Saturday, Jan. 16, entered with six men, took possession, and barricaded the house. At first the Archdeacon refused to leave, and was restricted to one room. He drew up his food in a basket with a rope through the window. The Mayor and leading men of the town met, but could decide on nothing. On Sunday the Archdeacon was hunted from room to room by the rector and his attendants. Having been assaulted by the bailiffs, he has taken out summons against them. Crowds gathered around the house, and constables were called in.

"TAKING IN WASHING."—The Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, pastor of the Lee Avenue Baptist Church, in Brooklyn, has in his church a "comfortable baptistry," and has been in the habit of baptizing all who came to him, whether they joined his church or not, but he has now declined to longer perform this very holy sacrament, so necessary for the salvation of the soul, unless for those who propose to join his church. He says the "Lee Avenue Church has not yet descended quite so low as to take in washing."

ANOTHER.—The Rev. John Deffendorf, of Summit, four miles west of Yates City, Ill., attempted to seduce his wife's maid, a girl 16 or 17 years of age. He was arrested and brought before the police magistrate of Yates City. By some technicality of the law he was discharged, when he at once left for Iowa. This same clerical scamp was six years ago brought before a justice of the peace and fined for a similar offense. He is fond of young chickens. The young girls of Charlton, Iowa, (whither he has gone) should beware of him.

SAMUEL R. THOMPSON, near Pleasant Valley, Iowa, has been insane through religious excitement by attending revival meetings, and has been sent to the insane asylum at Mt. Pleasant. We know not what is better calculated to drive a person crazy than a belief in the fundamental dogmas of Christianity—that God created a devil and a hell in which ninety-nine hundredths of the human family are doomed to suffer indescribable torments forever. An angry God with a malicious devil to act as deputy in inflicting punishment upon helpless sinners for endless ages is quite enough to make a weak-minded man hopelessly insane.

INFAMY.—J. W. Thorne, member of the North Carolina Legislature from Warren county, has been expelled from that body by a vote of 46 to 31 because he was honest enough to avow his disbelief in such a God as the Bible describes. It is to be regretted the resolution was offered by one of the newly enfranchised citizens of the African persuasion. The object at all events was impelled by a spirit of intolerance and bigotry. The time remaining for such exhibitions is short. It will not be many years before a man who doubts the existence of the Jewish Jehovah will be as much respected as he who disbelieves in Brahma, Vishnu, Fot or Jupiter.

THE supply of black walnut lumber is reported to be greatly diminished. A Cleveland, Ohio, paper says: "Kentucky has quite a stock of good walnut, and much that is very inferior on account of its grey color and tough, hard texture. Missouri also has some of a rather inferior quality. Western Ohio claims good walnut but that of Eastern Ohio and Western Virginia is poor in quality. The whole stock of the States is not equal to a full demand for ten years to come. Furniture manufacturers do not use it so lavishly as they did five years ago. Other woods are substituted when possible, and one thousand feet of walnut is made to go as far again as it did a few years ago."

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—At half-past eight o'clock on the evening of Feb. 24th, as some 1200 people, a large proportion of whom were women, were assembled in St. Andrew's church (Catholic) on Duane street in this city, listening to a Lenten sermon from Father Carroll, a high wind prevailed, and blew a part of the wall of an adjoining building upon the roof of the church, when brick, mortar, and timbers came suddenly crashing down upon the unsuspecting worshippers below, creating terrible consternation and terror. Some jumped from the gallery on the heads of those below, scores of men and women trampled upon their weaker neighbors, and hundreds screamed prayers and ejaculations of terror. Five persons were killed and some thirty wounded—some of them seriously. How will those who believe a kind, overruling Providence carefully watches over all, account for these sincere people being stricken down in this instantaneous manner, while engaged in devotion? The fact proves that in time of real danger, the church and the attitude of prayer are no safer than other places and positions.

ILLUSTRATIVE of the fanaticism often engendered by the Christian religion, we will mention the case of a beautiful young lady in Honsdale, Pennsylvania, who not long since, by frequent attendance at church, and brooding over the doctrines she had heard there, became the victim of the hallucination that she had committed "the unpardonable sin," which made her extremely despondent. Fearing she might do herself harm her father had a watch kept over her, but having occasion to leave town one day the person he left in charge of her was negligent in his duty, and she constructed an altar of combustible material near one corner of the house, and having set fire to it she threw herself upon it. She was burned to a crisp when found by her father on his return. Previous to immolating herself, she wrote a letter to her father:

"MY DEAR FATHER: My Immanuel appeared to me today. He revealed to me the fact that I have committed the unpardonable sin, which I can only obtain forgiveness for by passing through the cleansing of fire. I will intercede for you, my dear father. Bury my ashes on Immanuel's ground, at the north-east corner of the house."

Meet me on the Eternal Ground, Chrissy.
Of all the causes of insanity the world has ever known, none have been more prolific than the Christian religion.

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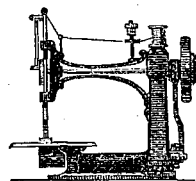
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Odds and Ends.

'Tis naught when woman humbugs man,
For that's the good old style;
But, oh, man's confidence in man
Makes countless thousands smile.

A CIRCUIT preacher in Missouri prayed, for rain one night at a farmer's house, and the farmer, who had a horse race arranged for the next day, was so mad that he turned the good man out of doors.

CONVERSATION at breakfast table: Smith—"Ain't John late in bringing the mail this morning?" Jones—"I guess there is something on the postal cards that he doesn't understand, and has to read them the second time."

A SOOTHING PROMISE.—"Be easy," said a rich invalid to his son-in-law, who was every hour perplexing him with complaints of his wife's misbehaviour. "Be easy, I say: as her behavior is so very blameable, I will alter my will and cut her off with a shilling." The old man heard no more of his daughter's failings.

AN absent-minded professor in going out of the gateway of his college ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam." Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the street; in sudden recollection of his former mishap he said, "So that's you again, you brute!"

It is reported that a man went home at about three o'clock on Wednesday morning, and using his umbrella for a billiard cue smote his sleeping wife in the short ribs, crying "Pool," and sunk into a sweet slumber. He has since explained to his wife that women can have no idea how the cares of business will sometimes affect a man's brain.

EPITAPH ON THE TOMBSTONE OF AN OHIO WOMAN.

Neuralgia worked on Mrs. Jones
'Till 'neath the sod it laid her.
She was a worthy Methodist,
And served as a crusader.
Her obsequies were held at two,
With plenty of good carriages.
Death is the common lot of all,
And comes as oft as marriages.

A VALENTINE.

I dearly lov the singin' bird
And little buzzin' bee,
But dearer far than all the world
Is thy sweet voice to me.
Oh, very deep is daddy's well,
And deeper is the sea,
But deeper in my buzzum is
The lov I bear for thee.
Then smile on me, dear Angeline,
And make my heart feel lite;
Chain the big dog and I will cum
A courtin' Sunday nite.

A HASTY man, with his arms full of his wife's baggage, thought he was left by the train last night, and running rapidly across a platform fell over a truck. He straddled one of the handles and rode it for a second, lunged forward and got his legs tangled up in the cross pieces, when the malicious thing reared up and slid forward just enough to throw the man off his balance and get him down; he blacked his eye, broke his spectacles against the handles, and ran over his foot with the wheels, and even after he got away from it and was seated in the car, he says the truck ran after him and kicked him in the ribs twice before the brakeman could get it away from him.

A MARRIAGE between a young couple recently took place in one of the southern tiers of counties in this state. The young lady was very precise and discreet, and would not allow her lover the felicity of hugging and kissing which young people indulge in so ardently and which is so much desired. She deemed it more proper such exercise should be deferred till after marriage. After this interesting ceremony took place, this city was taken in in their bridal tour, and they stopped at one of our up-town hotels. He engaged a room with two beds, and told her as he

should necessarily be absent on business she had better retire and not wait for him. She did retire but remained awake. The young husband came in at a late hour and immediately occupied the vacant bed. After a few minutes he breathed heavily and she became impatient and thus spoke to him:

"My dear, are you asleep?"
"No, love," was the response.
"Darling," said she, "you have not kissed me since our marriage."

A loud snore was the answer to this.
"You are as mean as you can be," said she.

"What is the matter, my love?" he enquired as he raised his head.

"You don't love me," she cried, real tears suffusing her eyes.

"Yes I do, my little duck," said he tenderly, "but you know we don't believe in affectionate demonstrations. That is why, you know, I never kissed you."

"But, now that we are married," said she, bursting out with a cry, "I'd—rather—have—some—demonstrations."

Like a good fellow, he got up and joined her, when, we have every reason to believe, "demonstrations" took place, which rendered her happy.

A PHILOSOPHIC DARKEY.—A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, writing from the Columbia river in the war times, gave the following humorous account of a colloquy with a philosophic darkey:

I noticed upon the hurricane deck to-day an elderly darkey with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged in a state of profound meditation. Finding upon enquiry that he belonged to the 9th Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavily losing regiments at Fort Donaldson battle, and part of which was aboard, I began to interrogate him upon the subject. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein that I will give his views in his own words, as near as my memory serves me:

"Were you in the fight?"
"Had a little taste of it, sah."
"Stood your ground, did you?"
"No, sah, I runs."
"Run at the first fire, did you?"
"Yes sah, and I would have run soonah, had I knowd it war coming."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sah—cookin's my profeshun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nothin to me by the side of life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sah."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sah, I does—more den all dis world—more dan a millions ob dollars, sah, for what would that be wuth to a man with the bref out of him? Self-preserbashun is the fust law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Because different men sets different values upon dar lives—mine is not in the market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me when de power of feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nufn, whatever, sah—I regard dem as among de vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes sah, dar would had been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scale 'ginst no goberment that eber existed, for no goberment could replace de loss to me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"Maybe not, sah—a dead white man ain't much to dese sogers, let alone a dead nigga—but I'd a-missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

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Vol. 2. No. 14. { D. M. BENNETT,
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Notes and Clippings.

HOLLAND now has 12,000 windmills in operation, at an estimated annual cost of \$4,000,000.

THERE are estimated to be about 55,000 babies born every year in Paris, of which number 20,000 are put out to nurse.

MRS. GERIT SMITH soon followed her distinguished husband to the grave. He died in December, and she a few days ago.

It has been colder in Sweden this winter than in any other civilized country. In Furudal the thermometer marked sixty degrees below zero.

A CLERGYMAN at Taunton, Mass., lately asked his parishioners to reduce his pay, as many members of his church had lately suffered a reduction in theirs. They cheerfully complied. This is decidedly out of the usual course of things.

THE church of the Rev. A. B. Burdick, at Westerly, R. I., do not accept his denial that he is innocent of the charge of nest-hiding, since that denial is not supported by any evidence beyond his own word. They think him guilty, and he will probably have to step down and out.

JACOB'S EXAMPLE THE BEST.—"Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." His example cannot be too highly commended. It were better for a man to utter forty penitent howls than to write one letter of contrition, or to utter falsehoods and say he didn't do it.

AN English scientist, by way of experiment, injected absinthe into the veins of some dogs, for which he was fined by an English magistrate for cruelty to animals. Shortly afterward the French Academy of Sciences awarded him a prize of \$500 for his scientific researches.

IN China the bamboo is extensively cultivated. There are no less than sixty different species of it, and it is used for almost everything. Out of it are made baskets, beds, chairs, mats, pipes, brooms, matches, umbrella ribs, and ever so many kinds of household and agricultural implements.

JOHN RUSKIN has just given £7,000 to buy a piece of land in England, to be cultivated by men of like sentiments with his own, all of them to work with their own hands, and no machinery to be allowed. This sum is to serve as a nucleus for other gifts, and all of them together to be called St. George's Fund.

A CLERGYMAN in Fond du Lac, Wis., publicly prayed: "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest that my hated wife is the one great obstacle in the way of a revival in my church. Wilt Thou, in Thy goodness, remove her?" The next day the wife removed herself to her father's house, and now the petitioner is likely to be removed by his congregation.

ANOTHER DEPRAVED MINISTER.—The Rev. Mr. Miles, late pastor of the American Methodist church, at Norwich, Conn., who decamped with the church funds and a strange woman, has been heard from in New Hampshire, where he had traveled about, taking collection "for a church in Norwich." The public are warned against him by the *Zion's Herald*.

A NOVELTY in the mode of hanging criminals was recently introduced at Newgate, England. Instead of erecting the usual scaffold above ground, a pit was dug in the soil, and a trap-door made level with the ground opening into the pit. The convict was pinioned by the executioner on the top of the trap, and at a given signal the drop fell, and the unfortunate ceased to live.

BEECHER KNOWS, and also his friends know, that nothing can be kept back. The whole truth must be evolved. This case is one of life or death with him, and his appearance before the judge and jury will recall the manner in which the gladiators saluted the throne: *Ave Caesar, moriturus vos saluto*, ("Hail, Caesar, we who are about to die, thus salute you.") All feel that this trial imperils destinies hardly inferior to those of national importance.—*Troy Times*.

FALLIBLE CLERGYMEN.—Rev. George O. Eddy, was recently deposed for bigamy at Gloversville, N. Y., and now his successor, Rev. Mr. Edgerton, is charged with theft. He boarded at the Mansion House, and in his room the other day a servant found a quantity of stolen napkins, towels, etc., packed in a valise. He was arrested, and left his watch in payment of his board bill. Edgerton is a man about forty-five years of age, has a cork leg, a brassy face, and remarkably talkative.

A BENEVOLENT gentleman from Vermont applied to a Boston gentleman for aid in sending a Vermont missionary to Turkey. The reply was as follows: "I have invested much in Vermont securities, and lost many thousands by the acts of your railroad men, sustained by the people and the courts. I have also lived in Turkey, and had much intercourse with her people. I would far rather give my money to send Turks as missionaries to Vermont."

If the Beecher-Tilton scandal does not improve the morality of the people it adds several remarkable phrases to literature, such as "stepping down and out," "hanging on the ragged edge," and "nest-hiding." And here comes a Miss Anderson of Virginia, who sues Capt. Blackburne for breach of promise, stating also that she has intrusted him with several thousand dollars of her money, and has been to him "a wife in every sense the word implies."

THE trial of a clergyman is in progress at Knoxville, Tenn. Several months ago the Rev. Archibald Hines was accused of stealing fifty cents from a bowl in a cupboard in the house of a member of his congregation. An interesting scandal arose. Mr. Hines declared it was all a conspiracy to ruin his reputation and drive him from his pulpit. The suit now in court is brought by him against his accuser for slander. Already over thirty witnesses have testified, and the end is not.

IT IS NOW THOUGHT PROBABLE Mrs. Tilton may be placed upon the witness stand. Tilton's lawyers express their perfect willingness to the same, and everybody says "aye." While we are about it let us have the whole truth. Mrs. T., in all probability, knows quite as much about the matter at issue as any one. Let her be heard; also Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Woodhull, Henry C. Bowen, Thomas Kinsella, Joseph Howard, and F. B. Carpenter. Let all be called who know anything about this delectable business. When all have had their say may we have peace!

THE BEECHER TRIAL.—The tenth week of this elephantine infliction has nearly passed, and we hope ten weeks more will complete it. The defense have spent two weeks in examining their witnesses, and up to the present writing nothing has been produced to set aside the points made by the plaintiff, but rather corroborates his evidence. The great effort seems to be to blacken Tilton's character, hoping thereby to whiten Beecher's. But it will not avail. Tilton's crimes will not establish Beecher's innocence. It is even doubtful if "the fountain of blood from Emanuel's veins," which he so greatly extols, will wash all his stains away. It is feared they are too indelible to be easily removed.

THE QUEER COMPLICATION OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.—The scene presented in Plymouth church, March 11th, is one that has never had a parallel, and it is to be hoped never may—a minister preaching to a church, one of whose members has just sworn in court that he confessed to her his adultery with another member, while a third member has been charged by the minister (through his lawyer) with being a "conspirator" against his reputation, and retorts by pronouncing the charge a "malignant fabrication," and daring his pastor to call him into court.—*Springfield Republican*.

RELIGION GONE STARK MAD.—The revivalist, Hammond, has been trying his skill upon little children in San Francisco, by getting up a revival meeting for children ranging from four to twelve years of age. By Hammond and a half-dozen associates, these little susceptible fellows are told in impassioned language that "they are great sinners, and will inevitably go to hell and be burned forever, unless they at once come to Jesus, and are washed in his blood." It is not strange they should become excited and go through the form of "getting religion." "Little tads" of four, six and eight years confess themselves great sinners, but when asked what particular wrongs they have committed they cannot remember them. How wrong thus to force upon the tender minds of children the dogmas and absurdities of theology! Better that they never hear them until they arrive at mature years. It requires many years in after life to disabuse the mind of the errors and fallacies imbibed in childhood, and so persistently inculcated by priests and Sunday-school teachers. It is far better to instruct them in the primary branches of education and how to conduct themselves, leaving creeds and dogmas until they are better able to judge them.

BURNS AND BEECHER.—The following poem was written by a Scotch woman, Mrs. Janet Wood, on the occasion of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher being appointed to deliver an oration, in New York, at the celebration of the Burns centennial, Jan. 25th, 1859. Part of it now reads as if it had been prophetic:

I hear the task has fa'n to you,
To gie the bard o' Ayr his due;

But use him weel—
He kept sweet charity in view,
E'en for the deil.

His wee, sma' fau'ts ye need nae tell—
Folks say ye're nae o'er guid yersel,
But deil may care;
Gin ye're but half as guid as Rab,
We'll ask nae mair.

Then dinna seek to find a flaw,
But o'er his fau'ts a mantle thraw,
And leave the rest
To Him wha made and tried th' heart,
He kens the best.

A century hence, and wha can tell
What may befa' your cannie sel'?
Some holy preacher
May tak the cudgels up for ane
Ca'd Harry Beecher.

I mak nae doubt, ye'd like tae ken
Wha 'tis taks up the auld quill pen
To write this rhyme;
The knoob'd be little worth—
I'm past my prime.

But when a lassie, young and fair,
I've wander'd aft by bonnie Ayr,
Wi' heartsome glee;
Ere fate's stern mandate sent me forth,
Far o'er the sea.

Still Scotia's hills, and Scotia's plains,
Her poets, and her poets' strains,
To me are dear;
A desert spring within my heart
May claim a tear.

[Written expressly for THE TRUTH SEEKER.]

The Witch of the Wine-Mark.

A Tale of the Royal Colony of Massachusetts.

BY LOTHAIR LOGOS.

CHAPTER XIII.

Notwithstanding that when we last parted from Maurice Fitz Raymond and the volunteers, the party was but a few miles distant from Boston, the late rain storms had so ploughed up the roads, and had carried away so many rustic bridges, the task of regaining the town was no easy matter.

Still the soldiers, after a good night's rest, struggled onward in their course; although, during the whole day, at the evening of which we have now arrived, they had scarcely accomplished half a dozen miles; and it was not until after night had fallen, that they began to recognize their proximity to their final destination.

Maurice and Francis were, of course, congratulating themselves upon the happiness that awaited them individually in the agreeable surprise which their unexpected presence would afford Alice and Florence, although Fitz Raymond did not feel quite at ease in relation to the partial failure of the little expedition, and inclined to the belief that upon him and the other officer in charge, the censure of some of the authorities would probably fall somewhat heavily.

No one in the town had suspected that the party had met any reverse, or was on its way home, and ere the lights of the clustering houses began to twinkle in the distance, there was a sudden resolve on the part of more than one of the soldiers, not to resume the journey toward Cape Ann until they were better equipped and their numbers largely augmented.

All the inmates of the villa had been moving heaven and earth to influence the authorities to revoke the warrants that had been granted for the arrest of Alice and Martha—the latter having been brought under the ban of the gloomy ecclesiastics on the representations of Huskins and the Noose. Every effort to relieve the poor fugitives was in vain, however, and resulted only in an intimation, that those who made it were possibly just as amenable to the charge of witchcraft as the accused themselves.

Poor Mrs. Ravenswood was in a state of health so feeble that personally she could do but little. Florence, however, was all alive to the necessities of the case, and was in town daily, secretly endeavoring to reach the ear of the Governor. But, then, so frightful a hold had the superstition won upon him, and so closely was he surrounded by a host of the wildest and most cruel fanatics, that she discovered but very little hope in that direction.

In fact all the authorities, both lay and clerical, seemed to have lost even the slightest sympathy with humanity. Day after day petitions were pouring in upon them from those who, in a state of desperation at the dangers that threatened some beloved one upon whose head the fatal blow was about to descend, cared nothing for their own personal safety or interests. It was all to no purpose, for even when the case was of a nature to melt the most obdurate heart, the response was: "The enemies of the Lord must be exterminated!"

An offense against the State, no matter how heinous, was regarded as nothing, when compared with one against the Church. As in the case of the murder committed by the Noose with the rope which had gained for him the terrible *sobriquet* that clung to him with such pertinacity, blood might be shed with impunity, so long as the murderer acknowledged the ecclesiastical power, and declared it of supreme authority and divine origin. Hence the terrible darkness that overspread the land. All reason was clouded! A peal of thunder was the roar of an angry Deity, a flash of lightning was the appalling sweep of his revengeful scimitar, and the great winds that swept the unhealthy mists from valleys, were the breath of his wrath.

No executioner that ever stood by a dripping block, could be more hideous and blood-stained than the Christian God of the period. In the estimation of his cruel and misguided worshippers, his omnipotent arm was always raised to strike, and was never extended in love or compassion toward the majority of his children.

As a man is, so is his God. There are hells of ice, and hells of brimstone and fire. All ancient and modern Deities may be regarded as simply mirrors in which the people see themselves reflected, individually or collectively. There are in reality as many Gods as there are men, so long as the latter ignore the sublime and unified teachings of nature, or endow the creator with passions and pulses that are simply human. We can conceive of nothing more perfect or powerful than that which might be centered in a being formed as we are. Man, in some shape or other, or something that feels or thinks or acts like him, will be at the back of all mysterious forces. We will have a finger in the pie, somehow; and hence our great failure and inability to arrive at any proximate reasonable conclusion as to the true nature or charac-

ter of that universal entity—the Great First Cause—the Father and Giver of Light.

When Titmouse knocked at the door of old Giles', it was speedily opened by the ferryman, who, with a keen perception of the dangers that surrounded him, at once saw that something of an unusual nature had occurred to induce such a scrap of mortality to visit him from the villa at that somewhat unseasonable hour.

"What's up now, Titmouse?" he asked, as he closed the door behind the dwarf.

"I have been to the ravine," returned the other "to see Red Wing and Firefly, but they were gone! They must have been surprised in some way, for when I entered the wigwam I saw things lying scattered about that they would not have left behind them if they had time to take them along.

"Fled from the wigwam!" exclaimed Giles, while the color faded from his cheek.

"Yes!" rejoined the dwarf, "and left a valuable bundle of furs behind them, which ought to be taken charge of by some one of them, if they ever come back again."

In a moment the ferryman was equipped as for a journey, and seizing his lantern he sallied forth, accompanied by the dwarf. He had, for the time being, transferred his vocation on the river to another party, as already observed, so that now he was free to visit the ravine. But not knowing the precise spot in which the lodge of the chief stood, he prevailed upon Titmouse to accompany him, who was in total darkness as to Martha and Alice having been secreted in the wigwam, or as to the fact that the bundle of furs belonged to Giles.

We all have some absurd weakness, however we may seek to disguise it; and that of Giles was a profound conviction that, at some period when he was on the river, his house would be forcibly entered by Indians or other thieves, and his furs, which were the apple of his eye, be stolen. Although brave as a lion, and of excellent judgment—nay, exceedingly keen and observant in other relations, upon this point he was at sea completely; and hence his little secret closet, already referred to, in which he kept these treasures beneath his own roof, and in which Alice had concealed herself for a short period on the night of her flight from the house of her friend in the town.

Even in this secure place, however, he found no relief; for, as we have already seen, he had removed his valuable package to the cave, in the hope of placing it beyond all casualties, although from what we have shown, it was obvious that, instead of adding to its security, he absolutely placed it in the highway of danger.

It was now, however, the case of his daughter and Miss Ravenswood that moved him to instant action; for although the exposed condition of his furs, which he knew to be in the wigwam, did not escape his notice, it was the fate of the poor fugitives which now overwhelmed him, and it was in the direction of its discovery that all his enquiries were now bent.

From what the dwarf had told him, he felt assured that Sloucher and Huskins had somehow become aware of their second place of refuge, and had pounced upon them, unexpectedly. He was satisfied that, had they not been surprised, they would have borne off the furs and all that was in the wigwam besides; for Red Wing had informed him that his property was safe and in good keeping. Now he determined to possess himself of it again, and bear it back to the little closet from which it had been removed so secretly, and there let it take its chance until he found an opportunity of disposing of it.

Having traveled at a round pace, it being unnecessary to light the lantern to make out the track, although it was quite dark enough, they soon reached the ravine. Here Titmouse took the lead, and in a few moments they were both standing in the deserted wigwam.

It was precisely as the dwarf had stated—the lodge was completely deserted, and evidently in haste; for there lay the furs, while various articles of Indian apparel and some valuable skins were scattered about. The fire was reduced to a few dying embers, from which the ferryman had lighted his lamp the moment he entered the place.

Silence the most profound reigned throughout the glen. There was not a sound to be heard in any direction. The place was voiceless. The Indians and the fugitives, for some cause, had had to make their escape from the spot without a moment's preparation.

This fact ascertained, the ferryman turned with his lantern to try and discover some traces of their flight outside, and to learn, if possible, the direction they had taken. With this intention, he was about to step from the wigwam, when he was suddenly confronted by a man in the doorway. It was John Langton, who, notwithstanding his half-promise to Red Wing not to approach the ravine, was so distressed and alarmed regarding the dangers that surrounded Martha, he could not resist stealing away for the purpose of satisfying himself, with his own eyes, that she had not sunk under the calamity that had befallen her.

Each man was an apparition to the other. But after the first start of surprise, old Dick revealed the true state of the case to Langton, who fairly staggered beneath its terrible weight. There was no time to be lost, however, so the two men, followed by the

dwarf, started forth to inspect the ground about the wigwam.

Here they soon discovered the path that had been taken by the fugitives, and of the certainty of this they had the most complete evidence, for Titmouse picked from a thorny shrub, what turned out, upon examination, to be a piece of Martha's dress.

On they moved along the same narrow track until they reached the point where the horses had been standing, and where the fugitives had been gagged and bound.

Here they perceived the evidences of a most violent struggle, and the ground deeply indented and broken with the traces of horses' feet. This was a terrible disclosure; for obviously there was no flight of the Indians, but quite another affair, where the captors had escaped with their captives. But as to the identity of the former, no clear opinion could be arrived at for the time being; as evidently Sloucher or Huskins would have resorted to no such means of removing the fugitives had they fallen upon them, but have seized them in the wigwam.

However, there was no more to be done at the moment; for to add to their perplexity, they made out that two of the horsemen, whoever they were, had ridden off in one direction, while the remaining one had taken another; and it was to the fact of their having discovered the tracks of two horses on the one side and those of one on the other, that they found there had been three horses and three only went upon the mysterious occasion.

Returning to the wigwam with the determination of removing the furs and aught else of value, the two men and the dwarf were soon retracing their steps from the ravine, Langton carrying the bundle of furs and the others bearing off such things as they thought of any value.

They soon reached the ferryman's where they sat in agonized council for an hour; after which John and Titmouse started for the villa—the former telling old Dick that he should return early in the morning to take up the clue with him that they had discovered at the edge of the ravine.

Were it not for the all-pervading and inexorable exactions of the laws of Nature, or some laws that control us physically and metaphysically there would not be a sane man in existence. There would be no coherence in our being if our metaphysical and our physical selves were not, while in this state of existence, mutually dependent upon each other. It is while in that state of equilibrium arising from their mutual influence upon each other, that we escape being absolutely crazy on the one hand or mere sensual animals on the other. The body holds down the spirit and the spirit holds up the body. Give either full power over the other, and both are lost; for the spirit, regardless of the trammels of the flesh, would be continually attempting impossibilities; while, were the body wholly in the ascendant, we should not be removed above the beasts of the field. For our part, we should, were we driven to make a choice, accept the more ethereal calamity.

Madge Gordon might illustrate one side of this knotty question, with this exception, that there were moments of her existence in which some struggle seemed to be taking place in her being with a view to restoring its lost equilibrium. At times a gleam of reason shot athwart her darkened mind, and then she shrank back as from the memory of some terrible dream out of which she had just awoke. And hence, when she encountered the Fanatic at his own door, in the light of a sudden flash of returning reason as it were, she recoiled from him for an instant, as if sensible, for the period, that he was a foul thing. But soon the wonted cloud fell upon her again, and she who had once been noble and good, was once more the victim of the blind and bloody superstition that so frequently usurped her whole being.

Although bearing all the impress of age, Madge had not yet seen her fiftieth year. She had been married when quite young, but her husband, like the father of Alice, had fallen a victim to the Indians. She had had but one child, a daughter, who had been born after she had attained her twenty-second year, and who had grown up a beautiful girl until she reached the age of fifteen, when she became entangled in the meshes of a net woven by Sloucher, at the point where the family resided somewhere on the coast. The plot had been so mysterious and infernal, that the poor girl believed she had entrusted herself one night to the guardianship of a young minister whom she loved sincerely, and who adored her in return, and was pledged to make her his own within a few days. She awoke to a sense of her awful situation on finding that she had been betrayed into the arms of the villain Sloucher, and that the sunlight had departed from her forever.

She regained her mother's house, but ere she had recrossed the threshold her reason had given way completely, and the past was as blank to her as if it had never existed. No one suspected the Fanatic, and no one divined the true nature of the case, until little Titmouse was born—an occurrence which was followed an hour subsequently by the death of his unfortunate mother.

From this latter moment a veil fell over the reason of Madge, and she became gradually more and more lost to herself until a belief in the superstition of witchcraft seized upon her, and converted her into

the wild fanatic that she had now so long been. Being unable to take care of the child, he was brought up by strangers until he at last was taken in charge by the Ravenswoods, who treated him with the utmost kindness, for which he displayed in return a fidelity not to be surpassed.

Sloucher, although finding his infamy had not been divulged by his victim, and presuming it was now buried forever, was, nevertheless, attracted toward Madge as though he would stand between her and the terrible secret. In the ruined state of her mind, he thought also, that he could convert her into an agent to work out his nefarious designs, whether in the line of his dark superstition, or in another, more reprehensible still, were such possible. In pursuance of his purpose he gained absolute ascendancy over the wreck of her reason, such as it was, and made her his slave.

The young minister who had been affianced to the mother of Titmouse died of a broken heart. He had given an old signet ring to his betrothed, which she wore on the night of her disaster. This ring was discovered by Sloucher lying on a table in the apartment from which the poor, ruined creature on becoming aware of her situation was preparing to fly. He had snatched it up hastily and thrust it into his pocket just before she disappeared. She seemed to have noticed the act before her reason gave way; for just before she breathed her last, she whispered to her mother, in a returning gleam of light, "Avenge me on him!" The poor distracted parent could make out no more, save the words, "The signet ring! He has robbed me of it! I know my love is dead!"

These were the only sentences that lived unimpaired in the memory of Madge. When not engaged in the work of persecution, they were ever present with her; but not having the power or the inclination to seek any further elucidation of them, she brooded over them in silence, and without ever uttering them to any one.

She had become perfectly familiar with the appearance of the signet, and had long cherished its form and peculiarity as something mysterious and solemn. She entertained the idea, also, that Titmouse was in some way connected with the ring, and that besides he had been left in her care.

This latter, however, did not at first appear to influence her affections to any great extent, although it subsequently seemed to awake in her bosom a more tender feeling toward the poor child, than she evinced toward any other soul living—her relation to Sloucher being simply of a wild and fanatical nature. Slight as this feeling was, however, it was sufficient to lead her to the villa quite frequently, where she met the dwarf, and where recently she appeared to take a growing pleasure in contemplating him from some retired corner.

But if she had no adequate idea of the relationship in which Titmouse stood to her, Sloucher, who had never lost sight of the child from the moment of his birth, was better informed; for he knew precisely how the whole case stood. And this it was that had attracted him to the villa in the first instance, although he evinced nothing but the most heartless curiosity toward the poor boy, who, by others, was regarded an orphan, and without any relatives living. When, however, his unholy eyes had fallen a few times on Alice, and when he considered what power he wielded among the fanatical brotherhood to which he belonged, other inducements began to draw him thither, until at last he found himself aspiring to control the religious ideas of the beautiful girl, so that he might ultimately coerce her into becoming his wife.

The result of all this, for so far, we have already seen, and now as Madge sat gazing gloomily into the clear fire, awaiting the appearance of Alice, who had always been kind and considerate to her whenever she visited the villa, the memory of the ring came upon her as usual, and in a singularly lucid interval the impression began to steal upon her, that she was about to participate in a foul wrong against Alice Ravenswood.

Before the veil fell again, and as if moved by some mysterious impulse, she took up the lamp from the table beside her, and entered the sleeping apartment already alluded to. Scarcely had she closed the door behind her, however, until all was dark once more, and she began moving about without any apparent aim or purpose. Soon, however, she noticed something gleaming on a small table close by the soft couch of the Fanatic, on which she had laid down the lamp. She looked again, and starting, seized it with a wild cry!

It was the signet ring! and scarcely had she clutched it, when she fell senseless to the floor, striking her head against a corner of the table as she descended.

The shock seemed to be attended with results the most singular, for before she had lain prostrate a minute, she regained her feet; and, passing her hand over her eyes, began to look about her in bewilderment. She still clutched the ring firmly, and her eye falling upon it once more, she replaced it where she had first discovered it, and, with a long and deep-drawn sigh, took up the lamp and retired from the room.

In the apartment which she now re-entered, all appeared strange to her. Had she awakened from a long and hideous dream? She had; for ere Madge Gordon resumed her seat, the cloud had passed away forever, and she was no longer the poor, crazed crea-

ture she had been for so many years. The sudden sight of the ring, and the shock experienced while falling, had in some mysterious way combined to restore her reason.

The occurrence that we have just narrated, took place shortly after nightfall, and a few moments subsequent to the period when the conspirators had set out on their infamous mission to the ravine. So that while the villain, Sloucher, was full in the assurance that his fiendish plot would soon terminate in accordance with his desires, heaven was preparing, beneath his own roof, an obstacle to its consummation, of which he could not anticipate the existence by any possibility whatever.

At first all seemed confused to Madge; but as she became gradually calmer, some instances of the past and the present began to impress themselves upon her understanding, which was acquiring more strength momentarily. The situation was strange and startling to her; but as she now felt her reason had been long prostrate in the dust, and that she must cherish its return without overtaxing it, she simply made up her mind to conceal her altered condition until she should learn more of the signet ring, and of the reasons why Alice Ravenswood was denounced as a witch, and secretly carried to the lonely residence of Solomon Sloucher.

In a single moment the mysterious light in which she had long viewed the Fanatic disappeared in the most forbidding gloom. All the weird charms of his wild superstition had lost their power over her; and she began to suspect that the man of whom she had been a blind and willing slave, she could not say how long, was a wretch that had the gratification of his own lustful and sordid views at heart only.

These reflections were passing through her newly-restored mind, when she heard the tramp of a horse outside. She arose to her feet, still dizzy and a little bewildered, and listened attentively. In a moment there was a loud knocking at the door. She hastened to open it, when the first object that met her eye was Sloucher with the helpless and half-unconscious form of Alice, gagged and bound in his long sinewy arms.

She recoiled from him as from a viper, but perceiving that the poor girl was almost suffering the agonies of death, she snatched the gag from her mouth, and winding her arms round the all but inanimate girl bore her into the adjoining apartment, while the villain Sloucher stepped out into the night, to lead the horse some distance from the house, and to set him free, so that he should regain the barnyard from whence he had been taken before his absence was discovered, or at least that he should not be encountered in the vicinity of the old and gloomy block house by any one who chanced to pass that way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Professor Swing.

BY W. E. LUKENS.

Very few preachers stand in such prominence before the Western public as Professor Swing, of Chicago. His bold and fearless utterances of a theology somewhat in advance of old orthodoxy, has given him an audience extending far beyond the limits of the congregation that assembles to hear his earnest and eloquent discourses. His trial before the presbytery for heresy, and his subsequent withdrawal from the Church has contributed largely to his fame as an eloquent preacher and independent thinker, and has induced thousands to study his thoughts who would otherwise have passed him by without notice. There are very few, perhaps, of the many thousands who have read his sermons, but have been profited by them, even though they could not agree with him in all his conclusions. To his friends who reject the Bible as the infallible word of God, his arguments do not always seem to rest on well-established premises. But, assuming the Bible to be what the Church holds it to be, his logic may be faultless.

In the sermon Mr. Swing preached on Sunday, 24th of Jan., he manifested his usual benignant and tolerant spirit. He contends that the churches of to-day are not responsible for the Christian practices of former ages. For the persecutions of those times he has no need of apology. He admits that this history-loving age has thrown the Church into a little confusion. It is his present purpose to remove this embarrassment.

He says: "In the presence of such a history-loving age there is only time this morning to state that the Church of to-day cannot be held responsible for past conduct and past beliefs, unless that conduct and belief are still inculcated by the words of Christ. It can only be held responsible for what is still taught in its creed and revealed in its life. The awful catalogue of crimes, the array of silly or wicked doctrines, the hostility of the old Church to astronomy and all science, the cruelty of Christians toward the unbelieving, all this large indictment drawn up against the Church by Buckle, and Lecky, and Draper indicate only this: that the past held the words of Jesus without understanding them, and trampled divine ideas under foot as swine trample pearls into the mud."

The Christian Church has written its own history in ineffaceable characters. It is not made by others. It has opposed every innovation that outside influences

have offered for the betterment of humanity, whether of science or philanthropy as long as opposition was possible. Then when it was obliged to admit the new idea, with supreme arrogance it has claimed to be its author. Mr. Swing says: "It (the Church) can only be held responsible for what is still taught in its creed and revealed in its life." Let the Church disclaim all interference with the consciences of others, let it cease its denunciations of good men for a simple difference of opinion, and none will charge her with the spirit that actuated the Christians of other times. The Church at any time is justly chargeable with her crimes and beliefs of that time; and is justly chargeable to-day with the spirit she exhibits to-day. Is she not intolerant to-day? Is she not hurling the ugly epithet of Infidelity at some of the wisest and truest philanthropists of the present? The spirit that marked her course in other years is her animating spirit now. She appealed to what she called an infallible authority then, she appeals to the same authority now. Mr. Swing bases his theology on the same. Are all who differ from him in their interpretation of this infallible book "trampling divine ideas under foot as swine trample pearls in the mud?" When did spurious Christianity end, and the genuine begin? Had John Calvin, the Scotch Presbyterians of the seventeenth century, and the Puritans of New England the true idea of the Christian religion?

Mr. Swing says: "Instead of writing a history of the Christian Church, Dr. Draper has given us what might be called a 'biography of fools.'"

Did not the Christian Church array itself on the side of the slaveholder in the heated discussion that preceded the downfall of that wretched institution? Are not many of them now using every influence in their power to have a clause inserted in the Constitution of the United States that will give them the constitutional power, if they can muster the legislative influence, to drive every Jew and Infidel from the country, as Torquamanda did the Jews and Moors of Spain? Why do they wish this power if not to exercise it? Would the history of the much boasted Puritans, the history of the Church in opposition to the Anti-Slavery movement, with its numerous sermons and pamphlets in proof of the divine institution of Slavery, and the more recent history of the attempt to obtain political power in the government be a "biography of fools" rather than the history of the Church through that period? Is the history of the trial of Swing by the Chicago Presbytery a "biography of fools," or is it a part of the history of the Presbyterian Church—the closing part, as the burning of Servetus was the beginning.

The writer of this has recently seen the principle of a school in a neighboring city excluded therefrom for the reason, as the directors averred, that "he was not orthodox." Yet he was acknowledged to be a superior educator. He had the friendship of all the patrons, except a few bigots, and of all the teachers and scholars without regard to religious opinions. They did not accuse him of the least taint of immorality, nor of teaching any kind of theology, inside or outside the school-room. But he did not teach *their* theology, though to have done so he would have violated State law. The directors cared nothing for honor, nothing for the good of the school, nothing for a violation of an implied contract, nothing for pecuniary loss imposed upon him and a weakly family—all must be sacrificed to gratify this bigotry. This is but an isolated case, but no doubt there are thousands such all over the country. Is the Church not responsible for such wicked intolerance now? Then where does their responsibility begin? Whether such history is the "biography of fools" or not, it is a history of the intolerance of Christianity to-day.

There are thousands of good men and women all over our country who cannot conscientiously adopt the dogmas of the Church, who are shorn of half their enjoyment of life by the persecution, the obloquy and contempt heaped upon them by the Christian Church of to-day, for which it is alone responsible, as it has been in all ages of its existence, for its wickedness and folly when they go as far toward punishing heretics as law and public opinion permits, it is not uncharitable to suppose that they would go to greater lengths if they had the power.

Rock Falls, Ill.

A SERIOUS row occurred a few days ago in Montreal in a Catholic church upon the occasion of Father Chiniquy's lecture. Sticks and stones were used and some heads were broken. A few shots from revolvers were fired but no one killed.

THE amount of coinage executed during the six months ending Dec. 31, 1874, at the mints in Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Carson has been in gold, \$19,714,820; trade dollars, \$2,546,100; subsidiary silver coins, \$650,485; total, \$22,911,405. During the same period the coiners have operated upon \$16,579,817 of gold and silver bullion, at a loss of only \$2,706 to the government, and of which loss at least two-fifths will be recovered at the annual settlement from sweepings, filings, etc. At the annual settlement of Mint accounts in June last, the entire loss on \$142,744,097, gold and silver bullion operated upon was only \$7,505. The sweepings for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1874, amounted to \$13,111.88.

The Truth Seeker,

A JOURNAL
OF REFORM AND FREE THOUGHT.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

No. 333 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A Christian Letter.

We recently received the following pious, but not very gentlemanly letter, from a zealous Christian Elder in Alabama. If he had a little less *faith* and somewhat more of good manners, we think he would be considerably benefitted by the exchange. We forgive him for the lack of courtesy he exhibits, presuming he has done as well as he knew how. It is by no means uncommon for members of the clergy to forget to be gentlemen, and to deem it perfectly right to be insolent toward unbelievers. We will "consider the source," etc.

BROOKSVILLE, BLOUNT CO., ALA., Feb. 10, 1875.

MR. D. M. BENNETT:

SIR—Some of your poor, foolish, deluded readers of your abominable stuff, called *THE TRUTH SEEKER*, handed me No. 4, Vol. 2d, printed Oct. 15th, 1874, in which you tried to make sport of the Bible account of the flood. Now we don't wish to try to enter into any arguments with a man that does not believe, or is liar enough to say that there is no God, but will simply state that the power that brought on the flood, first created the animals and also Noah and his family, and of course that Power was sufficient to preserve those animals on the amount of food that Noah was directed to take into the Ark. But a man of your great self-conceited sense and learning might say there never was any flood.

I say there was just such a flood in times past as is represented in the Bible, and I am going to prove it by your God (Matter). Close to me, in Blount county, Ala., is a man by the name of H. Scott, who lives on a small free-stone gravelly ridge. This man Scott, last Summer digs a well, close to his house on this small ridge, and when he gets down some 36 or 37 feet, digging through clay and gravel, he comes to a chestnut stump that had been broken off from the main body of the tree, also limbs of trees imbedded in rich soil some two and a half or three feet thick, with a black, brackish water oozing out of the soil. He continued his well below this, through clay and gravel some thirty feet, and got no water, he then goes about one hundred yards farther on this same ridge and digs another well, and he comes to the same black soil with timber, &c., which hundreds of people can witness too. Also there is no large water course in twenty miles of these wells. Also there was another well dug in four miles of this place, and there was an Elevated ridge west of this well close by: some thirty or forty feet down in the well the man came to a poplar log, near two feet through. There was a skeptical man in our country that did not believe in a Bible flood, and he also would not believe that the log was in the well until he went down and examined for himself. These evidences show conclusively, that there was a great flood once, that washed the dirt and gravel from the high ridges and formed these small ridges on top of this soil, and timber where these wells have been dug.

But Sir, you in your self-conceited logic, will say that this timber would not last from the time of Noah's flood until now. But my logic says that when *matter* of any kind is entirely excluded from the action of the air, that it will remain in that condition thousands of ages. So the Christian has abundant proof of the flood, and the truth of the Bible, but you have nothing but your Infidel prejudices against it. If a man will cavil at the Bible, and Christian Religion, he must do so as much as the devil will give him power to do. There are some men who can find no wisdom any where, except in their own heads. Such men, however, are no judges of wisdom. We should not set up a *Mouse* to explain the great phenomenon of the Earth's Creation and formation. It is necessary that a man should be honest at least, and have a share of common sense before Christians need to discuss with them. A man that is born with his eyes open, and can look around on all created things, and say there is no God, no Christ, no Hell, no pure and vital Christian religion, is either a fool or a notorious lying *Monster*, who would wantonly tear down every thing that would give a foundation to truth, morality, virtue and a civil Government; and none but poor, deluded, sinful, degraded men will take, read or countenance such men's trashy writings.

Sir, your trashy Infidel notions can do the true Christian no harm, and especially in the world to come, because, according to your teaching of things, even bad Christians and the *HEATHENS* of the *Heath* will have as quiet a sleep in a state of nonentity, when this life ends, as you Infidels, but on the other hand, if you are wrong, an eternal hell will be your portion. What is the use for an Infidel to say anything about the Bible, when, according to their notions, mankind is just as safe without it as with it. Sir, we are fearful you are making merchandize of men's souls, and we are fearful you don't care, so you

make a living by it in the present world. It is the blind leading the blind, and all will fall into the ditch. It would be far better for you, if you would leave off your writing, even if you had to take hold of the plow and grubbing hoe for an honest living.

Do just what you please with this composition, and be sure to read it every night before you say your Prayers. Yours in Christian sincerity, ELD. J. C. SHELTON.

Our Christian Elder evidently thinks he has given us a "knock-down" argument in favor of Noah's flood, but if he has nothing better to offer in proof of it than a poplar log or two in a gravel ridge, we fear the world will still remain in doubt as to that remarkable freshet. Doubtless he stated the facts correctly as to the finding of the logs, and it is also a good argument that, at some unknown time in the past, a flood or floods occurred in that locality. That local floods have occurred in nearly all parts of this and other countries, there are too many proofs to admit of a doubt. That great changes in the topography of the American continent have occurred in the past, we have the strongest evidence. These have been produced by floods alluvial deposits in the mouths and deltas of rivers, and more especially by tremendous upheavals that have from time to time occurred. In very early times the American continent was doubtless largely under water. That much of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska and other States, have been thus long submerged, there is abundance of evidence. The character of the prairie soil presents strong proof that it was once the bed of the sea. Sea shells have often been found in hills and elevated grounds one hundred feet at least above present water lines.

The upheavals of this continent have been tremendous; the extensive mountain ranges of the Alleghenies, the Andes and the Rocky Mountains, with the volcanoes and volcanic debris so frequently found, afford the strongest proof of this. This in part is the explanation of the deposits of gravel, earth and rock so often found over the coal strata of Pennsylvania and other coal districts. That these deposits or stratifications have been caused to some extent by local floods, but far more by upheavals, there is no room for doubt. Prostrate trees of different kinds of wood—similar to the cases mentioned by our correspondent—have frequently been found in various parts of the country. Whole trees, even, have been found imbedded in strata of coal, but it is in no wise probable they were indebted to Noah's flood for such imbedment.

We readily admit the facts asserted about the buried logs, but utterly fail to see how they prove that in Noah's time the earth was covered over its entire surface with water to the depth of five miles; that the animals and birds from all latitudes and zones of the earth gathered together of their own accord, and voluntarily marched into the Ark in pairs or sevens, lions and calves, wolves and lambs, dogs and rabbits, cats and mice, hawks and chickens, swallows and flies, poisonous serpents and gentle doves, in all, over three hundred thousand animals—fowls and insects of all varieties of character and dispositions—crowded into an ark pitched without and within, with a single door and window, and they closed, and thus deprived of air, light and appropriate food they remained over a year—Noah's family, stench, filth and all. If our friend's poplar log convinces him that all this occurred, perhaps it also reveals to him where all the water came from that covered the earth to the depth of five miles, where it was stored previous to its descent, and where it went to when dry land again appeared? He is probably one of those credulous mortals full of "saving faith," who can just as easily believe that Jonah swallowed the whale as that the whale swallowed Jonah, if the book only says so. We will, however, take this occasion to assure Elder Shelton that, in maintaining so zealously that the flood occurred just as related in Genesis, he is entirely antagonistic to the position on this subject, now held by his more intelligent brethren of the cloth in this locality. We fear he is getting behind the times. No intelligent orthodox clergyman of New York or Brooklyn now claims that the Bible account of the deluge must be understood literally. They hold Genesis to be merely a poem or fable, and that it is not longer to be regarded as incumbent on the Christian to believe its literal language. Rev. DeWitt Talmage not long since

said quite as much in his pulpit, and insisted that skeptics and Liberals, in representing the enlightened Christian clergymen as adhering to the letter of the Genesis narrative, were wrong, and that a very small part of the learned, sensible portion of clergymen now preach the Bible account of creation and the flood. In the advances made by science, it is difficult for a man of sense and education to longer insist the story narrated in Genesis is true.

Brother Shelton, the world is progressing; the old foggy notions of the past are gradually yielding to the good sense of to-day; mythology and fable are giving place to scientific truths and reason. You had better study up a little, and take a few steps forward, or we fear you will be left away behind among the stumps and pitfalls of the Dark Ages.

George Snode Again Heard From.

This gentleman has favored us with eight pages of foolscap manuscript in reply to our remarks in answer to his former letter in No. 12. He failed to pay full postage on his document, and we had the opportunity of advancing six cents upon it, and we are not sure but we paid its full value. It is such a mass of cant, twaddle, bad grammar and insolence that we cannot spare the room for it, believing we can give our readers matter they will appreciate more highly. In the few quotations and remarks we have to make we shall endeavor to do Mr. Snode no injustice.

First. Mr. Snode takes us to task for calling the Catholics *Christians*, and says: "Catholicism is a mixture of Judaism, Paganism and Christianity." That the Catholic Church took much from the Jews and the Pagans we will not deny—in fact, its theology is mainly made up from the latter source, but it is, nevertheless, the Christian Church; and our friend is narrow in his views and sense of fairness to deprive them of this honor, if such it is. Protestantism got all its Christianity—its whole stock in trade—from the Catholic Church. When Luther and his compeers protested against the Pope and the Church of Rome, it was not against the dogmas or doctrines of the Church, but simply against the power and government of the Pope; in short, he wished to be the Pope himself. Every dogma, every superstition, and every sacrament was retained—the same trinity, the same Virgin Mary, the same Redeemer, the same Cross, the same Sunday, the same Devil, the same Hell. The Protestants obtained everything they have in the way of creed from the Catholics, save such modifications as they have presumed to make, and are as legitimately children of the Catholic Church as the latter is the direct offspring of Judaism and Paganism.

Second. Mr. Snode says, "Christians never persecute," and wishes to evade the odium of the extensive persecutions perpetrated by the Catholics upon the ground that they, the Catholics, were not Christians. This is very cool. He, of course, thinks Protestants are Christians. Have they never persecuted? When Luther denounced Copernicus as a *fool* because he declared the earth was round and revolved upon its own axis; when John Calvin burned Michael Servetus at the stake with a slow fire because he held there was but one God, was that persecution? Was he not a Christian, when he transferred to writing those memorable words: "Whoever shall contend that it is unjust to put heretics and blasphemers to death, willingly and knowingly incurs their very guilt"? Was not the meek reformer, Melancthon, a Christian when he approved of Calvin's burning Servetus to death, and declared that his body should have been chopped to pieces and his bowels torn out! Was not Munzer, a disciple of Luther, a Christian, when at the head of some forty thousand turbulent fanatics he ravaged the whole country and scattered devastation and destruction? Were not the Protestants of the Established Church Christians, when they persecuted to death in England, Scotland and Ireland, not only Catholics, but Covenanters, Dissenters and Quakers? Did not Claverhouse act under the orders of the bishops and priests of a Protestant and Christian Church when he roved around the country with a band of marauders and cut-throats, killing and slaughtering indiscriminately such persons as dared think for themselves and dissent from the Established Church? Were not the

Puritans of New England Christians, when they tortured and put to death in various ways unbelievers, Quakers and the hapless mortals they claimed were bewitched? We have seen the tree on Boston Common on which a woman was hung by Puritans for being a Quaker. Were not these Protestant Puritans Christians? If they were not, will Mr. Snode inform us where to find them? Will he still tell us "Christians do not persecute"? Verily, the Protestants in proportion to the power they have had, have shown the same intolerance, the same cruelty, the same bloodthirstiness, the same disposition to persecute skeptics and unbelievers that Catholics have ever shown. They are the legitimate children of a sanguinary, remorseless parent.

Third. Mr. Snode says: "I am astonished at your ignorance, or your entire lack of honesty in your quotations from the Bible and from history." With such an amount of astonishment, and upon making such a charge against us, he ought to be able to point out wherein we have been so ignorant and so dishonest, which he could easily do if we were guilty, but he fails to mention a single instance and we are left to conclude it is he that is dishonest, and that his dishonesty is only equaled by his insolence. What right has a man to charge another with mis-quoting and dishonesty, and not point out the paragraph and passage where the mis-quotation occurs? We insist we quoted correctly, and that he has accused us falsely.

Fourth. Mr. Snode attempts to apologize for the cruelty of God or Moses in slaying all the Midianites, men, women and children, save the virgins (who were kept for the use of the soldiers), upon the ground of their wickedness. We can, perhaps, understand the beauty of this justice by examining for a moment the nature of this Midianitish wickedness. When "Israel abode in Shittim the people began to commit whoredom with the daughters of Moab, and they called the people unto the sacrifices of their gods, and the people did eat and bowed down to their gods." (Num. xxv: 1, 2.) This was the offense, and it certainly seems the Israelitish men were equally to blame with the Midianitish women. The women could not very well force the men to commit crimes with them against their will. If it was just that the women and the whole nation of Midianites should be put to death, ought not the men of Israel to have been punished also? Were the women wholly guilty and the men wholly innocent? How much better was it for thirty-two thousand Midianitish virgins to be divided among the Israelites for their base uses? The justice of Phineas the priest was more equal, to say the least, when he rose, and with a javelin run through the bodies, killing instantly, the Israelite man, Zimri, and the Midianite woman, Cozbi, who had been acting as man and wife together. In this case the same severe punishment meted to the woman was extended to the man; but in God's dealings with the two nations, though the Israelitish men were equally as guilty as the Midianitish women, the latter nation were all cruelly put to death, except the young girls, who were reserved for a worse fate, while not one of the former nation was hurt at all. If Mr. Snode thinks that is a fine specimen of Divine Justice, he is welcome to all of it, and we will go without.

Fifth. Our friend labors hard to make out that Infidels would persecute just as badly as Christians if they only were numerous enough and had the necessary power. As such a thing has not occurred yet, it is hardly worth while for him to borrow trouble about it. He reminds us, somewhat, of the silly girl who stood before a heated oven and burst out with a "boo hoo," and said, "if I was to get married, and if I should have a little baby, and if that little baby should fall into this oven and be burned to death how bad I should feel; boo hoo hoo."

Mr. Snode tries to make Infidels and skeptics responsible for the deaths of Socrates and Jesus Christ, as well as the persecutions of the early Christians. We object to shouldering this responsibility. Socrates, the Grecian philosopher, was put to death by religionists who believed in gods and dogmas that he could not accept, and he died like a brave, noble man.

As to Jesus Christ, there is great doubt whether such a person ever had an existence. If he had, we will be glad if Mr. Snode will demonstrate it to us. If he did live and was put to death, it was done at the

instance of God's "peculiar people," and as it was in the divine programme that he should be thus sacrificed that a small percentage of the human family might gain the favor of heaven and escape the torments of hell, then there was certainly great virtue in thus carrying out heaven's great plan of salvation and putting the young god to death. Mr. Snode does wrong to deprive the Jews of this honor, and at the same time make false accusations against Infidels. As to the early Christians, their history is extremely mythical. About the first reliable accounts we have of persecutions connected with Christianity was after Constantine became the first Christian Emperor. He caused to be put to death his own father-in-law, his brother-in-law, his nephew, his wife, his eldest son, and by his edicts and armies he caused human blood to run like a river. It was this man who, like St. Paul, saw a vision in the heavens and was instantly converted; but he was the first man of mark in the Christian Church, and one of the worst and bloodiest tyrants that ever lived.

No, Mr. Snode, we accept none of the honors of persecuting Christians, for we have never done it. Persecuting for opinion's sake is almost entirely a Christian characteristic, to which Infidels lay no claim at all.

Sixth. Our correspondent refers again to the times of the French Revolution; in fact, it seems to be a favorite theme with him, as he fancies he thereby proves that Infidels have persecuted. He seems to be unable to comprehend, or not honest enough to admit the fact, that the miseries and troubles of those times were of a political character, and not religious, and grew out of the excesses and wrongs which had preceded them. In proof of this Atheists and Christians alike went to the guillotine, not for the sake of religious opinions, but political, being, as was supposed, inimical to political liberty, or to the parties then in power. Thomas Paine, one of the greatest Infidels of the day, came near being executed, as it was decided by the ruling powers that he should be beheaded, and he only escaped by an accident. The charge against him, as against others, was solely of a political character. Not a single person during that "reign of terror" was put to death because he was a Christian, or because he was not a Christian, because he was an Infidel, or because he was not an Infidel, and Mr. Snode ought to inform himself of the fact, and not again make the false accusation that Infidels at that time persecuted because of the religious opinions of their opponents. The charge is entirely devoid of truth, and it is only an ignorant or a dishonest man that makes it.

Seventh. Mr. Snode winds up his homily by expatiating upon the superior knowledge which a Christian possesses over an Infidel as regards his views and convictions, and the superior advantage he enjoys. We quote him:

"The Christian first believes and then knows Christianity to be divine. There is one advantage which the Christian has over the skeptic; the skeptic never can disprove, even to his own satisfaction, much less to any other person's, that the Christian's experience is not what it purports to be. The Christian has proven that Christianity is true by his own experience, and the skeptic can never, by his experience, prove it to be false." And again, "We, then, who submit to the government and guidance of our Saviour, have these advantages over the skeptic: we have reason, true philosophy and experience all on our side. We have the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. Rich or poor, noble or ignoble in the world's reckoning, we can always eat our food with gladness, sleep sweetly, and contemplate nature with adoration. The consciousness that we have the eye of God always upon us and his arms encircling us, is worth more than all the promises of all the Atheists, Deists, Skeptics and Freethinkers upon earth. On their philosophy, we have nothing to fear. We are happier while we live—if Christians—inconceivably happier, and, on their theory, cannot fail to be as happy after death. But on our principles they can promise themselves only the happiness of a stall-fed ox here, and everlasting destruction hereafter. This is a fair contrast of the two systems. We have the present and the future; they have the present only in part and nothing in future but utter darkness and everlasting night. If immortality be worth anything it is worth everything which imagination can grasp. This is the boot between the two systems—animal gratification and death—Jesus Christ and immortality. The Materialist will choose the former, but the rational philosopher and the man of common sense will choose the latter.

All this is simply "bosh and nonsense." The

Christian has no more assurance that his views are correct, knows no more about the correctness of his experiences, has no more advantages, knows no more about the eye of God, or his encircling arms, has no better appetite, enjoys his meals no more, sleeps no sweeter, has no more claim upon immortality and a future existence, than the believers in any other system of religion in the world! It is mere arrogance or stupidity that makes Mr. Snode, or any other Christian, set up this claim. If there is a God he is everywhere, his eye is as much upon the unbeliever as the believer, his arm encircles as far around the Infidel as the Christian. Nature looks as beautiful to the one as the other, and the rays of the sun and the gentle rains fall upon him just as pleasantly.

The Christian has not an exclusive or patent right up on God nor a future existence. If there is the one he is just as near to us as to him; if there is the other, we shall be there and enjoy it just as much as the most arrogant Christian. Belief or unbelief in a future state neither causes nor prevents its existence, neither is it an invention of the Christian nor his Christ. If it is the birthright of one human being, it is of the entire race, and no priest nor bigot can deprive us of it. Neither can they send us to everlasting night nor the flames of a sulphurous hell. These are but the figments of a diseased imagination, and have no terrors for a truly sensible man. The same Deity that presides over this state of existence presides over that. He is ever the same, and burns and torments no more there than he does here. All will be the recipients alike of his favors there, the same as here.

Christians are welcome to the proprietorship of the Devil and his hell. They were invented by priests to frighten ignorant, silly people into their support, and never came from the Deity that presides over the Universe. It is an infernal belief, and detracts from the happiness of all who harbor it; therefore Christians are less happy, have less real love of God, less sympathy for their fellow-men than Infidels. The Christian has nothing that is good, nothing that is desirable that we have not equally as large a share in, while we are freed from the fear of the Devil, the burnings of hell, the harassing doubts and the constant uncertainty which he must inevitably feel if he believes what he pretends to. We yield to him entire ownership in this Satanic Majesty and his brimstone hell—they are his principal stock in trade and occupy a large share of his thoughts. We relinquish them with all the grace in the world, having no use for them, either here or hereafter.

Another Christian Letter.

The following delectable note we received through the mail, and was written in this city:

NEW YORK, Feb. 25th, 1875.

MR. HEATHEN: I have bought a copy of your vile paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER, but no one but a heathen and coward such as yourself would pronounce it nothing else but a Heathenish, lying and doggish paper, and you know it is not a paper published for the welfare of the people, but only to degrade them and fit them for hell, which will never be full until it receives such men as you are. What can you say of religion, Christianity and the bible, anything else than it is true, good and virtuous, making mankind better and more noble, and fitting them for a world to come? What business has a Heathen like you to dictate the bible? but I don't want to be too hard on you, and I tell you that unless you turn from your wicked ways, and live a man, god will judge harshly with you, and I tell you furthermore, that I will give you all March to settle up your business, and if I see another copy of your paper after the first of March, I will blow your brains out, and rid the world of one vile carcass. So pay the postage on this letter until I see you some time, that is if you don't comply with my wishes. From one that was worse a bad man, now turned Richeous.

This letter was evidently not written by Bishop McClosky nor the Rev. Mr. Ting, D.D., but that it comes from a pious soul, who is, to some extent, a believer in their creeds, we have no reason to doubt. However bad he once was, he assures us he is now one of the righteous. We wonder if Christianity and the Bible cause him to wish to deprive us of life. If this is so, their influence is dangerous in the extreme.

We seem to meet with very indifferent success in pleasing our Christian friends, though we try to the extent of our ability. We fear they even feel un-

(Concluded on Page 8.)

Scientific Department.

Tyndall's Reply to his Critics.

The world has frequently been informed of late that I have raised up against myself a host of enemies; and considering, with few exceptions, the deliverances of the press, and more particularly of the religious press, I am forced sadly to admit that the statement is only too true. I derive some comfort, nevertheless, from the reflection of Diogenes, transmitted to us from Plutarch, that "he who would be saved must have good friends or violent enemies; and that he is best off who possesses both." This "best" condition, I have reason to believe, is mine.

Reflecting on the fraction I have read of recent remonstrances, appeals, menaces, and judgments—concerning not only the world that now is, but that which is to come—it has interested me to note how trivially men seem to be influenced by what they call their religion, and how potently by that "nature" which it is the alleged province of religion to eradicate or subdue. From fair and manly argument, from the tenderest and holiest sympathy on the part of those who desire my eternal good, I pass, by many gradations, through deliberate unfairness, to a spirit of bitterness which desires, with a fervor inexpressible in words, my eternal ill. Now, were religion the potent factor, we might expect a homogeneous utterance from those professing a common creed; while, if human nature be the really potent factor, we may expect utterances as heterogeneous as the characters of men. As a matter of fact we have the latter; suggesting to my mind that the common religion professed and defended by these different people, is merely the accidental conduit through which they pour their own tempers, lofty or low, courteous or vulgar, mild or ferocious, holy or unholy, as the case may be. Pure abuse, however, I have deliberately avoided reading, wishing to keep not only hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, but even every trace of irritation, far away from my side of a discussion which demands not only good temper, but largeness, clearness, and many-sidedness of mind, if it is to guide us even to provisional solutions.

It has been thought, and said, that, in the revised Address I have retracted opinions uttered at Belfast. A Roman Catholic writer, who may be taken as representative, is especially strong upon this point. Startled by the deep chorus of dissent with which my dazzling fallacies have been received, he convicts me of trying to retreat from my position. This he will by no means tolerate.

"It is too late now to seek to hide from the eyes of mankind one foul blot, one ghastly deformity. Prof. Tyndall has himself told us how and where this Address of his was composed. It was written among the glaciers and the solitudes of the Swiss mountains. It was no hasty, hurried, crude production; its every sentence bore marks of thought and care."

My critic intends to be severe: he is simply just. In the "solitudes" to which he refers I worked with deliberation; endeavoring even to purify my intellect by disciplines similar to those enjoined by his own Church for the sanctification of the soul. I tried in my ponderings to realize not only the awful, but the expedient; and to permit no fear to act upon my mind save that of uttering a single word on which I could not take my stand, either in this or any other world.

Still my time was so brief, and my process of thought and expression so slow, that, in a literary point of view, I halted, not only behind the ideal, but behind the possible. Hence, after the delivery of the Address, I went over it with the desire, not to revoke its principles, but to improve it verbally, and above all to remove any word which might give color to the notion of "heat and haste."

My critic is very hard upon the avowal in my preface regarding atheism. But I frankly confess that his honest hardness and hostility are to me preferable to the milder but less honest treatment which the passage has received from members of other churches. He quotes the paragraph, and goes on to say:

"We repeat this is a most remarkable passage. Much as we dislike seasoning polemics with strong words, we assert that this apology only tends to affix with links of steel to the name of Prof. Tyndall the dread imputation against which he struggles."

Here we have a very fair example of subjective religious vigor. But my quarrel with such exhibitions is that they do not always represent objective fact. No atheistic reasoning can, I hold, dislodge religion from the heart of man. Logic cannot deprive us of life, and religion is life to the religious. As an experience of consciousness, it is perfectly beyond the assaults of logic. But the religious life is often projected in external forms—I use the word in its widest sense—by no means beyond the reach of logic, which will have to bear—and to do so more and more as the world becomes more enlightened—comparison with facts. The subjective energy to which I have just referred, is also a fact of consciousness not to be reasoned away. My critic feels, and takes delight in feeling, that I am struggling, and he obviously experiences the most exquisite pleasures of "the muscular sense" in holding me down. His feelings are as real as if his imagination of what mine are were equally real. His picture of my "struggles" is, however, a mere phan-

tasm. I do not struggle. I not fear the charge of atheism; nor should I even disavow it, in reference to any definition of the Supreme which he, or his order, would be likely to frame. His "links" and his "steel" and his "dread imputations" are, therefore, even more unsubstantial than my "streaks of morning cloud," and they may be permitted to vanish together.

These minor and more purely personal matters at an end, the weightier allegations remain—that at Belfast I misused my position by quitting the domain of science, and making an unjustifiable raid into the domain of theology. This I fail to see. Laying aside abuse, I hope my accusers will consent to reason with me. Is it not competent for a scientific man to speculate on the antecedents of the solar system? Did Kant, Laplace, and William Herschel quit their legitimate spheres when they prolonged the intellectual vision beyond the boundary of experience, and propounded the nebular theory? Accepting that theory as probable, is it not permitted to a scientific man to follow up in idea the series of changes associated with the condensation of the nebula; to picture the successive detachment of planets and moons, and the relation of all of them to the sun? If I look upon our earth, with its orbital revolution and axial rotation, as one small issue of the process which made the solar system what it is, will any theologian deny my right to entertain and express this theoretic view? Time was when a multitude of theologians would be found to do so—when the arch-enemy of science which now vaunts its tolerance would have made a speedy end of the man who might venture to publish any opinion of the kind. But that time, unless the world is caught strangely slumbering, is forever past.

As regards inorganic Nature, then, I may traverse, without let or hindrance, the whole distance which separates the nebulae from the worlds of to-day. But only a few years ago this now conceded ground of science was theological ground. I could by no means regard this as the final and sufficient concession of theology; and at Belfast I thought it not only my right but my duty to state that, as regards the organic world, we must enjoy the freedom which we have already won in regard to the inorganic. I could not discern the shred of a title-deed which gave any man, or any class of men, the right to open the door of one of these worlds to the scientific searcher, and to close the other against him. And I considered it frankest, wisest, and in the long run most conducive to permanent peace, to indicate without evasion or reserve the ground that belongs to Science, and to which she will assuredly make good her claim.

Considering the freedom allowed to all manner of opinions in England, surely this was no extravagant position for me to assume. I have been reminded that an eminent predecessor of mine in the presidential chair expressed a totally different view of the Cause of things from that enunciated by me. In doing so he transgressed the bounds of science at least as much as I did; but nobody raised an outcry against him. The freedom that he took I claim, but in a more purely scientific direction. And looking at what I must regard as the extravagances of the religious world; at the very inadequate and foolish notions concerning this Universe entertained by the majority of our religious teachers; at the waste of energy on the part of good men over things unworthy of the attention of enlightened heathens; the fight about the fripperies of Ritualism, the mysteries of the Eucharist, and the Athanasian Creed; the forcing on the public view of Pontigny Pilgrimages; the dating of historic epochs from the definition of the Immaculate Conception; the proclamation of the Divine Glories of the Sacred Heart—standing in the midst of these insanities, it did not appear to me extravagant to claim the public tolerance for an hour and a half for the statement of what I hold to be more reasonable views: views more in accordance with the verities which science has brought to light, and which many weary souls would, I thought, welcome with gratification and relief.

The expression to which the most violent exception has been taken is this:

"Abandoning all disguise, the confession I feel bound to make before you, is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that Matter which we, in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life."

To call it a "chorus of dissent," as my Catholic critic does, is a mild way of describing the storm of opprobrium with which this statement has been assailed. But, the first blast of passion being past, I hope I may again ask my opponents to consent to reason. First of all I am blamed for crossing the boundary of the experimental evidence. I reply that this is the habitual action of the scientific mind—at least of that portion of it which applies itself to physical investigation. Our theories of light, heat, magnetism and electricity, all imply the crossing of this boundary. My paper on the "Scientific Use of the Imagination," illustrates this point in the amplest manner; and in the lecture above referred to I have sought, incidentally, to make clear how in physics the experiential incessantly leads to the ultra-experiential; how out of experience there always grows something finer than mere experience, and that in their different powers of ideal extension consists for the most part the difference between the great and the mediocre investigator.

The kingdom of science, then, cometh not by observation and experiment alone, but is completed by fixing the roots of observation and experiment in a region inaccessible to both, and in dealing with which we are forced to fall back upon the picturing power of the mind.

Passing the boundary of experience, therefore, does not, in the abstract, constitute a sufficient ground for censure. There must have been something in my particular mode of crossing it which provoked this tremendous "chorus of dissent."

Let us calmly reason the point out. I hold the nebular theory, as it was held by Kant, Laplace, and William Herschel, and as it is held by the best scientific intellects of to-day. According to it, our sun and planets were once diffused through space as an impalpable haze, out of which, by condensation, came the solar system. What caused the haze to condense? Loss of heat. What rounded the sun and planets? That which rounds a tear—molecular force. For aëons, the immensity of which overwhelm man's conceptions, the earth was unfit to maintain what we call life. It if now covered with visible, living things. They are not formed of matter different from that of the earth around them. They are, on the contrary, bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. How were they introduced? Was life implicated in the nebula—as part, it may be, of a vaster and wholly incomprehensible Life; or is it the work of a Being standing outside the nebula, who fashioned it as a potter does his clay, but whose own origin and ways are equally past finding out? As far as the eye of science has hitherto ranged through Nature, no intrusion of purely creative power into any series of phenomena has ever been observed. The assumption of such a power to account for special phenomena has always proved a failure. It is opposed to the very spirit of science, and I therefore assumed the responsibility of holding up in contrast with it that method of Nature which it has been the vocation and triumph of science to disclose, and in the application of which we can alone hope for further light. Holding, then, that the nebulae and all subsequent life stand to each other in the relation of the germ to the finished organism, I reaffirm here, not arrogantly, or defiantly, but without a shade of indistinctness, the position laid down in Belfast.

Not with the vagueness belonging to the emotions, but with the definiteness belonging to the understanding, the scientific man has to put to himself these questions regarding the introduction of life upon the earth. He will be the last to dogmatize upon the subject, for he knows best that certainty is here for the present unattainable. His refusal of the creative hypothesis is less an assertion of knowledge than a protest against the assumption of knowledge which must long, if not forever, lie beyond us, and the claim to which is the source of manifold confusion upon earth. With a mind open to conviction, he asks his opponents to show him an authority for the belief they so strenuously and fiercely uphold. They can do no more than point to the Book of Genesis, or some other portion of the Bible. Profoundly interesting and indeed pathetic to me are those attempts of the opening mind of man to appease its hunger for a Cause. But the Book of Genesis has no voice in scientific questions. To the grasp of geology, which it resisted for a time, it at length yielded like potter's clay; its authority of a system of cosmogony being discredited on all hands by the abandonment of the obvious meaning of its writer. It is a poem, not a scientific treatise. In the former aspect it is forever beautiful; in the latter aspect it has been, and it will continue to be, purely obstructive and hurtful. To knowledge its value has been negative, leading, in rougher ages than ours, to physical, and even in our own "free" age, as exemplified in my own case, to moral violence.

Though managed and moulded for centuries to an obedience unparalleled in any other country, except Spain, the Irish intellect is beginning to show signs of independence, demanding a diet more suited to its years than the pabulum of the middle ages. As for the recent manifesto where pope, cardinal, archbishops, and bishops, may now be considered as united in one grand anathema, its character and faith are shadowed forth by the vision of Nebuchadnezzar, recorded in the Book of Daniel. It resembles the image, whose form was terrible, but the gold, and silver, and brass, and iron of which rested upon feet of clay. And a stone smote the feet of clay, and the iron, and the brass, and the silver, and the gold, were broken in pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor, and the wind carried them away.

There is something in Jesuitism profoundly interesting, and at the same time clearly intelligible, to men of strong intellects and determined will. The weaker spirits, of whom there are many among us, it stupefies and fascinates and subdues. From the study of its now inward forces, and their possible misapplication, the really determined man can understand how possible it is, having once chosen an aim, to reach it in defiance of every moral restraint—to trample under foot, by an obstinate effort of volition, the dictates of honesty, honor, mercy, and truth; and to pursue the desired end, if need be, through their destruction. This force of will, relentlessly applied, and working through submissive instruments, is the strength of Jesuitism.

Pure, honest fanaticism often adds itself to this

force, and sometimes acts as its equivalent. Illustrations of this are not far to seek, for the dazzling prize of England converted to the true faith, is sufficient to turn weak heads. When it is safely caged, it is interesting to watch the operations of this form of energy. In a sermon on the Perpetual Office of the Council of Trent, preached before the Right Reverend Fathers assembled in Synod, the archbishop of Westminster has given us the following sample of it: "As the fourth century was made glorious by the definition of the Godhead and the Consubstantial Son, and the fifth by that of his two perfect natures, and the thirteenth by that of the procession of the Holy Ghost, so the nineteenth will be glorious by the definition of the Immaculate Conception. Right Rev. Fathers," continues this heated proselyte, "you have to call the legationaries and the tribunes, the patricians and the people, of a conquering race, and to subdue, change, and transform them one by one to the likeness of the Son of God. Surely a soldier's eye and a soldier's heart would choose by intuition this field of England for the warfare of the faith. It is the head of Protestantism, the centre of its movements, and the stronghold of its powers. Weakened in England, it is paralyzed everywhere; conquered in England, it is conquered throughout the world. Once overthrown here, all is but a war of detail: it is the key of the whole position of modern error." This is the propaganda which England has to stem. What mere stultic *dilettante* ritualist or a weak-headed nobleman must be when acted upon by this fiery breath of fanaticism! The only wonder is that weak heads, which are so assiduously and deliberately sought out, are not more plentiful than they are.

The course of life upon earth, as far as Science can see, has been one of amelioration—a steady advance on the whole from the lower to the higher. The continued effort of animated Nature is to improve its conditions and raise itself to a loftier level. In man, improvement and amelioration depend largely upon the growth of conscious knowledge, by which the errors of ignorance are continually moulded and truth is organized. It is assuredly the advance of knowledge that has given a materialistic color to the philosophy of this age. Materialism is, therefore, not a thing to be mourned over, but to be honestly considered—accepted if it be wholly true, rejected if it be wholly false, wisely sifted and turned to account if it embrace a mixture of truth and error.

Of late years the study of the nervous system and of its relation to thought and feeling has profoundly occupied inquiring minds. It is our duty not to shirk—it ought rather to be our privilege to accept—the established results of such inquiries, for here assuredly our ultimate weal depends upon our loyalty to the truth. Instructed as to the control which the nervous system exercises over man's moral and intellectual nature, we shall be better prepared, not only to mend their manifold defects, but also to strengthen and purify both. Is mind degraded by this recognition of its dependence? Assuredly not. Matter, on the contrary, is raised to the level it ought to occupy, and from which timid ignorance would remove it.

But the light is dawning, and it will become stronger as time goes on. Even the Brighton Congress affords evidence of this. From the manifold confusions of that assemblage my memory has rescued two items which it would fain preserve: the recognition of a relation between Health and Religion, and the address of the Rev. Harry Jones. Out of the conflict of vanities his words emerge fresh, healthy, and strong, because undrugged by dogma, coming directly from the warm brain of one who knows what practical truth means, and who has faith in its vitality and inherent power of propagation. I wonder is he less effectual in his ministry than his more embroidered colleagues? It surely behooves our teachers to come to some definite understanding as to this question of health: to see how, by inattention to it, we are defrauded, negatively, by the privation of that "sweetness and light" which is the natural concomitant of good health; positively, by the insertion into life of cynicism, ill-temper, and a thousand corroding anxieties which good health would dissipate. We fear and scorn "materialism." But he who knew all about it, and could apply his knowledge, might become the preacher of a new gospel. Not, however, through the static moments of the individual does such knowledge come, but through the revelations of science, in connection with the history of mankind.

Through our neglect of the monitions of a reasonable materialism we sin and suffer daily. I might here point to the train of deadly disorders over which science has given modern society such control—discussing the lair of the material enemy, insuring his destruction, and thus preventing that moral squalor and hopelessness which habitually tread on the heels of epidemics in the case of the poor.

Rising to higher spheres, the visions of Swedenborg, and the ecstasy of Plotinus and Porphyry, are phases of that psychical condition, obviously connected with the nervous system and state of health, on which is based the Vedic doctrine of the absorption of the individual into the universal soul. Plotinus taught the devout how to pass into a condition of ecstasy. Porphyry complains of having been only once united to God in eighty-six years, while his

master Plotinus had been so united six times in sixty years. A friend who knew Wordsworth informs me that the poet, in some of his moods, was accustomed to seize hold of an external object to assure himself of his own bodily existence. The "entranced mind" of Mr. Page-Roberts, referred to so admiringly by the *Spectator*, is a similar phenomenon. No one, I should say, has had a wider experience in this field than Mr. Emerson. As states of consciousness those phenomena have an undisputed reality, and a substantial identity. They are, however, connected with the most heterogeneous objective conceptions. Porphyry wrote against Christianity; Mr. Page-Roberts is a devout Christian. But, notwithstanding the utter discordance of these objective conceptions, their subjective experiences are similar, because of the similarity of their finely-strung nervous organizations.

But whatever be the fate of theory, the practical monitions are plain enough, which declare that on our dealings with matter depends our weal or woe, physical and moral. The state of mind which rebels against the recognition of the claims of "materialism" is not unknown to me. I can remember a time when I regarded my body as a weed, so much more highly did I prize the conscious strength and pleasure derived from moral and religious feeling, which I may add, was mine without the intervention of dogma. The error was not an ignoble one, but this did not save it from the penalty attached to error. Saner knowledge taught me that the body is no weed, and that if it were treated as such it would infallibly avenge itself. Am I personally lowered by this change of front? Not so. Give me their health, and there is no spiritual experience of those earlier years—no resolve of duty, or work of mercy, no act of self-denial, no solemnity of thought, no joy in the life and aspects of Nature, that would not still be mine. And this without the least reference or regard to any purely personal reward or punishment looming in the future.

But, admitting the practical facts, and acting on them, there will always remain ample room for speculation. Take the argument of the Lucretian. As far as I am aware, not one of my assailants has attempted to answer it. Some of them, indeed, rejoice over the ability displayed by Bishop Butler in rolling back a difficulty on his opponent; and they even imagine that it is the bishop's own argument that is there employed. Instructed by self-knowledge, they can hardly credit with the wish to state both sides of the question at issue, and to show, by a logic stronger than Butler ever used, the overthrow which awaits any doctrine of materialism which is based upon the definitions of matter habitually received. But the raising of a new difficulty does not abolish—does not even lessen—the old one, and the argument of the Lucretian remains untouched by anything the bishop has said or can say.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

Tyndall and his American Critics.

BY JOHN CHAPPELL SMITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: The critics I shall notice are James Freeman Clarke, Rowland Conner, Francis E. Abbott and John Weiss. These men, whose scholarly attainments qualify them to criticize the philosophy enunciated by Tyndall in his address, undertake to enlighten us as to the nature and bearings of that philosophy on the problems of life and mind; but as the opinions they give us conflict with each other, it becomes the business of THE TRUTH SEEKER to determine which opinion is nearest to the truth. So far as I know, Weiss is the only American critic who has clearly defined what the fundamental change is that Tyndall has made in his notion of matter; but, as I have remarked, Weiss is in error in supposing that the idea that the Universe is living matter, and that sensation and thought are the product, not of the essentially dead, but of eternally living matter, is a new idea. This notion of the immediate unity of matter and life, of life being inseparably connected with matter, was held by the old Greek philosophers, and is now held by some of the most eminent biologists—for instance by Haeckel in Germany.

J. Freeman Clarke, contrary to Weiss, says that Tyndall has not "espoused" a new idea; and he says, banteringly, that Tyndall is using the term matter in a new sense, and has given merely a new name for Spirit or God. There is, therefore, says Clarke, not any materialism nor atheism in the famous sentence about the "potency" of matter. This is not true, and Clarke shows that he knows that it is not; for he says, "Tyndall's theory was avowedly constructed in order to avoid the belief in an intelligent Creator, and in a Universe marked by the presence of design." Tyndall says that there is materialism in his meaning, though, "The materialism here enunciated may be different from what you [his hearers] suppose." Clarke complains of Tyndall's indecision, and thinks that it is due to accepting Spencer's doctrine that God is unknowable, creation impossible, and that the knowledge of objects is a knowledge of their appearances only. Tyndall does not exhibit indecision in expressing his conviction that the theory of "Evolution" is a more rational theory than that of "Creation"; and, with strange inconsistency, Clarke shows that he knows this.

Abbot says that Tyndall has not stated anything new in the direction of materialism. He does not say; as Clarke does, that Tyndall uses the term "matter" as a new name for Spirit or God; and it is because Tyndall does not do this, that Abbot treats his philosophy with extreme contempt. Abbot says that there is "a somewhat baffling vagueness of thought" in the address; and he, too, thinks that it is due to Tyndall's following, with undeserved fidelity, the Spencerian philosophy; "which philosophy," he says, "exhibits unutterable shallowness, and that its general acceptance is the intellectual disgrace of the age." Abbot is sorry to see Tyndall reiterating Spencer's "meaningless jargon" and "empty gibberish."

Tyndall says: "Let us radically change our notion of matter;" and says Abbot: "This is what he does: he discards the old Democritean conception of atoms for a conception which endows them with inherent polar forces, and reduces or ascribes 'the activity of each animal as a whole to be the transferred activities of its molecules.'" Abbot says: "In the notion of self-subsistent, substantial atoms Tyndall seems to halt; and these polar or 'structural forces' he seems to regard as the ultimate cause of all organic life, so far as thought can go."

Now what is the conception of atoms which Tyndall has discarded? It is the conception that atoms which are "individually without sensation, can by combining in obedience to mechanical laws, originate not only organic forms, but the phenomena of sensation and thought also, as the result of their combination." Looking at matter as thus pictured by Democritus, and as defined in our scientific text-books, Tyndall says he sees the absolute impossibility of any form of life coming out of it. He says: "The definitions of matter given in our text-books were intended to cover its purely physical and mechanical properties. And taught as we have been to regard these definitions as complete, we naturally and rightly reject the monstrous notion that out of such matter any form of life could possibly arise; and Tyndall plainly asserts a belief that matter has, inherently, polar and structural forces which are the ultimate cause of organic life. This radical change in Tyndall's notion of matter is opposed by Abbot, and he objects that he can conceive of mechanical laws as applying to notions of molecules, and masses of molecules, "so long as all motion is communicated from without, but he cannot conceive of these laws "as applying to motions originating from within." The polarity of the whole magnet, according to Tyndall, is the sum of the polarities of its molecules. "Therefore," says Abbot, "all polarity must be traced ultimately to the molecule itself. That is, each molecule spontaneously manifests a polar force not referable to any outside cause, while this polar force acts as an outside cause upon all other molecules." Abbot says "Tyndall drops not the slightest intimation that the atoms depend either on each other or on anything else." And he asks: "How happens it that the inherent forces of all these self-subsistent atoms should obey any general law at all?" "The fundamental conceptions of physics break down here; they cannot explain why the opposite poles of the molecule should manifest opposite attractions, or indeed any attraction at all. The polar or structural forces of mutually independent atoms manifesting themselves under laws which govern permanently all their various interactions, present, when regarded as the ultimate of all organism, a new difficulty as great as that of supposing that the Universe results from the fortuitous concourse of atoms."

Abbot says the "conformity of all atomic and molecular action to a universal law of polarity by which alone all organic forms are conceived to be evolved," point directly to some deep identity of the atoms with each other, and, in fact, seems to reduce them to mere manifestations, under fixed temporal and extensional conditions, of one omnipresent Energy. When Tyndall comes to ponder more profoundly the enormous difficulty here indicated, Abbot suspects that Tyndall will be driven to make a still more radical change in his notions of matter, and to embrace a vaster conception—that of a power which pervades all, which, in the immensity of my own ignorance, I can call by no other name than God."

I infer that Tyndall would say that the atoms do act on each other, and that their actions and reactions are all the law there is. The how and the why may not be efficiently traced, but can we trace the operations and influences of the outside cause to which Abbot appears to refer? Can we comprehend the mode of action of the "one omnipresent Energy"? Can we conceive the God that pervades all matter, that manifests itself in countless atoms? Is it not as easy, to many of us, to conceive that atoms have inherent polar and structural forces, as to conceive that these forces are the expression of a universally diffused power called God?

Abbot says: "True it is, as Tyndall confesses, that science cannot to-day, intelligently connect molecular motion with phenomenal consciousness; but by an intellectual necessity we cross the boundary of the experimental evidence, and are willing to concede that this connection will eventually be established beyond a doubt. What follows? Not that matter is all—far from it. But that the one omnipresent Energy which manifests itself in countless atoms as a universal organic polarity, manifests itself also in the

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friendly toward us. Elder Shelton and Mr. Snodgrass gently consign us to that torrid climate, called *hell*, and this *righteous* man, who has not the manliness to give his name, goes a step or two further and threatens to blow our brains out. He must be a heartless man indeed to want to reduce us to the same hapless condition he is in. We had rather not spare our brains just now. We have no more than we need, and don't see how we could get along without them. We are not afraid of death, and when the time comes for life to cease with us, we trust we shall meet the change without fear or terror. We however, like this life pretty well, and if it is all the same to our righteous friend, we would rather stay here awhile after this month has passed—say till after the Beecher trial is over, any way. We have a curiosity to see how that case "comes out," and would prefer to keep our brains till after that time if this ardent admirer of Christianity and the Bible will give his consent.

This person evidently means business, or would have us think so. We suggest, however, that it is getting most too late in the day to take people's lives because they do not see things in the same light we do, or believe just to suit us. It used to be quite common a few hundred years ago, and was practiced extensively, but the custom has fallen into disuse, and probably it is not best to revive it.

We are satisfied God has no objection to our publishing *THE TRUTH SEEKER*, (for if he has, and wishes to do so, he can easily stop us at any time without help,) and as we feel that we have a duty to perform in this direction, so long as our patrons supply us with the necessary means to run it, and we have health and strength, we shall "keep pegging away," regardless alike of pistol shots and righteous threats.

WE APOLOGIZE.—We believe in making apologies whenever we commit an error that requires it. In sending out notices to delinquents, our clerk, by mistake and without our knowledge, sent to several who have renewed. We beg pardon for this and hope our friends will not be offended at it. We do not wish to dun any one who owes us nothing, and ask all such to consider it a mistake.

We would be glad if those in arrears felt more disposed to come to our aid. Our expenses are heavy, and we need the help of all those who have not renewed.

We regret there are so many disposed to discontinue their paper and feel not interest enough in the life of *THE TRUTH SEEKER* to be willing to spare \$1.75 per year to help sustain it. There is much ignorance, error and mental bondage in our land, and sheets like this are sorely needed to dispel the same. If every one who has emerged from the wilderness of error and doubt only felt willing to contribute a very small sum annually to aid in helping others out, our Liberal publications would not need to languish.

We ask every active friend of truth and mental freedom to send in all the new subscribers they can to take the place of those who, through apathy and the fear of spending \$1.75 for a Liberal paper, have deserted us. Let all do what they can for truth.

A CAUSE FOR REGRET.—Our recent officious Congress, not being content to leave the postal laws as they were—satisfactory to everybody except our rich Express Companies—have seen fit to change them, raising the postage on books, pamphlets, transient papers, and small packages of merchandise to double what they were, or sixteen cents a pound in place of eight, and calling for a two-cent stamp for *THE TRUTH SEEKER*, and other papers weighing over an ounce, to those not regular subscribers. We regard this as an outrage upon the people to please rich monopolies that have made immense fortunes from the public, and would be glad to make people pay a dollar a pound to transport a book a thousand miles, whereas the postage has been eight cents a pound, but now sixteen. While Congress has thus doubled postage for the public, they have partially restored to themselves the odious franking privilege. Thus the innocent have to suffer for the guilty.

We ask our friends who order books by mail to enclose enough to cover the increased postage.

B. F. Underwood.

We were favored with a visit from this active champion of Truth and Free Thought upon his passage through this city to fill his lecture engagements in the West. We were pleased to learn from him that there is an increasing interest manifested to hear Liberal lectures, and that he has fully twice as many applications for lectures as he is able to supply. Those may regard themselves as fortunate who secure his services, and are enabled to hear him. He is truly an able exponent of Science and a zealous advocate of Truth. He is doing much good in the country, and is doubtless appreciated by all who have an opportunity of hearing him. His present engagements last till May, when he assures us he will return to this city, when we hope the Liberals here will have an opportunity of hearing him.

Book Notices.

DESCENT AND DARWINISM, by Prof. Oscar Schnidt, of the "International Scientific Series" is one of the finest and most comprehensive works we have yet seen. The key-note of the subject matter of this book is found in the following passage: "The subject is of deep importance, and whether we take part for or against it, must influence our whole theory of life. Here, too, that has happened to many, which so often happens in questions, the difficulties of which are veiled by an apparent general familiarity. Every one thinks himself capable of deciding about life, and since to non-scientific persons the notorious relationship with apes is the alpha and omega of the doctrine of Descent—since the most confused heads are often most thoroughly convinced of their own pre-eminence—on no subject do we so frequently hear superficial opinions, mostly condemnatory, and all evincing the grossest ignorance. I wish, then, to render the reader able to survey the whole ramified and complicated problem of the doctrine of Descent, and its foundation by Darwin, and to enable him to understand its cardinal points."

Our author also says, "the domain of the *miraculous* at best fosters only pious self-deception, and indolence of mind," and in substance affirms that no deep investigations were ever made by scientists until they had thrown aside the Bible entirely.

After a careful reading of the book, we are prepared to say that our author has been entirely successful in his attempt to elucidate this subject of Descent. It is a full and fine epitome of Darwinism—a whole library in itself. He places orthodoxy just where it belongs—out of the pale of common sense—away in the region of the emotions. He holds up to our intellects hard, incontrovertible facts—pure, unadulterated materialism. We wish we could put it into the hands of every man and woman in the country. No Liberal, who desires to act from intelligent premises, can afford to be without it.

We will cheerfully send the book by mail to all applicants. Price, \$1.50; postage, 15 cts.

EVOLUTION AND PROGRESS, by Rev. W. I. Gill, A. M. The claim that our author makes is that Evolution and Progress were written to, from the following points, viz.: "That orthodox do not understand their opponents. That, in the present state of philosophy, Evolution can be rigidly maintained, and triumphantly vindicated against all the assaults of Theism, and that the latter will have to adopt an entirely new theory of defense." He certainly well sustains this proposition. His disposition of Dr. McCosh and his theories is only equaled by the happy and conclusive manner with which he refutes the arguments and theories of Hume and Carpenter, all three of whom are diametrically opposed to each other. On the question of force, and the forcefulness of matter, he meets the arguments of his opponents thus: "Matter and force are identical, are one and the same, and for this reason in knowing matter we necessarily know force. If we are cognizant of force at all, and if yet our knowledge does not transcend phenomena, then we are cognizant of phenomenal force. If cognizant of force by the senses, and therefore thus cognizant of sensible force, and if the senses can not transcend phenomena, then we are cognizant of the senses of phenomenal force. And material force is phenom-

al and sensible. This accords with universal institutions and spontaneous judgments, which never separate force and phenomena, nor make matter and its forces to be anything other than objects of our senses. For all men, from peasant to philosopher, ascribe some force to sensible phenomena. Carpenter himself does it all through his writings just as Hume did."

Our author handles Hume without gloves, and has certainly furnished us one of the most intelligent criticisms we have ever read of that author.

The metaphysical and supernatural schools fare badly at his hands. If space permitted we would gladly give more extended extracts from his very able arguments. Through 295 pages of good reasoning he gives to matter all the "forms and potencies of life." The logical deductions from his arguments might lead us to the doctrine of a Supreme Power, but consistently they could not even hint at a Supreme Being. What then was our surprise to read the closing paragraph thus:

"Now the great problem is, can we expound this unity so as to prove a personal Deity and one personal immortality? With emphasis I answer Yes!" This reminds us of the story of the cow that gave a generous pail of milk only to kick it over at the last moment. Verily, "consistency thou art a jewel."

The work is a neatly bound volume of 300 pages. Published by the Authors' Publishing Company, this city. Price, \$1.50; postage, 15 cts.

OVERDOING THE THING.—The Right Rev. William Cresswell Doane, Episcopal Bishop of Albany a few weeks ago ordered prayers to be offered up in the churches under his jurisdiction for rain, which was much needed. In due time rain came, and he has congratulated the faithful under his charge at the success thus achieved by prayer. The question arises here, if their prayers produced the rain, ought not the country hold the bishop responsible for the devastating floods that have recently taken place in the Susquehanna, the Delaware, the Tennessee, and many other rivers, by which hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property have been destroyed, and large numbers of poor people thrown out of employment in winter? Good Bishop, please do not deluge the whole country because you need rain at Albany! If your prayers up there are so powerful, they are, perhaps, too much like nitro-glycerine to be used indiscriminately. "Have a care," Bishop, "don't overdo the thing!"

Notice to the Liberal Public.

M. ALTMAN & Co.,
301 & 303 Sixth Ave., N. Y. }

I have during the last six years kept my name and business constantly before the readers of Liberal papers, and have during that time supplied most of them with merchandize from my establishment, orders in most cases coming through the advertisements published by me.

But the limited space necessarily occupied in a newspaper makes it impossible to enumerate or specify accurately the many articles required by the public and I have been and still am in receipt of many letters begging for a more detailed *Price List* or *Catalogue*, I have determined to issue the most complete *Price List* of Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Undergarments and outfits, Suits, Costumes, Hosiery, Gloves, and the thousand small articles in Millinery, Notions, and Haberdashery, that has ever been circulated, free of cost, to all who may send stamp and address. The matter is now in the hands of the printer and by the time this is read will be ready to mail. Send on your addresses with stamp for return postage. Liberals who may not be able, or who hesitate to send stamp, may simply send their address, and I will mail a few for distribution among their friends.

Fraternally yours,

MORRIS ALTMAN.

Anniversary Celebration.

Extensive arrangements are being made to celebrate the 29th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, by the First Spiritual Society of Terre Haute, Ind. As an additional attraction, arrangements have been consummated with C. W. Stewart, Spiritualist of McHenry, Ill., and Rev. A. Wright, Methodist minister of Vienna, Ill., to discuss the merits and demerits of Spiritualism in Pence's Hall, beginning on the evening of the 29th inst., and to continue each evening thereafter (excepting the evening of the 31st), so long as the contesting parties desire. Wednesday evening the 31st being the Anniversary proper, will be devoted to festivities. All are invited. By order of Committee, ALLEN PENCE, Chairman.

Self-Culture, and Not Religious Teachings, THE ONLY REMEDY FOR THE ILLS OF HUMANITY.

BY U. K. BOOTH, DETROIT, MICH.

An old adage says, "children and fools tell the truth." And yet the priests, clergy and their deluded followers will persist in the erroneous belief and statement that it is natural to do wrong. That it is as natural for a child to go astray as for the sparks to fly upward. And that "all mankind by nature are depraved." Paul also shared the same opinion wherever he expressed the law of antagonism which he used to think existed between the flesh and the spirit. But this is a grave error and a grievous mistake, and most "grievously hath the world answered for it. Nothing can be more foreign to truth and the facts in the case. Mankind are taught to do wrong from their earliest childhood, either by example or precept, more particularly by the former. In fact, before the child has an existence even, does its education begin in the errors of an ignorant parentage. A child, however young, may in its ignorance, being impelled by the natural appetite or demand of some yet uneducated and unenlightened propensity, perpetrate any wrong, whether it be the destruction of life, property or principle, and yet when interrogated and called to an account for its action, if done in a cool and dispassionate manner, will respond readily and truthfully, seeking neither subterfuge, evasion nor concealment.

But if, on the contrary, the interrogations and investigations are carried on in an angry, threatening, and chiding manner (as they usually are), then the child, acting under the impulse of the very first and most authoritative law of its nature, namely, the law of self-preservation or self-defense, will resort to falsehood, deception, evasion and concealment, to save itself from impending danger. And in so doing, from the very instincts of its nature, acts as wisely, conscientiously and as rightfully as does a nation by misleading, deceiving or surprising, by recourse to any and every species and means of stratagem, an invading enemy, whose object is the overthrow of their capital. The fact that the character of the child is largely and alarmingly due to pre-natal conditions, through an ignorant, vicious and corrupt parentage, both by physiological irregularities, psychological impressions and mental influences, by which the child is ushered into the world, not under natural, but preternatural laws and conditions, has led the unobservant and unphilosophical Bible writer, to assert that "it is as natural for a child to go astray as for the sparks to fly upward," and the equally unphilosophical priest taking his "cue" from this idea incorporated in "holy writ," has elaborated the thought still further, and pronounced man in a state of nature "totally depraved."

But this is by no means the case. It is true that, under hereditary influences, or the "laws of hereditary descent," the child having a depraved parentage, and necessarily partaking thereof, enters life in a state of physical and mental depravity. But the child, under such influences, does not receive a natural, but only a preternatural or an abnormal existence; the evil in the case being due, not to nature, but to the penalties consequent upon the violation of, and departure from nature on the part of the parentage, before and during the pre-natal conditions of the child. And the very idea of the doctrine of regeneration, (the central idea of Christianity,) implies a bad or an abnormal generation. If, therefore, we would obviate the necessity of regeneration, let us understand and attend to the laws of generation. Take for instance the following example: A child is brought into the world by parents whose entire lives have been spent in the one direction of acquisitiveness—of making and hoarding up money. Now applying the old adage, "like father, like son," or "like begets like," is it not perfectly reasonable to suppose that the child will come into the world under a predominately developed acquisitiveness, under a preternatural bent, and an abnormal tendency in that direction? Hence the child, until educated up out of its pre-natal condition, will be depraved in this faculty, and will tend to become a thief, not by nature, but by receiving a preternatural or abnormal development of that faculty, which is only the penalty inflicted upon the child by Nature, through the parental violation of her sacred laws.

The parents upon discovering the thieving propensities of the child, and desiring to correct its errors and wayward tendencies, naturally seek a remedy in the same "holy book," which asserts that it is as "natural for a child to go astray as for the sparks to fly upward." Hence, upon opening this "holy book," they read, "spare the rod and spoil the child." And thereupon they betake themselves to the task of whipping out of the child that which they themselves have stamped upon its very life and being. And if happily, after a long, painful and severe course of corporal punishment and penal discipline (during which there is often much praying, and not unfrequently some swearing), they succeed in whipping out of the poor sorrowing child the wrong, the crime and the evil for which they alone are responsible, and for which they, and not the child, ought to suffer, they will rejoice in the good work they have accomplished, and bless the Bible for furnishing them so wise and holy a rule of action. But if they fail, (as they usually do,) then the priest will bring the magic powers of his sacred office

to bear, and the child, having arrived at the years of accountability, is expected to "repent and be baptized for the remission of his sins," for all of which he, the repentant sinner, must become a regular attendant upon the "means of grace," which means, when properly interpreted, that he must contribute liberally to the support of the priest and the church.

But if all these parental, Bible and ministerial or religious remedies fail to correct the errors of the wayward, whose lives have been thus cursed by and through the wrongs and follies of an ignorant Christian parentage, they are then handed over to the tender mercies of civil, municipal or police courts, presided over by Christian judges, found guilty by Christian juries, are incarcerated in, and sentenced to hard labor in the Penitentiaries of the country, where a priest, under the "name and style" of a "chaplain," at a fine salary, is still in attendance, ostensibly for the purpose of reiterating the hitherto ineffectual teachings of the "holy Bible," which commands the poor, ignorant and unfortunate sinner to "repent and be baptized, and wash away his sins." And if, after all, the sins and iniquities of the parents are still carried out by proxy, by the hapless child, then at last, by an "angry God," he is delivered into the hands of a prowling "Devil, who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," and by him is "cast into a lake that burneth with fire and brimstone," "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," and where his "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth" will be heard by his parents, who are seated in glory just above him, and around whose brows wreaths and garlands will entwine, as the "smoke of his torment shall ascend forever and ever."

O when will mankind learn to study, investigate, exercise, reason, reflect and think, and think for themselves instead of paying ignorant, designing, licentious "bishops, cardinals, prelates, crafty priests, ministers, clergymen, Right Rev. divines, doctors of divinity," and all other cognate appellations found in the nomenclature of knaves and fools, to think for them?

When a people surrender governmental and State affairs into the hands of a few men, under the mistaken idea that they will look after their rights and interests better than they themselves can, thus leaving them free from governmental responsibilities, then the mask falling from the pretended patriot, the usurper steps forth, sets his iron heel of tyranny on the necks of his impotent subjects, fills his coffers with the hard earnings of the toiling millions, grows insolent, heartless and cruel over the very amusement afforded him by the groans, sighs and tears, the unheard and unheeded petitions of his menial, abject, suffering subjects. If then in matters of State polity, "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," how much more is human development, moral and intellectual freedom the price of self-culture, self-thought, philosophical investigation, mental reflection, individual effort and personal study? When will the people become philosophical instead of theological? When will science take the place of superstition, and scientific works, which embody demonstrated facts, supersede Bibles which only contain in the main, exploded theories, the "say so" and the "guess-work" of religious world-makers, designing priests and ignorant divines? When will the people learn that freedom from pain, sickness, sorrow and "sin" depend wholly and entirely upon a knowledge of and obedience to our reciprocal relation to the elements, of which we are composed, and "in which we live and move and have our being"? When will they learn that obedience to law and not repentance of violated law will alone secure individual happiness? When will they learn that nature is not depraved and corrupt, but corruption and depravity are but the sequence of our ignorance of nature? And finally, when will they learn that a corrupt and depraved nature implies a corrupt and depraved God?

We Live in the Eternal Now!

Spiritualism, in its modern phase, called *materialization*, is, as appears by the papers, attracting some attention. Though an obscure individual, as one of the atoms of our common humanity, I need not be surprised if I do not wholly escape the magnetic current. At present I take no stock in the concern, either *pro* or *con*. I would not go three perches to see Miss "Katie King," and all the Indians, little and big, that could be resurrected—not even the squaws. I lived with Indians, away towards where the sun goes down, a long time ago, when Indians were Indians, and squaws were squaws. Those Green Mountain Indians seem to be another thing entirely—and so of the squaws.

The thought just pitched into my cranium—I'm not quite sure I have not already felt an oscillating touch of the magnetic force aforesaid.

Night before last a gentleman came and introduced himself to me as a reporter. Said he had been interviewing Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher. Mrs. Beecher told him she and Mr. Beecher had been lecturing about the country since the first of November—expected to keep on doing so 'till the middle of January, when they were to start for the Islands of the Southern Seas, to witness the Great Phenomena.

I said, What Great Phenomena? Reporter replied: I'm not posted any further. You must, if you wish to investigate further, have a reporter who knows more than I do. Which shall I call, Peter or John? I scratched my cranium to get the best idea out—give us Peter. Peter forthwith put in an appearance.

Making my prettiest bow, I said, Please have the politeness to tell us what are the Great Phenomena of the Islands of the Southern Seas?

"Are you prepared to write?" I am.

"Among the inhabitants of the Southern Seas is an organization whose central idea is to think by rule." Here Peter examined my notes to see if they were correct. "In their organic laws are metes and bounds defining what thoughts may enter the mind, and what may not enter the mind." This so novel a code brought to my mind a little historic reminiscence of many years ago, the recollection of which touched my bump of mirthfulness, and I laughed aloud—I awoke, and behold it was a dream. What a pity I laughed! I must take better care next time.

Dream or no dream, does it not open a fissure in the cloud which now so obscures our benighted Christian land?

What, for an idea, would it be for the Islands of the Southern Seas to send missionaries to this world-wide renowned land of liberty to establish Christian churches on the Jesus of Nazareth idea, "whoso looketh," or thinketh? Would not such change, in our Christian ethics, avert some little unpleasantness?

"As a man thinketh, so is he." Why not, so is she? If a man or woman—a gentleman or lady if you please—allow an impure thought to enter the mind, the thought is the cause—a feeling, a secretion, is the effect—next the cause. The next effect is some act, that will not bear the light—that will not bear the scrutiny of angels. Some act that will want a cloak of "imputed righteousness," to cover it. We drop the curtain.

To Spiritualism, in its sublimer manifestations, we make our most reverential bow. It touches the bond that binds this stupendous Universe together. It reaches the sublime center of all vitality. It thrills every fibre of our being. Through this vitalizing agency, man, now so rudimental, is to be perfected in the likeness of God.

We would not speak disparagingly of the current manifestations called materialization. They have their use. Some minds could be reached by nothing less tangible. The Powers above us mean us good—mean us all good.

PRENTISS.

Questions for the Clergy.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to ask the clergy a few questions through the columns of your paper:

First, do you believe in a Creator?
Do you believe in special Providences?
Do you believe the Bible represents the true God?
Did God have a design in all his works?
Is he a respecter of persons?
Did he intend that man should fall through the influence of the Devil?

Did he intend this Devil should cause him to become grieved at his heart and become repentant?

Did he make all the fish of the sea?
Did he intend the large fish to eat up the small ones? If yes, does he expect the small fish to render thanks to him?

Did he drown everything upon the earth, because everything was as he intended it?

What had the beasts of the field done that they should be drowned?

Were Lot and his two daughters the only righteous persons in Sodom and Gomorrah?

Is it a mark of righteousness to commit incest, and to get so drunk you know nothing?

Was David a man after God's own heart?

Was his heart in accordance with God's, when he put Uriah in front of the battle, that he might get killed, so that he might get his wife, because she was pretty?

Did God order the Israelites to slay all the males among the little ones, and kill all the women that had known man by lying with him, and to keep all the virgins alive for their own use?

Does God expect those mothers, brothers and daughters to worship him or his religion?

Are you clergy looking for the second coming of Christ and the judgment day?

Did God say in Matt. xvi. "that there was some standing there that should not taste death until he came?"

Did he say in Matt. xxiv., "that this generation should not pass away until he came to judge the world?"

Then why are you looking for his coming yet?

By answering these questions, it may be the means of converting a person from Atheism. I ask them in good faith, for information, and not to cavil and make light of your doctrine, but that I may receive the true light, if you have it.

Pratt, Ill.

JAMES M. PRATT.

THE Centennial buildings in Philadelphia will cover twenty acres, and to lessen the fatigue of a thorough visit an elevated railway is projected.

(Continued from No. 7.)

atom-built organism as intelligence; in a word, that matter and mind are one."

I think Tyndall plainly states that he does think mind and matter are one, in the sense that mind is, as Lewes says it is, a functional product of matter, though Tyndall does not understand how the function originates; but I presume that he cannot any better understand how the mind, which is always in proportion to the development of brain matter, can be a manifestation of a "universal Energy," which is not a product of matter.

Rowland Conner and Abbot agree that Tyndall's conception of materialism is the reverse of the ordinary meaning of the word; but Conner does not recognize the radical change in Tyndall's notion of matter that Weiss recognizes, viz: the conception of eternal living matter. Conner demurs to Abbot's definition of Tyndall's "Scientific Materialism." Abbot says Tyndall rejects that genuine form of materialism which explains everything by matter alone, and assumes the existence of an illimitable number of self-subsistent molecules governed by a strictly universal law of polarity. (The molecules are matter, and it is their function of polarity that constitutes the law. Tyndall does not suppose any other law of polarity.) Conner declares that Abbot, by the innocent introduction in the above definition of self-subsistent or eternal atoms, in which, Conner considers, Tyndall never believed, has altered the entire question as regards Tyndall. Conner says he has not yet sufficient reasons for accepting Abbot's conception that Tyndall's notion of substantial atoms endowed with inherent forces must dissolve under the influence of the new doctrine of the Conservatism of Energy, into that of pure forces; but if it be true, it will not, he says, affect Tyndall's argument for seeing in matter the promise and potency of every form and quality of life. Conner says endowed because he draws his conception of that from Tyndall's allusion to "the Creator of matter," in an expression intended by Tyndall as a reproach to those who despised matter which they believed their God had created. It was not intended to be the expression of his belief in a Creator of matter, nor of an Endower of forces upon matter. Conner concludes from this expression that Tyndall means that a Creator "endowed" matter with the "promise and potency," etc., though Clarke says this is what Tyndall purposed to deny.

Regarding Abbot's statement that "the way out of Tyndall's imperfect materialism is clear through it into a philosophy which shall show atoms to be manifestations of a unitary energy or "Power." Conner says if Abbot will frame an argument which shall really go through it, into the modified pantheism with which Abbot desires to replace it, he is ready to go through when he sees an opening, which he does not see as yet.

P. S. Conner thinks when Abbot wrote, "We refuse to juggle or be juggled with, by Spencer and Tyndall's 'empty gibberish of the unknowable,'" that he forgot that the first lesson in controversy is to unlearn our native tendency to treat our adversaries as fools. He thinks that the provisional acceptance of Spencer's views seems to make Abbot almost angry; and he says that other friends of Abbot think that exact justice to Spencer is prevented by Abbot's remembrance of some old grudge, or from prejudice on account of being defeated in controversy with Spencer. Abbot smiles at this quaint suggestion of any "remembered drubbing at his hands," and says: "If there was any drubbing it was in the opposite direction."

New Harmony, Indiana, Feb. 10th, 1875.

The Underwood-Burgess Debate at Cairo.

A contributor to the *Christian Standard* of January 16th, pretends to give a report of the recent debate at Cairo. Such a report!

Of Burgess, he says: "He seemed much better acquainted with the works of modern Scientists than Mr. Underwood and refuted every position that was taken by such writers as Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, etc."

"I did not hear of a person saying that he thought Mr. Underwood sustained himself."

"I am sure that not only was a great victory gained for the cause of Christ, but it has done much to check Infidelity in Southern Illinois and the adjoining portions of Kentucky and Missouri."

The same writer gives a pen picture of Mr. Underwood. He is described as a thick-set, dark, ugly-looking fellow, who has the appearance of a "prize fighter," and who spoke stammeringly, and occasionally seemed confused."

In justice to Mr. Underwood and the cause he represents, let us see what some of the secular papers said about the debate.

(From the *Chicago Daily Tribune*.)

A BIBLE DEBATE.

A very animated Bible debate has just been concluded in Cairo, between Prof. O. A. Burgess and Prof. B. F. Underwood. The debate was continued through six sessions, and before large and interested audiences. Burgess is President of the North-western Christian University at Indianapolis, and has the reputation of being the ablest debater in the Christian (Cambellite) denomination. Underwood is a well-known representative of Infidelity, and is quite noted as a writer and debater. A Boston paper (the *Index*) says he is in this country what Beuchner is in Germany.

Both gentlemen are ready, fluent talkers; but Burgess is the most eloquent. Underwood perhaps the most exact and logical. Burgess is quite an actor, and attracts attention by his manner of speaking as well as by what he presents. Underwood is direct, never uses a superfluous word, makes no attempt at word-painting, but sticks to his subject and tests everything by the merciless rules of logic. Both disputants are scholars, and show familiarity with the various schools of thought. The Infidel seems to have given the most attention to physical science, however.

As usual, both parties claim the victory. The debate was conducted in a good spirit, and the large audiences in attendance were much entertained and instructed.

(From the Cairo correspondent of the *St. Louis Daily Times*.)

CAIRO, (ILL.) DEC. 29, 1874.

There has been in this city a lively debate between O. A. Burgess and B. F. Underwood, on the Bible, its historic, scientific and moral worth; the most lively debate it has ever been my pleasure to hear.

Burgess is of the Cambellite denomination, and President of their theological college at Indianapolis. Underwood is a hard-headed, matter-of-fact Materialist, from Boston, the home of heresy and the city of isms in general.

Underwood had the affirmative all through the debate. The propositions required him to prove that the Bible abounds in errors in history and science, and teaches a morality not adapted to the nineteenth century.

The attendance was immense from the beginning to the end of the debate. The general opinion is that Underwood got away with Burgess, that the Boston man was too much for the Hoosier. Albeit it does not follow that the Bible has been vanquished. Many who acknowledge that the merits of the debate are on the side of the Infidel, are not ready to admit that the Bible and Christianity are defeated or their claims invalidated.

Burgess is smart, tonguey, eloquent, but he is not the man to make the best defense of the Bible. Underwood on the contrary is learned, logical, and scientific, and knows how to make the most of a weak cause. He is probably the best debater in the ranks of the American Freethinkers. He is a representative of "modern thought," and is one of the most logical speakers and skillful debaters in America. Burgess stands well with his denomination, but our community is hardly satisfied with his defense of their faith.

A *Chicago Times* correspondent, in a letter dated Dec. 28th, noticed the debate at the length of half a column, and while the writer said "Christians and Freethinkers both seemed well satisfied with the results," admitted that Underwood was "the closest thinker and most careful reasoner."

The *Boston Investigator* mentioning the debate, said:

THE GREAT DEBATE.

UNDERWOOD vs. BURGESS.—Western papers speak highly of Mr. Underwood in his debate with Mr. Burgess, at Cairo, Illinois, and rather give our Boston Infidel the preference on the score of ability, though as Burgess is President of a College the Christians were sure he would conquer. But we read that David slew Goliath, and we infer from reports that our Brother Underwood doubled up President Burgess in the most approved style.

The *Carroll County (Illinois) Gazette* quotes the description of Mr. Underwood from the *Christian Standard*, and says:

"We publish it so that our readers, the most of whom will recollect the debate between these gentlemen in Lankark, may see for themselves the correctness of the likeness! It is the first time we have ever heard that this 'heavy-set, thick-necked, dark-haired, dark-complexioned prize fighter' was at a loss for words." Such a description, we venture to say, could never find a place in a secular newspaper."

The following additional extracts in regard to Mr. Underwood's personal appearance and characteristics as a speaker will show the pious contributor to the pious *Christian Standard* to be a bigot and a falsifier:

(From the *Indianapolis Journal* (Ind.) of Oct. 15th, 1874.)

"An audience of 800 or 1000 people listened to B. F. Underwood at the Academy of Music yesterday afternoon. He is a man of fine appearance, and is an interesting and engaging speaker, often quite witty."

(From the *Milwaukee (Wis) Daily Advertiser*, Nov. 23, 1874.)

"Mr. Underwood's appearance is familiar to most of our readers. He is slightly under the average size, solidly built, but without superfluous flesh, and has an open, pleasant face. His delivery is quiet and business like, entirely free from the flourishes of art, but easy and pleasing. His style is singularly pure and exact."

(From the *Penn Yan (N. Y.) Chronicle*.)

"Mr. Underwood is an experienced and rather fluent lecturer, and states his points with clearness and force."

(From the *Stockton (Cal.) Herald*.)

"Mr. Underwood is a good, thorough, somewhat rapid speaker, and evidently has his subject well in hand as he refers but seldom to notes or authorities."

Referring to the debate between Rev. F. F. Campbell and B. F. Underwood at Eugene City, Oregon, the *Eugene Hawkeye* said:

"Campbell is a learned man, a smooth speaker, a deep thinker, and a profound logician. And we cannot say less of Underwood."

And Rev. Campbell, President of Monmouth (Oregon) College, after a six nights' debate with Mr. Underwood, wrote in his own paper, the *Christian Messenger*, of Aug. 20th, 1873, as follows:

"We found Mr. Underwood a gentleman of talents and attainments, worthy of the reputation he has won as a lecturer, and affable, courteous and fair in debate."

Whether Mr. Underwood sustained his position in the Cairo debate, or whether he is a ruffian in appearance, let the reader judge.

FAIR PLAY.

A Short Sermon to Your Readers.

MR. EDITOR: I see that you are a liberal man, and ever ready to publish truth as well as error. And I see that most of your contributors talk as though they did not believe the holy Bible to be the infallible word of God, in its every word and line. In fact, many of them claim that it is contradictory in many of its statements, and that God is devilish in many of his acts. Now sir, this is all owing to their not being theologians, thereby not understanding the language of heaven. For, sir, be it known that heaven's arithmetic and grammar can be only understood by the theologians. But I am to preach a sermon to your contributors; so to my text.

2 Thes. ii: 11, 12, "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned, who believe not the truth."

We shall divide this subject into three heads:

First. Who and what is this God that sends a strong delusion to make them believe a lie in order that they might be damned?

Second. The reason that he sends them a strong delusion that they might all be damned?

Third, and lastly, who is it he wants to damn, and what does he want to damn them for?

1. Who and what is this God? It is evidently not the God of nature that sends the rain and sunshine alike upon the evil and good, who scatters his blessings every-where, from whose hand the flowers burst forth with every returning spring upon every hillside, and valley, and wide extending plain, apparently not caring a cent whether man or beasts tread upon them, or gathers them up. But ever true to himself, regardless of high or low, rich or poor, sublime or vulgar, all nature brought forth in perfect accord with her development. O, no; it is not such a God as this that has not sense enough to know who to bless and who to curse, oh, no.

This God is the author of the holy Bible. 'Tis true that sometheologians claim that in his better mood he is one with the God of nature. For your contributors must be made to understand that nouns have moods in heaven's language; and so powerful are these moods, that they change a saint to a demon, and a God to a Devil in the twinkling of an eye.

This God of the Bible is a pure and holy being, not willing that any should perish; but as a loving father, caring for all his children alike, without respect to persons, in the one mood, and a perfect demon, sending lying spirits to deceive his prophets, tempting the man after his own heart to number Israel in order that he might have an excuse to slay seventy thousand men (besides women and children) to satiate his thirst for blood, and in accordance with our text, sending strong delusion to make men believe a lie, so that he might damn them for not believing the truth, in his other mood.

God and the Devil, according to the Bible, are one and the same being; and it is all owing to the mood whether he be the one or the other.

"This is a bare assertion," I hear some unbeliever say. Hold on, sir, I have the proof, both logical and scriptural; and "in the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established."

1. Logically—it is impossible for two supreme beings to occupy the same space and territory. This God and this Devil are every-where present, and rule by the same laws. You might as well conceive of an "irresistible ball coming in contact with an impetrable wall," as to conceive of two Supreme Beings to hold control at the same time. Sir; it is impossible. "The thing can't be did." Therefore, logically, God and the Devil are one.

2. Scripturally—2 Sam., xxiv: 1, "The anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel; and he moved David against them to say: 'Go number Israel.' Again, 1 Chron., xxi: 1, "And Satan stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel." Now sir, the Bible is an infallible book and never contradicts itself when rightly understood. The above Lord and Satan must be one and the same. If your contributors only understood heaven's language, especially its moods, they would not be crying out, "contradictions! contradictions!" It is all in the mood, sir! Again, 2 Cor., xi: 14, "For Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light."

"It is a poor rule that won't work both ways." You see that one mood transforms (God) an angel of light into Satan, and the other mood, Satan into (God) an angel of light.

Again, "With God all things are possible." And then again, "God cannot lie." Here would seem to be a contradiction in our language, showing that it was impossible for God to lie. But not so with heaven's language; for all you have to do is to change the mood, and he becomes the "father of liars," as the Scriptures abundantly prove.

Again, "God is not man that he should repent." And again, "It repented God that he had made man." No contradiction here. In the diabolical mood he never repents, but rejoices, "that to the glory of his justice" he has innumerable deluded men to damn. But change the mood and he repents that he is to bring so much misery upon men that he has deluded.

I think it must be plain to all your deluded readers, that the proof is beyond controversy, that God and his Satanic Majesty are one and the same.

I therefore, hasten on to dispatch the other heads.

2. The reason that he sends them a strong delusion that they should believe a lie, that they might all be damned that believed not the truth."

God's servant Paul had been teaching the Gentiles some very wholesome truths, about the resurrection of the body and salvation of the soul, "through faith in the blood of a crucified Jesus," whose blood was drawn out into a fountain opened (for the purpose) in the house of David where they could wash themselves in that blood from all uncleanness, and come out pure and spotless. In fact, Paul taught the beautiful and logical doctrine that they only had to *believe* or have faith that there was a fountain of Jesus' blood in the house of David at Jerusalem, in which they were to be washed, and it was all that was necessary to save and safely house in heaven, the nastiest, blackest, dirtiest blackguard of a sinner that ever lived.

Now as God in one of his diabolical moods looked down the line of the coming race, and saw the innumerable multitudes that would (if left to themselves) believe this logical and reasonable doctrine of Paul's, and saw that heaven would be overburdened with saints and hell lack for fuel, he with diabolical finger-touched the pen of the sainted Paul, who, moved by the inspiration, penned the sacred text, "God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned that believe not the truth."

3. Who is it that he wants to damn, and what does he want to damn them for?

It is those that he has *deluded to believe a lie*, in order that he might *damn* them for not *believing the truth*?

Let none call the above an absurdity. If you only was a theologian, and understood the language of heaven you could see it in its grandeur and beauty.

Sir, this short sermon is so applicable to your numerous contributors, that it needs no application; but by way of parenthesis I might put in a

MORAL.

There is nothing so absurd, but it can be proved by Scripture.
REV. THEOLOGICUS, D.D.

New-York Liberal Club.

FEBRUARY 19TH, 1875.

The Nature and Uses of Poetry.

BY REV. W. R. ALGER.

Every thought or emotion on reaching a certain pitch of clearness or intensity, seeks a vent through some channel of expression. The most adequate vent is an action aiming to adjust the organism with the exigency. Thus hunger expresses itself in the act of appropriating food, hate in the infliction of violence, terror in flight. When the inner impulse is not strong enough to embody itself in an act of fulfillment, it may expend itself in a gesture, which is an imitative or substitutional representation of the real act. For instance, a hater restrained from smiting his enemy, may scowl, set his teeth, make a lunge into empty space, and thus work off, in mimetic gesture, the nervous energy, kept from its legitimate discharge in an actual blow.

Another vent for experience is language; that is to say, human thoughts or emotions may be expressed, first in fulfilling deeds; secondly, in symbolic gestures; and thirdly, in verbal signs, oral or written. The fine arts are modes of language, whose aim it is to externalize the experience of men—the painter, sculptor, musician respectively employing the resources of color, form and sound to express human feelings and ideas. The literary artist seeks the same end by means of words—the most complete instrumentality given to any of the arts—the breathing organ of thought. The other arts can only hint thoughts, but words utter them as articulate coins immediately stamped and dropped from the mint of the mind. No brush, chisel or lute can so directly impart ideas and emotions, so freighted with meaning and pathos as is instantaneously done by the simple words friendship, home, joy, sorrow, farewell, mother. The author or speaker, therefore, is the most mightily equipped of all those artists, whose mission it is, by primarily expressing, secondarily to rekindle and nourish the experience of the human soul.

A language, to express his emotions and thoughts in signs, which his fellows can recognize, is a necessity for man as a social being, else he were destitute of sympathy—shut up in a hopeless solitude. Provision is made for this necessity in the audible reactions of the mind through the vocal organs. As soon as visible equivalents are invented for these audible symbols of experience, literature begins. Poetry is a peculiar department within the general province of literature. The characteristics which distinguish poetic from other literary products, are important. All literature may be arranged under the five heads—history, science, philosophy, religion and poetry. History records occurrences in the order in which they take place. Science exactly classifies objects and relations as they are. Philosophy inquires after the causes and laws of things as they operate in the realm of nature, and seeks to construct a coherent theory of what appears. Religion, which is the omnipresent

drift towards unity regards everything in its unitary aspect, and depicts it as tied up in one unbroken order, or dependent on one infinite will. Historic, scientific, philosophic and religious literature, then, seek to give verbal registry to the actual material and life of the world as they are in themselves, in their causes and in their relations as a whole, without abatement or addition.

But poetry, in distinction from all these, is creative, the building of literary fabrics out of stuff at least partially fictitious. With the objects and events embodied in its descriptions, poetry avowedly mixes the energies and colors of the mind, which the other varieties of literature profess to keep out, so as to report the bare reality. Thus the historian shapes the matter of his narrative into the dry likeness of truth, but the poet makes it move and glow as his august prototype breathed consciousness into an image of clay. The scientist sets forth the cold form of an actual object; the poet transfuses it with a soul. The philosopher and the religionist each in his way attempts to grasp those determinations of motive and end between which all things proceed. The poet, careless of the spectral domain of metaphysics, embraces the living appearances of things, as they approach, and sheds a transfiguring radiance and warmth over them from his own purity. Poetry is the spontaneous producer of phenomena, the soliloquizing overflow of rhythmic mind. Poetry fills things with ideal life, and blends them with glorifying associations. To sum up in a word, the matter-of-fact man would portray a thing as it is in itself, but the poet portrays it as it appears in the excited mind with all sorts of enrichments.

I once saw the full moon rise out of the ocean, and hang for a moment, broadly poised, on the edge of the dark waste of waters, when suddenly a ship, with sails all spread, passed solemnly across it, seeming as it passed to be a perfect picture stamped on the gleaming disc. So poetry sets its lucid and beautifying mirror behind the objects it exhibits, lending them a distinctness and glory not their own. Other forms of literature aim to reflect the Universe in the white light of truth; poetry shows it to us through the many colored prism of the imagination. They will be historic or scientific, that is, statements of experience in precise accordance with the facts. When the reactions are excessive, the exuberance and fictitiousness, furnished by the mind, joined with the truth, forms a poetic product. The overflow of thought and feeling, which finds nothing without to react on, must make something. The surplus mental energy, if nature supply no mould, will harden in its own fluent form, and then forcibly print its die on whatever is first offered to it. This is the origin of all mythology, which is really poetry, disguised as philosophy and religion.

Byron says: "Poetry is to create from overfeeling good or ill." There are two devices to which the poetic mind has recourse to dispose of its unappropriated energy. Since it cannot strictly create new things, it virtually does it by filling inanimate things with the spirit of life. This is the great characteristic of the mind overcharged with spiritual force. The enthusiastic lover transfuses all nature with the presence of his beloved. The intensely believing phantasy of the Greek saw the landscape alive with arjays, nayads and oreads. The brain filled and tingling with excitement, discharges its profuse batteries into whatever objects are brought in relations with it, and animates them with its own states.

The other devices to which the poetic spirit has recourse, is *association*, making objects and events emblematic of something beyond themselves. Science dissects things, groups them by themselves, and presents them as dry facts. Poetry collects and fuses things, weaves over them a vascular web of emotional relationship, and presents them in mysterious union, each wearing a vague fringe of beauty, and all swathed in a trailing cloud of meaning beyond what is expressed.

This characteristic goes to the inmost root of the distinction between science and poetry, namely, that while in the statement of the former, each fact, or set of facts, stands distinct and self-sufficing, in the latter it is robed in a cloudy halo of emblematic association and suggestiveness. The poet sees and feels so deep and wide, the sensitive and tenacious tentacles of his imagination, are so numerous, that when any earnest experience goes forth, it carries symbolic meanings with it, tears off and bears along fringes of association, inter-penetrating mechanical forms with spirit, and loading insignificant facts with eternal truth and prophecy. Each trite object bears a burden of admonishing suggestions to pierce the soul.

The two peculiarities which distinguish poetic verse from prose, are rhythm and comparative abundance of metaphor. The character and office of these two elements must be illustrated for an accurate understanding of the formal nature of poetry. Rhythm is a spontaneous attribute of our physical organism, when acting with profuse wealth and force; and metaphor is an instinctive artifice of the mind acting under the same condition. Both are natural marks of spiritual richness or excitement, and poetry is a fruit of their union. Let us see how this is.

We know that all the functions of our being are sustained by the assimilation and consumption of force. The performance of any act by us implies the accumulation and expenditure of the power by which

it is performed. Now all these movements of nutrition and waste, as the laws of physiology demonstrate, are intermittent and measured work, not in continuous flow, but in vibrations or pulses. When the nervous force worked off in gestures, is so copious as to secure a regularly recurring discharge, the man, as in barbaric tribes, breaks into measured movements, and the dance is born. Dancing, music and poetry, under prepared conditions, are products of the over-stimulus of brain and nerves.

Our life consists of the deep-seated, mysterious action of organic polarities, securing time-regulated deposits of nutrition and discharges of functional energy. When verbal utterance catches up this metrical movement, we have verse, which is distinguished from prose by its regularity of accentuation. Then pulse on pulse of mental power beats forth in parallelism and rhymes. This principle pervades all nature.

"For the world was made in order,
And the atoms march in tune:

Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it curves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake."

Every man is keyed to some measure, set to some tune. Whenever a passion, adequate to that measure, strikes him, a mood up to the level of that tune possesses him, he breaks into music and song. The poet is a man whose sensibility is so keen and rich, whose faculty of expression is so quick and copious that he easily overflows into beautiful verse.

Verse economizes the mental force required to follow a train of thought or emotion, by furnishing it regular rests. The recurrent succession of mental pausing and grouping, looking for, and leaning on the measured intervals and rhymes, sustains attention by regularly relieving it, and gives to poetic composition that intensity of emphasis, that prose vainly strives to reach. How much more effective the sentiment, there is no better time for man to die than when he falls a sacrifice for the good of humanity, if put into poetry, thus:

"Or on the gallows high,
Or in the battle's van,
Man's noblest time to die
Is when he dies for man."

The other element of poetry is metaphor. You will find the nature of metaphorical language to be a spontaneous device to express the copious excitement of the mind, when the immediate objects of its experience do not furnish it sufficient vent, by associating with these objects in a sort of living union, such other stimulative objects as can be brought into imaginative relation with them. For instance, a person of sensitive nature seeing a solitary cloud floating in the sky, below the stars, unable to express in a literal description of the bare fact, all the emotion engendered in him, says, "one snowy cloud hangs an avalanche of frozen light on the peak of night's blue crest." All metaphor is at bottom the heightening of mental excitement, by joining to a less exciting thought a more exciting one. Byron, describing an innocent maiden of the South Sea Islands emerging from her ocean bath, illustrates this adding effect of association when he says:

"Naked in faith, and feeling as in form,
She stood as stands the rainbow in a storm."

The first use of poetry is to give the soul the relief and pleasure of expression. The experiences that stir or burn and crowd within the soul, are not satisfied until they obtain a revelation of themselves.

The poet has the gift to do this. What all men dimly feel, he feels so powerfully as to compel an utterance, and he is so endowed as to secure for it a melodious and beautiful one, which imparts sensations of ease and joy to all who appreciate it. The enjoyment of a full and felicitous expression of its experience, confronting it again as in a mirror, is one of the purest pleasures of the mind.

Poets are persons of more affluent and susceptible natures than other men, and symbolizing their experience in the choicest words, reveal man to himself. No small portion of the astonishment and delight we derive from the works of the poets, arises from recognizing the glorified shapes of what we had obscurely felt in the most secret shrines of our being, and had thought peculiar to ourselves. Poetry would be amply justified, had it no other use than to give pleasurable vent, with reacting enrichments to the yearning experience of the soul. He is no genuine poet who needs a motive beyond this. Two nightingales, who had long filled the woods with their melody, once sat silent a moment, when one said to the other: "I am weary of singing all night to these dull boughs, and the heedless moon and stars, with none to listen and call my songs beautiful. I will fly to the city, and there lift my voice till the enraptured crowd pause and praise me." The other one said: "I am happy to sing because my breast is full. My song is an effluence of joy and worship. If men listen and are pleased, I am glad; if they heed not, none the less happy am I in singing." The ambitious one flew to the city, but amid the din and jostle was unheeded, and returned disappointed, soon died with none to mourn. But the other still contrived to entrance the night, and the laborer paused to listen, and students and lovers who wandered there loved nature more because this bird had sung.

The second function of poetry is to reproduce in the soul of the reader, the experience expressed by the author. This is the second use of poetry, to enrich the impoverished multitudes of beneficiary mankind with the ideal wealth of the great millionaires of soul. Who can read Moore's exquisite lines on "Vesper Chimes," and not have his soul filled with delightful memories?

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells.
Of love and youth, and that sweet time
When first I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other birds shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells."

In the third place it is the marvelous prerogative of literature in general, of poetry in especial, to translate all nature, life and experience into their verbal equivalents, and preserve them embalmed in a sort of intellectual amber, in perpetual readiness for realization and enjoyment. For example, few persons, and they only rarely, can roam amidst the stately piles of feudal architecture, listen to the reduplicated notes of the mallow horns fading over the distant glens and rocks, and call up the magic tales and sights of fairy love in their native localities. But when Tennyson sets it in verse, any one, by repeating, may surround himself with the romantic scenery and legendary sounds.

"The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfin faintly blowing,
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echo, dying, dying, dying."

Poetry condenses the great provinces of the material creation, history, fancy, passion, philosophy into portable forms, to be borne in the memory.

Another mission of poetry is to reveal to duller eyes and colder hearts, the beauty and joyfulness of nature; to unveil the attractions, rouse the imitations, illustrate the wholesome pleasures of nature; to redeem the hardened from their sullen seclusion, and to restore the outcast from poverty and despair to their proper heritage in the open spectacle and banquet of the Universe. Millions of men are so coarse and vulgar, so absorbed and harassed, or so thin and frivolous, as to be insensible to the infinite loveliness and awe that crowds every nook of creation, the infinite sweetness and mystery that pervades our existence. It is the happy privilege of the poet to be intensely alive to these divine realities, and it is his sacred commission to quicken others to the same exalted perceptions.

For O is it you, is it you
Moonlight, and shadow, and lake,
And mountains that fill us with joy,
Or the poet that sings so well?
Is it you, O Bounty and Grace,
O Charm and Romance, that we tell,
Or the voice that reveals what you are?
Are ye like daylight and sun
Shared and rejoiced in by all?
Or are ye immersed in the mass
Of matter, and hard to extract,
Or sunk in the core of the world,
Too deep for the most to discern?
Like stars in the depth of the sky,
Which arise on the glass of the sage,
But are lost when their watch is gone?

The poet is eminently an emancipator of men. One of his choicest functions is to thrill imprisoned souls with the notes of liberty, open their cages of care, and set them free in the cosmopolitan freedom of love and truth. To many a soured and weary drudger, a volume of verse has come with blessed beguilement, as a bird lighting on a dungeon bar, has made the captive forget his fetters, wooing him back to the loves and hopes of his childhood. The poet lifts us out of self, tears off the husks of stupidity and bigotry, expands us beyond the limit of egotism, makes us live in the whole life of humanity. He carries us into the boundless realms of ideality. In a world so filled in and set on fire with jostling rivalries as modern society is, the most universal weakness, sin and misery can hardly fail to be egotistic jealousy. That fault is rebuked by every true stanza of poetry, from first to last.

With what exquisite delicacy and contagious insinuation poetry teaches the lesson of sympathetic generosity.

A nightingale made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to speak,
So tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep!

A lark, arm in arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place,
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face.
She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snigger and sneer,

She thought this life too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

"O, nightingale!" cooed a dove,
"O, Nightingale, what's the use,
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
Like a common, contemptible fowl,
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?"

"Only think of all you have done!
Only think of all you can do!
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you.
Lift up your proud little crest,
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing:
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood in the grass,
To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care,
She sang only to the skies,
The song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below,
She knew little about,
And this story's a moral I know,
If you'll try to find it out.

Loving sympathy is far better than conceited and censorious criticism.

Another central feature in poetry is consolation. The poet is the tenderest and most sympathetic of men.

To do justice to the usefulness of poetry as a chosen vehicle of wit, would require a whole lecture. This department of verse is exceedingly rich, and dispenses unmeasured relief and cheer to men, breaking up the viscous network of sentimentality, cutting the faculties free with its flashing strokes, filling the mind with charity and elasticity, giving smiles for frowns.

"When Sarah Jane, the moral miss,
Declares 'tis very wrong to kiss,
I'll bet a shilling I see through it;
The damsel fairly understood,
Feels just as any Christian should,
She'd rather suffer wrong than do it."

Entering the enchanted realm of poetry, we half find, half create, a better sphere. When old, worn and weary from the battling cares of our days, we renew ourselves with literary nectar and ambrosia, we have recourse to those

"Olympian bards who sang
Divine ideas below."

Ideas which if they do not always find us young, at least possess the power to make us so.

T. B. WAKEMAN followed the lecture, and spoke in very complimentary terms of the same, and yielded to poetry a high position in his classification of sciences. He referred to a chart he had used on a former occasion in illustrating his theory of classifications in the similitude of a tree, the roots of which are the senses representing science, next above the will and intellect, the body and trunk, and highest of all, the feelings and emotions, the branches and leaves, the roots in the air. In the emotions was poetry located. Its influence is ennobling. He rolled the chart in cylindrical form, thus bringing the roots and branches in unison, illustrative of the close connection between the senses, the intellect and the emotions. He observed some men were great in one sphere, and others in another. He mentioned a name—Goethe, who was great in all—a whole man, great in scientific knowledge, great in intellectual power, great in his emotional nature—a thinker, a philosopher, a statesman, a poet—great in all.

He thought poets were becoming humanized. Formerly they yielded to tradition and superstition, and placed their God in the skies; now they saw the divine nature in man, their God is becoming humanized, and now is seen most in human beings. Human and divine are more and more becoming to be synonymous terms. The divinity of the present and future is humanity.

MR. DAWSON followed in very eulogistic approval of the lecture, and of poetry and the poets. In beauty, terseness and perfection of language and expression, he placed poetry far above prose, and gave several specimens in point; among others, Christ's turning water to wine. This, when stated in prosaic language, was common-place and pointless; but this is the way the poet expresses it: "The conscious water saw its Lord and blushed." He recited several poetic gems, and was very ardent in his admiration of poetry.

S. P. ANDREWS spoke in high commendation of the lecture of the evening, and highly appreciated the man. He yielded to poetry a high position among the arts, and accorded to it beauty, emotion and elevation, but it was the incisive, the analytical, the doubting, the investigating element in human nature that was most useful in increasing knowledge. He found his analogies in the human organization. While physiology was the most pleasant and agreeable, it was the harsh, cruel, cutting knife of the anatomist that developed truth, and had done most to discriminate it in the world. He remarked that poets, in their actual lives, rarely equaled their idealizations, or in other

words, they are never as great in their lives as in their writings.

MRS. DOUGHTY thought poets seldom exceeded themselves. It has been said Shakespeare "built better than he knew;" this she dissented from, believing that poets had to be possessed of the intelligence and poetic feeling their productions contained to be able to write as they do.

D. T. GARDNER was not inclined to place poetry so high as had been done by the other speakers. He had paid much attention to the subject, and for six years had studied it closely; but he must say he had not been able to make much out of it. He remembered some years ago reading a poem of Gerald Massey's, entitled "The People's Advent," and was highly interested in it. When Prof. Massey visited this city on his recent tour, he had an interview with him, and in course of the conversation alluded to the poem named, and mentioned the peculiar impression it made upon his mind. Mr. Massey cavalierly passed the subject by, saying: "O, that poem I wrote many years ago. My mind has greatly changed since then." He regarded poetry as the language of extravagance, and nine-tenths of it was mere doggerel, insipid and worthless. He quoted the expression often used when a person becomes sensible and sound, that "poetry is all knocked out of him," as having much meaning and force. How absurd the figures often used by poets. The one alluded to just now is a case in point in reference to water blushing. Why water cannot blush. It is utterly impossible, God or no God. What nonsense to talk about water blushing. The license of poets is all of much the same character. When they cannot easily find a rhyme, or the idea they wish, they substitute something else, and this is called "the poet's privilege," but he did not value it very highly. While he regarded poetry well enough in its way, it was not entitled to the high position which many accord it.

DR. ATKINSON and DR. HALLOCK each made a few remarks upon the subject.

W. J. ORMSBY made a few closing remarks. He allowed there was much difference in persons possessing ability to appreciate poetry. He doubted not his friend Gardner's six years in studying poetry had been entirely thrown away. It is not worth while to criticize poets and their figures too closely. True, with regard to Edgar A. Poe's admired poem of "The Raven," there was evidently imagination there, but science has even discovered that a raven, sitting on a bust over the door of a room, could hardly throw a shadow on the floor, unless a lamp or light of some kind was back of it, but probably we should not be too exact in our criticisms.

FEBRUARY 26TH, 1875.

MR. SIMON STERN spoke before the Club on Nominations and Elections. The speaker took a very practical view of his subject. He commenced by saying there were two sides to this question—the romantic and real. When we hear it talked of, when we listen to all the fine things this suffrage will bring us, we think it the most glorious and desirable thing in the world. This is the romance of it. But when once behind the scenes we see how vastly different the reality is. The management of caucuses and primary meetings was given at length, showing how seldom our office-holders are the choice of the people. Politics is a business as much as anything else. There are many wrongs in our systems of elections—majority representation being the worst feature. Magna Charta did not come into existence as the result of any theory. It has done more for the English people and mankind than any other one thing has done. It embodied a real practical want of the whole people.

Our elections are guarded with the most jealous care, but we vote for people we know nothing of, indeed, have never heard of before. These tickets have been concocted at caucuses and primary meetings. People say men don't do their duty. They should attend these primary meetings and see to it that good men are nominated. Go and raise your voice in opposition to the plan and discussions in a primary meeting and you will be put out.

These bodies make a business of apportioning offices and securing them. All the machinery of these places must be paid for. One man wants to be a judge; he quietly puts into the hands of these men \$5000. He has no further trouble about it. Slavery is not so terrible as this system.

One remedy for this is a legal organization of the people, where they can really have a voice and choose for themselves. In each ward there should be a place of public meeting. The burden of the lecture was to show the injustice of the minority having no representation, which was discussed at length by members of the Club, some thinking it an impossibility and others differing from this view.

MR. MORAN objected to all kinds of governments, charters and laws, and advocated the inherent right to govern ourselves.

MR. STILLMAN spoke of the corruption at the polls, and how bad men could buy themselves offices.

DR. HALLOCK said there were two parties responsible in such a transaction; for if no one was ready to sell a vote, none could be bought.

MRS. HALLOCK said she couldn't sit still any longer and hear men deciding this question from their point of view only. For her part, she believed the wrongs

of the system would never be righted until women were admitted to their proper and legitimate place by the side of men. She believed that our legislators divided their time between making and breaking laws.

MR. NASH didn't see how minority representation was to be brought about. He said if a street needs grading, and two-thirds of the residents are in favor of that improvement the rest ought to be compelled to submit to it. There are times when their vote would be injurious to the general good.

MR. S. P. ANDREWS said he believed in one man power, if the right man could be found. He said Mr. Moran's ideas of self-government were what he called "individuality run mad." There was a point where individual interest became more intimately connected with the general interest. He considered our government the best the sun ever shown on, and the best the world would see for many years to come. A voice in the audience asked how about the government of Louisiana. Mr. Andrews quickly turned, and throwing all his wonderful power into his words, said: "Yes, even Louisiana is a better governed State to-day than it was thirty years ago when I was hounded from within its borders for advocating human rights!" We are in a transition state, he said, and gradually improving.

MR. STERNE closed the discussion by answering Mrs. Hallock with regard to woman suffrage, but he had no objection to women being admitted to the ballot—was of the opinion that it was not best to admit any greater number into the ranks of voters until some better plan was devised for running the machinery of politics.

MARCH 5TH.

PROF. P. H. VAN DERWEYDE delivered a lecture on BENJAMIN THOMPSON, known as "Count Rumford." Massachusetts is justly proud of having been the birth-place, cradle and school of this great philosopher, who had the boldness to overthrow the speculative notion of the existence of a caloric fluid which had prevailed since the time of Aristotle, and who proved that the mysterious, so-called vital force does not exist, and boldly proclaimed the materialistic doctrine that the motive power observed in all living beings has its origin in their food, as that of the steam engine comes from its fuel. This man was Benjamin Thompson, born in Woburn, Mass., in 1753. At sixteen he attended the lectures on natural philosophy in Harvard University. This stirred up his enthusiasm for physical research which never left him. When the war of the Revolution broke out he joined the American army, and took part in the battle of Lexington. Being ambitious he sought a commission from Congress, but failed for the reason that he had been acquainted with Governor Wentworth, of New Hampshire, and others friendly to England. This brought him under suspicion which he could not overcome. He eventually went within the British lines and left in 1776 for England.

In London he formed the acquaintance of scientific and military men and was soon raised to distinction as a member of the Royal Society and Under Secretary of State, also as Colonel of the British army. His fondness for travel took him to Strasburg. Here he made the acquaintance of Deux Ponts, afterward King of Bavaria, who introduced him to men of eminence and literary distinction. Munich became his residence and the seat of his subsequent fame. His philosophical researches and discoveries became celebrated throughout Europe. His public and domestic improvements were acknowledged and adopted.

His scientific investigations were laborious, original and tended to purposes of practical utility. The two mysterious agencies, heat and light, were special objects of his attention. He experimented on the non-conducting power of the different substances of heat, that he might bring them to practical use in clothing. He investigated the phenomena of radiation and the modes of producing retaining and economizing heat, that the greatest results might be brought into use with the smallest expense of combustion. His philanthropic institutions for the support and nourishment of the poor were among the most fortunate and successful efforts of his genius. He succeeded in relieving society of one of its most unprofitable burdens, and substituting industry and comfort in place of idleness, profligacy and want. In appreciation of his services in this direction an expensive monument was erected at Munich, commemorating his efforts in behalf of the poor, and bearing inscriptions to that effect. He was knighted by the kings of Great Britain and Poland, and was raised to the dignity of Count of the German Empire. His title was Count Rumford, taking the same from a place in New Hampshire by that name where he taught school in his early life and where he was duly appreciated.

He afterward took up his residence in Paris, but an excess of homage had the effect to render him unamiable in demeanor and unconciliatory in manner. After his death, European journals were full of his praise. His eulogy was sounded in the Institute of France by one of the most learned men of the day.

The lecturer alluded to the series of experiments made by Thompson in ascertaining the amount of friction necessary to produce a given amount of heat, and in lifting bodies of certain weight by means of cords and pulleys, demonstrating the exact power of

heat; also as to his discoveries in regard to hydrogen, as well as to others of his investigations in the fields of science. He was impressed with the magnitude of Thompson's attainments and discoveries, and deemed it a coincidence that Franklin and Thompson, the only two great scientists America had produced, should have been born in the same town or a few miles apart.

MR. NASH followed. He thought scientific men often jumped at conclusions on too small data. He instanced Thompson testing upon himself the nutritive properties of a pound of corn meal and setting down for fact that which had not been sufficiently tested on a large scale. He also alluded to the early life of Thompson, and criticized his course in turning against his own country in the struggle she was making for freedom, and stated as a fact that he returned from Europe and raised a regiment to fight against the patriots who were contending for liberty.

DR. LAMBERT playfully said it was true Franklin and Thompson were born near each other, and it may well be regarded as a coincidence, but as his friend Andrews holds there are three states or conditions in all things, which he denominates *Unism*, *Duism* and *Trinism*, the coincidence was greater and the trinity would be illustrated by his conveying the intelligence that he, Dr. Lambert, had done Mr. Thompson the honor of being born within four miles of the place of his birth. [Laughter]. True, there was several years discrepancy in time, he coming considerable later, but that, perhaps, was a matter of no very great consequence.

He alluded to items of history regarding Thompson, he had heard in Woburn when young. That he was a shoemaker and was the first to invent shoe pegs; that he married a rich widow considerably older than himself, that his aristocratic tendencies or unfriendly prejudices took him within the British lines. When, however, he reached London he was a republican—what was regarded aristocratic in Woburn was democratic in London. He repeated some points in Thompson's life not very creditable to him. He regarded that Thompson's greatest merit was in his elaborate scientific investigations with reference to the motive forces of animal life.

He said far more people judged by *resemblances* than by *differences*, and mentioned an artist who painted a portrait, who observed ninety per cent of those who examined it noticed the resemblances, while not more than ten per cent noticed the differences. True scientists were men who were able to detect minute differentiations. Darwin was of this class, and so was Franklin and Thompson. The Doctor discussed the subject of dependence of mind on brain, the dependence of brain upon the quality of food used, urging that without proper food the brain could not be properly supplied with the quality of pabulum it required.

S. P. ANDREWS admitted the fault was often made of generalizing on too small a basis. The widest and closest examination was necessary. He had recently noticed efforts of a careful investigation made in the French army as to the effects of salt upon animals. 10,000 horses had been freely supplied with salt for six months and an equal number had been deprived of it entirely, and no perceptible difference could be discovered.

He agreed with Dr. Lambert upon the subject of resemblances and differences, and enlarged some what upon his special theory—the Unismal, Duismal and Trinismal, and illustrated the principle by the fork, the knife and the shears. The first holds together, the second divides, and the third possess the quality of both—holds first and then divides. He held that sounds were made by the back-mouth, the middle-mouth and the front-mouth. The first was unismal or primary, the second duismal, the third most advanced or trinismal. In the savage state the language had been largely of sounds made in the back part of the mouth, and the more advanced and cultured they became, the more their language was spoken or enunciated with the front mouth and lips.

T. B. WAKEMAN felt proud of Count Rumford's greatness, and regretted any defects or weakness had marred a reputation otherwise so glorious. His great discernment of the principle of the correlation of forces would ever make his reputation, and add largely to his credit. Thompson had discriminated between true science and the false. Among the latter he had ranked theology and mythology. He alluded to his experiments as to the power of heat as derived from friction.

In social matters he was pre-eminent and had shown how to dispense with pauperism, mendicancy, prisons and almshouses by furnishing labor to all, thus affording them the opportunity of procuring such foods as nature demands. He said Rumford's failure was not in Science, not in Sociology, but in morals. In this latter he differed from Franklin, and while the latter was greatly revered not only in this land of his birth, but in every civilized land of the globe, the name of Rumford was almost forgotten. The moral principles and true devotion to the best interests of humanity are indispensable in establishing a reputation and popularity that will live forever.

Friendly Correspondence.

MR. STRAUS, St. Louis, Mo., writes: Please don't stop my paper. I should prefer losing my breakfast to missing THE TRUTH SEEKER.

S. L. RUFFNER, Charleston, Mo., writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER is an excellent paper of its kind, and is dealing effective blows upon old theology.

WM. NORRIS, Salem, Ill., writes: The few subscribers you have here are so well pleased with your paper that if they miss a number the loss is irreparable.

MISS ANNA GEBEKE, De Costa, N. J., writes: I herewith enclose you the price of Vol. II. I like your paper very much. Some of the ideas you express therein are really excellent.

R. K. JUSTUS, Washington, Ark., writes: All your subscribers in this place speak in the highest terms of your paper. They couldn't do otherwise, because it is just what its name implies.

MISS JENNIE E. HALE, Lincoln, Ind., writes: My uncle, W. Tracy, with whom I reside, considers your paper a very valuable one, and I am also much pleased with its outspoken sentiments.

WALTER WALKER, Farmington, Utah, writes: Your welcome paper comes regularly to hand. There is no paper that I look for so anxiously as it. It is so modest and unassuming, and yet so fearless.

MISS MARY E. HARTLEY, Alliance, O., writes: My father takes your paper, and we like it very much. I wish you would publish the "Blue Laws of Connecticut;" I would like to see what they are like.

J. RUNYAN, Flint, Mich., writes: I doubt not your statement of my account is correct. I take it for certain that a man who is honest enough to avow his liberal opinions as you do, is an honest man.

MRS. MARY J. STEWART, Brighton, Mich., writes: A few days ago a friend handed me a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I have read it all through, and like it very much. I have showed it to a number of my friends, and they have resolved to take it for a few months. Please send it three months to the enclosed names.

A. P. TILDEN, Chardon, O., writes: I enclose you the subscription price. I don't wish to be among the delinquents, for I prize your paper higher than all others. Your series of lectures on the Bible has more than paid its cost. It has set some of my orthodox neighbors to thinking, (the few who dare read), and the time is not far distant when their eyes will be opened.

D. HIGBEE, M.D., Mungersville, Mich., writes: I take your paper, though I am not a Materialist, but a Spiritualist. These two forces should make "common cause" against old superstition. What an honor to rid our fellows, to generate right so as not to need regeneration. Let this be practiced one generation, and the truth taught and the priesthood may lay on the shelf.

HORATIO GATES, Breakabeen, N. Y., writes: I was formerly a devout bible reader, and before I ever saw your bold and truth-telling paper had learned to doubt the Bible claims of supernatural parentage; but let me tell you it was like pulling eye-teeth to be obliged to give up a long cherished hope of heaven. I can say, however, that I now have hopes far brighter than formerly when I was in the church.

S. D. GOODALE, Duquoin, Ill., writes: Please send No. 12 as specimens to the names I enclose. It is a good number. Your reply to Geo. Snodde has not left a grease spot of him. How would it do to insert this for an advertisement? WANTED—by the friends of G. Snodde, a microscope of the highest magnifying power, to discern the infinitesimal atoms left after his manipulation by the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

R. J. LAMBORN, Glen Hall, Pa., writes: I trust ere long THE TRUTH SEEKER will be a weekly. When the change is made, put me down as a regular subscriber. If it was as popular to be a Liberal as an orthodox, your list would be more than double what it is. I have a number of acquaintances who read your paper in the corner, and take much pleasure in it, but they do not want a customer to see them do it, for fear they might miss a sale or lose their approval.

WM. H. KISER, Winterset, Iowa, writes: This list makes forty-six trial subscribers I have sent you. I hope the greater part of them will become regular subscribers. As an eye-opener, a creed-demolisher, a priestcraft-exposer, or for any similar chronic affliction of several hundred years' standing, I would heartily recommend THE TRUTH SEEKER. If taken according to direction, I think I would be safe in warranting a cure.

J. W. BAILLET, Salamanca, N. Y., writes: I have half a mind to take offense at the notice I received, because it hints at a possibility of my having no further use for your paper. I apologise for my neglect. I really took no note of the time. For God's sake don't stop the paper for want of a dollar from me. I take half a dozen awfully wicked papers, but none pleases me as well as yours. I sometimes think you conduct it almost as well as I could myself. Is not that quite a concession?

MARY HAZEN, Medford, Minn., writes: It is impossible to keep by me a full file of THE TRUTH SEEKER—wouldn't it if I could. Some I have sent to Wisconsin, and some to various points in this State. The consequence is several have subscribed for your plain, outspoken, truthful TRUTH SEEKER. It emphatically is an "eye-opener." I wish it could reach every family from Maine to California and from the everglades of Florida to the glooms of Alaska. It would soon break the barriers of superstition and bigotry, and leave people free to think for themselves.

P. O. CHILSTROM, Minneapolis, Minn., writes: You are mistaken in sending me a notice of delinquency. If you will examine your books you will find I have remitted for Vol. II. But that mistake shall not make me unfriendly to THE TRUTH SEEKER. In my opinion it is doing much good, and opening many eyes that have heretofore been blind. I will inform you that a Liberal League has been formed here recently, composed of some of our prominent citizens. Each Sunday a large hall is filled with persons who come to talk and hear others talk of the principles of Liberalism. Many of them know of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and speak well of it. The President of the League is S. C. Gale, one of the wealthiest and most successful real estate dealers in our city. Other officers of the League are substantial and prominent men. We are in earnest, and "mean business."

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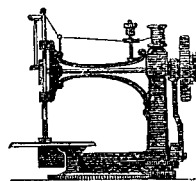
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Odd and Ends.

"MARRY a widower! Not I!" said Matilda. "Babies are like tooth-brushes. Everybody wants their own."

"It is discouraging to think," said a complaining shoemaker, "that whatever pains I may take with my work, it is sure to be trampled under foot."

AN old Indian who had witnessed the effect of whiskey for many years, said a barrel labeled "whiskey" contained a thousand songs and fifty fights.

A YOUNG lady, intending to paint her cheeks with rouge, put all the paint on her nose, and did not discover her error until requested to sign "the pledge!"

A MAN in Western, Missouri, fired in the dark at a man who was stealing his corn, and the next day the county sheriff was around with his arm in a sling.

AN Arizona girl shot her lover, and then nursed him tenderly till he died. His last words were, "I forgive you, Mary; you did it with an ivory-handled pistol."

A MAN from Chicago, when asked by a Saratoga waiter what he would have for breakfast, replied, "Well, I rather guess I'll just flop my lip over a chicken."

WHEN a Chicago man loses the respect of the community, he takes his gun and starts out to kill an alderman as the only means of being restored to popular esteem.

"HEAVENS! what a cow!" was the approving remark of a teetotal judge of Vermont, after swallowing a potent punch which had been offered to him as a glass of milk.

"JOHN, I am afraid you have been forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her sweetheart the other day. "Yes, Sue, I have been for getting you these last two years."

A MISSOURI woman who applied for a situation as car driver, being asked if she could manage the mules, scornfully replied: "Of course I can, I've had two husbands."

A MUSICAL critic, in speaking the other morning of the vocal performance of a celebrated singer, said: "We hang upon every note!"—a remarkable proof of the singer's power of execution.

"Did the defendant go at the plaintiff seriatim?" inquired an attorney the other day, of a witness in a case of assault and battery? "No; he went at 'em with a poker," was the emphatic reply.

A DAMSEL applied for a place behind a counter. "What clerical experience have you had?" asked the man of dry goods. "Very little," she said with a blush, "for I only joined the church last week."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher to pupil: "Now, my little man, can you explain to us the cause of Adam's fall?" Little man (emphatically): "Yes, sir; 'cause he hadn't any ashes to throw on the sidewalk."

A WICKED boy, upon whose shoulders his mother was expressing her resentment with both slippers, felt too proud to cry, and kept up his courage by repeating to himself: "Two soles that beat as one."

THE old gentleman who spent a fortune in trying to raise colts from horse-chestnuts, is now attempting to get it back again by cultivating the egg-plant with a view to supplying the market with eggs and chickens.

"THERE was an old family fuel between them," was what a female witness in a Chicago murder case said to the jury. A jurymen asked her if she didn't mean "feud?" and she asked him who was telling the story.

A CHICAGO man insists that he saw a red and black snake forty feet long, and as big round as a barrel of whiskey. We have no doubt that he did, but he unquestionably saw the barrel of whiskey before he saw the snake.

"I SAY, boy, is that the fire?" asked a gentleman of a ragged urchin, and pointing to a dense volume of smoke that was

issuing from the windows of a warehouse. "No, sir, that is only the smoke," replied the boy.

AN Iowa woman ends her views on female suffrage with: "You may look at this matter in whatever light you will, but simmer it down and it is but a quarrel with the Almighty that we are not all men."

"Will you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman to a country editor. "I make bold to ask it because I know the deceased had a great many friends about here who'd be glad to hear of his death."

"DID anything about the defendant strike your eye as remarkable?" asked a judge of the plaintiff in a case of assault and battery. "It did, yer honor." "And what was it?" continued the judge. "His fist, yer honor."

A WESTERN editor, noticing the present of a silver cup to a brother editor, says: "He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor, whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a pickle jar, the spile of a keg or the bung of a barrel."

"I SEE but very little of you," said an old gentleman at a Louisville ball to a lady whom he had not met in a long time before. "I know it," was the artless reply, "but mother wouldn't allow me to wear a low-neck dress to-night, the weather is so cold."

THREE Saginaw girls of the Methodist persuasion having met together, concluded to pray for the welfare of their lovers, but the first one had not got very far along in her petition when it was discovered that they were all engaged to the same man. The religious exercises were at once terminated.

A FARMER was bargaining with a lawyer to defend him before a justice of the peace, and when it came to the price, the lawyer said it would be fifteen dollars. "Fifteen dollars?" exclaimed the farmer; "why, that's the price of a hog." The lawyer asked him if he meant to be personal, and the farmer said he didn't.

A FRENCHMAN exhibiting some sacred relics and other curiosities, produced a sword which he assured his visitors was "de sword that Balaam had when he would kill de ass. A spectator remarked that Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. "Very well, dis is de one he wished for."

A BOY'S CHARITY.—"Well, my son," said a Detroit father to his eight-year-old boy the other night, "what have you done to-day that may be set down as a good deed?" "Gave a poor boy five cents," replied the hopeful.

"Ah, ha! that was charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?"

"I didn't stop to ask," replied the boy: "I gave him the money for licking a boy who spit in my dinner basket."

A DRUNKEN fellow who had slept in a horse pound at camp, woke up one morning to find himself haltered and the proprietor demanding pay for his oats. The fellow protested, saying he was not a horse. "No difference," was the reply, "we charge as much for an ass as for a horse."

A STORY is told of an old gentleman who took notes of the minister's sermons, and on one occasion read to the minister himself. "Stop, stop!" said the latter, on the occurrence of a certain sentence, "I didn't say that." "I know you didn't," was the reply; "I put that in myself to make sense."

A SAD EXPERIENCE.—After shaking hands at the ferry dock the other day, one colored man enquired of another:

"Didn't you marry de Widow Jones about de first of January?"

"Dat's me, I did," was the answer, "but I've dun left her."

"Who! how's dat?"

"Well, de first week she called me 'honey,' de next week she sulked around and called me 'ole Richard,' de third week she cum for me wid a flat-iron and broke two ribs, and I'm gwine to keep right away from dar!"

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Vol. 2. No. 15. { D. M. BENNETT,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. }

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Rev. A. F. Baxter, a Methodist minister, was recently refused admission to his church at Peterboro, N. H., by the leading men of the society, because he had exchanged pulpits with a minister of liberal views.

THE GREAT PUBLIC is tiring of so much Beecher, and look forward to the infliction for the eighth or tenth week to come with dread and apprehension. If a vote on the subject could be taken to-day, undoubtedly Mr. Beecher would be allowed to "step down and out."

THIS IS THE TIME FOR FLOODS.—Swollen rivers in all parts of the country; great loss of property, and some loss of life the result. If there is a superintending Providence conducting this business, he either attends to it badly, or he is not as kind as many give him credit for.

THE Rev. Mr. Warren, a Baptist pastor at Burnt Hills, Saratoga county, was exposed several weeks ago as the husband of three living and undivorced wives. He resigned at the request of his congregation, and wanted to preach a farewell sermon, but they would not hear it.

Miss May Flora May Peters, daughter of Emanuel Peters, of Frankford, Pa., has made an affidavit charging Rev. Thomas Cooper, of the Free Congregational church of Frankford, with unbecoming conduct toward her. Upon this affidavit, Mr. Cooper was arrested by a sheriff's officer, and was held in \$5,000 bail to answer at court.

DR. R. A. Holland, rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, in St. Louis, has lately preached a sermon in which he said in very plain words that he did not believe in eternal damnation. It has evoked considerable discussion, and it has been insinuated that he would be deposed of by Bishop Robertson.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.—A Philadelphia judge has recently denied an applicant his naturalization papers on the ground that said applicant is an Infidel. When these good Christians get everything as they wish it, with God and Jesus and the Bible in the Constitution and all that, they probably will hardly allow us poor Infidels the right to breathe.

PLYMOUTH SUIT No. Two.—Assistant Pastor Halliday, who gave such willing testimony in behalf of his revered superior, and in which he stated the New York Juvenile Guardian Society is a humbug, has been prosecuted by the President of the Society for damages. The assistant Pastor has already come down handsomely and says he is willing to make restitution in any way he can.

ONE SUNDAY Mr. Shearman called on Mr. Beecher to talk over some points in the case. Mr. Beecher declined to have anything to do with the matter. It was Sunday, he said, and he wanted to rest. The lawyer reminded him that the case was coming on, and that as a defendant, he must attend to it. He also told him of the "ox and the ass" that were drawn out of the pit on the Sabbath day; to which the pastor of the Plymouth Church, shrugging up his shoulders, replied: "Sherman, look at me. Did you ever know a bigger ass fall into a deeper pit?"—*Burlingame's New York letter to Boston Journal.*

MR BEECHER seems to grow more and more in favor of Catholics. Formerly he lashed them terribly, but latterly this has entirely changed. Several times lately he has spoken of them in the kindest terms, and seems to think them the best of men. It is to be presumed he has no personal motive in all this, though, it will be remembered, there are two Catholics on his jury.

THE TWELFTH WEEK of what was the Beecher trial has nearly passed, and has evolved into a trial of Tilton. Beecher has not been on trial for more than four weeks. The supposition is, by proving Tilton guilty of improprieties, the innocence of Beecher is established. When Tilton is tried and convicted, the trial of Beecher will probably be resumed, if the Judge, the lawyers and the jury are fortunate enough to live so long.

It is an unsettled problem whether Beecher's witnesses in the main have been an advantage or a disadvantage to his case, but that there have been some very "willing witnesses" among them, cannot be denied. When Beecher himself shall be called upon the stand, it is presumed many questions will be propounded to him, that he would rather not be obliged to answer. It is expected Judge Fullerton will have little "pity for the sorrows of the poor old man."

IN view of the fact that Mr. Beecher on Sundays and Friday evenings holds forth in his church to large audiences and virtually pleads his case, it has been suggested that Tilton also be provided with the Academy of Music or some hall where he can speak to public audiences, and enlarged upon his efforts and labors in years that have passed. Doubtless large concourses would flock to hear him, and it would seem to be only "fair play and equal rights."

A CROW TO PICK.—Miss Lovejoy of Princeton, Ill., whose name has been so cruelly introduced into the Brooklyn Scandal trial, has resolved to bring suit against Beecher's lawyers for \$25,000 damages for the injury they have done her. Her brother-in-law, Col. J. H. Elliot, has been on here taking notes and picking up facts, with a view to the suit named. Mr. Tracy will also have a settlement or two to make after this trial is over, with parties who feel aggrieved. Thus we may expect it will be a long time before we get to the end of this complication.

AMONG THE DEVELOPMENTS of the Beecher trial is the fact that Oliver Johnson, the editor of the Orthodox Christian Union, is not only unorthodox, but is, or has been, a Quaker, a Frothinghamite, a Unitarian, a Universalist, an unbeliever in the Deity of Christ, a semi-Liberal, and a Spiritualist, though he claims not to be a "damned fool." How will the orthodox readers of the Union like such a heretic to write their editorials? "Can a bitter fountain send forth waters that are sweet?"

It is said by some who are supposed to know, that the Hon. Mr. Evarts feels a trifle uneasy in the position he occupies, that when he assumed the management of the case he believed Mr. Beecher innocent, but that subsequent revelations had changed his mind and that he wished to sever his connection with the case, when prominent members of Plymouth Church ardently objected, and proffered to add \$10,000 to his fee. A man will indeed perform quite a unpleasant task for \$10,000.

LOGANSPORT, Ind., has added her bit of scandal to the already growing amount. Rev. J. R. Stilwell, pastor of the West Side Methodist Tabernacle, has been a resident of that city more than a year, and, to all outward appearances his daily walk has been unexceptionable. A series of meetings were commenced in his church about six weeks ago, and about sixty accessions were made. During a pastoral call on a lady, he made improper advances toward her, which she indignantly repelled, and turned him out of the house. She made the fact public, and the miscreant pastor, acknowledging the statement, tendered his resignation of the pastorate, and went to Indianapolis to prepare to move his grief-stricken family, which has the sympathy of the entire community.

A MINISTER WHO STEPPED OUT IN A HURRY.—Mr. Baldwin of Michigan knew that the preacher was in the parlor with his wife, but he didn't think anything about it until he heard a voice say, "Youch! Parson! you've got me by the crazy bone!" and then Baldwin dropped his axe, spit on his hands, picked it up again, and walked in to that parlor just in time to see a preacher jump out the front door six feet at a jump.

HENRY WARD BEECHER is not a cheap luxury to Plymouth church, though it is one of the wealthiest in the country. Their pastor's salary is \$20,000. It is said its members have recently subscribed \$125,000 to pay the thirteen lawyers and four-score witnesses engaged. Then there is Mrs. Tilton and Mrs. Morse to support; Bessie Turner and Mrs. Putnam to bring on from Ohio and maintain; Mr. Cooke from Detroit, Mr. Cowley from Lowell, and others from other places. Truly their pastor is "doubly dear" to them.

A SAD, DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR.—From Austin, Minn., we get the mournful intelligence of a respectable married lady being villianously treated by a brother member of the Church, who took her out sleigh-riding. He turned into a by-road and into a piece of woods at a distance from any house, and failing in the urgent entreaties he made for her to yield to his animal desires, he resorted to force. She plead for mercy, but none was granted; she called loudly for help, but none could hear her, and she felt herself forsaken by God and man. Three times she started the horse by applying the whip. When this church-member, after a struggle of an hour, became impatient and furious; he choked her cruelly and threw the buffalo robe on the snow and placed his helpless victim on to it, and by sheer physical force accomplished his hellish purpose. His name is Jaques and hers is Wilbour. She immediately reported the case to her husband when the villain was incarcerated in jail, and bound over for a speedy trial. It is to be hoped the just deserts will be meted out to him which his vile conduct so richly deserves.

ANOTHER MINISTER IN TROUBLE.—A clerical scandal, in Baltimore hushed up. A clergyman of that city very frequently visited a widow boarding near him, and who attended regularly upon his preaching. His visits to the lady's room became so frequent as to attract notice. The house-maid looking through the keyhole discovered that which she thought highly improper conduct, and reported the same to her mistress, who, by the way, is a communicant at the same church, and an intimate friend of the clergyman's wife. She was at a loss what course to take, but decided to write a plain letter to the clergyman, informing him what was known of him and urging him for the sake of his family and his own reputation to immediately discontinue his visits to the widow. This threw him upon the "ragged edge," and he concluded to act upon her suggestion. The widow has gone South and the pious clergyman is now fervently advocating the claims of his Lord and Master, whose blood washes away all stains.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.—It is a most shocking account of a Christian massacre we get from Acapulco, Mexico, which occurred on Jan. 26th last. A Protestant congregation were assembled in their church and were engaged in worship, when some forty men of the Catholic Church, armed with machetes—(along curved, heavy, sharp blade, with a handle, and something like a butcher's cleaver)—rushed in upon the defenseless worshippers and simultaneously commenced chopping them to pieces. A Herald correspondent, writing up the bloody affair, says: "The deadly machete was wielded with fearful effect; human flesh cut and gashed like bullock meat, while blood streamed in torrents over the gory floor, now encumbered by dying or wounded men and women." Some twenty persons were soon dispatched or seriously wounded, and among the rest the presiding minister. It is thought the Catholic priest was privy to the affair—at all events, he made no remonstrance before or after. It was indeed a sanguinary affair and only proves that in the Nineteenth Century murdering for opinion's sake is not yet wholly done away with.

(Written expressly for THE TRUTH SEEKER.)

The Witch of the Wine-Mark.

A Tale of the Royal Colony of Massachusetts.

BY LOTHAIR LOGOS.

CHAPTER XIV.

When the Noose and the half-breed had started from the ravine with the terror-stricken captives, they soon began to find it next to impossible to make any headway with their animals through the dense and tangled forest which they had hoped to penetrate for miles before they came to a halt.

Lightfoot had already become aware of the direction taken by Red Wing and the Indians who had gone hunting, and was careful to shape his own course and that of the Noose accordingly. At first he had no very settled plan in his own mind as to how he should dispose of his victim; but having, the day previous to that of this outrage, heard that some Indians hostile alike to the tribe of Red Wing and the whites, were hovering about the passes between Boston and Cape Ann, he suddenly resolved to join them if possible, and, in return for their protection of himself and his captive, betray all he knew of the intentions of the authorities touching the red man generally.

The Noose fell into this scheme at once, although it may be said not to have been fully decided upon until they found themselves alone with their captives, and necessitated to seek some track along which they could proceed with speed, and place some miles between them and Boston; for now the project they had previously entertained, of seeking the depth of the forest and then turning their horses loose, was abandoned as not only dangerous, but untenable on any rational grounds, taking the near approach of Winter into consideration.

Of course each had his gun slung over his shoulder, and had a knife and plenty of ammunition, while Lightfoot carried a tomahawk in his belt, but then there was something more than this necessary to render their sojourn in the depth of the forest at all practicable. Like villains generally, however, they were willing to trust much to chance in the accomplishment of their nefarious designs, and hence this project of joining the band of red men sprang into existence in a single moment as it were.

When tired of their victims, both might be readily disposed of, and be silenced forever; but here there appeared to be a slight obstacle in the way, for, strange as it may seem, the Noose had now a terrible and criminal admiration of Martha which, notwithstanding all he had heard while concealed in the cellar of the ferryman, was sufficient to keep any such bloody intent completely in abeyance. Nor was the half-breed much differently situated in relation to Firefly; for it was simply owing to an unlawful passion he had entertained for her, that he had two years previously sought to betray Red Wing into the hands of the authorities with most of his tribe, in the hope that the beautiful squaw, when unprotected, might become his prey. He had failed, however, at the period, although now it would appear he had triumphed beyond a shadow of doubt.

This sentiment of vile regard on the part of the scoundrels, seemed to touch a chord of something like compassion in their breasts, for when once they found themselves skirting the highway which led along the coast in the direction already mentioned, they gave their captives to understand that they would relieve them in a measure of their bonds if they would express by a sign or token upon which they had decided, that they would permit themselves to be borne along passively, and neither by word nor act—by cries nor struggles attempt to encompass their freedom.

As both the poor creatures were suffering terribly, they readily gave the required token, and were consequently soon freed from the painful gags; although it was some time before they could sufficiently control their organs of speech to utter a single intelligible word.

It was only when the half-breed began to speak to his fellow-conspirator that Martha became aware she was in the clutch of the Noose. Terrible as she had already conceived her situation, this revelation completely overwhelmed her. Now, however, that her bodily suffering was mitigated, and that her hands, like those of Firefly, were released in a degree from the galling pressure of her bonds, she began to hope, although surrounded by doubt and darkness the most dire.

Firefly comprehended the treachery of the half-breed to the fullest extent. She knew intuitively that he had betrayed the two Indian sentinels or guards into the hands of the whites, and then taken advantage of the absence of the chief and the other red men, to make a descent upon her and the fugitives. Were her hands sufficiently free, however, she would soon be able to settle accounts with her treacherous captor, for the weapon she had concealed beneath her mantle, she could still feel in its place, and almost within touch of her fingers.

A similar idea had seized upon Martha. Could she but release one of her hands, she might inflict at a single blow a mortal wound upon her captor; but here's

where the difficulty lay—her bonds, though relaxed, were not sufficiently so to enable her to reach her dagger or to strike with any degree of force.

They had now gained a point about two miles from the town, when both the scoundrels, finding their captives made neither outcry nor resistance, proposed that they should change positions on their respective horses, and sit behind instead of before, as they could ride with greater ease to themselves and to the animals. To this arrangement the fugitives at once agreed; and after a halt of a few moments, they were again under way, with their captors riding in front, one end of the rope that bound them being fastened to the belt of the Noose and the half-breed individually.

Now it was that the spirit and cunning of the full-blooded Indian began to work in the dark eyes and tumultuous bosom of the beautiful Firefly. If she could but free one hand and seize her knife without awakening the suspicions of Lightfoot, all might be well. With a view to concealing her motives in her attempt to slip her hand through the noose that encircled it, she felt the keen edge of the half-breed's tomahawk that still stuck in his belt, and adroitly managed to bring the cord across it, she permitted the action of the horse to work like a saw, and cut through the different strands, until at last it gave way, and she was partially free. In a few moments more, one arm was completely released, and the next instant she had seized her deadly knife and was ready to strike.

At this juncture, a cry rose upon the air which startled the horses and sent the blood back to all their hearts. The wolves were upon their track, and nothing but the swiftest flight could insure their safety. This both men perceived at a glance; and now that their own lives were in imminent danger, each began to think of his own safety only, while both arrived simultaneously at the same resolve—that of sacrificing the two women if the animals were not able to outstrip their dreadful pursuers.

Each had already grasped his knife for the purpose of severing the cord that bound his prisoner to him, so that he might be able to hurl her from the back of his beast at a moment's notice, and thus gain time while the ferocious monsters were devouring their prey.

The horses had bounded forward, and were holding their own, and for a moment Firefly had lost sight of her dreadful purpose. But now comprehending the appalling position in which she and Martha were placed, she determined to make the best of her partial freedom and the knowledge of the intention of the villain before her.

As, then, the frightened horses soon began to give evidence of their being overtaken with weight, and as they sped on side by side, she cautiously brought her long knife to bear a little below the the shoulder-blade of the half-breed, and the next instant, and just as he had himself cut the cord that attached her to his belt, he fell mortally wounded in the track.

Firefly, who could ride a horse as only an Indian can, perceiving that the Noose was not aware of what had occurred, but was blind to everything but his own safety, now rode a little in the rear, but soon pulling alongside Martha, who perceived her alone, she leaned over and severed her bonds also. Not the Noose, urging his horse on at the top of his speed, while listening to the savage yells and cries of the wolves that seemed suddenly arrested in their flight by a something they had encountered in the track, over which they were now quarrelling. Firefly understood the drama that was being enacted, and so did Martha when she perceived her alone; but as the wolves had again resumed the pursuit, and the horse of the Noose was becoming terribly jaded and excited, there was not a moment to lose. So causing her animal to spring forward until she was within reach of her unconscious victim, she struck him a swift and sudden blow also, which, although it was not fatal, hurled him to the earth, while both horses relieved of more than half the weight that had encumbered them, began at once to gain upon their pursuers. Scarcely, however, had they got a hundred strides ahead, when a wild cry for help rang out behind them. It was heard but once only; for it died away amid a chorus of howlings and barkings that caused the blood almost to freeze in the veins of the two women, that now rode side by side, Martha clinging to her horse as best she could, while Firefly so managed her animal that she kept within grasp of her now bewildered and all but paralyzed companion.

Again the savage pursuers had finished their revolting repast, and were nearly upon them once more, when their ear caught the sound of approaching voices. Grateful for any relief from the monsters on their track, and perceiving that no worse danger could threaten them ahead, after having reined up their animals, they were about resuming their course, when they encountered two men, one with a lantern, walking side by side. Alarmed and all, as Martha was, she recognized in the one who carried the lantern as no less a person than Maurice Fitz Raymond who, with Francis Ellencourt, were wending their way to town a short distance in advance of the returning volunteers.

In a few minutes sufficient was said to induce the soldiers to step aside with the horses a few yards from the road, until the party came up. In the meantime, the wolves sniffing danger, with their usual coward-

liness turned away from the beaten track they had been pursuing, and were now heard deeper in the forest to the left.

In a few words, Martha recited to Maurice all the dreadful intelligence regarding Alice of which she herself had knowledge, but without being able to give him any clue as to where she now was, or into whose power she had fallen. In the anguish of his soul he groaned audibly and staggered against a tree where he stood supporting himself like one who would avoid falling to the earth.

Recovering himself with an effort the most heroic, however, he informed the two women, that it was best for them to gain the villa unobserved, and take shelter in it for the time being, and that he and his friend would lead them thither when he had spoken with the officer who shared command with him.

On the arrival of the party at the point near which the horses stood, both gentlemen stepped into the track, and said whatever was necessary in relation to the disposition of the men until morning. This arranged they fell back again, and, joining Martha and Firefly, soon struck off on a road that led direct to the villa, where they arrived after midnight to find Mrs. Ravenswood and the family a prey to the deepest anguish, and John Langton in a state of sullen despair.

Notwithstanding the absolute benefits conferred upon this our day and generation by Professors Tyndall and Huxley, yet, on the higher planes of thought, these gentlemen are failures of a most signal character, inasmuch as they predicate their theories upon the assumption that there is nothing outside science in its present material aspect, and that all phenomena should be submitted to a mere physical standard, and such a one only as is recognized by the schools.

This would be all well enough, perhaps, if the schools themselves, with all their boasted knowledge and completeness, were not still sitting at the feet of Gamaliel, although seemingly unconscious of the fact. Because they are able to explain, upon what appears to be immutable principles, some of the phenomena that make up the total of this physical existence, they entertain the idea that they see and comprehend all. And yet they are obviously able to deal with proximate causes only, and are at sea the moment they are unable to demonstrate. We know the result of certain properties of the loadstone, but we have no philosophy beyond this that reaches its essence intelligibly. And so it is with electricity and magnetism in all their phases. These are the subtle links that seem to unite the visible or the grosser world to that which is more sublimated and which is not recognized upon a simply material plane.

One might suppose that the existence of such mysterious and inexplicable agents would hold the Materialist in check, and prompt him into researches more elevated than he has yet explored. Where there is palpably so much mystery connected with our present state of being, may there not be something more lying beyond our ordinary means of apprehension? Wherever we turn we stand before a gate of mystery! At whatever point we may arrive, there is an unexplored region beyond! Who, then, shall set boundaries to the possible in connection with the sentient portion of our being, or say that, because it is recognized in his state of existence in association with a gross material organization, it is impossible that it shall continue to exist in any other relation.

Here is where Tyndall and Huxley fail. Their reason staggers beneath the weight of too many physical facts, which they dismiss upon the meagre basis of simple demonstration, and without leading to any higher end than a mere advancement of science. But what can be expected, in this relation, from a philosopher like Mr. Huxley, who declines to accept as evidences of the immortality of the soul manifestations that are not couched in the choicest language and fraught with the most profound originality, as if a hailstorm and an avalanche did not illustrate the laws of gravity alike!

Professor Tyndall, also, with respect to his famous inaugural address at Belfast, or at least a certain portion of it, should be censured by other and more influential pens than ours, for the discourtesy and want of generosity displayed on the subject of modern Spiritualism toward those distinguished gentlemen—Fellows of the Royal Society—scientists and thinkers of the first water—who had given the subject grave consideration, and who testified upon a basis of demonstration not to be held in light esteem, to the occurrence of phenomena of infinitely more importance to the human family than anything yet achieved by the class of scientists to which Mr. Tyndall belongs. Nothing can possibly interest men so deeply as the question whether they shall live forever. To them it is of more importance than the establishment of any particular theory of light, heat or color, which, according to the Professor's metaphysical or religious ideas, would, at the very best, be worth only thirty-three years purchase, if that be the average of human life.

No one can pronounce with any degree of certainty upon either the destiny or the powers of the human soul, without being inferior and superior to himself at one and the same moment. The soul can never sit in judgment upon itself, but simply upon what the functions of the body, or rather upon what the organs of the brain are able to achieve, and have achieved,

through its instrumentality. Here is where we can perceive a metaphysical whip on the physical coach-box, and all the speculation or reasoning in the world can't make it otherwise.

On this point mystery upon mystery crowds upon us. And who shall explain the case of Madge Gordon whom, after long years of insanity and consequent irresponsibility, we now find restored to her normal condition instantaneously, and through a single glimpse of that signet ring; for previous to her fall to the floor, the light had evidently burst upon her? The truth is, all is mystery from beginning to end, and no after state of existence can be more inexplicable than this.

Until Alice had arrived at the door of the Fanatic, she had no clear idea of how absolutely terrible was her situation. She had, in her dreadful alarm and confusion, mixed up in her mind, at the instant of her capture, both white men and Indians as having assailed her in some way, although she soon began to surmise that she had actually fallen into the hands of some of the emissaries of Sloucher and the witchfinder. Somehow she never supposed, for a moment, that she was actually in the very arms of the Fanatic, and it was only when the light fell upon his hideous countenance as his own door opened, that all hope forsook her. When, however, she became aware of the presence of a third party, and had recovered her senses sufficiently to perceive that she was in the arms of Madge Gordon, and no longer in those of the Fanatic, she felt a sense of relief that was wholly inexplicable to her at the moment; for now that she believed herself entering the den of the master, she could scarcely expect much mercy or forbearance from any one beneath his roof.

However, she was not for the time being, to be alone with him, and there was some consolation in this. Besides, although she had heard many terrible stories of the cruelty of Madge to those who had been denounced as witches, she had never witnessed anything, on the part of the poor demented creature, in relation to herself, that did not savor of something like friendliness, and in this, also, she took refuge for the moment. When Sloucher had disappeared, and she found herself completely relieved of her bonds and placed in a chair by Madge, she could scarcely credit her ears, when the woman exclaimed hurriedly and in an undertone:

"Alice Ravenswood, Madge Gordon has found her long lost reason, and is here to protect you! Yes," she continued, "the veil has fallen from me, and at a moment, too, when I have work to do, both on your account and on my own. You are in great peril, and so am I; for, if Solomon Sloucher knew that I know what I do to-night, and that this terrible cloud has passed away from me, neither you nor I should possibly see the light of dawn."

A prayer of thanksgiving struggled to the pale lips of the fugitive, as she whispered feebly:

"There is, then, yet hope! Yet one hope!"

"There is," replied the woman, "but you must be guided in everything by me. That man will return in a few moments. I have heard your story. It is as a dream to me; but I can comprehend all now. Let there be no visible token of friendship between us in his presence. I must dissemble also. I know you have been denounced, and dreadful as your position may be here, you are perhaps more free from death and danger beneath this very roof at the present moment than you would be under your own. Be cautious, and interpret aright any severity I may assume to evince toward you in the presence of Solomon Sloucher."

Although these may not have been the precise words used by Madge, what she said to Alice carried their import. Grateful for any respite from the perils that surrounded her, the poor girl caught up the hand of the woman, and pressed it so far as her feeble strength would admit. Fortunately her poniard still remained concealed in her bosom, and to this she determined to commit herself in any case of extremity where the exertions of Madge might perchance be paralyzed. Now, however, a loud knock at the outer door announced the return of the Fanatic, when Madge, arising from her seat, and with a finger raised in caution to the poor fugitive, left the apartment and at once admitted Sloucher into the room which he used as his sham quarters.

Here they remained for a considerable period, the sanctified, drawing tones of the Fanatic reaching the ears of Alice from time to time, while the voice of Madge occasionally broke in in wild denunciation of the witches and the enemies of the Lord. Through all her incoherent ravings, however, she managed to impress the infamous scoundrel that Alice was in such a state of prostration, and mental excitement withal, that his presence might prove fatal on the spot, and that she must be left to herself solely for the remainder of the night.

Sloucher perceived at once that this would, after all, be the best course under the circumstances, as he must stand fair, for the present at least, with his crazy slave, as he still supposed her to be. He, therefore, lighted some fagots that were piled upon the hearth, and prepared to retire to his straw pallet, after having first bid Madge good-night and counseled her to impress upon the witch that she had only been carried hither in the hope of inducing her to forsake her evil

ways, and with a desire to save her life by insuring the friendship and good offices of one who, after all, although acting under the sanction of the Church and State, had now only borne her to a place of security beyond the iron clutch of those who had already made up their minds to bring her to the gallows.

As Madge turned into the apartment in which Alice was seated, trembling lest the Fanatic should present himself before her, she measured the scoundrel in the light of her newly awakened intelligence; and now, as she closed and firmly, but noiselessly, barred and bolted the door between both rooms, she stood erect for a moment, and then raising her clenched hand, shook it menacingly as against the villain outside, who fancied himself so secure in all his machinations.

The monster once cut securely off from their privacy, Madge took up the silver lamp from the table, and beckoning her companion to follow, both women entered the chamber which contained the signet ring. They were now secure, for, as formerly observed, there was no crevice between the room occupied by Sloucher and the one they had just left through which a single gleam of light could find its way, so that the Fanatic could not mark their movements in even a remote degree.

Although often previously visited by Madge, the chamber now seemed new and strange to her. Small closets and chests that had before escaped her notice obtruded themselves upon her attention, as did a bunch of keys hanging against the wainscot that concealed the rough bark of the logs of which the building was constructed.

Before these latter she paused for a moment, when handing the lamp to Alice, who moved as in a dream, she took them down and began to inspect them. While thus engaged, her eye again fell on the signet ring, which still lay where she had placed it earlier in the evening, and once more her whole being seemed to undergo a fearful change. Alice observed the wild and sudden glare of her eye as she clutched the ring, and once again riveted her gaze upon it. It was, poor Alice felt satisfied, the clue to some fearful mystery, and she was about to speak when her companion, dropping the keys upon the table where the ring had lain, seized her by the arm, and exclaimed while she held up the quaint jewel in her trembling hand between her almost fleshless finger and thumb:

"I thank God for this long night of darkness he has permitted me to pass through, because it has brought me to a knowledge of the murderer of my child! Had it not been for these lost and weary years, I should never have been the trusted slave of that fiend in human shape outside there, who was the cause of their existence, and upon whom they are now to recoil in vengeance as dire as that spread by vast accumulated waters that had burst their barriers. This ring," she continued, "belonged to my only child whom he had foully betrayed and ruined, and whose downfall and death had robbed me for all these long years of the light of reason. I know I have had occasional brief gleams that have enabled me to keep track of the dire disaster; and I remember her dying words—the first coherent sentences she spoke since the period of her ruin; for, as she was about to breathe her last, she informed me that her destroyer had possessed himself of this ring, and she enjoined me to avenge her downfall; but before she could name the monster who had accomplished it, her lips were sealed forever. Even within the last few hours after having first discovered this token in this very apartment, I have been able to link circumstance to circumstance in such a manner as to identify the false, foul wretch beyond a shadow of mistake, and now I shall seek for further evidence of his infamy, and of the deceit and treachery that have swallowed up his whole being."

With these words she thrust the ring into her bosom, and resuming the keys she began to inspect minutely the small closets and chests just alluded to. Turning the keys in their locks one after another, she soon brought to light various articles of great value, and one small casket of jewels, which, on the morning of the execution, the Fanatic had been gloating over alone, and to which he had forgotten to restore the signet ring. There were some offensive weapons also, which were most costly, and which had no doubt accomplished some foul work in their owner's service. What, however, attracted her attention most was a small package of papers, or rather letters, with her own name seemingly on the band which held them together; and which she suddenly seized the moment her eye fell upon them.

With a celerity scarcely to be expected from her long period of mental aberration, she on opening one of the missives at once recognized the handwriting of her long-lost daughter! As she read she began to quiver from head to foot; for she soon perceived that it had been written by her child to the young minister to whom she had been betrothed, and that it had evidently been intercepted by Sloucher; while close by her side lay one from the minister himself to the ill-fated girl, which had also fallen into the hands of the Fanatic, and upon which the infamous wretch had palpably based the terrible and effective scheme that had resulted first in the loss of reason and then in the death of his innocent victim.

Again Madge Gordon stood erect as she held this two-fold evidence of the villain's guilt in her trembling hand. But repelling a terrible idea which

seized upon her, as she clutched a long, keen dagger and took a step toward the door, she sank into a seat close by, and covering her face with her hands wept long and bitterly.

Notwithstanding Alice was herself in a situation of dire peril, she forgot her own woes for a moment in those of the poor heart-broken mother. Although previously aware of the cruelty and fanaticism of Sloucher, she had had no absolute evidence of his infamy and cupidity outside the gloomy boundaries of his superstition; but now another veil was lifted from her eyes, and she began to discover that she was intended but as simply another link in the chain of the Fanatic's infamies; and that, with all his pretended sanctity, Solomon Sloucher was a lowly and daring ruffian, who had, perhaps, solely clothed himself with the terrible superstition of the times, for the purpose of being able to gratify his love of gold and his baser lust with greater security when the fear of death was pressing upon his victims.

Of this there seemed now before her abundance of evidence, as well as proof of the additional fact, that some of the seemingly most sanctified of the dreadful fraternity to which he belonged, had been in league with him for years in projects of plunder, based upon the fears of those who dreaded the power of the Church, and those who had in self-defense to buy off blood hounds privately, when they found themselves in danger of being denounced as witches or wizards. Of the hearts crushed and the sums paid nothing dared be said; for these agents of the Church, or the Devil, were all-powerful, and could consign their victims to death, even after previously extracting the most terrible tribute. So that no one ventured to disclose the secret that lay at his or her heart, whether it involved the loss of fortune on the part of the man, or a greater calamity on that of the woman.

The two sat long in earnest conversation, Alice knitting together, through circumstantial details, the broken remembrance of Madge, who now, with that strange lucidity which not unfrequently succeeds long periods of clouded reason, seemed to comprehend fully the true condition of her affairs, and to perceive that, looking matters in the face just as they were, she had a terrible task before her in an endeavor to thwart the infamous designs of Sloucher; and to shield Alice from the certain death or destruction that might overtake her through one false move.

It had now become so late and Alice was so weary with watching and anxiety as well as the sense of the danger that surrounded her, Madge proposed that she should seek some repose. In the chamber there was quite sufficient out of which to make a comfortable couch; and as both women seemed to shrink from the bed that was at times occupied by the Fanatic, they soon disposed themselves to rest at some distance from it, but not before they had decided fully as to the course they should now pursue toward Sloucher, who, as they well knew, would not hesitate to encompass their death suddenly and secretly, had he the slightest surmise that they were leagued against him, or that Madge had at one and the same moment recovered her reason and discovered that he was the destroyer of her only child, now long mouldering in the grave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Seeking After Truth—God—

Therefore this aphorism: Truth is Deity; to worship it is to do right—the only true road to true happiness. I think identity never recurs; similarity and diversity only can follow; forms perish, actions, the relative changes of matter (not entities or substances) past, can never recur; thus vital, mental, chemical and mechanical (all of which, perhaps, are mechanical), are only such during said changes.

We cannot see anything independent, or behind matter, that forces it to act, yet we may, perhaps, venture the supposition that the elective reciprocal actions of molecules of matter are the initial ultimates. There never was, nor can there be, two particles of matter, or two acts identically the same; similarity and diversity seems the rule. If so, there can be no fixed, eternal and immutable law, (if law be only the acts of matter,) for we cannot conceive that actions (so-called) can act, but that matter only can move, therefore that all the changes, phases and forms of matter are due to matter itself. Aside from matter, there can be no nerves to feel, no feet to walk, no brain to think; and when these return mutually to first elements, they have simply ceased their organic acts—no more, no less. Therefore, if life be vital action, there can be no individual immortality, as all past identity of action has ceased. The sorrows of past ages are not the sorrows of to-day; the thoughts and steps of yesterday were not the same as to-day; our life acts of to-day, not the same as yesterday; all are past with the past forever.

The picture may not suit us, but the truth remains, and we cannot alter it. Perhaps it may be said that material substances, simple, are eternal truths, forms secondary, and actions the evidences. Truth, then, is the only God, the great Jehovah, the Adonai, Trimurti; All in all, after which we should seek, such is science. What then is truth?

ABRAM BRONSON.

Ifko, Nevada, Jan. 29th, 1875.

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The Bible.

NO. XXIII.

Of all the remarkable tales that have ever been narrated by any story-teller, or written in any book, whether "Baron Munchausen," "Gulliver's Travels," "The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," or in the wild nursery tales for children, in point of extravagance, improbability, impossibility and absurdity, there is nothing that equals the account of Joshua's causing the sun and moon to stand still, as related in the tenth chapter of the book called by his name. After this mighty military man had demolished the cities of Jericho and Ai, putting to death every man, woman and child, "leaving not a soul to breathe," some of the neighboring nations very naturally became alarmed at these blood-thirsty Israelites, and deemed it best to placate them and make friends with them. Thus the men of Gibeon dressed themselves in tattered garments, with worn-out shoes and clouts on their feet, and with mouldy food, and rent wine-bottles, appeared before the Israelites, pretending to have come a long journey and were anxious to make a treaty with them. Joshua and his men were deceived by this stratagem, and entered into a solemn treaty that they would do no harm to the Gibeonites, and swore to it in the most sacred manner by their God.

When the five kings of Jerusalem, Hebron, Jarmuth, Lachish and Eglon, heard of the treaty thus made they were very much incensed at the Gibeonites, and united their own forces to destroy the nation at which they had become offended. Whereupon the Gibeonites deeming their danger imminent, called upon their new allies, the Jews, to "help them out." Joshua, with commendable alacrity, went to their relief, and the fighting and bloodshed were soon in active operation. He evidently had a great fondness for this business of carnage, as nearly his whole time was occupied in that direction. The number of men engaged, however, was very insignificant compared with many other armies the world has known. "The nations," so-called, were small, being little more than tribes, occupying a single city each. Nevertheless it was evidently a pretty lively time, and Joshua deeming the day too short to properly finish the slaughter so vigorously prosecuted, commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him, for nearly the space of a whole day, thus giving him and the Jews time to be avenged upon their enemies.

We repeat, this is the most monstrous and utterly impossible story that ever was told. To say a flea swallowed Bunker Hill Monument, that a spider and a bed-bug built a ship five hundred feet long, or that a grasshopper hauled a train of twenty loaded cars five hundred miles in ten hours, would be tame and insignificant compared with this Bible story. What is it to stop the sun and moon in their courses? The sun is an immense body of matter nearly a million miles in diameter. One hundred globes the size of the earth, placed side by side, would not equal the diameter of the sun. It is more than a thousand times greater than the earth, and nearly a hundred times greater than all the rest of the solar system. The momentum of such a vast body in rapid transit is utterly inconceivable. The moon is smaller than the earth, and only two hundred and forty thousand miles distant, but what can a man, or all the men that ever lived combined, do towards stopping it, much less the sun, ninety-five millions of miles away? Those orbs have doubtless for millions of years been in incessant and rapid motion, performing their regular circuits, pursuant to laws and forces impossible to be set aside for an instant, and how idle to say a man ever stopped them, or even that a God ever stopped them. They are minute parts of the boundless Universe which move in harmonious accord and co-operation, and were it possible to stop a part, the most inconceivable confusion would ensue. To go into an immense machine

shop where numerous huge and ponderous wheels are running with great velocity, the larger matching and fitting into the smaller, and all being impelled by a tremendous power, gives a very imperfect idea of the countless worlds and suns filling the Universe, moving in perfect unison in their intricate connection, and should a heavy bar of iron or stick of timber be thrust between two of the wheels so as to suddenly interrupt the movement of the machinery, it would afford a very imperfect conception of the utter confusion and destruction it must cause in the Universe should a part of its machinery be suddenly stopped.

No machinery made by man can give an adequate idea of the machinery of the Universe. As well talk about a fly at the Cape of Good Hope stopping the Falls of Niagara, as Joshua stopping the sun and moon. The thing is too preposterous to be thought of seriously for a moment. The silly argument so often used—"all things are possible with God"—will not avail. God cannot act against himself, and to subvert the forces of the Universe would be to act against himself.

Perhaps it is hardly worth while to allude to the trivial matter of the sun and moon both cheering the Israelites by shining upon them at the same time, in their bloody work of carnage, the one being on Gibeon and the other in the Valley of Ajalon. It would seem unnecessary for Joshua to have detained both of them, and it may strike some as singular how the moon could give much light while the sun was pouring down his rays; but people are required to have faith and believe what the book says.

It may be justly urged that if a day was to be increased in length, it would not be necessary to stop the sun, but the earth. This does not remove the impossibility of the story, but simply illustrates the total ignorance of the motions of the heavenly bodies on the part of the person who wrote the book of Joshua. It was then believed day and night were produced by the sun every twenty-four hours, making a complete circuit around the earth. The fact that a person so ignorant of the actual movements of our sun, moon and earth, should be held up to us as one writing the "word of God," is sufficient reason why we should not believe a word he utters. As well might we believe the ancient false supposition that the earth had *corners*, that it had *foundations* and rested on the backs of huge elephants, tortoises, etc. True, astronomers assure us the sun has two distinct motions, one upon its own axis, and another with the entire solar system around a more immense and far distant sun; but the writers of the Bible knew nothing of this, and supposed the sun and moon every day performed a journey around the earth.

It would be no easier for Joshua to stop the motions of the earth than the sun. It has been whirling for unknown ages at the speed of one thousand miles an hour in its diurnal revolution, and through space at the velocity of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour in its yearly course around the sun. It has never stopped for an instant, and never will so long as the matter which composes it retains its present form. How idle, then, for any story-teller to talk about a man, or any other being, stopping it for a day.

If for one moment we admit such a possibility, would not that day, "unlike any before it or since," and nearly double the length of other days, have been known elsewhere than at the city of Gibeon? The same sun that shone there, sent his rays to every part of the earth, and the intelligent nations of Egypt, Persia, India, China and other countries whose history runs much further back than the time of Joshua, would assuredly have known it and had some account of this most wonderful occurrence, had it ever taken place. But not a word do we hear of it from any part of the world, or any being except the anonymous author of the book of Joshua. Who this writer was, no one knows. It could not have been Joshua himself, for it refers to events that occurred long after his death, and in several instances uses language that has no meaning, unless the book was written long after the events were said to have transpired.

The motive or reason assigned for this most wonderful miracle that ever was related, is as improbable and as unreasonable as the story itself. It is, that a

few thousand, at most, of poor, hapless mortals—offspring of the same Universal Power of which we claim to be emanations—might be cruelly slaughtered by the merciless Israelites, pursuant to a treaty they had been wheedled into by fraud. Can any sane person, for a moment, believe the Architect of all worlds, if he had the power, would stop the machinery of the Universe for a reason so contemptible, as to give time for one barbarous nation to slaughter a few thousands of another barbarous nation? Reason, justice and common sense forbid! Such a disposition may have been in keeping with the warlike, blood-thirsty and partial character as credited to Jehovah, the tutelary Deity of the Jews, but it does not inure to the Universal Force and life-principle pervading the immense Universe, which shows no partiality to one nation over another, and delights not in carnage and bloodshed. The two should not be mistaken, one for the other; there is no similarity between them. If Jehovah wished to destroy those unfortunate Amorites, why not accomplish it suddenly, as he is said to have exterminated much larger numbers on other occasions? Or why not slay them by continuing the throwing of rocks upon them out of heaven, as the same chapter says he did on this occasion? It asserts he "slew them with great slaughter at Gibeon, and chased them along the way that goeth up to Beth-horon, and smote them to Azekah, and unto Makkedah. And it came to pass as they fled from before Israel, and were in the going down to Beth-horon, that the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died. There were more which died from hail-stones than they which the children of Israel slew with the sword." It appears the Lord had a special ill-will toward those poor people, to treat them in that harsh manner, and it would seem his ammunition must have been exhausted—the heavenly rocks—or he would have kept up the fire until the last man was killed, and thus save him the trouble of interfering with the machinery of the Universe to lengthen out the day, so that Joshua and his bloody cohorts could slaughter the few that remained. One would think the killing of a few hundred exhausted men, a much easier task than stopping the sun and moon, or the earth. By the by, we wish to enquire right here, is it a strictly god-like occupation for a deity to stone his offspring to death in that kind of manner? And is that the best use he could put them to?

Now, reader, this narrative is true, or it is false—the idle fancy of a silly brain, unfit alike to edify men and women, or to amuse little children. How stands the evidence? One unknown, nameless, anonymous writer who once lived, but nobody knows when, and nobody knows where, says it was so. Science, philosophy, reason, the negative testimony of many nations, truth and common sense say it is untrue. Which shall we believe? Those with brains, and who are free to think for themselves, must accept the latter testimony.

In Isaiah xxxviii: 7, 8, a story of similar credibility is narrated, when merely to give Hezekiah a sign that his life should be prolonged fifteen years, the sun not only was stopped, but moved back ten degrees on the dial of Ahaz. Here we have a reiteration of a similar impossibility. Our Christian friends, however, swallow it as readily as six-year-old children do the tales and melodies of "Mother Goose," and are ready to doom all who cannot, to the endless torments of hell.

Such belief, they assure us, constitutes virtue, and to doubt it is a heinous crime. We are rejoiced, however, to see their idol is losing its hold upon the minds of intelligent men; the sun of reason and truth is breaking through the clouds of ignorance and error, and its course cannot be stayed any more than the sun of the solar system. Mankind will, in due time, emerge from the mists and fogs that for ages have enveloped them, when they will no longer give credence to idle, silly tales that do such gross injustice to the great Source of Life, Light and Truth that permeates and impels every atom in the entire Universe.

POPE Pío Nino has recently given to the world his infallible opinion concerning Tyndall and other scientists. He calls them "spiritual pirates seeking to destroy the souls of men."—Haywood.

Christian Untruthfulness.

Our attention has been called to recent issues of the *N. Y. Observer*, one of the wheel-horses of orthodoxy, in which untruthful statements are made in reference to Thomas Paine, and the present condition of Liberal sentiment in America.

One article of considerable length, by the Rev. Wm. Hall, entitled, "The Death-bed of Thomas Paine," and made up principally from extracts from Cheetam's slanderous life of Paine, published over sixty years ago, interspersed with unfair and false statements to the effect that, though Paine was entitled to some gratitude from the country, his immoral life and writings, detracted greatly from his fame. We give a few quotations:

"Biographical truth has lifted the veil from the closing life-scenes of most, or all, of the great apostles of infidelity. And that of the death of Thomas Paine, who takes the lead, as it were, among them, in boldness, outspoken virulence, and also in scurrility? His life was defiant, his pen and tongue full of the poison of soul-destroying error. But how was it at the last? How did he meet the last enemy and cross the dividing line between time and that eternity where his deathless spirit now abides? We have answers to this important inquiry which his disciples would be but too glad to suppress or invalidate.

"Why? Because the facts they embody respecting Mr. Paine's death-bed utterances admit of but one solution, viz.: that he had then the most terrible misgivings as to his infidel opinions and publications. The statements made on this subject by Dr. Manley, his kind, attentive physician; by his nurse, 'a woman of sense and piety'; and particularly by Stephen Grellet, the eminent Quaker philanthropist, harmoniously unite to establish this conclusion.

"Once, when an excellent young Quakeress was there to take him some refreshments suitable for an invalid, three of his deistical associates came to the door, and, in a loud, unfeeling manner, said: 'Tom Paine, it is said you are turning Christian, but we hope you will die as you have lived,' and then went away. On which, turning to her, he said: 'You see what miserable comforters they are!' Once he asked her if she had ever read any of his writings, and being told that she had read very little of them, he inquired what she thought of them, adding, 'From such a one as you, I expect a true answer.' She told him, when very young, his 'Age of Reason' was put in her hands, but that the more she read it, the more dark and distressed she felt, and she threw it into the fire. 'I wish all had done as you,' he replied; 'for if the Devil had an agency in any work, he has had it in my writing that book.' The same unimpeachable witness saw him writing much during his last illness. His infidel friends never published it; and why not, if favorable to their cause?"

The foregoing are fair specimens of the entire article. It is probable no man who ever lived in the United States has been more maligned and vilified than Thomas Paine; and these falsehoods have been reiterated until some, perhaps, believe what they relate is truth.

Ingersoll aptly says: "Not content with following him to his grave, they pursued him after death with redoubled fury, and recounted with infinite gusto and satisfaction the supposed horrors of his death-bed; gloried in the fact that he was forlorn and friendless, and gloated like fiends over what they supposed to be the agonizing remorse of his lonely death."

However often these false assertions as to the death-bed scenes of Thomas Paine made by Christians are disproved, they will doubtless continue to repeat them, believing if they can establish that Paine recanted when he faced death, it disproves the philosophy and views of his life. It is, to some extent, labor thrown away, to show up the falseness of our opponents in this direction, as it is about all the argument that is left them, and they have to make the most of it. But there is a cruelty in it—meaner than ordinary theft—to belie a man after his death, to tarnish the fair fame earned by a life of devotion and integrity, and to accuse him of falsifying the honest convictions of his life, and denying the light of reason which had illumined his heart.

It is easy to make these unfounded assertions. Every new-fledged preacher that has been turned out by our patent theological colleges feels it incumbent on him to throw slime and filth on the great name of the patriot, Paine. They seem to think if they speak ill of one of the grandest and best men this country ever possessed they have done a special service to their cause and their master.

But their efforts are futile. His name and fame are every day looming up brighter and more brilliant. Thousands are learning to revere him for the great

political services he rendered his adopted country, and for the force, clearness and honesty of the moral truths he uttered. They are becoming divested of the prejudices they were taught to entertain towards the hero and philosopher, and that it is no dishonor to respect him for his political services, or esteem him for his fearless advocacy of truth and free thought.

In our issue of Jan. 1st, we paid some attention to the slanders of Christians as to the death-bed of Thomas Paine, and cited proof to show the utter falseness of the accusations brought against him by thousands who never saw him nor knew anything about him, save to repeat the slanders of others. We showed by the evidence of Mr. Paine's most intimate acquaintances, his nurses and most constant attendants, that he did not recant, that he did not deny the honest convictions of his life, that he did not embrace Christianity, nor call upon Jesus to help him, and it is hardly worth while to repeat it here. He died strong in the faith in which he had lived, his views and opinions in this respect undergoing no change whatever.

It is very easy to originate and circulate false statements. That Christians have done this in thousands of cases with regard to Infidels, we have oft-repeated evidence. Misrepresentation, however, is a poor element to depend upon—with which to sustain a sinking cause. The dogmas of Christianity cannot always be palmed upon the masses of mankind by falsehood, dishonesty and misstatements of truth.

Neither will these always tarnish the name of one of the noblest men that ever lived, and who did much to remove the fetters of political and mental bondage; he of whom the eloquent Ingersoll says: "He lived a long, laborious and useful life. The world is better for his having lived. For the sake of truth, he accepted hatred and reproach for his portion. He ate the bitter bread of sorrow. His friends were untrue to him because he was true to himself and true to them. He lost the respect of what is called *society*, but kept his own. His life is what the world calls failure, and what history calls success.

"If to love your fellow-men more than self is goodness, Thomas Paine was good.

"If to be in advance of your time—to be a pioneer in the direction of right—is greatness, Thomas Paine was great.

"If to avow your principles and discharge your duty in the presence of death is heroic, Thomas Paine was a hero."

It was he who uttered the immortal sentiment—"THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY, AND TO DO GOOD MY RELIGION."

We here give another quotation from the *Christian Observer*, to show how *truthful* it is:

"TOM PAINE."

"Thomas Paine's birthday was scarcely noticed this year in the city of New York. Thirty years ago it was celebrated with great enthusiasm. Before, and indeed after that time, a grand dinner was eaten by his disciples, speeches were made, long columns of the daily papers were taken up with their reports, and it was considered bigotry and intolerance to say a word against the demonstrations in his honor. Now none so poor to do him reverence.

"And this is worthy of being mentioned only to prove, that in spite of the vauntings of skepticism, the truth of Christianity has a stronger hold than it ever had upon the common mind. Infidelity is not half so rife as it was just after the American Revolutionary war; not half so widespread as it was fifty years ago.

"We have in mind two places, one on Long Island, and one on the banks of the Hudson River, where infidel societies, or clubs, existed fifty years ago, holding regular meetings and making no secret of their object. But they are now extinct.

"The old members have gone into another world, and learned what they did not believe. And they have left no successors. As poor Paine's bones have been carried away from American soil, and his grave is no longer a shrine, it is well that his birthday is passed into forgetfulness. A few dreary disciples at New Rochelle, we perceive, still try to cheer up when it comes round, but they will soon forget it, and then the place that once knew 'Tom Paine' will know him no more."

Thus because the friends of Thomas Paine failed to celebrate his birthday this year in New York City our Christian journalist would make it appear his views are losing ground in this community, that skepticism is going backward, and that, per consequence, the Christian religion is becoming more firmly established in the minds of the people. Nothing could be further

from the truth. There are in this city and in this country to-day many more friends of Thomas Paine than thirty-five years ago. We believe we greatly understate the number when we say there are in the United States twenty Infidels to the Christian religion for every one then.

The friends of Thomas Paine here, consulted about celebrating his birthday, but in view of the special dedication of Paine Hall on that day in Boston which many wished to attend, a celebration here was deferred, and that affair was certainly glory enough for two cities. In other parts of the country there were more commemorations of Paine's birthday than on any previous year. Our Christian friends are hugging a delusion to their bosoms if they imagine the cause of free thought is dying out.

Those who have dared to throw off the trammels and creeds of dogmas have not been idle. Thousands have been able to get their eyes open so they could see clearly between truth and error. The bonds of priestcraft have greatly loosened, and large numbers who formerly took the word of their preacher as law and gospel have taken the liberty to examine and think for themselves.

Science has done, and is doing much for the cause of truth. The leading minds of the day, in this country and in Europe, are scientists. The geologist with his pick and hammer, the chemist with his crucible and alembic, the astronomer with his telescope and spectroscope, the naturalist with his microscope and object-glass, the anatomist with his scalpel and forceps, and all the other scientists in their special fields and departments, are busily studying Nature in all her various phases and forces, and deciding what is true, what is real, and what will stand the test of investigation.

The number of these men is rapidly increasing, and their disciples are multiplying by thousands. They are searching for realities, and are not satisfied with assertions and conjectures. Nine-tenths of these men have become satisfied of the untruthfulness of the theological superstitions and dogmas of the past. They have demonstrated the fallacy of old theories and assumptions built upon that which is claimed as revelation to obscure and unknown persons.

As light increases, darkness is dispelled; as Science advances, the errors of the past step into the background and pass out of sight. Certainty is taking the place of doubts, and knowledge the place of ignorance. By this process the mind is enlarged, and the comprehension expanded; the love of truth succeeds the taste for fictions and fables.

The growth of this Scientific and Liberal element is not confined especially to our own ranks. It is spreading abroad through all the land. Even the churches are becoming impregnated with it, and in consequence the confidence and faith in the old notions are gradually lessening. Church people in many cases begin to examine, and to think. They have not the same implicit confidence in the assertions of their minister or priest that was common half a century ago. They, too, begin to read scientific books, and Christian publishing houses are issuing works that completely overthrow the basis upon which their creed is founded. In this way light and truth is being diffused far and wide, and thousands of Infidels made yearly.

In view of all these facts, how idle and false it is to claim that free thought is retrograding, that mental liberty is taking the backward march, and that the doctrines promulgated by Thomas Paine seventy-five years ago are becoming less popular, and that the bright minds of the age are again gathering up the husks of ignorance and error to feed upon, and are throwing away the ripe ears of Reason, Science and Truth. If our cotemporary is satisfied with the advance that is being made in Liberalism, we certainly have no reason to complain.

IN THE diversity of duties claiming our attention we are frequently compelled to neglect correspondents, and leave letters unanswered for several days sometimes. We ask our friends to take no offense at this; we would be glad to reply promptly to all, but we so often find ourselves unable to do this we deem this apology necessary.

Unity in Diversity.

BY HUGH B. BROWN.

What a profound enigma is man! Who can unravel the mystery of his existence? Far deeper and more significant than any meaning concealed in the Egyptian Sphinx, is that hidden in the confused noise between two silences which we call life. What its origin—its real significance—and whither it tends are beyond the ken of the wisest men? The scientist has as yet no plummet that can sound its depths, no lens that will reveal its secret.

What, if aught, lies beyond this "bank and shoal of time," none can tell. The vast ocean of the unknown yet awaits its Columbus, if, indeed, the limited capacity of man is adequate to its exploration.

One of the world's profoundest philosophers has said to us that "the proper study of mankind is man." A study, though pursued in some directions from the earliest dawn of human consciousness, is nevertheless yet in its infancy, both as regards methods and results.

The Oriental mind sought the solution of man's existence and destiny in the realms of the supernatural. In this light, the material or visible was only the manifestation of the unseen reality. The soul of man was but an emanation from the infinite Spirit into whose existence it was again merged, as a snow-flake is dissolved and lost in the boundless ocean.

Other and less imaginative nations of antiquity have sought the explanation and philosophy of life in the material alone, being unable, from their peculiar constitution, plane of development, and the physical aspects of Nature around them, to conceive of aught in the Universe except that which is cognizable to their senses.

All the speculations and theories of modern theologians and metaphysicians are but modifications of one or the other of these assumptions; for assumptions they undoubtedly are, having never yet been verified, nor, indeed, so far as we can see, susceptible of proof.

Aside from the bias of their education, men intuitively gravitate to one or the other of these schools of philosophy, according to their peculiar organization, development, habits of thought and mode of reasoning. Men of sanguine temperament and vivid imagination, especially if inclined to arrive at conclusions from the deductive or subjective mode of reasoning, are inevitably Spiritualists. The present, with its imperfections and limitations, is so inferior, prosaic and unsatisfactory, as compared with what they can readily conceive in their imaginations, and in which they soon habituate themselves to believe—the wish becoming father to the thought, and the existence of the desire an indubitable proof that the thing desired must be in the order of Nature.

To such, the order of the Universe seems an evolution from within outwardly. The *unseen* becomes to them the real, the seen being only the visible manifestation of an invisible entity—the material casket in which is enshrouded an immortal principle which had no beginning and which can have no end. To them life is no longer a riddle. Its meaning and purpose are fully understood. Life, say they, in its relations to human destiny, is but as the prelude to the oratorio, the dawn to the day, or the rivulet to the ocean! Their intuition of the unseen reality is so strong that they are impatient of the deductions of logic, and scarcely require proof of that, to them, so obvious and plain. To the sceptic and unbeliever they say, "more in sorrow than in anger,"

"Alas! for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble play;
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own!"

Nor is this belief in a future state of existence confined alone to civilized men. Its conception and its effects on character and institutions are equally apparent among savage nations. While some are so materialistic in thought as to have no conception of any mode of life except the present, nor indeed any words in their language to express such thoughts, there are others whose imaginations have pictured to their minds a more blissful state than the present—a happy hunting ground—a sea of a "thousand isles," possessing in far greater abundance and excellence everything that is desirable in this, to which the Great Spirit will lead them at the close of their mortal career.

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.
Whose soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way—
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topped hill a humbler heaven,
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold,
And thinks, admitted to you equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

But then there are others to be found, even among

the most cultured and enlightened nations, whose temperaments, habits of thought, and modes of reasoning are the antipodes of the former class—men to whom imagination lends no wings, who prefer the hard-pan of the senses to the dream-land of the imagination, who would rather dig with the scientist than soar with the idealist, who prefer the substance to the shadow, the known to the unknown, the seen to the unseen, and who cannot realize the existence of life without a material organization, or thought without a brain.

Such men reason only from the objective; they "evolve nothing from their inner consciousness," recognize only that which is susceptible of proof or demonstration, and refuse to believe anything that is not manifest to the natural senses. These are the Grad-Grinds of science and the doubting Thomases of society, who will not believe that the Christ has risen unless they "shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put their finger into the print of the nails, and thrust their hand into his side."

In a word, the Materialist hears no voice that is not articulated from the vocal organs, sees no object that is not depicted on the retina of the eye, touches nothing that is not of the earth, earthy, hopes for nothing that is not on the plane of his senses, and looks upon the cherished beliefs of the Spiritualists as but dreams and phantasies of a heated imagination.

Man, viewed in the light of this philosophy, is but a highly organized body vitalized by a materially generated force, evolved originally from an infinite series of lower forms by the law of development, and returning again to the inorganic elements of which it is composed—this transient and mysterious principle of life being, as far as we can know, the "be all and the end all."

The gulf that divides these two classes of minds—Materialists and Spiritualists—is indeed wide and deep, and seemingly as impassable as the one recorded in the Gospels, which separated Lazarus in Heaven from the rich man in Hell.

Can differences so radical and fundamental be explained or reconciled? If the belief of one be deemed true, must not the other be necessarily false? There are those, indeed, who confidently assert that Revelation has definitely and forever settled the questions of man's origin and destiny; but the time has forever gone by when the doctrine of authority can settle these, or any other questions.

Science, not Scripture, is now the Court of last appeal in every matter appertaining to man and the Universe. Ancient Scripture may indeed assist, as all ancient writings do, in solving problems in Biology and in many other sciences. They are valuable as a record of facts in relation to the beliefs, religious experiences, and modes of thought of different races of men in different epochs of their history, but they are very far from being infallible, and of themselves can settle nothing.

But what says this Court of last resort to the great questions of man's origin and destiny? Of his origin, there seems now, since Darwin has spoken, a prospect of a final verdict in favor of evolution, or progressive development; but of his destiny, as it relates to any other state of existence, it has as yet come to no decision. In the presence of this great question of questions, science veils its face and is silent. Whether this silence will ever be broken, whether in the distant future the key to this mystery will be found, or whether, indeed, the key may not now be already found in those mysterious and seemingly spiritual phenomena that are occurring around us, the future alone can reveal.

But irreconcilable as the beliefs of the Spiritualists and Materialist are, need they necessarily divide them into hostile camps? Is there not some neutral ground—a common platform on which all can meet for "the doing of good, seeking of truth, and the promotion of fellowship?" Whatever may be the verdict of science in the matter of his immortality, one thing is sure, which is that the interest and welfare of every individual, so far as his earth-life is considered, is intimately related to that of every other person. No evil that happens to one but will in a measure affect all; and no good achieved by some but will in a degree be enjoyed by all.

We must, per force, travel the road of this life in company; and whatever the future may have in store for some, must, like the sunshine and the elements here, be shared by all, for Nature's designs and beneficence are as universal as her laws.

Whatever may lie beyond that we are accustomed to call the realm of Nature, is in fact still a part of her domain, and subject to her laws; for there can be no place in the Universe where Nature and law are not, nor any antagonism between the part we see and know, and that which for the present is beyond our ken.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

The same æsthetic and moral culture, mental discipline, and intellectual development that are requisite to the happiness and well-being of man on this plane of existence, must be equally advantageous and necessary to the *disembodied* man, should such a state of existence prove to be in the order of Nature.

If, as we know, no force generated here can ever be lost or destroyed, and if virtue and culture conduce to the highest good of man on this stage of existence,

must not his power and well-being be enhanced hereafter in the proportion these have been attained or evolved here, providing that death causes no break in his conscious identity?

Do not these facts, then, constitute an ample bond of union—a common ground on which the Spiritualist and Materialist can associate for their own individual culture, and for the promotion of the welfare of their fellow men? Nay, is not such an association a necessity? Is not one but the supplement of the other, and as necessary to each other to form the complete whole and to accomplish the ends of life, as the segment is to the complement in the completion of the circle?

Too intense a realization of the spiritual, has often in the past led to the neglect of the here and now,—the exceeding glory and eternal duration of the hereafter belittling the importance of the present, causing men rather to endure the imperfections of their surroundings and the poverty of their earthly homes, in the anticipation of that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Thus we see that "whatever is right," and whatever the future of man may be, the highest good and best interest of the race, either in this life or the possible future, lie in the same direction. If at the end of a virtuous and well-spent life we awake to the consciousness of no other, nothing has been lost, as nothing can be. If the immortality in store for us by Nature, the dear mother of us all, is only that of species. If, as in other organisms, the specie only survives, while the individual members perish, we must accept it as we accept all her other gifts, for that which is in the order of Nature must be right. This consolation, at least, we have, that is not afforded by any of the world's historical religions, that "from nothing nothing can come, not even sorrow." But if, on the other hand, the intuition of the Spiritualist proves true, that "life is ever lord of death," and the dissolution of physical only the birth of the spiritual, then we are indeed doubly blessed, having had the life that now is, and the certainty of another, where, under better conditions, with all the advantages of our earth-life experience, the dropped threads and unfinished work of our initial life may be taken up and completed, and where all its imperfections, and failures shall eventually be corrected. Nor shall the shadow of any angry God or theologians' *Hell* be observable there, for Nature's gifts to her children are as universal as her beneficence is unlimited and impartial.

If we are destined to awake to another life beyond the grave, we may, from all her known works in this sphere of existence, and from the universal and minute *economy* every-where seen in her operations, confidently proclaim that Nature has given her guarantee that not one soul can ever be lost.

(Continued from No. 11.)

Conversation about Society and Churches.

BY G. L. HENDERSON.

DAUGHTER.—The reply of the judge, I think, threw some light upon the whole doctrine of punishment. "Young man," said he solemnly, "the law does not hang thee for having stolen a sheep, but that sheep might not be stolen."

This points also to the old doctrine of Loyola—so much abhorred—the "end justifies the means." Let me here repeat what I have already said about analogies. They lie above, beneath and around us like snares to the bird, fish or fox. The bird sees an abundant supply of food beneath the hoop, but it sees not the loop that crosses upon it, and conducts it to prison. The fox, with all its cunning, moves cautiously through his accustomed burrows where the trap lies hid. Every bush seems to be removed, and the passage more inviting than usual, but his next step perhaps leads him to imprisonment and death. The unsuspicious fish sees the fly bobbing on the water; sees several hungry companions in haste to make the dainty meal. He darts upon his prey, and is immediately launched upon dry land, a victim of misplaced confidence, cheated out of its life by a thing that resembles a fly—a mere analogy. You must excuse me, but you have yourself urged me to exercise the utmost caution in every case where analogy is used for the purpose of guiding the mind to what seems to be truth, when it frequently proves to be error, fatal and irretrievable. If the fox had hands, he would with a stick have felt cautiously, and spring the trap upon something less sensitive than himself. I must do what the fox cannot do. I must move cautiously, using all my powers to guard against any possible error that may lie hid in the magic circle of analogy; and dearly as I love you, I must be myself, and must not be merged in you. But when I find that each analogy is like lights in a street illuminating a common highway to a common heaven, I shall then boldly enter myself, and when I am once assured that this road and these lights lead from error to truth, from a world of hatred to a world of love; from a partial, narrow, gloomy church to one so impartial that it can exclude none; so wide that it will contain all the races of men; so grandly illuminated that all will not only be visible to each, but that each will become visible to himself. This would then indeed be the holy Catholic Church, the home of all that lives, as it will become the home of all that shall ever live.

FATHER.—And I add, this home, this Church of which you speak, as if you were already in it, or rather, as if it were already in you, has existed since that remote day when the mother could feel that her child was more to her than she was to herself; when her own happiness was swallowed up in the desire to protect and perpetuate happiness in her child, and when the father could face death for the mother and child, both or either, when love demanded everything and took nothing, for even when the life disappeared in defending the love, the love that remained to the ever-living man was worth more than the life that disappeared in the ever-dying unit. The love that was left atoned for the life that was lost. Show me a race of men in all past history who had outlived their love—love of home, love of clan, love of nation, love of man—and I will show you of an instance of the grand and final atonement—an atonement that ends in extinction.

In such a case the Universe becomes ashamed of its progeny and swallows it up. Cut me loose from all that I love, and this life itself is death. Life, even in its grossest forms, would become impossible if there were not some impulse that brought two lives together, in order that the life that is, should merge into the life that is to come. That impulse is love. This, and this alone, atones for life. When love becomes extinct, life will become extinct. But each individual has two outlets from death—the one by the reproduction of their person, the other by the reproduction of their character. The family is to a great extent an institution for the reproduction of both. But in a true Church, man finds the means of begetting principles and of perpetuating them forever, so that as the individual life is absorbed in the family life, and is perpetuated through it, so the character and principles which the highest individuals hold dearer than self—family, country—finds existence, culture, expression perpetually in and through a church.

Here the subjective man finds immortality; here the past speaks to the present, and the present to the future; here a common consciousness finds expression in a common conscience; here the little rill becomes a mighty river; here the aggregate intellect becomes a sun which lights the common mind; here the aggregate love swells and surges until it spouts out. Every barrier to human happiness, and the aggregate wealth flows in involuntary munificence, and flows back in increased beneficence. Here we stand, and with open arms welcome the child as it comes, a fresh contribution of love from the womb. At puberty we accept its promise to work and to serve humanity, to whom all service is due.

Still later we endorse and approve its right to reproduce a better than itself. At this great epoch we recognize it as the purified social unit, the under indissoluble factors of innumerable lives, each to rise higher and higher in the scale of being.

Later still, we welcome in him or her the teacher to illuminate, the guide to lead, the common friend; and when the last scene comes, we close the eye and lay the object back into the objective and place the subject in its true position, the rank of saints. I have not only shown you what the Church is like, but I have tried to tell you what it is. But you can describe nothing as it is, but only as it is related, and this we can only do by analogies. Analogies are then to the mind what crutches are to the lame limbs, substituted by the brain to lengthen the forearm, so that you for a time become a quadruped. And this is but just, for since the brain, in its interest, has robbed the body of two of its feet, why should it not make new feet of wood, and place them under the arm-pits to relieve the two who call for help, or demand the return of their ancient allies to their duty. But the brain, when it takes possession, never surrenders when it once places the man erect, it will never again permit him to crawl. Who ever saw a quadruped use crutches? They do not need them, and therefore cannot invent them. Crutches may be but poor substitutes for legs, but they are substitutes. And if the feet still complain, the brain still refuses to give back the hand, but it sets the hands to work to construct a carriage, and places the whole body in it, and thus the feet become content, because the oppression of which they complained has been considered and removed.

And you, my dear child, at the very moment when you were denouncing analogy as dangerous, invented one and walked on it, and was satisfied with it. You compared a church to a street, lighted at the general expense, because it was applied to the general use. Nothing more beautiful, nothing more appropriate. And let me close by pushing this analogy to the verge.

Who shall enter this Church, lighted by the accumulated wisdom of all ages, enriched by the voluntary contributions of myriads of individuals, adorned by the sublime inspirations of all genius, architect, painter, poet, musician and every branch of art and industry? The priest is but the custodian; I answer in the name of the people, all shall enter! Neither rank, nor wealth, nor virtue nor age shall be reasons for either admission or exclusion; come to share a common love, a common light, a common temple.

D.—I am satisfied, since I am not to merge, but to emerge. I am to love all, to be loved by all. My reason is to be the sacred inner temple, out of which I shall evolve a reason, the aggregate of which will constitute the sole human reason. In this Church I may

meet with many who possess but little love and less reason. But, on the other hand, I shall meet with many who will love more than I can repay, and who possess more reason than I now or ever may, therefore I will always receive more than I can give. I enter this temple erect because the brain crowns the person. When within, I find in homage to the past, because we demand, take homage in the future. I accept and adore the present because it is the crown, the glory of all that went before. O society, take me to your heart, use me! O brothers and sisters, come with me and find rest, sympathy, love, in and on this great human heart—the Church of Humanity!

Letters to a Preacher.

NO. IV.

Thomas Paine was a drunkard, a w—e-master and a swindler. This is the testimony of his disciples. And now with a thousand times more charity for you than it is possible for you to exercise for me, I am your friend, Uncle C—B—.

It is all a mistake, friend B., as regards the personal character of Paine, and that thee is *honestly* mistaken. I will hope, in spite of the almost universal practice of preachers, in speaking of the merits or demerits of those who oppose their holy (?) religion. Ever since Paine came out publicly against Christianity, he has been maligned and vilified by every one who imagined it to be a meritorious act to destroy and annihilate, if possible, all that could in the least hinder or obstruct the cause of the "blessed Savior!"

In reply to a question put to Col. Burr, as to Paine's alleged vulgarity, intemperance and immorality, as disseminated by his political enemy, Cheetham, (and since retailed and magnified by every enemy of Free Thought,) he remarked, with dignity, "Sir, he dined at my table. I always considered Mr. Paine a gentleman, a pleasant companion, a good-natured and intelligent man, and decidedly temperate!" He was generous to a fault; he gave, at one time, his whole year's salary to head a private subscription for the use of the army when public resources failed, "and did more with his pen for liberty than Washington did with his sword," as John Adams himself declared. He wrote his "Age of Reason" to defend natural religion, and in direct opposition to Atheism!

As to his sexual immorality, that also is a falsehood of the pious clan, who hate to acknowledge that there can be any good outside of religion. There is not a thousandth part of the proof that Paine ever had illicit intercourse with any woman, that there is that hundreds of holy, pious, sanctimonious preachers have. Why, scarce a city paper issues a single number which does not contain one or more articles exposing some lecherous Rev., whereas the closest and most careful scrutiny of Paine's whole life, by both friends and enemies, has failed in adducing one atom of proof against him in that line. He was more *moral*, and more *temperate* than the majority of the great men of his day.

Being of Quaker descent, and living at a time when Quakerism was fairly puritanic in the rigidity of its morality, is of itself almost absolute proof that he never did, and never could, deserve that vile name which thee applies to him. His life was filled with good deeds, and noble, generous actions. His pen was always wielded in defense of liberty, freedom and morality. He died calmly and peacefully, leaving a fortune of over \$11,000, although it is so often said by his pious traducers, that he died in extreme poverty, and suffered untold horrors.

If thee wishes to read more of *reliable* evidence concerning his virtues and good deeds—judging him by what the first and best men of his own day said of him—I refer thee to the *Boston Investigator* of Jan. 28th, 1874, containing testimonials to his merits from seven Presidents of the United States, and many other good and trustworthy persons. I could fill pages with accounts of his good deeds, his labors and inventions for the general benefit of his race, but have already given more than enough to prove that, instead of being one of the worst of men, or even mediocre in merit, he was actually as good, if not better, than the fabled Jesus of Nazareth.

As to the abundance of thy charity for me outranking mine for thee, upon what grounds does thee base such an assertion? Remember, I have "been through the mill," and while thee has seen, felt and experienced only one side of the question, I have learned how hard it was to give up cherished theories and loved opinions, that a life-time had interwoven with all my past. I can realize as it is impossible for thee to do, this rending away of one's self from all that has grown so dear, and leaving behind name, fame, reputation, and more than all else, *friends*, whose love was life itself, and building up a new field upon entirely a new foundation, beginning a new life, and starting all from a new stand-point.

Charity! Why there is no limit to mine for all those who see not and know not the *truth*! who err daily through ignorance, though with the best of motives. Do I not feel that what men are, depends upon the condition and circumstances of their birth and surroundings, and that to blame them for not being perfect, is to blame what they cannot help? If I was born of wicked, improvident, reckless parents, who

could not or would not educate me into knowledge, wisdom or morality, could I help it? Well, ought I not to feel the greatest and broadest charity for all people then, who do not see and know the right? Why I have so little of the feeling of revenge, that had I the power, I would blot out all punishment from the world! I would guide, guard, restrain and confine, but never punish!

My mother always blamed me for my excess of charity, and would often exclaim: "I do believe you would excuse the very Devil!" and Mr. S. often reiterates the same expression, and indeed why not have the greatest of charity for this worst-abused being in existence, granting that he does exist (which, of course, we Infidels deny), for no fate could, by any possibility, be sadder than his—a being *all evil*—created by a God *all good*, specially to be bad and to do bad and to make others bad. I really do not know which would be actually needing most of our charity, this God who was so cruel as to make a being so bad, or the vile thing that was so made from no demerit of his own! Respectfully,

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Snowville, Pulaski County, Va.

The New Scriptures,

ACCORDING TO TYNDALL, HUXLEY, SPENCER AND DARWIN.

Genesis—Chapter II.

"1. Primarily the Unknowable moved upon cosmos and evolved protoplasm.

"2. And protoplasm was inorganic and undifferentiated, containing all things in potential energy: and aspirit of evolution moved upon the fluid mass.

"3. And the Unknowable said, Let atoms attract; and their contact begat light, heat and electricity.

"4. And the Unconditioned differentiated the atoms, each after its kind; and their combinations begat rock, air and water.

"5. And there went out a spirit of evolution from the Unconditioned, and working in protoplasm, by accretion and absorption produced the organic cell.

"6. And cell by nutrition evolved primordial germ, and germ developed protogene; and protogene begat oozoon and oozoon begat monad, and monad begat animalcule.

"7. And animalcule begat ephemera; then began creeping things to multiply on the face of the earth.

"8. And earthy atomon-vegetable protoplasm begat the molecule, and thence came all grass and every herb in the earth.

"9. And animalculæ in the water evolved fins, tails, claws and scales; and in the air, wings and beaks, and on the land they sprouted such organs as were necessary as played upon by the environment.

"10. And by accretion and absorption came the radiata and mollusca, and mollusca begat articulata, and articulata begat vertebrata.

"11. Now these are the generations of the higher vertebrata, in the cosmic period that the Unknowable evolved the bipedal mammalia.

"12. And every man of the earth, while he was yet a monkey, and the horse while he was a hipparion, and the hipparion before he was an orodon.

"13. Out of the ascidian came the amphibian and begat the pentadactyle; and the pentadactyle by inheritance and selection produced the hylobate, from which are the simiadae in all their tribes.

"14. And out of the simiadae the lemur prevailed above his fellows and produced the platyrhine monkey.

"15. And the platyrhine begat the catarrhine; and the catarrhine monkey begat the anthropoid ape, and the ape begat the longimanous orang, and the orang begat the chimpanzee, and the chimpanzee evolved the what-is-it.

"16. And the what-is-it went into the land of Nod and took him a wife of the longimanous gibbons.

"17. And in process of the cosmic period were born unto them and their children the anthropomorphic primordial types.

"18. The homunculus, the prognathus, the troglodyte, the autochthon, the terragen: these are the generations of primeval man.

"19. And primeval man was naked and not ashamed, but lived in quadrumanous innocence, and struggled mightily to harmonize with the environment.

"20. And by inheritance and natural selection did he progress from the stable and homogeneous to the complex and heterogeneous; for the weakest died and the strongest grew and multiplied.

"21. And man grew a thumb for that he had need of it, and developed capacities for prey.

"22. For, behold, the swiftest men caught the most animals, and the swiftest animals got away from the most men; wherefore the slow animals were eaten and the slow men starved to death.

"23. And as types were differentiated the weaker types continually disappeared.

"24. And the earth was filled with violence; for man strove with man, and tribe with tribe, whereby they killed off the weak and foolish and secured the "survival of the fittest."

THERE is probably but one woman connected with the Plymouth church or the scandal whom Beecher hasn't kissed—that's Mrs. Beecher. It was a narrow escape, for she, too, might have fallen had she yielded to one of those paroxysmal kisses.

Editors' Notes.

WE SEE Dr. Liess is out with No. 3 of the *Free-thinker*, and the hope is held out that in the future it will appear more regularly. We hail it with pleasure, and hope it will be fully sustained. The price is so small it is really no tax to any one.

WE HAVE again to ask the indulgence of our contributors whose articles we have been unable to find room for. We have many valued communications on hand which we want to lay before our readers as early as possible. We again ask all to be patient; we are trying to do the best we can.

WE FAILED in our last to notice that our young friend *Common Sense* of Paris, Texas, has recently doubled its number of pages, and changed its dress somewhat. It is an able, earnest little sheet, and is dealing hard knocks to the errors and follies of the past and present. It is published monthly, at 75 cts. per year. It is still very willing to add names to its list.

THE BRILLIANT *Common Sense* of San Francisco makes its regular weekly visit to us, and we always find in its clean, bright pages rich and valuable reading. No paper is more ably conducted. Those who wish a portion of Spiritualistic literature blended with Scientific and Liberal matter, should patronize it. We cannot have too much common sense. It is a sixteen-page paper, weekly; price \$3 per year.

WE WISH to again call attention to Koch's Patent Binders for THE TRUTH SEEKER. They are well made; the name of the paper is in gold letters on the front; the arrangement for holding the papers securely is perfect, and quickly applied. Those who care to preserve their copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER intact, should have one of these Patent Binders. The postage on them has been doubled, still we will send them at the same price—\$1.10. Who next?

ON PAGE 14 we again give our Book List. Owing to the outrageous Postal Law recently enacted by our worse than useless Congress, doubling the postage on papers and books, we have been compelled to raise the amount of postage. This is a necessity, as in many cases the postage will equal the profit we make upon the book. We will be glad at all times to fill orders for books, whether in our List or not, for readers in all parts of the country. "Every little helps."

J. WILLIAMS THORNE, who was so unjustly expelled from the House of Representatives of North Carolina, because his belief was not sufficiently orthodox, and his God was not of the required pattern, has sent us one of his pamphlets—*The Great Ecclesiastical Trial*—containing sixty-eight pages, and a full account of the disgraceful proceedings, as well as several poems, essays and letters by Mr. Thorne. Thousands who have heard of this case will be glad to read the account in detail, and also to learn Mr. Thorne's theological views. Such can be accommodated. Price twenty-five cents. We have them for sale. Address us, or the author at Ridgeway, N. C.

WE TAKE pleasure in again calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of our personal friends, G. L. HENDERSON & Co., who are prepared to send to parties in any part of the country any kind of merchandise to be had in this city, and much cheaper than can be purchased in the usual course of trade. Those who have entrusted them with commissions, we learn, have expressed full satisfaction. We will say to our readers that both G. L. Henderson and Hugh Byron Brown are ardent and earnest Liberals, and are justly worthy of your confidence and support. We fully endorse them for their honesty, integrity and punctuality. Read their advertisement again on page 15, and see what they have to offer, and if you want to save money in the purchase of goods just give them a trial.

WE GRATEFULLY acknowledge the sympathy and consideration some of our patrons evince in response to our requests for arrears to be settled, and we hereby thank our kind patrons who have thus responded. A few have expressed a consciousness that we could not in this large city get along without mo-

ney, and that our expenses must necessarily be heavy. One friend told us, he knew we could not live on "air pudding," and that we required something more tangible and solid.

We wish it were in our power to get up THE TRUTH SEEKER at a less expense, but do not see how we can do it. A certain amount of funds are necessary, and we hope the tax will never be so heavy that the Liberals of the United States will refuse to meet it. Those who can aid us by sending us new subscribers, will confer a favor upon the cause. Every additional name adds to our strength, and will be duly appreciated.

Those to whose notice these pages come, and who are not already patrons, and they approve of the efforts we are making in advancing Science and Free Thought, are requested to come to our aid and to allow us to add their names to our list. The hard times, and, we fear, too much indifference, have induced many to withdraw their support from us, [or, what is just the same, decline to send in their renewals,] and we need new recruits to fill their places. We are resolved to work faithfully to the end, and Friends let us all work together. Every dollar that is sent us helps in diffusing light and truth. We ask not for luxuries or comforts, but the necessary force to keep the machinery running. Fail us not.

Dr. Bland's Lectures.

Dr. T. A. Bland of this city will answer invitations to lecture within two hundred miles of the city of New York on reasonable terms.

His repertoire embraces the following subjects:

1. The Age of Brain.
2. The Victories of Science.
3. The Triumphs of Philosophy.
4. The Science of Society.
5. Plato and Epicurus.

Committees and societies wishing to make an engagement will address T. A. Bland, 11 Clinton Place, New York.

Working for Jesus.

A couple of American blatherskites, Moore and Sankey, are in London preaching in the streets and public places to ignorant assemblages about the terrors of an angry God and a burning hell, and they have succeeded in frightening considerable numbers to the church, and to bow to the priests to escape the eternal fires aforesaid. As a return of the compliment, Mr. Varley of Liverpool, (said to be an uncle to our somewhat notorious townsman, Henry Varley, otherwise called "Reddy the Blacksmith," who a few years ago was arraigned for killing a man in this city,) is now with us, using his best efforts to frighten people into getting religion. Sundays he holds forth in Barnum's Menagerie or Hippodrome among the wild beasts, and nights and days through the week he is haranguing assemblages of little children from six to twelve years of age, and is endeavoring to show them what great sinners they are, and how sad and hopeless their case is unless they succeed in finding Jesus.

He has a stereotype form of presenting his argument for drawing children to the Savior, and presents it upon every occasion. He asks them to suppose there is a great friendship between himself and Queen Victoria, and that she loves him very ardently, but he finally commits a grievous offense against her, and by the laws is doomed to death; but to avert this dire calamity, the Prince of Wales steps forward and suffers death in his place, and thus satisfies the sense of justice of his mother, and at which she is greatly pleased. Mr. Varley then appeals to the children, and asks them if, in that case, he ought not to feel very grateful to the Prince of Wales? He tells them this is just what Jesus has done for them, and calls upon them fervently, to come forward and embrace him, or stand up and acknowledge him. Of course, under such an appeal, little children will rise up for any one who they think has died for them. Then a song closes the bargain, and they are "born again."

Mr. Varley's picture of queenly or divine justice is a little bit abhorrent. What kind of justice would it be in Queen Victoria to become incensed against poor

Varley for doing what he could not help, and exacting his death for the offence, but after, to be willing her own first-born and innocent boy should suffer death in his place? What should we think of the Prince of Wales, who would thus freely sacrifice himself for another, to please his angry mother? And what should we think of Varley, who would thus consent that the innocent boy should be put to death for the crimes that he himself had committed? This is, perhaps, a fascinating illustration of the beauties of Divine justice and the lovely plan of salvation, but we "can't see it."

We are somewhat rejoiced, however, to learn that our Mr. Varley proposes to return to England with his uncle, and join him in the preaching business. He insists he can preach as well as his uncle can, and that it will be so glorious, when he arrives at the gates of heaven, to see ten thousand children flocking there, who come by his agency. What beautiful pictures!

A Touching Letter.

In our issue for Feb. 15th we made a brief appeal to our readers in behalf of a Liberal German Brother who was sick with consumption, too weak to work, no money with which to purchase food for his wife and babe, and no friends to call upon for aid. We had an interview with the party and found him an intelligent man and an ardent Liberal. He was in this city at the time, but afterwards went to Elmira, where his wife has connections.

Our appeal, like most of the appeals we have made, was not immensely successful. A very few responded in small amounts.

A few days ago we received the following sensible letter from his Christian wife, and although not designed for publication we will lay it before our readers:

MY DEAR SIR: I hope you will not think ill of my writing for help to you again. But indeed I am in a very peculiar situation. I wrote you in my last letter that we were living with friends in Elmira, also that they were strict Catholics. I had hoped to receive help from the Liberals but that hope seems to be in vain. I communicated that hope to my friends and they said I would not receive any help from that source. About three weeks ago they told my husband that unless he became a Catholic they would do nothing more for him. Of course if they turned their backs on us we would have been left to starve or go to the poor-house as I am not able to work on account of our child who is only three months old, and very troublesome. I told my husband that the only thing he could do was to say yes and become a Catholic—or indeed the name hypocrite would be better applied, as he is still as firm a Liberal as exists, as you know. I myself am a Catholic, but it tortures me to see him say yes to what he firmly believes to be untrue. I should be very happy were he a Catholic from his own choice, but never from necessity, as I should lose all respect for a man were he to say yes against his conscience. It is hard to think that he must become a hypocrite on his dying bed for the want of a few dollars. If you can do anything no matter how little, I beg of you to do it as soon as possible; it will comfort him in his dying hour to think that he can die a Liberal as he has always been. May you be happy in this life, and if there is a next world, may your portion be there among the select, is the earnest prayer of your supplicator.

MRS. MARY E. ZAMZOW.

Elmira, N. Y.

Please direct all letters to MR. C. A. ZAMZOW, No. 110 West Water street, Elmira, N. Y.

Friends of Liberal thought, is it not hard that in this land of liberty and plenty an honest and decided Liberal should be compelled to deny his firm convictions and even apparently relinquish his principles for the sake of a place to lay his sick body, and the few mouthfuls of food he requires to keep him alive for a few weeks at most, and all for the want of a little help from those who entertain the same belief he does?

Were it in our power, we would gladly contribute to his comfort more than we have been able to do, but our own necessities are such we cannot.

Friends with liberal hearts, those of you who are able to do something for this worthy, needy brother, and feel the disposition to do so, let us urge you not to delay this impulse. The motive is a good one, and the needs great. Let not this man be compelled to forswear his belief in the hour of death for the use of a bed and a moiety of food. We endorse this man's honesty and truthfulness.

Donations may be sent to our care, or directly to the party. Address as above.

A Witness and his God.

BY G. L. HENDERSON.

We had supposed that the time had gone by when the value of evidence in court was made to depend upon the amount of faith a witness might have in any of the existing creeds. But it seems an attorney has still a right to enquire into the speculative opinions of a witness in order to impair his evidence in the minds of a jury, who might happen to hold opinions differing from those of the witness.

But recently a judge of a court in New York City rejected the evidence of Joseph Treat, M.D., because Victoria C. Woodhull declared that he had no belief in a personal God, or in a future Hell for the wicked. And yet Dr. Treat's word is worth more without an oath, than that of the immaculate Victoria, were she to swear upon a stack of Bibles as high as the Andes.

A similar attempt was made, on March 5th, in the District Court of Mower county, Minn. I had taken the witness stand, and was about to take the usual oath, as a witness in the case of McCormick & Co. vs. Henderson & Trask, when R. A. Murray, attorney for plaintiffs, objected to my oath, on the ground that I disbelieved in a God and in future rewards and punishments. Sherman Page, Judge of the court, promptly decided that the evidence should be taken, and the attorney might afterward ascertain whether I had a sufficient amount of orthodoxy to satisfy the jury that I could tell the truth. To test this matter, Mr. Murray, (who was merely doing the best he could for his client,) put the following questions:

"Do you believe in the existence of a God?"

"I do."

"What kind of a God is it?"

"The Universe."

"Do you believe in the Christian Religion?"

"I do not. There is a Christian religion, but it is a mere superstition, as I believe."

"Do you believe in any obligation toward God?"

"I believe in every obligation that binds me to my fellow men and to animals; but I know nothing about the gods."

Here the learned counsel for McCormick & Co. and the Holy Trinity & Co. stopped seemingly well satisfied that his two clients had won their case. That the first would get a judgment against me in this world, and that the other would surely damn me in the next.

Allow me, however, to say, that I am assured that ten out of twelve of the jurors believed the truth of my statement, and gave judgment for McCormick & Co. for just what I had offered to pay his agent in my office, as his just due, and that this same number was in favor of a verdict of "no cause of action," on the ground that the plaintiff should pay the cost of an action where he could have had his money without a suit. The counsel referred, with the utmost complacency, to the enormous wealth of the great reaper builders. He said, "The defendants will have less money when my clients get done with them." I happen to know one of the members of that firm, and I feel assured that, had he heard the evidence, he would not have allowed me to pay one cent of the cost. I do not in this reflect upon the jurors. I think, that after a long and protracted contest, they did the best they could to do justice. The merits of the suit is a matter which does not interest the public at large, but the right of an individual to hold any set of opinions which he may deem the best for him, without being subjected to insult on the witness stand, by every petty attorney, who may set up an inquisition into his private opinions or religious beliefs, is a matter that does, and should, interest every man who claims the right to speak, to think, and to speak freely what he thinks. The Greeks poisoned Socrates because he denied the thirty thousand gods of his time. Christ was crucified because his fellow Jews found him guilty of blasphemy, supposing that he claimed to be a god. Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake, on the 17th day of February, 1600, after two years imprisonment in the dungeon of the inquisition, in the city of Rome, because he affirmed the "*Del Infinito Universo e Mondi*"—that the Universe was all in all.

In the reign of William and Mary, Robert Aiken, a lad of fifteen years, was hanged at Edinburgh by a mob of Presbyterian clergymen because he pronounced the doctrine of the Trinity an unthinkable, contradictory falsehood. Servetus was burned for preaching what Dr. Channing and Theodore Parker were applauded for uttering to intelligent audiences in the city of Boston. Witches were once hanged at Salem, and Quakers on Boston Common. Now a man who would affirm a belief in witches would be looked upon as an object of pity; and Quakers testify without an oath.

Gen. Cole, in his very able closing plea for the defence, set forth the absurdity of bringing into the courts any questions as to the religious opinions of witnesses. He stated that John Stuart Mill, John Tyndall, Thomas Huxley, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, all held opinions similar to those of the witness, and that it was merely the last remnant of that barbarous and persecuting spirit, which in a former age, poisoned, crucified, or burned philosophers and reformers, hung witches, expatriated Jews, and imprisoned and tortured men and women for the sake of their opinions.

Mr. Murray assured the court and the jury that I was on the God subject insane, and repeatedly declared to the jury that the evidence of a man who did not believe in God Almighty ought to be rejected. "He tells you," said the learned counsel, "that he owes obligations to men and animals; that he would not even cheat a dog, but he says nothing about his obligation to God. Is such a man to be believed under oath?" I hope Mr. Murray will do all he can to get God into the Constitution of the United States, and when once there, let him be described in accurate legal language, giving the color of his eyes, and hair, height and thoracic measurement; whether he parts his hair in the middle and wears a mustache; also as to what kind of clothing he wears, if any; whether he owns real estate, and how much. If clothed, it would be interesting to know whether they are made by a Howe, Wilson, or Singer machine. If he owns a farm, it would be worth while to know whether he prefers a McCormick reaper or a Marsh harvester in cutting his grain. But the most important thing will be to assist a witness how to swear in court, and how to answer proper legal questions put by such attorneys as was employed to defend McCormick & Co. If the legal national God is to be of the Presbyterian type, one in three, and three in one, one of the three Gods having been born by a Jewish maiden in the year one of this era; or whether he is to be of the scientific type, a self-existent Universe, infinite in extent, duration and variation, outside of which there can be no existence. Then the person and attributes of God will be definitely known and legally defined, and when a person is asked on the witness stand, what his God is, he can describe him according to the "Official Regulation," and his evidence will be received at par. In some respects, the orthodox God and the scientific one are alike, but they also differ very materially. They say God is everywhere present. So is the Universe, (at least I will swear that I have always found a Universe where ever I have been). They say that God has always existed. So has the Universe, at least I will swear that it has existed as far back as I can remember. They say that God is unchangeable and never varies. So is not the Universe, for it is infinite in its power of variation, and never reproduces the same form, so far as I have been able to observe. They say the second person of the Godhead was born of a virgin, making him an Anthropomorphic God. I will swear that so far as I know, every plant, animal and virgin has come from the Universe, and gone back to it.

Let us then have a strictly legal regulation God, or forbid forever all attempts at meddling with the religious opinions of any person, either in the courts or as a test of qualification, either for office, veracity or virtue. When a man or woman is so unfortunate as to possess an organization predisposed to crime, it matters little what his creed may be. If the Orthodox "regulation" creed affirmed that there were three hundred gods all in one, and every god had to be born by three separate and distinct virgins, and yet but one virgin, the ignorant and credulous would accept it, if they were promised heaven for accepting and hell for rejecting. But crime would not cease. Rape, murder, perjury, and war would continue under one form of superstition as well as another. And when a man or woman has an organism predisposed to virtue, and is possessed of a mind capable of rational enquiry and logical reasoning, he may disbelieve in ghosts, witches, angels, devils, gods, and yet be truthful, honest, chaste, humane; for by his very nature, he would feed the horse that plows his field, and caress the dog who watches his house, or rescues his drowning child. How much more must he love his wife and child who are bound to him by all that is good and noble in the nature of man. This is what is meant by "obligation to men and animals."

[From Shaker and Shakeress.]

BERLIN, N. J., Jan. 26th, 1875.

DEAR FRIEND EVANS: For several years past I have desired to write an article for the *Shaker and Shakeress*, on the position of Christ in relation to war, but you have so many better writers within your own society, I have thought you would not care about communications from so imperfect an outsider as myself. I will, however, send you a few lines and you can do with them as you think best.

During the late terrible war, nearly all the ministers in this nation preached war as a Christian duty. Their texts were always the words of Christ, where he commanded his disciples to take swords. Had they understood the true meaning of that command, instead of its favoring war it would have been a most emphatic and decided testimony against war. When he sent forth his apostles to preach, he commanded them to take neither gold, silver, brass, purse or scrip, nor two coats apiece, and at the same time told them he sent them even as sheep among wolves, and that they should have power over all devils.

Now, if swords are necessary for protection, by whom could they be needed more than by people who go as sheep in the midst of wolves? If Christ believed in war, why did he not arm them then? What was the sequel? Why, they went forth as he had commanded, and a divine power went with them and opened the hearts of certain classes to supply the

wants, and the same divine power restrained the wolves, their enemies, so that no one could lay hands on them. They needed no swords, though like sheep among wolves, for the Lord God of Hosts was as a wall of fire about them.

When they returned he said unto them, "Lack ye any thing?" and they replied: "No, nothing." He said to them, "Take swords, and he that hath no sword, let him sell his coat and buy one." They answered, "Here are two, and he told them they were enough. If his intention was to fight, would he have expected to conquer all that would come against him with two swords? Nay, verily. He had no intention of fighting. The same scripture declares that he knew his hour had come. Why then did he want swords? For the purpose of bearing a final and decisive testimony against war by showing that though armed he would not permit his disciples to fight. If his disciples had no swords people might have questioned whether he would not have fought if he had been armed. But having swords and forbidding his disciples to use them, even to save his own life, was a testimony that none need doubt nor mistake. Yet the blind leaders of the blind, who with their followers are all wallowing in the filth of their own lusts, have taken this last testimony of Christ against war, plain and simple as it is, and made it mean just the opposite of what Christ intended, so that in the late war were seen people who professed to be the followers of the Prince of Peace, mangling and destroying each other. Orthodox arrayed against Orthodox, Methodists against Methodists, and so on through a hundred different sects, all arrayed against each other, all praying to the same imaginary War Demon for success against each other, while priests all over the nation were shouting, "Christ commands his disciples to take swords, and therefore it is the duty of Christians to mangle and kill those who never harmed them, at the beck of ungodly demagogues, to preserve a Union that each generation has a right to dissolve."

Your Friend, J. HACKETT.

Friend Hacker is right—and wrong—right, in his idea that war is wrong—wrong, in his idea that Jesus and the apostles were infallible in judgment, perfect in knowledge, and that the Protestant Bible is the word of God, a finality.

Jesus and the apostles were all born Jews—born of Jewish women, and educated by them, under the Mosaic Law, and traditions then existing.

John, the Baptist, and his disciples had a similar schooling.

Jesus was over thirty, when he began a new departure, under influences, coming from far above all heavens, ever known to the Jews, and from spheres, into which David had not yet ascended.

Tilton has borne strong testimony to the fact, that early imbibed theological ideas have a tremendous power of coercion on the soul.

Jesus and his disciples, like Ann Lee and her disciples, were converts to the missionary labors of the Christ spirit, who came to introduce, to humanity, a New Order—the Resurrection.

By the Law, was the knowledge of the sins of the flesh, in the marriage relation. It taught *use, not indulgence*, of the reproductive forces. Under that law, Jesus and his disciples could attend weddings. In Christ, they ceased to marry, and to attend marriages. They neither bought nor sold, private property. If they used war power, in the temple, it was white under the inspiration of the God of the house, for the purpose of restoring that house to its normal condition, as a Jewish temple. There was no Christianity about the temple, nor any Christian services performed therein.

The Christ spirits impressed Jesus that he had been transgressing.

Calvin Green, a deeply-inspired man, claimed that Jesus himself put the sword into the hands of the Jews, by which they took his life.

Is it not quite as simple to admit, that when Jesus and his disciples armed themselves with two swords, they anticipated spirit assistance, similar to what they received when clearing the temple? that the Christ spirit withdrew from them? Hence the exclamation, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!!!"

This accords with the present light of the writer of this article, for which none other is responsible, accountable or accusable.—Ed. *Shaker and Shakeress*.

B. F. UNDERWOOD will speak at White Hall, Ill., March 30th to April 4th, inclusive.

Chillicothe, Mo.,	April 6, 7 and 8
Ottumwa, Iowa,	April 10, 11 and 12
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa,	April 13, 14 and 15
Oskaloosa, Iowa,	April 17 and 18
Toledo, Iowa,	April 19, 20 and 21

His next engagements are at Osceola, Red and Sidney, Iowa; Lincoln, Neb.; St. Joseph, Mo.; and Paola and Columbus, Kansas.

THE fanatics and Infidels of one generation become the heroes and philanthropists of the next.—S. H. Haywood.

TYNDALL now stands at the flood-mark of scientific investigation, and must bear the surging of every tide.—S. H. Haywood.

Did Christ Exist?

MR. EDITOR: D. Winder [in the *R. P. Journal*] wants a more refined literature for Spiritualism. Does he give it to us in his article on "Bible Spiritualism," in Vol. XIX. No. 21, where he says: "I recognize that Christ existed with God as his only begotten son before time began, and that he was the medium or agent in the production of the material Universe," etc. If this be "refined Spiritual literature," it is so ethereal that I can't see it. The expression, "before time began," is very definite. Will Brother Winder tell us what the condition or state of the Universe was "before time began"? and when did time begin? It cannot be that any part of the human race were in existence before time began, or did Christ exist with God before he was born?

Let us have the *proof* that Christ existed with God before time began; we want tangible, positive proof, not the orthodox proof that is found in a book. (N. B. Spiritualists will not be satisfied with the testimony of the witness himself, or of his apostles; that testimony is too "far-fetched," if not "dear bought.") Were there any suns, or moons or stars in existence "before time began"? And what particular hitch took place in the Universe that produced the birth of time? I am anxious to know. I had always supposed that orthodox Christians were the only people that believed in this notion of the great antiquity of Jesus Christ; but it seems that some professed leading Spiritualists cannot throw off their early religious ideas, but must try to make "Revelation and Spiritualism harmonize," as if it were necessary to make the fundamental doctrines of one philosophy harmonize with the jargon of the Bible. M.

Atheism and Morality.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Belief in a God, together with a belief in future rewards and punishments, it is said, is the only true foundation of morality, and is absolutely necessary to prevent the world from becoming a Pandemonium. Atheism, we are told, destroys the moral responsibility of man and extinguishes every guarantee of virtue. "Virtue with immortality expires," says the poet Young.

But it is very certain that belief in one or more gods neither insure us sound principles of moral action, nor conscientious practice of precepts which, in any age, make up the established, recognized, moral code. The history of the world attests that religion and morals, in principle have nothing in common. Epicurus, one of the most Atheistic of ancient philosophers, was, according to the concurrent testimony of a host of writers of antiquity, one of the most abstemious and virtuous Athenians of his day, even though aversion to his teachings has caused his name to be proverbialized for general licentiousness; and of Lucretius, the Atheistic poet as well as philosopher, Mr. Frothingham says, "Few nobler minds have lived, not many as noble," while on the other hand, "David, the sweet singer of Israel, the darling of theologians, the man who has been extolled for his faith and piety by many millions of tongues, was morally a very bad man, a liar, an adulterer and bebauchee, a cruel conqueror who tortured prisoners of war and a murderer.

Max Muller, in his "Science of Religion," says "the fact cannot be disputed away that the religion of Buddha was from the beginning purely Atheistic. The idea of the Godhead, after it had been degraded by endless mythological absurdities which struck and repelled the heart of Buddha, was for a time at least, entirely expelled from the sanctuary of the human mind, and the highest morality that was ever taught before the rise of Christianity, was taught by men with whom the gods had become mere phantoms, and who had no altars, not even an altar to the unknown God."

It was the opinion of Lord Bacon that "Atheism leaves men to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation, all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religions were not; but superstition dismounts all these and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore Atheism never did perturb states, for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no further, and we see the times inclined to Atheism (as the times of Augustus Caesar) were in civil times, but superstition hath been the confusion of many states and bringeth in a new *primum mobile* that ravisheth the spheres of government."

Theodore Parker, a zealous opponent of Atheism, says of Atheists, "They seem to be truth-loving and sincere persons, conscientious, just, humane, philanthropic and modest men. They are men who mean to be just to their nature and their whole nature. They are commonly on the side of man, as opposed to the enemies of man; on the side of the people against the tyrant; they are, or mean to be, on the side of truth, of justice and love. I think they are much higher in their moral and religious growth than a great many men who are always saying to God, 'I go, sir,' and never stir. These are men who have made sacrifice to be faithful."

If the belief in God were so salutary in a moral point of view, its good effects should be in proportion

to the universality and intensity of the belief. When has it been stronger or more general than during the ages that followed the establishment of Christianity; yet what scenes of horror and what spectacles of depravity the world presented during that reign of faith. Of the Byzantine empire Mr. Lecky says, "The universal verdict of history is that it constitutes, without a single exception, the most thoroughly despicable form that civilization has yet assumed."

There has been no other enduring civilization so absolutely destitute of all the forms of greatness, and none to which the epithet mean may be so emphatically applied. The Byzantine empire was pre-eminently the age of treachery. Its vices were the vices of men who had ceased to be brave, without learning to be virtuous."

Surely belief in God did very little for morality in those days. To-day, if we go among the lower classes—the ignorant, the vicious, the depraved, the outcasts of society, we do not find them Atheistic; but on the contrary, these classes are composed of the strongest believers in a God, and are the first at the approach of death, to avail themselves of the advantages which religion holds out.

Morality depends not for its existence or support upon the supernatural. It is founded on the relations which exist between men. Its object is the happiness of man—not the glory of God. And we must look to secular and not to religious agencies for the improvement of man, morally as well as intellectually and physically.

Jerrie's Release.

A FABLE, BY A. O. GENUNG.

One day as I passed by the bright gilded cage,
Where my little brown thrush sat silently swinging,
I ventured to ask, just my thoughts to engage,
"My birdie, why are not you sweetly singing?"
Strange, strange to relate, yet no more so than true,
My pet soon directed his glances at me
And said: "My dear master, I'll tell you
Why I am so remiss in my minstrelsy.

"O poor little me! O poor little me!
I languish in prison all day long,
My happy mates no longer I see,
Then how can I sing my gladsome song?
I am kept here to mourn throughout all the long year,
Far away from my friends, in a dismal goal,
With none to condole with me; none to give ear
When I grieve for the fields where no dangers assail.

"How well I remember my mother's warm nest,
Where, heedless of storms and windy weather,
All shielded from harm by her soft downy breast,
I lay with my brothers and sisters together.
O how sad is my lot; so many long hours
Have passed since that day—they are ages to me—
I fear that the grass, and the bees and the flowers
Will no longer be there, should I ever go free.

"At night, when I sit in my lonely cell,
How often I visit my comrades in dreams,
And again with my dear mother's brood I dwell
In woodlands where murmur their swift running
streams.
Ah me! could I soar with my dear mates once again,
With my boisterous mates—which can only atone
For imprisonment here—I would never remain
To sharpen my bill on cuttle-fish bone.

"Ah well, if I thought that man's happiness lies
In crushing the weak, and in aiding the strong,
I would never protest if the birds should arise
And unite to prevent such a terrible wrong.
I know of no bird, be he ever so bad,
Who would build him a cage and imprison therein
A poor butterfly, to grieve lonely and sad,
And mayhap to die; it would be such a sin.

"I wonder if in the wide world there can be
One so lonely as I, one so cheerless and sad.
O why do they not show more pity for me,
And send me away to be happy and glad?
O poor little me! O poor little me!
I sigh for the branches all day long,
And never a grub nor a worm do I see,
Then how can I sing my favorite song?"

As my poor little Jerry—for that was the name
I had long ago christened him—ceased to speak,
My heart was sore troubled with feelings of shame,
As I saw a great tear trickle down his brown cheek.
You can guess what I did! I told Jerry to go,
And to prove my sincerity, opened the wicket;
When with joy, that none but freed prisoners know,
He bade me farewell and was lost in the thicket.

Now the moral of all my sad story is this:
In living my life, I have learned one thing;
If in acts toward others, you would not be remiss,
Give to all his just rights, be he peasant or king.
And boys, if any there be who read this,
Never steal the poor birds, neither robin nor wren,
For none but the vicious would rob them of bliss
They enjoy when at large; and bad boys make bad men.

An Illinois Letter.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: Perhaps a few words from this region may be of some interest to your readers; and as we have lately been enjoying a small ripple of religious excitement in this community, it affords an opportunity and subject for a few thoughts of interest to Liberals. This community is strictly orthodox, with the exception of about a dozen, more or less, of Liberal thinkers. The saints lately became frightened at the progress and boldness of the few Liberals here who have the courage to investigate and question the dogmas of the holy (?) church of Jesus; and last week a gentleman of the cloth, under the name of Prof. Hamlin of McEndry College in this State, appeared among us, and it was announced that he would lecture or preach at the C. P. church on Saturday evening, Sunday and Sunday evening.

I attended on Saturday evening—having previously learned that he would discourse upon the resurrection of Christ. The Rev. began by asserting that all Infidels, etc., admit that Christ lived, was crucified and buried, and that all Infidels, etc., admit that the four gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were written by the men whose names they bear, both of which assertions all Infidels and all other persons who have read the Liberal literature (or a tenth part of it,) know to be untrue. We do not all admit that Christ lived and died, nor that those gospels were written by those men, as the gentleman stated.

During the course of his argument, (I mean his discourse, for it was no argument,) he referred to the passage in the writings of Josephus, as evidence in favor of Christ, when all intelligent persons know that passage is a forgery, which has been often and clearly shown to the world, not by Infidels only, but by Christians themselves—Dr. Lordner and Prof. Bellamy, Christian historians.

The same Professor attended Sunday-school at the same church the next day, and in the course of his instructions to one of the classes, he remarked, (in answer to a question on one of the so-called miracles conflicting with the laws of nature,) "There are no such things in existence as the laws of nature."

Such an assertion needs no comment from any one, for it does not even rise to the dignity of nonsense, and is as innocent of truth as some of the accounts of miracles in the Bible. This assertion came from a Professor of a college in this State, in this Nineteenth Century; such teachers as this bigoted ignoramus have kept the world in darkness in past ages, and prevent progress still. C. J.

Vienna, Ill., Feb. 18th, 1875.

Labor Reform.

The late war tended to demoralize the community more than any event that ever happened to us. Huge fortunes came out of it as if by magic, and a great impetus was given to general extravagance, "putting on style," and shirking work. Peddling and agencies of all kinds, so one can live "respectably," with as little labor as possible, have taken the place of learning a trade and working at it. We have too many non-producers, and yet from our defective financial and business arrangement, even skilled workmen wander around in idleness.

The great aim of this generation is wealth, no matter how acquired; and, failing to reach this, no one wants to stop short of "respectability;" said respectability consisting, not in being an ordinary "working-man," however estimable, but something better paid and more regarded by the community. For it is a notorious fact, that the working classes are held in about as little estimation by their employers as the late Southern slaves were by their masters.

This is a natural consequence of the division of society into separate classes, some inferior to the others, the dividing line being pecuniary, and having no relation whatever to personal qualities. The "master" to-day was in most cases only the "man" yesterday; but to leave the men and rise among the masters seems generally to revolutionize the whole nature, giving new eyes, a new heart, new opinions and creating a new being. Human nature, like everything else, is governed by conditions and surroundings.

This is a country of free schools and newspapers. Education and enlightenment penetrate in degree everywhere. It is this education and enlightenment which is constantly seeking for higher and better social conditions than is the lot of the general agriculturist and working class. It manifests itself in granges and trades-unions. The "lower classes" are crowding the upper ones, and clamoring for a greater share of the general wealth.

Now, as there must be a natural limit to the number of non-producers, as well as to the patience of those whose labor produces everything and supports all, it is plain that there must ultimately come a struggle between those up and those down. Those down must be kept down by "strong governments," and the republic fail, or the up must enter into equitable arrangements that will gradually obviate all, and ultimately merge all classes into one great producing and distributing community where all have equal interests and a sufficiency of everything. The working classes are no longer a brutal and ignorant mob, but all capable of reasoning and being reasoned with.

As a people, we must go backward or forward.

Modern discoveries and appliances prevent retrogression, so forward we must go, driven by the inexorable necessities of progress and development. Forward to what? More wealth for the masses, with better conditions and surroundings! The ancient way to acquire wealth was:

"That they shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can."

And this primitive mode is not yet out of fashion, but accomplished by chicanery what was once done by force. But it is plain, from the contingencies of the case, that existing accumulations must be divided by anarchy and force, as has always happened in political conquests, or some means must be devised to create a new share for those without anything. The advantages of the latter course, for all sides cannot be questioned. To divide would be to destroy. To create a new share benefits all.

But how shall this new share be created? How shall existing capital and labor come in contact, not in war, but in peace? What steps shall be taken to enlarge or double our annual productions, with a more equitable division of them? We lack no ingredient of power. We have abundance of labor and food, exhaustless raw material, and an indefinite but adequate amount of fixed capital in the shape of mills and manufactories of all kinds. No nation on earth is so favored in every particular. Shall the selfishness and greed of the few stand in the way of justice to the many, as has always been the case heretofore, establishing despotisms to support its aristocracies? or have we, as a new people, with a new form of government, as yet acquired new light for the settlement of industrial and social questions?

J. F. BRAY.

New-York Liberal Club.

MARCH 12TH, 1875.

Physiology of the Skin.

By PROF. CHARLES HEITZMANN, M.D., late of Vienna.

In the previous lectures I gave here I considered the skin as an organ of protection, of excretion, of absorption and respiration. We will now take a view of the most intricate performances of our general covering.

Every particle of the skin is endowed with life except the epidermal formation; namely, the upper layers of the epidermis, the hair and fat-globules in the sub-cutaneous tissues. The whole body is built up by a highly complicated matter or protoplasm; single lumps of which we find, for instance, in infusions or suspended in the blood, and are called colorless blood corpuscles. We may put a drop of blood from the living frog or newt on the slide and cover it with a thin glass, the edges of which have been oiled for the purpose of preventing evaporation; frogs and newts being cold-blooded animals, we are able to study the life of their colorless blood corpuscles in a room of moderate temperature, while we have to heat the specimen when taken from a mammal or man until it reaches 90° or 100°.

The first thing we observe under the microscope is that a lump of protoplasm changes its form by putting forth hyaline flaps or small off-shoots, sometimes one, sometimes several, and varying in shape. During such change of form, the net-work representing the living matter becomes narrower in the central part of the lump, while, on the contrary, the peripheral parts become protuded, apparently, by the pressure of the invisible fluid contained in the mesh-work of the living matter. That however this fluid actually does exist, although it is not perceivable, can be proved, when foreign bodies or particles of food are imbedded in the protoplasm, which float to and fro in the midst of the same during the change of form of the living lump.

The motion belonging especially to the living matter is called *contraction*, and is essentially the same, as well in the amoeba as in the colorless blood corpuscle of beast or man, or in the apparatus known as muscles. The visible effects of this motion are the increase of the granules forming the knots of the net work, shortening of the uniting threads of the same, and therefore the narrowing of the meshes filled with what we then term "protoplasmic fluid."

The next phenomenon observed is the creeping of the lump. This creeping can be seen in the same manner on amoeba, or colorless blood-corpuscle, on pus-elements and on corpuscles which are suspended in our saliva. When one of the protuded offshoots of the protoplasm sticks to the surface of the glass, there is a fixed point, toward which the whole lump is dragged after, when the contraction of the living matter ceases. It is evident that during such a contraction, certain fluid parts can be pressed out from the interior of the lump, and this may form the simplest appearance of the process termed "secretion." The result of the same is the production of an almost watery fluid, in which different chemical substances are held in solution.

If we add with care a drop of water to the drop of blood, we observe phenomena similar to those that are

produced by the application of the electric current. The contraction of the living matter leads to the protrusion of large hyaline flaps, which do not disappear, but by and by become enlarged and separated from the principal lump. The separated present structureless globules which become solved and form the secretion termed "mucus." In this jelly-like fluid there are suspended many of the remains of the lumps of protoplasm, though diminished in size and mutilated.

Under certain circumstances the living matter itself undergoes changes which lead to the formation of fat. The fat globules are transformed particles of living matter, which first adhere by means of delicate, slender threads to the neighboring net work, but afterwards become separated and float in the protoplasmic fluid. From the latter they became pressed out by the contraction of the remaining living matter, and these are suspended in a watery fluid, giving to the same a cloudy, milky appearance. This process leads, for instance, to the production of milk, and can be considered as a third kind of secretion, in which the transformed living matter is mixed with evacuated protoplasmic fluid.

You might ask me, ladies and gentlemen, if all this is not mere imagination, speculation and hypothesis, or whether these statements are based on facts? Let me assure you these are all true facts, direct observations, indeed, the results of the work of many years of careful investigation and study by the best and most trustworthy naturalists. These facts can be easily demonstrated, as well as how the formation of the sweet fluid called milk goes on, which is used with pleasure by most people without the knowledge of its origin.

We come next to the secretion, called "perspiration." The sweat-glands lay almost on the borders between the cutis and the sub-cutaneous tissue; they are simple tubes which form coils on the surface of the skin with funnel-shaped openings. The blood vessels of these glands are mostly small arteries, so that the fluid coming in contact with the epithelium of the sweat-gland, belongs in the greater part to the arterial blood, like in the kidneys; and indeed there is some similarity in the secretions of the two organs.

The perspiration is a fluid of an acid re-action, consisting in a great degree of water, which contains the less solid parts in solution. The salts are solved in the same which exist in the organism, as well as fat-acids, which are more to be smelled than analyzed. In perspiration are also found *urea* and *ammonia*, but not constantly *uric acid*; mostly in the perspiration of individuals suffering from gout. Peculiar to this excretion is sometimes a blue, staining substance, namely, indigo, which gives a bluish tint. The perspiration is secreted in the form of single, sticky drops, as during the agony of death or severe pain and anxiety. It is asserted that such perspiration is of an alkaline reaction. How this sticky perspiration originates is not known, but Brucke, of Vienna, thinks it is a fluid which fills up the tube in a state of rest when no secretion takes place in the gland and is pressed out from the tube itself. Another theory is, that under the influence of intense excitement of the nervous system many of the epithelial elements evacuate their contents into the fluid and cause the denser consistence of the perspiration.

The largest sweat-glands are to be found in the armpits, and these are provided in their extensive layers with numerous muscle-fibres. The secretion of these is very different from the perspiration of other parts, as perceivable by the sense of vision and smell.

The quantity of perspiration varies in different individuals in different parts of the body under the same circumstances. Some portions of the body are more favored by a profuse perspiration than others, and these portions consequently have to be better protected, because a good deal of our healthy condition depends on the easy and uninterrupted performance of transpiration. Reinhard asserts that cheeks produce most of the perspiration, somewhat less the palmar surface of the hands, and least of all, the forearms. The quantity of perspiration depends, first, upon the action of the nerves. Under an excited or depressing influence of the nervous system, the quality of the perspiration becomes changed, and the same is the case with its quantity. Anxiety, fear, accidents increase our perspiration suddenly in a remarkable manner. Students going to a rigorous examination, and soldiers going into battle for the first time, very often suffer from greatly increased perspiration. Brown-Sequard and Barther produced an increase of perspiration on the cheeks by putting irritating matters on the surface of the tongue. On the other hand, Goltz of Strasburg, proved by many careful experiments, that the section of a sensitive nerve causes dilution of the blood-vessels at their peripheric distributions, explaining it thus, that there follows a paralysis, but on the contrary, an increased activity of the nerves, causing a dilution of the vessels, and hence a highly increased temperature in the parts supplied by them. Such a dilation of the blood-vessels can easily be produced in a direct way after a temporary contraction of the same by means of cold applications, which are left remaining on the skin for a time, and the evaporation of which is prevented by waterproof coverings; and further, by hard work imposed on the muscles, as for instance, in riding on horseback,

in working with the shovel, and in gymnastic exercises.

Perspiration is augmented, secondly, by the use of certain meats, exciting beverages, such as spirits, tea, coffee, hot water and certain drugs. These are often used as remedies for the purpose of producing perspiration in diseases in which a profuse discharge of the sweat-glands can be taken as a sign of recovery. It is always a bad symptom when perspiration cannot be produced. It is well known perspiration reaches its highest activity during digestion.

The quantity of perspiration is much influenced by the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. It takes place in the easiest way when the temperature is high and the air very dry. If the temperature of the atmosphere is high even, but loaded with moisture the perspiration is much prevented. It is a remarkable fact that the increase of the heat of the body never surpasses 120° or 140° of Fahrenheit, even when the temperature of the surrounding medium has been raised to 200° and more. This is stated to place also by experiments on animals; if the temperature of the surrounding air reaches a degree sufficient to cause death in a short time.

A wrong impression prevails about the beneficial effect of profuse sweating. By the enforced irritation of the skin, usually a greater activity of the heart takes place, and this is the cause why those fond of exaggerated cold bathing never attain a very old age, being liable to a dilation of the heart just in the same way as in the case of persons who take too much muscular exercise; as gymnasts. Although muscular exercise, as well as cold bathing, is conducive to health, if immoderately used they shorten life.

The weight of the body can be very rapidly diminished by profuse perspiration. Exact experiments on this subject have been made by Southwood Smith on the stokers of gas-works. He ascertained that the maximum loss of weight of men who worked in a very high temperature for a period varying between forty-five minutes and seventy-five minutes ranged between three pounds and five pounds and two ounces; the greater loss occurring in a warm, clear and somewhat windy day the lesser on a cold and foggy day. The same is the case with jockies who have to attain a certain light weight before they engage in horse racing. A person, for instance, weighing 140 pounds will in three or four days reduce his weight to 120 pounds, simply by very active exercise several hours daily. Such a forced reduction in weight becomes sometimes very dangerous and in some instances produces death.

ERASMUS WILSON remarks, that the secretion of perspiration is alone modified by the greater or less activity of the other secretions, particularly of the lungs and kidneys, the functions of these organs being frequently vicarious with the skin, and *vice versa*; thus during the Summer, and in warm climates, the perspiratory secretion is augmented, while the exhalation from the lungs and the activity of the kidneys are diminished, while in the Winter and in cold climates the reverse is the case. On leaving a warm room, especially after indulging in stimulants, for the cold air, a sudden check is given to the cutaneous function, while that of the kidneys is suddenly and actively called into exercise.

Peculiar formations are the beautiful acinous glands on the eye-lids, termed the *meibomian glands*, which secrete the oil for the protection of the eye, and the *ceruminous glands* in the external auditory canal, which produce the waxy matter protecting the organ of hearing. It is remarkable that the latter are constructed like the sweat glands, and notwithstanding produce fat.

Another function of the skin remains for our consideration; namely, *sensation*. Already a superficial consideration of living organism is enough to show there are two different action of nerves, one by which the impressions coming from the outer world will be perceived and cause sensation; the other by which the motor apparatus, namely the muscles, will be excited for the purpose of producing motion. By the excellent and nearly contemporaneous investigations of Chas. Bell and Magendie, we learned to distinguish two kinds of nerves—those that minister to sensation and others to motion. We are not to imagine that the nerves so different in their functions are constructed in an essentially different manner; only the direction in which the conducting of irritating impulses goes on is different; namely so, that the sensitive nerves leads the impression from the periphery toward the center, while the motor nerves lead the same from the center toward the periphery. Besides the motor impulses there can also be conducted from the center toward the periphery other ones, such as impulses in glows, called secretory nerves. Furthermore, we know *prohibitory nerves* which prevent motion by being irritated, and finally *trophic nerves* for the regulation of the nutrition of the organs. The assertion that such regulating nerves exist is based on the fact that certain skin diseases strictly follow the region of the ramification of certain nerves, and moreover the disease itself is caused sometimes by lesions of certain nerve-fibres.

Not all the nerves leading impulses from the periphery toward the center are simply nerves of sensation. There exists nerves with a specific faculty of conducting; for instance, the nerves of vision, those of hearing, of smelling, of taste, and of the sense of

touch; moreover, nerves serving for conducting general sensation. We do not know whether there exist in fact such different kinds of nerve-fibres, or whether only the irritations that act on the same nerves are so different. It is not yet explained whether the sensation of warmth and cold, that of different temperatures is conducted by the same nerves which serve to the sense of touch, or whether there exist really different nerves for touching and perceiving different temperatures. I mention all these nerves because they are assumed to be present in our skin, and moreover certain appearances compel us to believe in the presence of the so-called *reflex nerves*, which conduct impressions from the periphery towards the centre, and then excite motor secretory actions as first demonstrated by Marshall Hall. When we touch the membrane covering the surface of our eye-lids and eyes, the eye-lids are closed immediately; after a slight irritation of the mucus membrane of the nose, then follows sneezing; and after irritation of the skin, scratching with our hands, entirely without the influence of our will, even during sleep. I also mentioned that a reflex secretion of the sweat-glands can also be observed.

Each and every nerve-fibre may conduct the irritation applied on the same by mechanic, thermic or chemical influences toward the center, to wit: the brain and spinal cord; but in the latter organs the irritation proceeds by the way of the motor or reflex nerve-fibres. The sensation itself is not localized on one point of the sensible nerves, but always radiates toward periphic distribution of the same; even our imagination itself is sufficient to produce sensation, when the periphic distribution of the nerves is wanting. The man who lost a limb, very often feels intense pain in the toes or in the foot after these having been removed. Some persons can tell beforehand the advent of good or bad weather by such feelings. Similar observations were also made on noses, which after their loss were newly formed out of the skin of the forehead. When such a newly-transplanted nose is touched, the sensation originates as if the forehead were touched. Later such newly-formed nose loses entirely the capacity of sensation and finally gets it again with the right impression of touch, apparently because the neighboring nerves enter the transplanted flap of the newly-formed organ. On these facts is based a funny anecdote. A man accustomed to shaving himself while bathing, once chanced to faint while the razor was in his hand and unfortunately cut off his nose with the same, and by falling one of his toes was also singularly severed. The surgeon being immediately called in, and by means of sutures the bit of the toe was fixed to the face and the nose to the foot. Now this unhappy man suffered from a corn on his nose, and in damp weather having "caught a cold," was compelled to take off his boot to "blow his nose."

The sense of touch, although dispersed on the whole surface of our body, varies considerably in intensity in different parts. Of course it can be refined to a high degree, as we observe, for instance, in blind people who are enabled to spell, and play cards by the aid of their sense of touch. An example is known of a blind sculptor who touched a statue and copied it with admirable accuracy. The finest sense of touch exists in the points of the fingers, especially the second finger, which is often the index or pointing finger for the other organs of sense.

Besides the sense of touch in the skin, there is located another sense, which assists to feed our own body—the so-called "general sense," to the perception of which belongs, for instance, the sensation of pain, of titillation, of shudder, of chill, of malaria, etc. It is possible the sensation of titillation is a special perception of touch, and appears when the nerves of touch are slightly and successively irritated, or different groups of nerves are irritated one after the other. The sensation of pain seems to belong, according to the views of Johannes Muller of Berlin, to the intense irritation of the nerves of sensation which provide the skin, besides those of the sense of touch. This is proved in diseases where the sense of feeling is entirely lost, and notwithstanding a tolerably good sense of touch remained. These observations were carefully made by Vieusseux, a physician of Geneva, on his own body. The same is the case with the sensation of cold and warmth, which can be lost without the loss of the sensation of touch. The reason why we feel cold or warm, depends, however, not alone on the temperature of the surrounding medium, but very much on occurrences in the whole organism. In certain fevers, especially in that termed purulent infection or pyæmia, the patient feels terribly chilled, to such a degree that he rattles his teeth and trembles all over his body, notwithstanding the thermometer shows a very high elevation of the temperature of the skin.

The question was once raised, whether we possess a sixth sense, belonging to the skin, namely, that of perception without direct contact of an irritating agent. Spellanzani, an Italian naturalist, observed that bats, even in a perfectly dark room, get out the way of obstacles, never touching them with their wings. He deprived the flitter-mice of their eyes, and proved that they were enabled to keep clear of obstacles placed in their way with the same cleverness as before, as for instance, not touching threads extended across a room during their flitting. The existence

of a sixth sense of perception does not follow from these perfectly reliable observations, because our nerves of the skin are enabled to perceive the radiating rays of objects, without direct contact, as for instance, the rays of warmth coming from the fire-place. That such perceptions can be felt by animals only, and never by man, is a matter of course; but is it not surprising to observe the fineness of the eyes of an eagle, the subtlety of the sense of smelling in dogs? Thus it may be that the sense of touch is much more developed in flitter-mice than in other animals.

Finally, let me say a few words about the general nutrition of our skins. The blood-vessels play surely the greatest role in providing the same with nourishing material, and they are subject to the regulating influences of the nerves. The skin of the face becomes suddenly red in anger and suddenly pale in fear. How could we explain such rapid changes without the influence of nerves?

The protoplasm itself, which constructs the whole animal body, possesses the property of contraction, and facts exist which prove the contraction of protoplasm of the skin, and can be observed by the naked eye. Frogs, for instance, show different hues of their skin, evidently dependent on the contraction of the protoplasmic bodies provided with coloring matter, with pigment granules. After we stretch the membrane of a common frog, under the microscope, in the beginning it is covered with dark lines, but being stretched for some time, it looks granular, because the whole mass of pigment is united with small lumps. The irritation belongs directly to the protoplasm and excites it for a contraction; at first the nerves become excited, and compel the protoplasm in bodies to change their forms. The chameleon, a species of lizard living in the southern part of Europe and in Africa, has the property of changing the color of its skin, showing the blue, green, gray, brown or black tints, thus the drawing of its body being either streaked, roan or of a plain color. Brucke stated that different exciting influences of the nerves easily produce changes of color. Poisoning with strychnine makes the skin pale; in diseases it becomes spotted after the section of a quantity of cutaneous nerves, there appears tooth-like ramifications on the skin, which finally gets black. Before the animal dies, it is mostly pale, but soon afterwards it is interspersed with large dark spots. Pouchet of Paris, has found that different fishes have different colors of their skins in light and in darkness. Fishes which look bright in the light, and dark in the twilight, get the latter hue also when deprived of their eyes. Such observations show of what an important influence the nerves are for the vital functions or manifestations of the protoplasm.

In former times it was asserted that the nutrition of our body takes place in such a way that the elder tissues become substituted by new ones, so that we change every part of our body every seventh year. This opinion is a false one; when the living matters produce its own kind by growing, when it restitutes parts of the body that have been lost, as in healing of wounds, the elder elements do not disappear. Observations on the skin illustrate this fact in the simplest way, since granules of insoluble substances brought into the *Corium* or the *Rete malpighii*, remain there without change of their quantity during the whole life. Tattooed drawings, performed, for instance, on the forearms, as is done often among the laboring class, the cinabar giving the red, and the indigo the blue color, remain unchanged during life; only a certain portion of these substances is brought into the next lymphatic glands, after the tattooing of the forearms for instance into the axillary glands, as stated by Veichow of Berlin, where they remain without change, either by the application of washing or cauterization, nor are they altered by the process of nutrition.

The subject of the lecture was discussed by Drs. ATKINSON, HOEBER and LAMBERT. Dr. Hoerber called attention to the want of more knowledge on the part of the people of America as regards the laws of health, the importance of air and light, and the proper functions of the skin. Physicians are often called to see patients, who, from not attending to the simplest rules of health, and necessary cleanliness, find themselves feeling badly, and expect the medical man to prescribe some ointment or embrocation to be rubbed upon the surface, which, in fact will do no good, when, if the simple laws of health were observed, neither the doctor nor the druggist would be necessary. Nothing pertaining to the health and happiness of the people is of higher importance than that the masses duly understand the functions of the skin.

PROF. LAMBERT referred to the importance of early retiring to bed, and thought the necessity of it is not sufficiently understood. He said of a large number of people in England who had attained to a very old age, and to whom a series of forty questions were propounded touching their habits of life, but two of the questions were answered alike, and one of these was that they had always retired early to bed, and consequently rose early in the morning. Soon after the midnight hour the body exhales a different character of perspiration than in any other portion of the twenty-four—more laden with fetid gases and effete qualities that the system requires be thrown off, in order for a healthy condition. This may at any time be perceived by entering a sleeping-room a short time af-

ter midnight, where two or more persons are sleeping, and the odor is different from what it is in any other part of the day. It is also apparent in our street cars on a cold morning, when the doors are kept closed and the body is closely wrapped, thus retaining the offensive odors arising from the perspiration of the night. When the car in the morning is full this mixed fetid odor is highly unpleasant. It is better always to retire one or two hours before midnight, that sleep may come to the slumberer before the time for this peculiar perspiration occurs. If a person remains up till after this time, though he may lie later in the morning, he is not as well refreshed, and feels feverish and languid. It is also wrong to "waken children and get them up after they have gone to bed, even though friends should call in. It disturbs their healthy slumber, and they do not feel so well for it the next day.

PROF. HEITZMANN made a few closing remarks.

A "Hard-Shell Baptist" Sermon.

[Delivered on a flat-boat at Island No. 10, on the Mississippi river. I was there and had it taken down, and want it preserved in THE TRUTH SEEKER for my grand children to read. UNCLE TOM.]

The text was this: "And they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first-born." "Now my brethering, I'm a plain unlernt peacher of the gospil what's been fore-ordained and called to expound the scripturs to a dyin world from the day of wrath. 'For they shall know a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first-born.' My beloved brethering, the text says they shall know a file—it don't say they *may*, but *shall*. There's more than one kind of file; there's the hand saw file, rat-tail file, single file, double file and profile, but the kind of file spoken of here isn't one of them kind neither, because it is a figure of speech, my deer brethering, and means going it alone and gettin ukered; 'for they shall know a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first-born.'

"And my deer brethering there's more dams besides Hepsidam, there's Rotterdam, Haddam, Amsterdam, milldam and don't care a dam. The last of which, my deer brethering is the worst of all, 'for they shall know a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first-born.'

"Where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first-born." This point of the text my brethering is another figure of speech and it isn't to be taken as it says; it doesn't mean the howlin wilderness where John the hard-shell Baptist was fed on locusts and wild asses but it means my deer brethering the city of New Orleans the mother of harlots and hard lots where corn is worth six bits a bushel one day and nary red the next, where niggers is thick as black bugs in a spilt bacon ham, and gamblers, thieves and pick-pockets go skiting about the streets, just like weasels in a barnyard, but my deer brethering, take care you don't find when Gabriel plays his last trump, you've all went it alone and got ukered, 'for they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first-born.' There's nothing like religion, my brethering; its better nor silver nor gold and jim-cracks and you can no more git to heaven without it than a jay bird can fly without a tail. Thank the Lord, I'm an unedicated man, my brethering, but I've sarched the scripturs from Daan to Beersheba, and found old Zion right side up, and the hard-shell religion the best of all religions. And it's not like the Methodists who expect to git into heaven by hollering hell fire, nor the Universalists who gets upon the 'broad-gage' and goes the 'whole hog,' nor the United Brethering who take each other by the seats of thar trowsers and try to lift themselves into heaven, nor the Catherlicks who buy through tickets from thar Priests; but it may be likened, my brethering, unto a man who had to cross a river and when he got there, the ferry-boat was gone, and he just rolled up his breeches and waded over. Hellelujah! 'for they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first-born.' Pass the hat, brother Flint and let every Hard-Shell shell out. Amen."

SCIENCE desires not isolation, but freely combines with every effort toward the bettering of man's estate. The lifting of the life is the essential point.—Prof. Tyndall.

A few fearless scholars have embarked upon the high seas of scientific thought and research. Truth is the prize for which they seek. For its sake they are willing to float a flag which is always regarded as hostile by those who choose to forever remain anchored in the harbors of tradition and superstition.—Haywood.

THE Concord clique of philosophers have been in past years most bitterly denounced in orthodox circles, and the patriotic old town itself has been called "the hot-bed of moral poison." But now the leader of that radical coterie, the revered Emerson, lectures acceptably before the theological students of Andover Seminary.

Address to an Atom.

BY AN UNCOMFORTABLY CONSCIOUS AUTOMATON.

Mysterious particle,
Intangible and most indefinite article,
Which even Science cannot fix or focus;
Are you indeed of all this hocus-pocus,
Mischristened Cosmos, protoplast? If so,
'Tis pity that the happy *status quo*
Of universal dumb inertia ever
Was broken up by vortices or voices.
'Twere surely better far that space had never
Re-echoed to objectionable noises,
Or witnessed all this pother,
Of biologic bustle, whose chief law seems Bother!
Why could not you,
And all your fellow-motes, far, far too prankful,
In the embraces of the boundless blue
Rest and be thankful?
A plague on all your forces and affinities!
A mob of monads, to my notion,
Surpasses one of demons or divinities
Only while idle. With the earliest motion
Began the immitigable mischief. Why
Must you in chaos outthose primal capers,
Which were the "promise and the potency
Of — all the woes that fill our morning papers?
'Tis surely a reflection most unpleasant
To think that all the plagues that haunt the present,
Spring from that moment in the hidden past,
When the first molecule, weary at last
Of immemorial motionlessness, stirring,
Jostled his neighbor atom. What a whirling
Went through astounded space!
Thought pictures a grim grin upon the face
Of him, the Prince of Evil;
Only then, of course, there was no devil.
At least of the New Creed that's one prime article;
Though I have little doubt
He was incipient in that self-same particle,
When fidgets caused the first great stirabout.

If Science's "dry light," at its meridian,
Finds men no more than automatic midges
In its cold ray, the history that bridges
The space between us and the first ascidian
Were better blotted.
To archetypal atoms was allotted
An easier fate than to the complex mass
Of "clever matter," which has dared to pass
For man, but is, for all its prayers and panics,
A problem in molecular mechanics!
If Conscience be but chemic combination,
And Love a mere molecular affinity;
What boots all Life's superfluous botheration
Of mad and painful dreams, that limn Divinity
On fool-projected limbos? Life's a swindle,
If taken *a la* TYNDALL.

And, let who may in that demoniac war win
("Survival of the fittest!")—yet, as groping
Less anxiously, less fearing, striving, hoping,
An ape was less a dupe than is a DARWIN.
That Atom must be a misguided duffer
Who'd join a Co.; alone it could not suffer.
Why should it long for partnership and pain so?
I would I were a monad—I'd remain so;
And as for "nascent thrills" and ganglia, drat 'em!
They're things for which I should not care an atom!

—Popular Science Monthly.

The Magic Urn.

Hark! Whence come all these lovely strains
Of music? Who can tell?
What sil'ry sounds do thrill my veins!
O, do not break the spell!

Is what the people used to call
"High Heavens" wherein dwell
All Graces,—Beauties,—Goodness,—all?
Pray who of you can tell?

Or is it where—some people tell—
One "Satan" plays his game?
Can Music emanate from—well,
I'm overcome with shame!

No, no, my Friends, not in the Sky
Do Bliss and Glory dwell;
No Singing Angels from on-high,
Of Heaven's Kingdom tell.

Nor is it luring music, played
By demon-hands below!
No dreaded spectre ever swayed
To terrify us—no!

The charming melodies you hear,
Are sung and played by Man;
They show his joy, when Fortune's near,
His woe when under ban.

Behold! From yonder Magic Urn
Do Love and Music start!—
They emanate from, and return
Into the Human Heart.

New York, Nov. 1st, 1874.

S. EDINGER.

Friendly Correspondence.

W. D. BRISTER, New York Mills, N. Y., writes: I like your paper more and more, and would hardly know how to do without it.

J. W. TULLER, Lone Rock, Wis., writes: For a number of years I have been wishing for just such a paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER. Long may it prosper.

S. M. W.—, M.D., New Kingston, Pa., writes: The reports of the New York Liberal Club are of the greatest interest to me—in my estimation, the best feature of the paper.

S. HOAG, New York Mills, N. Y., writes: I like THE TRUTH SEEKER and ardently hope you will be sustained in the enterprise by the Free Thought of the age. The day is at hand when it will be an honor to be called an Infidel.

H. H. JANESVILLE, Iowa, writes: I have been a reader of your paper for a year, and I am very much pleased with it and the fearless stand you take in defense of truth and against religious bigotry. I shall do all I can to extend its circulation. I heartily wish it a long and prosperous life.

MICHAEL KELLY, Falls City, Pa., writes: I am much pleased that you are doing so well in the management of your paper, and hope ere long to see it a weekly. Language is inadequate to express all the good wishes I feel for it. If I believed in prayer as our Christian friends do, I would pray that it might have a long life.

J. G. GRAY, Orange, Ind., writes: Allow me to say I am much pleased with your paper and that I am much in your way of thinking. In fact, I am becoming quite an enthusiast in that direction. With great pleasure I hand your papers around for others to read, and I have succeeded in obtaining several subscribers. Long may the light shine!

J. D. L. MONTAGE, Wilson, Kansas, writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER is a very creditable paper and a good medium for the dissemination of useful knowledge. I like it for its boldness in grappling with error and superstition. Go on in the noble cause you have enlisted. Tear up the root of bigotry, cut down the seeds of ignorance, and sweep out of the way the enemies of physical and mental freedom.

J. D. HAGEMAN, Bushnell, Ill., writes: Put me down as a life subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER if it continues in the future as in the past, a bold champion of Free Thought and Liberal sentiments. I have taken it from its commencement and am well pleased with it, and wish you an abundant success. I am a Materialist and was once a Methodist in good standing.

SAMUEL KNODLE, Mt. Morris, Ia., writes: I cannot do without THE TRUTH SEEKER; and hope it may live and grow strong and prove mighty in pulling down the strongholds of superstition and priestcraft. THE TRUTH SEEKER has now a well established mission, and if Free-thinkers do not appreciate the great importance of sustaining their publications they are not as wide awake and liberal with their money as our opponents. Vive la TRUTH SEEKER.

J. BURGESS, Zanesville, O., writes: I am much pleased with the valiant little TRUTH SEEKER. It is bold and fearless in promulgating truth, and I think it is doing vast good in exposing the superstitions of the day. Since I received the copy of "The Heathens of the Heath," I could hardly stop after commencing it. I find it one of the best books I ever read to forward the cause of Liberal thought, and to dispel the darkness which surrounds us by the dogmas of Christianity.

JOHN HEBERLING, Miles, Iowa, writes: I am so far much pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER and hope I may continue to be favored with its perusal. It contains much valuable information suited to the times. I hope its Editor will continue to be the right man in the right place, as he has thus far shown himself. I recently handed a copy of the paper to one of our teachers with the request that he read it. He replied, he thought Free-thinkers as a class were very bigoted persons. I thought him much mistaken and that he had got the boot on the wrong foot.

S. FOSTER, Marysburg, Minn., writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER is the best paper for its size in the world; but there is no money here in the timber. We are not in the city where may be seen a few dollars; but I would not do without the paper if it cost five dollars a year. My family, consisting of ten, all esteem it highly. I am an Atheist, and preachers step out of their way to get around me. They call me the "Wheel-horse of Infidelity" for their part. I have read THE TRUTH SEEKER with great benefit. I am not in this respect like Mr. Snode. I would not, by the by, be whipped as you whipped him for twenty-five dollars.

UNCLE TOM. H. DODGE, Oxford, O., writes: DEAR FRIEND BENNETT:

With pen and ink, and paper, too,
I write another line to you,
To let you know that I am well,
And in Long Street I still do dwell.
* * * * *
Go, gentle lines, thy message bear,
Go with the writer's fervent prayer,
Haste thee away in rapid flight,
Swift as the beams of morning light.

CHARLES JONES, Fairbury, Ill., writes: I feel grateful for the opportunity of supporting such an illustrious paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER. I have been taking three papers, but there are none of them I look for so anxiously as I do for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I believe you speak the truth when you say you wish to publish a fearless, outspoken sheet, exposing the errors, superstitions and fallacies of the past and the present. You have accomplished your aim, rather remarkably so far, and so long as you preserve the same course you will find me one of your most ardent supporters; and I will induce as many of my Liberal acquaintances to subscribe for your paper as possible. My recompense will consist in your exposing the abominable practices of Churches, ancient and modern, in the future as you have in the past. The people are in need of this kind of knowledge, and for some fearless man to teach them the absurdity of the old systems of religion, and I feel that the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER is able and willing, and I hope sympathizing friends will not withhold their needed support.

E. W. PIKE, Pittsfield, Ill., writes: My wife and myself were brought up strictly orthodox, but we have been growing more and more skeptical for the last twenty-five years, and to-day we would rather part with all other papers than be deprived of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Its utterances are none too radical for us. We endorse it, and heartily wish it success. We are comparative strangers in this place; having been here but a few months. It is a very religious town of some 2000 inhabitants. Four revival meetings have been held here this winter, and running at the same time. Those who do not belong to the Church are very much afraid of Infidelity. I wish to order some books soon.

S. C. STRATTON, Leetonia, O., writes: I notice letters in your paper from many parts of the country, but none from this point. I wish our friends to know how our orthodox friends are progressing here. I will briefly state what I have heard from the pulpits lately. First, that God is as much glorified in the damnation of a sinner as by the salvation of a saint. Second, that every individual born into the world is a child of the Devil and an heir of hell; and without being born again cannot be saved. Third, that unbelievers and skeptics that do not, or will not, accept the humanity and divinity of Christ as God are fools. They misrepresent our belief, treat us coolly and uncourtously; but, Brother Bennett, we will set them a better example.

PERRY N. ALLEN, Hastings Centre, N. Y., writes: I admire your paper and hope to be a constant reader so long as you shall continue to print it. I like its manly, outspoken and independent manner together with its open pages for the hearing of those who differ from yourself. It fills a want long felt, and I know of no paper that answers this purpose so well. Although I am a Spiritualist and believe in the continued existence, and in this respect differ from yourself and some of your contributors, yet, as you said in one of your recent articles with regard to us, so say I. I have a warm side for all independent Free-thinkers and lovers of reform and improvement. Wishing you the best of success and support, I will remain your friend and brother in the cause of truth seeking.

LEVI WOOD, Galesburg, Mich., writes: I make you another remittance, as I don't wish to be in the debtor column. I cannot say as Mr. Snode did, that reading THE TRUTH SEEKER has done me no good. Your one article about Noah and his ark to my mind is worth a year's subscription. Neither can I agree with Mr. S. that Infidelity, so-called, consigns all that is good in the human heart to perpetual annihilation, or in other words, robs the human heart of all hope of immortality beyond this life. I know of many in this priest-ridden, creed-bound community, acknowledged to be the best of our citizens, who are denominated Infidels, and yet they have an abiding faith of a life beyond this. Persevere, Bro. Bennett, I know your paper is doing good.

BENJ. REESE, St. Charles, Ky., writes: As my trial trip is over, and I find I cannot do without THE TRUTH SEEKER, I enclose \$1.75 for it one year. I have long thought that a screw or two was loose in the old "Salvation Ship," but three months' reading of THE TRUTH SEEKER has convinced me that all the screws are loose, and nothing can be expected but a general shipwreck some of these days. THE TRUTH SEEKER through your perseverance cannot fail to release thousands from the fetters of their early education. I wished to send you a list of subscribers. The only excuse is the hard times. Many of my neighbors come promptly to hear what THE TRUTH SEEKER has to say. They had a hundred times over rather hear what it had to say than the old Elder Harkins that comes around here once in a while, spinning his orthodox yarns.

MRS. C. A. SYME, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: Please find enclosed \$4.00 for subscription for two copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER. One my own for the present year, now half expired, and the other for one copy which I wish you to distribute as specimen numbers, to any you may elect as suitable persons, who would read so radical a paper, and accept and promulgate the grand ideas it advances. Please do not send any change, for I consider that no trifling sum of money can repay you for the great good you are doing the people by disseminating the splendid truths and profound principles which every number enunciates. How deeply it is to be regretted that the state of public opinion is so low that your efforts are not better understood, and more highly appreciated. Please allow me to express in particular my approval of your admirable articles on Labor Reform, Social Science, Finance, and several masterly essays on the mutual relations of Materialism and Spiritualism; the one being the body and the other the soul, or the life and the form of everything that exists. These should not be divided but ever united, as they are entirely dependent upon each other—Matter upon Spirit for vivification, and Spirit upon Matter for manifestation; and both only leave lower forms of manifestation for higher and more perfect ones. So that Materialism and Spiritualism should be indissolubly united, forming Universalism, including all there is in the kingdoms of both Matter and Mind.

JOHN KEAY, North Lawrence, O., writes: I consider THE TRUTH SEEKER a power for good; it must live and continue its formidable attacks upon the strongholds of bigotry, hypocrisy and superstition. I am pleased with the manner in which it has improved since I became a subscriber. The scientific, historic and anti-dogmatic essays speak highly for their authors. Without any disagreement with Mr. Paden—the biographer of his Satanic Majesty—I must candidly say he did not finish his history. It is useless for any person to tell me there is no such being as the Devil. I have the most positive evidence of him of my respectable neighbors, who related their experience at a revival meeting recently held here. One convert had proved the Devil to be a coward, which elicited the following remarks from a diminutive, parasitic, sanctimonious, theological vendor of mansions and brimstone: "Ah, dear brother, the Devil is too much for any man, but when any man and his Savior are united the Devil flees." Another brother, who, by the by, before going to church the same evening had made an affidavit before a justice charging a man with bribing him, said Satan would not fight a man face to face, but come sneaking around and he said "get behind me Satan," he fled (an open sessemce). The other said the Devil had taken the coat off his back (a close encounter truly). Since I heard the above authentic testimony of the existence of the King of Hell I do not entertain a doubt as to his personal existence. But as the three men alluded to are older men than myself, and have conquered without a scar to bear record of the conflict, I feel no terror and believe I shall also prevail. *Quantum suf.*

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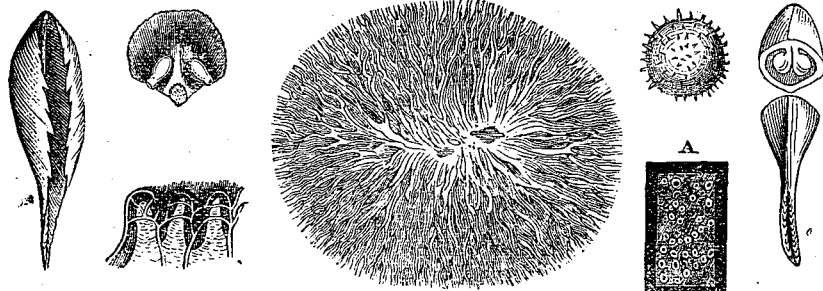
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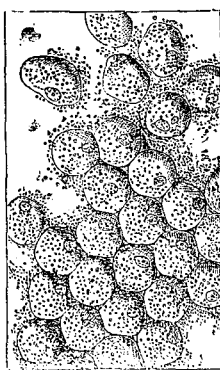


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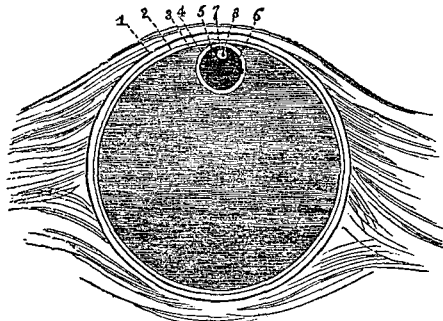
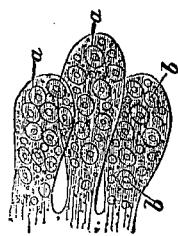
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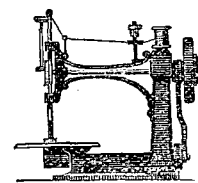
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Odds and Ends.

Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

ANYBODY can build a castle in the air, but it takes more than a genius to live in one.

When a cat sings, does she not do it on pur-puss? She simply does it to a-mews herself.

A YANKEE editor, in his financial article, says, "Money is close, but not close enough to reach."

FIRST IRATE FEMALE: "I'd hate to be in your shoes!" Second ditto: "You couldn't get in them!"

A YOUNG man has sued his barber for cutting off his moustache. The barber says he didn't see it.

IN New York, if a young man cheats at croquet, the young ladies caress the flange of his ear with a mallet.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

The fool seeketh to pick a fly from a mule's hind leg; the wise man letteth the job out to the lowest bidder.

"Is that your child?" asked a policeman of a young girl. "No, it belongs to some mother woman," was the reply.

AN Iowa editor recently announced that a certain patron of his was "thieving, as usual." It was written thriving.

"The water cure is no new invention," said Stiggers, "it is as old as the deluge, and even then it killed more than it cured."

A METHODIST minister being recently asked if he had moved to his new appointment, said, "Yes, but it is a dis-appointment."

A NEWARK chap, who on short acquaintance married a widow, ran away when he discovered that she was the mother of twenty-two children.

A YOUNG LADY being asked by a rich bachelor, "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" replied, sweetly and modestly, "Yours truly."

A PREACHER, who was formerly a newspaper reporter, does not say, "Let us pray," but says, "Let us interview the throne of grace."

The editor of the Panama Star apologizes for the non-appearance of his paper by saying, that he had to leave off to dig shot out of his legs.

"THE Lord never meant for us to bile over with religion this cold weather!" said a Duluth deacon, as he dismissed church and went home to hug the stove.

A SWEET little boy, only eight years old, walked into the scene of a teachers' examination at Oswego, last week, and bawled out, "Annie, your feller is down to the house!"

"SHE is a perfect Amazon," remarked a pupil of his teacher to a companion. "Yes," said the other, who was better versed in geography than history, "I noticed she had an awful big mouth."

"FAITH," said an Irishman, who could not get into his cabin at Billings, his wife having turned the key upon him, "it's meself that's regularly locked in." "In!" said his companion—"in where?" "Why, in the street."

A SAILOR, passing through a grave-yard, saw on one of the tombstones, "I still live." This was too much for Jack, who, shifting his quid, ejaculated: "Well, I've heard say there are cases in which a man may lie, but if I was dead I'd own it."

"Yes, sir!" yelled a preacher in a Dakota church one Sunday morning, "there's more lying and swearing and stealing and general devilry to the square inch in this here town than all the rest of the American country," and then the congregation got up and dumped the preacher out of the window.

"Poor things!" murmured Solomon Burch of the State Journal. "Who?" inquired the deacon. "Why, them bally girls. They're so fearful dissipated. They can't hold out very long. They say they get on tight's every blessed night o' the week!"

SAYS a wife to her husband, as the curtain descends on the prostrate form of Juliet: "Ah, when we were married you vowed were I taken from you, you would kill yourself on my tomb, as Juliet did on Romeo's. You wouldn't do so now." "Only kill yourself, my dear, only kill yourself," replies the husband, "and see whether I would not keep my vow."

A YOUNG lady of Danbury, whose company is much prized by an enterprising merchant, took charge of a class of little girls the other Sunday. After the lesson she told the children that if they wished to ask her any questions, she would answer them. "Will you answer true?" asked a bright-eyed cherub. "Certainly," said the teacher. "Well, then," said the little one, hesitatingly, "do—do you love Mr. B—?" The teacher collapsed.

A DETROIT gentleman, walking behind two children the other day, heard the boy enquire, "Will you be at the party tonight?" "I shall be there," answered the Miss, "but I may as well tell you now that your love is hopeless. Mamma is determined, father is set, and it isn't right for me to encourage your attention. I can be a sister to you, but nothing more. Therefore you needn't buy me any valentines nor give me any more gum."

BISHOP AMES tells a story of a slave master in Missouri, in the olden time of negro vassalage, who said to his chattel: "Pompey, I hear you are a great preacher." "Yes, massa, de Lord do help me powerful sometimes." "Well, Pompey, don't you think the negroes steal little things on the plantation?" "I'se mighty 'fraid they does, massa." "Then, Pompey, I want you to preach a sermon to the negroes against stealing." After a brief reflection, Pompey replied: "You see, massa, dat won't do, 'cause 'twould throw such a col'ness over the meetin'."

BEECHERING A LITTLE.—Sammy Seuter, a little frowzy head of about eight summers, out in Michigan, has been thought to possess a small stock of shrewdness or common sense, but the following letter to his father, who was on a visit to relatives down in New England, shows that he's "up to snuff." The visit by his father was out short just three weeks by the reception of the epistle. The knowing ones in the neighborhood are having lots of fun. Thus runs the letter:

"DEAR DAD: Nothing of konsiderabul importance has transcurred since I last rit to yu. The same old just like it was is abowt all that happins here enny more. Ma is not so verry loansome, as she sed I needunt rite to yu to hurry back. She sed it was her christion dewty to let yu enjoy yourself, and she was alwus glad to have yu go awa. This is what she told that preacher man, an he sed he didunt blame her. He kums here moar often than he did. He an ma is readin a story in a Shekago paper which kums every night an he brings it over an tha reed it. It ain't got no killin or injun in it, an I kant git head nur tail uv it. Its sumthin about Moul'tem an Tilt'em an Beech'em, sum fellers which was awful good frens an told lise on each uther. Las nite ma axed him did he believe Beech'em was guilty, an he sed he did, but mussent let on, cuz it wood hurt religun. Then she axed did he blame him, an he sed it was woman to err. What he ment I dont no. Then ma sed she dident blame the woman ether if tha was both crisions. She sed every body otto have a finity, an yu wussent her finity. Then he sed to me if I wussent sleepy, an I sed no, an he offered me five cents to be a good boy an say my prayers an go to bed. I sed hugh, I ain't no five cent harpin, so he lafed an gimme ten cents an I went. Miss Spyser sed this mornin was ennybody sick to our howee las nite cos a lite was burnin so late, an ma sed she was sittin up a rittin to her deer good husban. This is awl for the presunt. Yure fecksionate son, SAMMY."

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Vol. 2. No. 16. { D. M. BENNETT,
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Notes and Clippings.

ALAS, ANOTHER OF 'EM.—The Rev. J. L. Ross of Niles, Mich., has been sentenced to six years in State Prison for the forgery of a deed, on which he obtained \$1,000.

A BEAUTIFUL girl of Montgomery, Ala., was killed by the explosion of a lamp while on her knees praying. And still we have people right here in our midst who will persist in praying.

REVIVALIST HAMMOND is praying for the conviction of the San Francisco sinner who stole his overcoat. Why not follow the injunctions of his master, and give the thief his coat, his vest and his overshoes?

A MONUMENT is to be erected to the memory of the brilliant Edgar A. Poe in the City of Monuments—Baltimore. The teachers of that city have raised \$1,500 for an obelisk of pure Italian marble, with bas-relief of Poe on one end of the panels, and appropriate emblems and inscriptions on the other three.

A BROOKLYN MINISTER STEPPING DOWN AND OUT.—The Rev. George K. Woodward, pastor of the Evergreen Methodist church, has seen fit to relinquish his connection with the church upon the grounds that he has been arraigned before the Conference for falsehood. Five specific lies were proved against him, though not of great magnitude.

PROF. MAX MUELLER is reported as soon to leave England for the Continent, to make necessary arrangements for the translation of all the Oriental Bibles into the chief languages of Europe. Many of the most learned Oriental scholars are to assist him. The Bibles of the East are much older than the Jewish Scriptures, and the originals of the better portions of them.

SLANDERED FROM THE PULPIT.—In the Court of Review, Montreal, Canada, judgment has been rendered in the case of D. Ritchie vs. the Rev. Father Blanchard. The case arose from the defendant having made damaging remarks concerning Ritchie from the pulpit, which tended to injure his trade. The Court condemned Father Blanchard to pay for damages and costs.

A BALLOON VISIT TO EUROPE.—Prof. Donaldson contemplates a balloon voyage from New York to London next autumn, the expenses to be paid by William K. Belknap of Cincinnati, George L. Bruce of New York city, Nathaniel Grey Hadaway of London, and Narcisse Pelletier of Paris. These gentlemen are to provide \$40,000 for the expenses, and give the Professor \$20,000 if he makes the trip from New York to London within forty-eight hours, or \$10,000 if he takes seventy-two hours.

EFFECTS OF PIOUS TEACHING.—Joseph C. Teter, son of the Rev. I. P. Teter of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, was sentenced about two weeks ago to serve five years in the Iowa State Penitentiary. The crime for which he was sentenced was for stealing cattle, and he seems quite an expert in that line, for he succeeded in getting away with twenty-five head at one time and seventeen at another. His father has long been one of the leading Elders of the M. E. Church in Iowa, and no doubt reared his son so as to love God and follow in the footsteps of his divine master.

THE fish of Lake Erie, imprisoned by ice, have been dying because they had too much water and not enough air. Now the fowl on Lake Huron are starving because they have too much air and cannot get at the fish through the ice. There seems to be a predicament for the fish in either case.

THE LATEST clerical scandal is reported from Knoxville, Tenn., the unfortunate man being the Rev. Archibald Hines, who is accused of having stolen fifty cents from a bowl in the cupboard of a member of his church. The case is undergoing a rigorous investigation; thirty witnesses have already been examined, and more are to come. Mr. Hines denies the charge, and declares that the whole thing is a conspiracy, set on foot by a Knoxville Brown to ruin his reputation and drive him from the pulpit, and he has begun a suit for slander against his accuser.

DR. WILKES, in his recent work on physiology, remarks that "it is estimated that the bones of every adult person require to be fed with lime enough to make a marble mantle every eighth month." It will be perceived, therefore, that in the course of about ten years each of us eats three or four mantle-pieces and a few sets of front door-steps. It is awful to think of the consequences if a man should be shut off from his supply of lime for a while, and then should get loose in a cemetery. An ordinary tombstone would hardly be enough for a lunch for him.

THREE baptisms by immersion will cure any disease and insure salvation. Such is the belief of a new sect at Manton, R. I. Converts are numerous, the baptisms taking place out of doors in icy water. The other day a woman recanted upon getting her feet in the freezing stream, forgetting expected reward in present chills, and tried to get away. The minister, however, would not allow backsliding. He is big and brawny. Seizing the woman by her clothes, he immersed her the required three times. Between each dowse she screamed and struggled, but could not escape.

A TIGHT SQUEEZE.—They are telling the story since Dr. Talmage's sermon, that a Brooklyn resident—name not given—appeared at the gates St. Peter guards for admission to Paradise. The saint turned to the registry pages: "Where are you from?" "Brooklyn." "I don't think we can admit you; rules very strict. In fact, can't do it. Think of that scandal." It is said that the Brooklyn man looked steadily at Peter and crowded three times. His saintship colored, fumbled his key a minute, and then said: "Well, you can go in; but don't you do that again to me."—*Brooklyn Union*.

THE RED CAP.—The Catholic portion of our community have been feeling very jubilant, lately, over the promotion of "his Grace" or "his Eminence," Arch-bishop McCloskey, to the Cardinalship, the first ever on the Western continent. The "Red Cap" is said to have arrived from Europe for him, soon to be followed by the "Red Hat" and the other trappings and insignia of the exalted position; and on the heels of all this, it is said the Pope is coming over himself, to make his home in the United States. Well, let him come, if he wants to. Since we have got used to the Brooklyn Scandal, we think we can stand almost anything. We make a prediction, however, that in 1975 there will be very little use for the Pope's tiara, the Cardinal's "Red Hat," the bishop's mitre, the priest's surplice and gown, or the monk's cowl. These all belong to a past age of superstition, and, as science and intelligence spread over the world, such emblems of ignorance and barbarism will be cast aside.

TRYING THE PREACHERS.—The Methodist Conference, just across the river, in Jersey City, have this week been in session and have been "hauling over the coals" a number of their brethren, for derelictions and short comings. The first was the Rev. J. B. Howard, charged with insubordination. The second was Rev. M. F. Wayne, who had used funds to which he had no right, or had contracted debts he had no ability to pay. The third case was the Rev. Mr. Stratton's, also for improper use of funds. The fourth case, that of the Rev. J. A. Owens, who had written articles for *The Independent* that absolutely shocked some of the good brethren, who declared the

articles Atheistical, and calculated to do much injury to the cause of Christ. The brother's writings were strongly condemned by some of the stricter clergymen. Will these teachers of the ignorant multitudes ever learn to do as they ought?

UNSAFE TO THINK AND REASON.—In the Newark Conference of the M. E. Church, recently held in Jersey City, a motion was made that a committee be appointed to investigate the charges of heresy preferred against the Rev. W. I. Gill, A.M., author of *Evolution and Progress*. The work was bitterly criticised as rejecting "Bibleism," "miracleism," and out-Huming Hume. Dr. Adams charged that "the book was thoroughly infidel in its tendencies, and that its theory of evolution was not only opposed to revelation, but a clear denial of the personal existence of God." The motion to appoint a committee was adopted. That is right, Rev. Sirs. If a man among you dares to embrace the light of science and truth, if he presumes for a moment to doubt the musty old theories of superstition, and the "revelations" of the Dark Ages of the past, haul him up before your tribunals, cashier him, condemn him, turn him out. If he reasons and accepts science, he can be one of you no longer. But drive him out. We will accept him. There is room in our ranks for thousands of bright minds like his, who have tired of the old husks of theology and superstition, and prefer the luscious fruits of science, reason and truth. Let them come.

We recently noticed Dr. Gill's work in our columns. It is peculiarly able, and is worthy the perusal of every thinking, enquiring mind. Price, \$1.50; postage, 15 cts.

THE BEECHER TRIAL, as we go to press, is drawing near the close of the fourteenth week. Mr. Beecher has been six days under direct examination. As we expected, he has followed the same line of defense he pursued last summer before his select church committee. He positively denies, under oath, the statements of Tilton, Moulton, Mrs. Moulton and Mrs. Cary. The issue is joined. There is certainly bold-faced perjury somewhere. If Mr. Beecher is telling the truth, they have all lied most egregiously, and if they have told the truth, he is lying either "sublimely," as he indicated to Moulton, or most damnable, as thousands believe is the case, and we must confess we are of this number. Which is the more probable, that three respectable people, the first of whom Mr. Beecher on many occasions has extolled in the most extravagant language; the second of whom he frequently said was "the noblest friend God had ever raised up;" and the third of whom he said, "she was the noblest of her sex," should, without adequate cause, conspire together to bear false testimony against a friend, or that a person guilty of an offense of the kind charged, should persistently deny it? We decidedly think the latter more probable. Mr. Beecher began by making an untrue defense, and he feels obliged to adhere to his mistaken course. Many are seeking excuses for him, by claiming he is justified in misstating the facts to screen Mrs. Tilton, but it is a fearful position for a public teacher, a minister of what is called the "Church of Christ," who has so many years occupied a prominent position before the public, to solemnly and repeatedly, day after day, deliberately commit perjury. It is a sad picture to contemplate; it must have a serious effect upon the morals of the community, and must shake to the very foundation public faith in the Christian Clergy. It is amusing, were it not so saddening, to see the labored efforts Mr. Beecher is making to explain away his letters, Mrs. Tilton's letters, Mr. Moulton's letters, and Mrs. Morse's letters. His theory is specious and plausible, and with the most consummate acting, gesticulation, and mimicry, he aims to affect the court and the jury, but we apprehend by the cross-examination and the rebuttal much of it will be torn to shreds and leave the poor old man exposed to the gaze and condemnation of the world. One of the blackest features in the whole business is his willingness to defame, pull down, and blacken the characters of so many others that he himself may soar and shine. The ending is not yet, and we only hope it may not be a bloody or a deadly one.

[Written expressly for THE TRUTH SEEKER.]

The Witch of the Wine-Mark.

A Tale of the Royal Colony of Massachusetts.

BY LOTHAR LOGOS.

CHAPTER XV.

Things were now at their worst in Boston. After the horrible execution and tragedy which had just taken place, the sleuth hound of the Church laid its nose afresh on the track of "the enemies of the Lord," and hunted them to death in every quarter.

Distrust spread anew through every household, and the long-faced debauchee and gloomy Christian madman held high carnival under the banners of as dark and as accursed a superstition as ever characterized the most savage nations.

Scarce an hour had elapsed after the double tragedy near the jail, when Huskins was again in clover. A pliant and unconscious tool in the hands of a number of clerical vagabonds, who, through motives of gain, lust, revenge or jealousy, sought to remove some obstacle out of their way, he was ever on the alert to take a hint from them, and to do their behests as that of "the Lord's." Hence, at the very moment alluded to, and while the villain Sloucher and his two companions, now no more, were engaged in accomplishing their own nefarious ends, he was once more engaged actively in his cherished vocation, and before the sun had sunk in the western sky, he had added five new victims to those already in prison.

During all this terrible period, when men were drunk with superstition and with blood, Salem was, of course, the great centre of the hideous excitement. Day after day she continued to fill the dungeons of Boston with sane, good men and women on the nonsensical accusations of mere children whose ludicrous and worthless drivelling had more weight with both the Church and State, than the solemn and truthful asseverations of the noblest and best in the land.

If the various religious beliefs, and especially those of Christendom, had not been civilized by science, and through the progress of secular knowledge, we should be devouring each other to-day as monsters seen through the microscope in a drop of putrid water. One of the strongest evidences of the divine essence of man is, that he has survived religion, and is becoming a lone worshiper in any corner of the universal temple that accords with his inner convictions. Mentally we are the products of civilization, physically we are the products of cannibalism. The first of these propositions may be established through a glance at the Stone Age, while the latter rests upon the immovable foundation, or fact that there is not one of us but swallows daily a portion of some far-off progenitor in some shape or other. To be sure, we do not sit down to the repast after the manner of those given to "cold missionaries;" but the fact is incontrovertible, that we do the deed after all, no matter how inviting or *recherché* the collation.

An analysis of the human family in all its social, its moral and its physical relations—in all its intellectual and religious aspects, must take the starch out of any creed or philosophy that assumes God has anything special to do with religious beliefs or with society. He has made universal laws which never fail in their mission, and which influence all and pervade all without respect to things or persons. Through these alone he exacts obedience, and through these alone he receives it. Through these alone and their various expressions, he educates us, and we all recognize alike the necessity of bowing to them in all essential respects.

This accomplished, he has left us to build our baby-houses as we please, and we have built them with a vengeance. Had he considered unity of thought and sentiment in matters of religious belief necessary to his glory, all men would think alike in this relation; and as they do not think alike, each man has a perfect right to think just as he pleases. He has created no code of physical laws for the few. Why, then, should he institute a code of religious laws that are not in universal operation? The fact is, we must make our own religion and morals, whether on the "white-souled Elizabeth" principle, or on that which appears to be more in consonance with the true dignity of woman and in keeping with the purity and fidelity of her nature, as a wife and a mother.

There never was a grosser falsehood than that put forth by society, when it assumes to be modeled in mercy, justice and truth. It is, as a general thing, a compact of the strong against the weak, of the rich against the poor, of the learned against the illiterate, and of the proud against the humble; and, perhaps, we may add, *vice versa*. This may be all necessary to the development of the race, but it is not an outgrowth of the great principles we have just enumerated. We build into our social fabric whatever the majority considers necessary, and thus legalize it without reference to its consonance with what we call the divine will. Just look at it, ten wives for a Mohammedan, one for a Christian layman, and none for a Catholic priest, and all assuming to be in direct conformity with the will of him in whom there is no variable-ness neither shadow of turning.

Irregularities such as these, and the various phases

of society which have characterized the different portions of the globe from time immemorial, prove that we are the sole builders of our social compacts, which are assuming new shapes almost daily. So that in this we are left free to act and free to assume untried burdens as we will, and to throw them off if we find they do not sit easily upon our shoulders. The fact is, society seems to have been framed originally by the weak and cunning to restrain the more powerful and the licentiousness of brute force. And this very idea was the last which passed through the brain of Alice Ravenswood, as, in the golden light of her fading senses, she saw Maurice Fitz Raymond hastening to meet her through a flowery dell that lay on the shining verge of the fairy realms of dream land.

New life and hope sprang into the household at the villa when Maurice and Francis Elencourt, accompanied by Firefly and Martha, appeared suddenly among them. The invalid, who was conversing with Emily Graham, Robert, Titmouse and John Langton, was at first convinced that Alice was of the party also; but soon discovering the true state of the case, her heart died within her once more. Her good sense, however, quickly came to the rescue, for, in the return of Maurice and Francis—whom she soon recognized and greeted warmly—she could not but perceive the appearance on the stage of action powerful agents that could at once be brought to bear upon the recovery of her child, and her possible release from the terrible meshes in which she had become entangled. She saw that Francis would be of great importance in the dangerous and difficult work. In fact, she recognized that there were now five persons—not to speak of Florence—who would risk life and limb in the cause of the poor fugitive, for Titmouse had recently grown to be of no small importance in her eyes.

Florence and Francis, and John and Martha, stood out for the moment in bold relief from all this trouble—the two former especially, over whom no cloud appeared to hang. John, however, soon gave way to the stern conviction that, although Martha had for the time being escaped the hands of her enemies, they were doubtless still on her track. However, she was, under the circumstances, where she could now best conceal herself until some ray of sunshine broke through the gloom, so she and Firefly, who had been welcomed most affectionately by the invalid and the rest of the household, were, after they had for the tenth time recounted their strange and fearful story, led off by Emily to a place of concealment convenient to her own neat chamber, where, after some refreshment, they sought that repose which they little fancied they should enjoy, that night at least, beneath the hospitable roof of the villa.

Titmouse, whose eye was keen to intensity, recognized the horses as belonging to the barn-yard from which they had been stolen; and as it was at no very great distance from the villa, it was suggested that he should lead them thitherward cautiously, and turn them loose lest they should be found near the villa in the morning, and create some suspicion as to the use to which they had been put during the night. In a few moments the brave little fellow was out with them on his way, and within half an hour he arrived at a point where he had determined to abandon them.

Here however, he found a third animal which recognized the other two, and which he himself fancied belonged to the same owner as those he had in charge. When once free, all three started off at a gallop in the direction of their quarters, upon which the dwarf quickly turned his steps toward the villa, running at the top of his speed, when he could see the way clearly before him; for, with his usual penetration, he felt half convinced that the third horse had been used in the abduction of his young mistress from the ravine a few hours previously.

When Titmouse returned to the villa, he speedily communicated his surmises to John and Robert regarding the probable work in which the third horse had been engaged, else why should he also be at large at such an hour. The party in the parlor was soon made acquainted with the intelligence. On hearing it, Maurice bounded to his feet and looked wildly about, as if he sought some outlet through which he could at once fly to the succor of his betrothed.

For the sake of her mother, however, from whose eyes sleep had long fled, he suddenly resumed his seat, although large drops of anguish fell from his pale brow. Under the circumstances, he saw it would be worse than useless for him to leave the villa at such an hour, and the more so, as the information brought by the dwarf could not be made available until daylight, if it should even then be of any value.

Early next morning Peter Huskins was knocking with his heavy staff at the door of the Fanatic. He had not seen Sloucher since the time of the execution, and had now come to inform him of his good fortune, in having been able to overthrow five more of the "enemies of the Lord," who were, as he averred, "even more dangerous than the witches Ravenswood and Giles." He had, however, intelligence far more interesting and pleasant for the Fanatic, and that was that two men had been devoured by wolves during the night about two miles from the town, and that, from some fragments of their dress and other tokens, persons who had just returned from the spot, foolishly supposed that the victims were the half-breed and Nat the Noose.

Although secretly hoping that this news should prove true, as if so, it freed him forever of two men that might one day embarrass him, the Fanatic had his doubts as to the victims being his late companions, and these doubts were strengthened by the conviction that, had the two men named fallen a prey to the ferocious animals, Martha and Firefly must have suffered also, so that the remains of four human beings would have been found instead of two, and possibly those of the horses also. However, there was sufficient in the intelligence to arouse the interest of the scoundrel and to induce him to propose a visit to the spot, while he seemed to express the utmost concern lest the news should prove true.

As the scene of the disaster was not very far from the abode of the Fanatic, and as Sloucher was uneasy at having Alice and the witch-finder under the same roof, lest some chance sound from within might attract the ear of the latter, both men sallied forth, and were soon on their way to the spot where the half-breed and the Noose had met their terrible fate.

As may be presumed, Maurice Fitz Raymond, fatigued and all as he was after his own recent journey and adventure, never closed an eye since he entered the villa, but lay awake all night ruminating on the probable fate or condition of her whom he loved so dearly. Early as he was up and abroad, however, John Langton had anticipated him, and had already returned with Titmouse from an inspection of the point where the latter had encountered the third horse on the night before, which he visited in the hope of being able to ascertain the direction from which the animal had reached it. This hope, however, was completely frustrated; and now he had returned to the villa determined to carry out his idea of the previous night, in visiting the ravine with the ferryman, and ascertaining, if practicable, the direction taken by the single horse whose footprints they had already observed as distinct from those of the two others.

While declaring his design to Maurice, they were joined by Robert and Mr. Elencourt, who expressed a determination to accompany him, and this led to all present starting off for the ravine, save Robert, who considered it advisable to remain about the villa.

Soon, then, this party of four—who had picked up the ferryman on their way, and lifted a load from his heart in relation to Martha—found themselves in the ravine, and standing in the deserted wigwam of Red Wing. That some one had visited it during the night was evident, for John Langton and old Dick observed at once, that the fire of the previous evening had been replenished.

While looking about for some explanation, two Indians, with bows and arrows, who had been reconnoitering the party from a clump of evergreens, cautiously made their appearance on perceiving the ferryman. They were the two prisoners of the preceding night, who had escaped from the soldiers, and who had returned to the glen to await the arrival of Red Wing.

They were not afraid of being recaptured, as they felt assured the authorities would never suppose they would return to such dangerous ground, but that they had escaped to the depth of the forest to which the Noose averred the chief and the rest of the red men had already fled. When apprised of the safety of Firefly and of the terrible death that had overtaken the half-breed and his infamous companion, their joy knew no bounds; nor were they slow to enquire, with eager interest, as to the fate of the two fugitives, or to express their pleasure at their escape also.

This reconte was regarded as fortunate by the whites, as the two red men would be more keen to observe the traces of the horse supposed to have been used in the abduction of Alice, than any of her anxious and suffering friends. In a few moments, then, the whole party emerged from the wigwam and took up the trail of the night before until they came to the point where the traces of the struggle had been already observed by Titmouse, Langton and old Giles.

Just as they reached it, however, the quick ear of the Indians caught the sound of approaching voices, and instantly, on a sign from them, the whites stepped aside from the track and concealed themselves among the underwood.

Scarcely had they accomplished this move, when Sloucher and Huskins made their appearance. They were on their way to the place where it was alleged the bones of the half-breed and the Noose lay scattered about, a most revolting spectacle.

When they reached the precise point at which the struggle had taken place, Sloucher paused as if to inspect the ground, and see whether it presented any tell-tale appearance that might lead to the discovery of his having visited it but a short time previously. The movement was sufficient to prove to Maurice and his friends that the Fanatic had some knowledge of what had occurred, however he had obtained it; but then came the conviction that, had he been an active party to the abduction of any of the three women, he would have avoided re-visiting the place so soon after, or subjecting himself to the suspicions of any one who might chance to encounter him there.

Huskins was, of course, in total darkness as to the true state of the case, and could have no idea of why his companion had paused at such a point. But the truth was, as it lay but a very short distance from the track that took them to where the fearful scene had occurred the night before, the Fanatic, in his extreme caution and cunning, had seduced his companion

to the spot, without the latter supposing that he was making the slightest unnecessary detour, so that he himself might satisfy his eyes that nothing had been dropped or left on the ground in the scuffle that might identify him with the diabolical outrage.

Being satisfied on this point, he resumed his journey, his companion moving forward mechanically with him, as it were; but just as he was passing the point where the whites lay concealed, Maurice Fitz Raymond, impelled by an irresistible impulse, sprang from his place of concealment and suddenly confronted him in the path.

If a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, the villain could not have been more surprised nor startled. He had not heard of the return of the volunteers, and had fancied that Fitz Raymond was miles and miles away from Boston, or that possibly his scalp was now dangling at the belt of some victorious Indian. He gazed upon the expected apparition as if petrified, and seemed unable to utter a single syllable. Soon, however, he was himself again, and noticing the surprise of Huskins, who also had paused and stared in amazement at Maurice, he observed, in his usual drawing manner and tone:

"So, child of the Evil One, instead of being off serving the State, you have deserted your post so that you might assist the witch, Ravenswood, to set the champions of the Lord at defiance, and to still keep out of their way, as if her familiars were not able to take care of her without your aid."

On hearing the wretch apply the term "witch" to Alice, a powerful and sudden blow—one swift as lightning—from the clenched fist of Maurice, brought the Fanatic with a heavy thud to the earth; and Huskins, considering that one of the elect had suffered at the hands of an emissary of the foul field, raised his heavy staff with a view to avenging the blow. Before the stroke had descended upon the head of Fitz Raymond, who was eyeing the prostrate form of the Fanatic, the witch-finder found himself in the Herculean grasp of John Langton, who had leaped forward when he observed what was about to occur.

All the whites were unarmed, and now as Sloucher regained his feet with the spirit of revenge rankling in his foul heart, the staff that before seemingly served to support his weary steps only, assumed, with extraordinary celerity, quite a new aspect, for, with one swift sweep of the sinewy arm of the Fanatic, a long, sharp and shining blade was drawn from it, with what intent it was easy to divine.

Maurice perceived his danger, and fell back a pace, when Sloucher, noting the embarrassment of Huskins, determined to relieve him through one deadly thrust. No sooner was this idea conceived, than the murderous villain bounded forward, but before he could deal the death-blow, an arrow pierced the wrist of the hand which held the weapon, while another passed clean through both his cheeks between his two hideous jaws.

The conflict was ended, but the day was dearly bought; for, without attaining any object in the interest of the two fugitives, Maurice had compromised himself in the eye of the law, and had consequently embarrassed all his efforts to serve Alice, and perhaps had jeopardized his own personal liberty.

Titmouse, Francis, Giles and the two Indians now appeared on the scene, and when they also were noted by Huskins and his wounded companion, there was nothing left for the two latter but to retrace their steps to the town as best they could; for the Fanatic, whose tongue appeared to have been terribly mangled, could not utter an intelligible word, and was bleeding profusely. Now, however, he sought to use his left hand in dealing Maurice a death stroke; for, no sooner had his weapon fallen to the ground, than he seized it again, but John Langton soon deprived him of the means of doing mischief, having relinquished his hold on Huskins, who had become quite dismayed, and snatched the deadly blade from the grasp of the intending assassin ere he had well clutched it.

The return of the volunteers so soon after their departure, was the cause of much murmuring amongst the people, and great dissatisfaction among the authorities. As Maurice had anticipated, his name was called in question, and there were those, on the Boston side of the river, who did not hesitate to designate him a traitor. On all sides, then, he was embarrassed; and now he felt that, as his liberty might be jeopardized at any moment, and as his assault upon the Fanatic would be resented, and if possible, punished by the Church or at common law, he would have to depend mainly upon the exertions and influence of Francis in this the hour of his dire extremity.

Fortunately for him, Francis was a near relative of Lady Phipps, the Governor's wife, and was, besides, held in the highest esteem by his excellency, as well as by almost every officer of what might be termed the vice-regal court. It was, therefore, considered advisable, in view of what had just taken place, as well as with respect to the persecution of Alice and Martha also, that he should at once call upon her ladyship, and seek also an interview with his Excellency in relation to the assault upon Sloucher, and what was of greater importance, the cruel treatment and abduction of Miss Ravenswood.

In truth so serious an aspect did the case now wear, that if the story of the Fanatic and Sloucher were not forestalled instantly, the probability was that be-

fore many hours, notwithstanding that neither Titmouse, Francis nor Giles took any part in the affray, all the active friends of Alice, save Robert and Florence, would be hurried away to prison. For so powerful and so popular were Sloucher and Huskins with some of the authorities, a simple hint from one or both of them was at times sufficient to work sudden and swift destruction, even where it was least expected.

When, therefore, the Indians and the ferryman had turned away, and the remainder of the party had reached the villa, without waiting to investigate anything about the tracks of the third horse, Francis at once set about preparing for a visit to the residence of the Governor, where he intended to lay the whole case of his friends and relatives before her ladyship, and immediately afterward before his Excellency himself.

When John Langton had disarmed the Fanatic, he threw his weapon away. The keen eyes of Titmouse followed the shining blade, and saw that it fell close to the path they should have to pursue in returning to the villa. He noted a huge tree beside which it descended, and falling back a little as the party were passing the spot, he picked up the gleaming steel and was surprised to perceive how large and yet light its handle was, which served also as the head of the Fanatic's staff. He noticed, in addition, that at one point there was an appearance as though the smooth, round knob screwed off, and, determined to test the case, he brought all his strength to bear upon it, when he found it yield in the manner he surmised it would. After repeated turns, he held what might be termed the lid in his hand, whose removal revealed a hollow compartment of about four inches in depth and one and a half in diameter. At the bottom of this there were about three inches of solid wood into which the blade of the weapon was screwed—the whole handle being about eight inches long.

This cavity contained some papers carefully folded, but of what character Titmouse did not pause to consider. He did not disturb them, but observing that the handle could be detached from the blade, or suspecting that such was the case, he instantly set to work, and perceiving a narrow split or crevice into a tree into which he could insert the steel the whole length, in a few moments he turned the handle free from it, and concealed it about his person. This accomplished, he quickly overtook the party ahead of him, who had not noted his absence, and as soon as he reached the villa, he beckoned Robert to a private conference, after the latter had been made acquainted with what had just occurred in relation to the Fanatic.

When alone with his trusty friend, the dwarf produced his supposed prize, and unscrewing the upper part of the head once more, disclosed the contents of the cunningly devised compartment, informing Robert that it was the handle of the weapon used by Sloucher, or in other words, that it was the upper part of the Fanatic's huge staff.

A glance at the document, assured Robert that the dwarf had made a most important discovery, and instantly the invalid and all the household were made aware of the fact. Mr. Ellencourt, who was standing beside Florence, was just about to leave the villa to pay the visit already mentioned, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the intelligence of the discovery, and by the contents of one of the papers which had been thrust into his hand by Maurice with an exclamation of the wildest surprise. Francis perused it hastily, and then bounded out of the apartment as if demented, and without uttering a single sentence to any one present, soon disappeared among the shrubbery.

In the meantime, Huskins had led the wounded Fanatic to the gloomy retreat in which Alice and Madge Gordon were now wondering at what could have induced so early a call on his part, for Madge had recognized the voice of the witch-finder. A knock at the outer door, however, apprised her of the return of the murderer of her child, and once more she arose to admit him, having first cautioned the fugitive to bolt the door of the apartment in which they had been seated after a long and at times restless night, and not to open it save to a demand made in her own voice.

It was no unusual thing for Huskins to meet Madge Gordon at the Fanatics'; so now, without remembering that he had not seen her when Sloucher had admitted him some time before, he at once led in his companion, a horrible picture to look upon. The blood was clotted about his huge jaws, and his tongue had swollen to such a size that he could not utter a single word or sound other than a low, smothered howl. Although much surprised at his appearance, there was no compassion in the heart of the woman for the wretch who had so darkened her life, for a thrill of fierce joy shot through her veins as the witch-finder related the encounter between him and Maurice, and the sudden manner in which the arrows of the Indians had terminated the contest.

The Fanatic, unable to stand, sank upon his straw pallet with a countenance where pain and fury were struggling for the mastery. There he lay, with his eyes glaring wildly about, and listening to the circumstantial story of the witch-finder. But on catching a whisper from Huskins to Madge, to the effect that he feared the arrows were poisoned, he broke forth into a hideous yell that made the witch-finder leap to his

feet, and that caused Alice to almost faint away in the adjoining apartment.

Huskins sat long with him, but perceiving after a time that, from his agony or weakness, he could comprehend but little of what was said, he took his leave, promising to send a leech and call again, but determined in the meantime, as he said, to direct all his energies to the punishment of Maurice and his party, and to the apprehension of Martha Giles and Alice Ravenswood, for whom he averred to Madge, the rope was waiting, as well as for others who suspected it less but deserved it quite as much.

When Huskins disappeared, and Madge had closed and bolted the door after him, she gazed for a moment upon the monstrous features of the Fanatic, whose mouth was now terribly convulsed, and whose eyes seemed closed in intense agony. She could have almost pitied the villain for the sake of humanity, were it not that there suddenly rang in her ears the dying words of her child. These once heard, however, she turned abruptly away, and, calling in a low voice, was at once admitted into the apartment where Alice was now seated in a state of utter bewilderment and alarm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Spiritualists' Festival.

The twenty-seventh anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated March 31st, in Republican Hall by a hall full of people of highly respectable material shape. The Committee of Arrangements were H. J. Newton, President of the society; J. Bisco, the Treasurer; J. V. Newbrough, M.D.; M. C. Smith, J. A. Cozino, Secretary, and as many ladies. Three musicians volunteered their solo services—Mr. J. Inch, on the piano; Mr. Withers, one of the San Francisco Minstrels, on the flute; and Mrs. Wieland, who executed the skylark, accompanied by both the flute and piano. Numerous large, fragrant bouquets and fifty or sixty star-spangled banners gave the hall an air of festivity.

The entire afternoon was occupied by the programme of speeches and music, and the evening from eight to twelve was given up to a social reunion and dancing. Dr. Hallock delivered the opening address. Mr. Lyman C. Howe occupied the place of speaker, and after several rapid passages of his hands, in which he seemed to brush himself away from his brain, he shut up his eyes and said that Spiritualism is heaven's Hercules. It is not yet a science, but we must remember how long it takes fragmentary knowledge to grow into a science; how long it took astrology to grow to astronomy, and alchemy to chemistry. Yet this twenty-seven years old child is destined to disintegrate the chemical fossils of the past. It has convinced thousands of persons that there is life beyond the grave; and this last year it has brought scientists to its feet, in loving devotion to the new and delightful discovery of an agreeable truth; which even every skeptic would rather believe than not.

J. V. Newbrough, M.D., said that the anniversary celebration commemorated the beginning of an era that will overturn the tyranny of priests.

After speeches by R. G. Eccles of Missouri, and E. V. Wilson, the congregation sang "Auld Lang Syne" and dispersed until the evening dance.

Obituary.

We are pained to record the death of Mrs. Betsey Tasker, wife of Thomas Tasker of Scott Township, Steuben county, Ind. Mrs. Tasker died on the 6th of March, and was buried on the 8th by the Patrons of Industry, of which Order she was an enthusiastic and efficient member. The funeral was one of the largest ever held in this county, and attested the esteem in which she was held by her large circle of acquaintances.

Mrs. Tasker was a native of England, where she lived until about twenty years ago, when she, with her husband and family emigrated to this country. Her age at the time of her death was about sixty years. She leaves her husband—the well-known and highly esteemed "Tommy"—and six children, all of whom have arrived at the age of maturity.

Mrs. Tasker was a kind and devoted wife and mother, and her children regarded her with that filial respect and veneration due a kind and worthy mother. Her long and happy married life was never marred by even the slightest family discord, and her relatives and friends feel that in her death a link has been dropped from the family and social circles which can never be restored.

She was a firm and consistent believer in the doctrines of Materialism all the years of her natural life, and died firm in the faith. She gently refused the "prayers" of many attending Christian friends during her long and painful illness, and bore her sufferings with a true martyr spirit, remaining conscious to her last moments. May she rest in peace.

C. S. H.

"Yes, boys," said Nancy Bell, a female blacksmith of Iowa, as she straddled a horse's leg and yanked off a shoe, "I was brought up to this business, and so was my mother; and there ain't no Beecher scandals in our family, for a fact."

The Truth Seeker,

A JOURNAL
OF REFORM AND FREE THOUGHT.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

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The Bible.

NO. XXIV.

Among the stories in the Bible that may well be classed as *improbable*, is the strange one of Samson and his remarkable muscular strength. His history commenced before his birth or before he was begotten. An angel of God appeared unto his father and mother and predicted they should have a son, that he should be a Nazarite and no razor should touch his head. The woman in due time bore a son and he grew up and the "Lord blessed him."

As is common with other young men, he soon fell in love. He saw a young woman at Timnath, among the Philistines with whom he was well pleased, and he importuned his parents to go down and procure the young lady for him. They consented to do so. He accompanied them and while on the way a lion confronted them, but our young hero was not at all dismayed. His affection for the young Philistine damsel was so ardent as to make him immensely strong, and though the lion roared against him, and though he had no weapons of any kind, and "nothing in his hand," he rent the lion as he would have rent a young kid.

The lion is held to be a most formidable beast, and for agility, quickness and great strength he is not surpassed in the whole animal kingdom. It is remarkable that a young stripling, as Samson was at that time, unarmed, and without even the assistance of a walking-stick or club, could easily demolish the king of beasts. But as the book asserts it, we are perhaps not at liberty to doubt it.

He had the desired interview with the Philistine maiden, and they were mutually pleased with each other. On his return he stopped to look at the carcass of the lion, and found that bees had taken possession of it, and had already accumulated considerable honey, of which he freely partook and gave to his parents. The bees must have been pretty lively in their operations to have taken possession of the carcass and partly filled it with honey in so short a time, or Samson must have unduly protracted his stay with the maiden.

It may be inferred, also, that bees in those days were less fastidious about their dwelling-place than now. Modern bees are too nice and particular to have sweet, clean hives, to take the putrefying carcass of an animal for a home; nor would our bees permit a person to abstract their hard earnings without vigorously defending their property and severely stinging intruders.

Samson gave a riddle pertaining to the lion and the bees on a subsequent visit to the Philistines, and his young wife gave his visitors the solution, at which he was displeased, and the spirit of the Lord coming upon him, he went down to Ashkelon and slew thirty-seven men, and took their spoil and garments and divided them among those who solved the riddle, and his wife was also given away. It seems a little singular that the spirit of the Lord coming upon him should make him so murderous; but in those days God appears to have been particularly bloodthirsty. Slaughter and carnage seemed to please him better than anything else.

Samson's fox trick is worthy of notice. Wishing to injure the Philistines he caught three hundred foxes and tied them together, tail to tail, and placed a firebrand between every two tails, and after he had lighted the brands he let them go, and they ran through grain fields, setting fire to, and burning all the grain in shocks, all the standing grain and the vineyards and olives as well. Were this story anywhere else than in the Bible it would be pronounced silly and incredible. It is hardly probable a man could catch three hundred foxes, no matter how strong he might be. They are extremely shy and difficult to catch, and a man can hardly be found who could catch a single fox by himself, much less three hundred, and they to stand still while he tied their tails together and

attached firebrands to them. It was cruel on the foxes, to say the least. It is not very likely standing grain, vineyards, and olive trees would be set on fire, even if foxes should thus run through them. Growing vines and trees are not easy to ignite. The sap in the twigs and green leaves renders them quite incombustible, and a brand going swiftly by would hardly affect them. The Philistines to be avenged for this cruel wrong took Samson's wife and her father and burned them with fire, all of which we should call a burning shame.

Samson greatly distinguished himself when his brethren bound him with strong cords and delivered him to his enemies, when he suddenly burst the cords and with the jaw-bone of an ass slew one thousand of them. It was indeed an *ass*-tonishing feat, and never before or since was an ass' jaw-bone known to do such service. What those thousand men were doing while a single man was beating them to death with a jaw-bone we can hardly imagine. It would seem some of them ought to have been able to get in a blow once in a while. That jaw-bone must have been a peculiar one, for after beating a thousand men to death with it, Samson being exhausted and thirsty, asked the Lord for a drink, whereupon "God clave a hollow in the jaw, and there came water thereout" and Samson refreshed himself. It is not often jaw-bones can be found with such fountains of water in them. That specimen of jaw-bone seemed capable of dispensing both life and death. The ass that owned it must have been remarkable, and the jaw-bone still more so.

Samson was probably satisfied with these achievements, for twenty years passed before we hear anything further relative to his feats of strength, until he went to Gaza and had intercourse with a prostitute, and when the Gazites would catch him, at midnight he got up and walked off with the gates and gate-posts of the city as an ordinary man would with an armful of oven-wood.

Like most men in modern times, he had a decided fondness for women, and they got him into great trouble. He fell in love with a fancy woman named Delilah and was fond of dallying with her, and going to sleep with his head in her lap. After a number of trials on her part to learn where his great strength lay, he misled her on several occasions, she at length wheedled him into divulging the secret that his great strength lay in his hair; so when he was again asleep she called in a barber or hair-cutter and had his head shaved clean, and alas, when he awoke he found his strength was gone. The Philistines easily took him and plucked his eyes out, bound him with fetters and made him grind in the prison-house.

But his hair at length grew out again, and he became strong as before; and when the Philistines gathered together in great numbers to offer sacrifice to their God, and to rejoice that he had delivered Samson unto them, he was called by the people to make sport for them.

He was placed between the main pillars of the temple; and while the building was full of men and women and three thousand were on the roof, he took one pillar in his right hand and the other in his left, and bowed himself with all his might, and the house fell upon the lords and upon the people, completely crushing them to death, and himself also.

Now we are free to say we do not believe this remarkable narration, which is detailed by an unknown person, with no corroboration or substantiation save that found in the Jewish scriptures. We do not believe the man ever lived who was able to take the columns of a large temple, one in each hand, and hurl the structure to the ground. It is too big a story for our credulity to accept as truth. There have been many strong, muscular men in the world, but none capable of performing such a feat as that, though their hair was ten feet in length. By the by, it is not in keeping with the known physiological laws that hair imparts immense strength, or that the loss of it produces weakness. There is no special connection between the hair and the muscles. The hair is a desirable covering for the head, and when well dressed is regarded as an ornament, and in health usually grows luxuriantly, but it was never known to impart muscular strength. 'Tis safe to judge of the past by what is known of the present.

Samson is often said to be a plagiarism or

copy of Hercules, who was also a mythical character, to whom was imputed very remarkable strength, and who performed astonishing feats. In his infancy while still in the cradle he is said to have strangled venomous serpents, which the jealous Hera sent to destroy him. He is also famed for twelve prodigious exploits performed by himself called "labors," among which were the slaying of a hydra, a boar, a lion, the harpies and other monsters. He had a big club which he is said to have wielded in a most fearful manner. The cleansing of the Augean stables was a feat which has immortalized him. We see there are some points of resemblance between Hercules and Samson, especially in the leonine part of their history. Both had slain their lions. Both also seemed to have been susceptible to the influence of the softer sex. Hercules was enslaved by a passion for Omphale of Lydia who made him spin for her and wear her clothes. The influence she exercised over him was much the same that Delilah wielded over Samson; thus we see the strongest men are liable in some points to become very weak. Hercules was said to have come to his death by putting on a poisoned shirt given him as a love-charm by his false wife, who had received it from the centaur Nessus.

With the exception of Samson's last feat of pulling the temple down on the heads of ten thousand people with three thousand more upon the roof, Hercules was undoubtedly the greater man of the two, but in that crowning exploit in Samson's career there can be no doubt he threw Hercules completely into the shade. There is an old saying that "the one who tells the last story has the advantage."

While we accord to every person the right to believe either in Hercules or Samson if they choose to do so, we claim for ourselves the right to doubt. We cannot see that we have any more ground to believe there were such men, than Jack the giant-killer, or Sinbad the Sailor. Some unknown writers have stated that such persons once lived, and that is all we know about them. We are at liberty to believe in them, or not just as the proof strikes us. We of course will have to be classed among the unbelievers.

Christianity Examined.

NO. VII.

In our previous articles in this series, we have shown conclusively that the Christian religion had its prototype in India from one to three thousands years prior to the present era. We have seen that the name even of the Savior that the Hindoos worshiped at least four thousand years ago, was nearly the same in orthography and character as the head of the Christian Church. The incidents of their reputed origin, birth, life and death are very similar. We have seen also that the dogmas of the Christian religion were taught in India many centuries earlier than in Palestine. The crucifixion, the symbol of the cross, the monastery and many rites practiced by the Church were borrowed from the East.

All this, coupled with the great obscurity of the birth and life of Jesus, renders his existence problematical and mythical. It will be remembered he never wrote a line of his own life and history, and all we have touching the fact of such a person having lived is what we get from the four "evangelists," and when the facts of the case are duly considered, their testimony stands greatly in need of confirmation. There is no record that such books as Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were in existence till near two centuries after the time Jesus is said to have been born. Irenæus is the first Christian writer who refers to either of them, or mentions them, and that when the second century was well advanced. This is certainly presumptive evidence that they were not written or known till a long time after Jesus and those who lived at the time it is claimed he was on earth, were all dead and passed away. It must be seen at a glance that the authenticity of these books is of a very doubtful character, and much needs confirming before they can be taken as proof. In the early part of the Christian era numerous gospels were in existence, and many of them were known before the four gospels in the New Testament, but they were condemned as unreliable and uncanonical, and soon passed from notice. These facts prove that the writing of "gos-

pels" was attempted by many persons, and that none of them were credible or trustworthy.

It is a most singular circumstance, if such a person as Jesus had an actual existence, and performed such wonderful miracles as raising the dead, making the dumb to talk, the blind to see and the lame to walk; if at his crucifixion the earth rent in twain and the sun was darkened three hours; if the dead who had been in their graves came forth and walked again with their former companions; if Jesus himself rose from the dead, and after remaining forty days with his disciples, then, in broad daylight, and in the sight of a large concourse of people, ascended up to heaven—we say if all these things occurred, it is singular no contemporaneous historians mentioned any of these facts. Though they were not Christians, they should have alluded to some of these events at least, and their not doing so casts additional suspicion upon the truthfulness of the story. True, in the writings of Josephus there is a single clause, detached and disconnected from the main text, saying, in substance, that about this time one Jesus lived and taught a new doctrine, and attracted some attention in Judea; but it is now admitted by the best Hebrew and Christian authorities, that this passage was never written by Josephus, but that it was interpolated into his writings without his authority and long after he was dead. The forgery is attributed to Eusebius, bishop of Cæsarea, one of the distinguished Christian Fathers, and who admitted he deemed it right to use falsehood and deception if good could be accomplished by it, and the true faith be established.

When we remember that all the early Christian writings were produced or manipulated by designing, unscrupulous men, who hesitated not to use fraud, if thereby they could accomplish their purpose, it is not strange if the confidence of those who understand the facts is shaken in the reliability of such early records.

That the system of Christianity is made up of Judaism and Paganism, is easily demonstrated. Its Deity, *Jehovah*, it took from Judaism, its *Moses*, its *prophets* and its *sacred writings* it took from the same source. Its *Devil* and *hell* it got partly from Judaism and partly from Paganism—the latter being doubtless the original source whence Judaism obtained it. The doctrine of the *trinity*, an incarnated son of God, a vicarious atonement by death on the cross, are of Pagan origin. The idea of a life of self-denial, abstemiousness and deprivation was borrowed from the Therapeuts and Essenes that existed in Syria, Egypt, and somewhat in Judea long before the time of Christ.

Into this composite creed was also blended some of the doctrines of Plato and other Grecian philosophers. That this was the fact, we will substantiate by a few quotations from some of the early Christian writers and "Fathers."

Justin Martyr, born in the first century, after studying the philosophies of Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle and Zeno, became a Christian, and in his "Apology," addressed to Antoninus Pius, says: "If, then, we hold some opinions near akin to those of the poets and philosophers in most repute among you, why are we thus unjustly hated? For, in saying that all things were made in this beautiful manner by God, what do we seem to say more than Plato? When we teach a general conflagration, what do we teach more than the Stoics? By declaring the Logos, the first begotten of God, our master Jesus Christ, to be born of a virgin, without any human mixture, to be crucified and dead, and to have risen again and ascended into heaven, we say no more in this than what you say of those whom you style the sons of Jove. For you need not be told what number of sons the writers most in vogue among you assign to Jove. There is Mercury, Jove's interpreter, Æsculapius, Bacchus and Hercules. As to the Son of God, called Jesus, should we allow him to be no more than man, yet the title of the Son of God is very justifiable on account of his wisdom, considering you have your Mercury in worship under the title of the Word and Messenger of God. As to our Jesus being born of a virgin, you have your Perseus to balance that; as to his curing the lame, the paralytic and such as were cripples from their birth, this is little more than what you say of your Æsculapius."

Tertullian, a noted Father recognizing the similar-

ity between heathenism and Christianity, tried to cast the plagiarism thus upon the heathens. "The heathens, from a design of curiosity put our doctrines into their works."

Melito, Bishop of Sardio in Lybia, in writing to Marcus Antoninus, said: "The philosophy which we profess truly flourished aforetime, but having blossomed again in the great reign of Cæsar Augustus, thy ancestor, it proved to be above all things ominous of good for thy kingdom."

Origen, the most eminent among the Christian Fathers, admitted the same thing in his reply to Celsus.

St. Clement of Alexandria, wrote in the same vein.

Eusebius, most conspicuous among the early Fathers, hesitated not to admit the same facts, by saying, "Christianity reveals nothing new to mankind," and explains the same upon the hypothesis that "the Devil stole the Christian doctrines and gave them to the Pagan poets and philosophers." In his Ecclesiastical History, Book I. chap. 4, he asserted that the religion of Christ contained nothing new or strange, and that all good men who had lived in the past were good Christians.

We will defer further quotations at this time, but many more of early Christian authorities can be adduced to the effect that they did not claim the Christian religion to be *new*, but to be made up of the systems which had preceded it.

Investigating Spiritualism.

We have received the following letter from a patron:

VISTULA, IND., March 16th. 1875.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: In your issue for March 1st, I noticed an account of your visit to Dr. Slade, the medium. There are several persons in this neighborhood who would be pleased to have you give Spiritualism a thorough investigation, and if it be a humbug, we should all very much like to know it; and if there is a reality in it, let us know that too. Visit Slade, Mansfield and all such mediums and watch well their *modus operandi* of Spiritual manifestations, and let us know "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

If you will give Spiritualism a thorough investigation, I am certain you will greatly augment the circulation of your paper in all parts of the country. Yours for the cause of Truth and Liberal principles,

DELBERT S. IVINS.

We respectfully reply to our friend. In the first place, we have not the time to visit all the mediums in this city and investigate them. It requires our attention sixteen hours a day to the duties we have assumed in getting up this sheet, worthy the attention of our numerous readers, together with the various details connected therewith.

Secondly, we have not the disposition to run after mediums. With all due respect to our Spiritualistic friends, we must say, as a rule we regard it as a waste of time and money. We are satisfied there are honest and worthy mediums in whom confidence can be placed, but the thousand and one of them all over the country who are puffing and advertising themselves as remarkable "test mediums," "healing mediums," "writing mediums," "speaking mediums," "trance mediums," "materializing mediums," "inspirational mediums," "physical mediums," and numerous other kinds of mediums, and who are trying their best to induce people to run after them and "shell out" their money to them, are enough to disgust the sensible portion of the public with the whole business. There is so often a species of charlatany and pretension connected with it, as to be positively nauseating to candid people.

We have much to say in favor of Spiritualists. Many of them have had the moral bravery to come out in opposition to the superstitions of olden times and pronounce in favor of truth and progress. They are an active, enthusiastic people, willing to work in earnest in advancing free thought, and they have accomplished more than any other element in our country in exposing and breaking down the tyranny of priestcraft and superstition. The majority of them are good Liberals, but from many of them we are compelled to differ. We think Spiritualists, as a class, are gullible, and too readily swallow whatever purports to come from spirits or the spirit world. On the other hand, we presume many Materialists are too "hard-headed," prejudiced and unfair. We have

come to think an unbeliever can be bigoted as really as an Orthodox. A true liberal sentiment toward those who differ from us, and who arrive at opposite conclusions from ourselves, is a difficult achievement to accomplish.

We entertain the conviction that there is something real in what are called "spiritual manifestations." Though a large portion of it may be "bogus," there is often a force apparent that cannot be ignored. Whether these phenomena are produced by spirits, or whether they are the result of subtle powers of the mind and will, not yet fully understood, is a problem still unsolved.

We have to report a second visit to Dr. Slade, with a friend, when demonstrations occurred similar to those which took place at our first visit, with this addition—we placed ourselves upon the table, while Dr. Slade and our friend held their hands upon the top of it. We soon began to feel ourselves raised. We were three times lifted clear of the floor, table and all, and when we came down the jar was very perceptible, as if we had dropped a little distance. Our avoirdupois being one hundred and sixty-five pounds, the lift for the invisible power, whatever it may be, was not inconsiderable. The names of our father and other deceased friends were written on the slate, without out any visible hand touching the slate. We satisfied ourselves there was no trickery about the table, and that the lifting was fairly done. What the power is that performs the work, we do not pretend to say. As there is an intelligence connected with the manifestations, which seems not to be controlled by persons present, the Spiritualistic theory appears the more rational one; but the difficulty of understanding how a spirit can exist after the body is dead, how human beings, whose beginnings as individual organizations date back but a few decades become immortal, has not yet been surmounted.

Admitting, however, for the moment, that we are immortal—that we have a continued existence after this coarser body is laid in the grave, it by no means proves that we ought to spend our time in straining our eyes to see what is "beyond," or to be running after every person who pretends to be a "medium" to try and find out what and where the other world is. The accounts we get are so contradictory and often so absurd that it is idle to place confidence in them. With all that mediums can tell us; with all that spirits—so-called—can impart to us, we really know little about the "other life," and cannot, until we go there.

While our home is in this world, our work and our duty are here. There is enough in sight that we can easily know and comprehend to occupy all our earthly life, all our powers and abilities, without seeking to look into another world. It is far wiser to live for this life, while we are in it, to devote all our energies and all our strength to improving the condition of ourselves and those around us, than to give any considerable portion of our time in trying to discover what the future life has in store for us. There is great need in this world of suffering humanity, in the imperfect conditions of the race, the numerous defects of society, the wants of the poor, the needy and the ignorant to occupy all our time, all our benevolent motives and aspirations, all our attention, all our talents and all our strength without diverting our thoughts to that which is entirely beyond the reach of our vision.

Instead of living for the other world, let us live for *this*. Let us try to improve it to the extent of our power, and to make it as near a heaven as possible. Let us try to elevate ourselves, and to benefit our fellow beings in every way we can. If every person would make it his business to beautify this world and to contribute to the happiness of those living in it, it would certainly be a most excellent way to pass our lives, and if there is another existence after this, in no way can we better prepare ourselves for it, than in doing the best we can while here.

Science is what the world needs to-day—knowledge that will teach us how to live this life usefully, healthfully and happily. We need practical, worldly, every-day, matter-of-fact knowledge pertaining to the things of this life, far more than about angels or the spirits of our grandmothers, the kind of food

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

(Continued from No. 13.)

The Jews and their God.

BY ISAAC PADEN.

CHAPTER VII.

The idea that progression is limited to this life is a small idea of a God. As for the present condition of things, the character and standing of mediums, together with the spirit world and the manifestations therefrom. Kind reader, if you will grant us the privilege of presenting to you our best mediums, and the best spiritual manifestations, the same as has been done with the Jewish records, (rejecting thousands,) we give you a record corresponding with civilization, far in advance of that of the past, beaming with love and good-will to man, flowing forth from the spiritual mansions of heaven to the elevation of man on earth.

We now sum up our case, and after a thorough search we fail to find evidence in favor of the Jews and their God, in a moral or refined sense, "and why should we, if our positions be true?" But in shedding of human blood, and the destruction of life and property, if this be a proof of greatness and moral goodness, we yield the point. But as this is no credit to man in civilization, how can it be to a God? A king or ruler that kills off at least one-half of his subjects to frighten the other half into obedience, and fails at that, proves he lacks wisdom, and is not worthy to be a ruler. This is our honest logical conclusion, *theology with all its anathemas notwithstanding.*

Here our Christian friends may meet us by claiming we are judging God in the capacity of a man, which is not a parallel case, "for God's ways are not man's ways, neither are man's ways God's ways." This we cheerfully admit, but ask, where is the difference? Are God's ways above or below man's ways? Can a king do an act that would disgrace a subject and not tarnish his own character? We think not. We readily admit, man and his ways are far below God and his ways; similar to that of a child and its father. Should a father stoop to do childish acts, he would degrade himself and dishonor his fatherhood. This claim, when properly applied, adds proof to our position.

We also admit, to charge Abraham, Moses and all the Jewish prophets are lying impostors, who speak of spiritual personages, is that which we are not warranted to do under the existing circumstances. It would give the lie to all nations, including many individuals whose characters, for truth and veracity, are above impeachment, such as Job, Zoroaster, Cicero, Plato, Socrates, Confucius and many others among the heathen nations, and many worthy men in our day, such as Swedenborg, Judge Edmonds and thousands of others, all men of truth, who say they saw and conversed with spiritual personages face to face.

On the other hand, to say all that the Jews claimed is strictly true applied to Deity, is equally unwarranted and absurd. The first gives the lie to truthful men of all nations, past and present; the latter would be absurd and a disgrace to a civilized God, and has no corroborating evidence.

Therefore the chain of three positions is before us. First. Discard all human testimony, past and present, in relation to the existence of spiritual personages and spirit power.

Second. That God, whose power and greatness fills immensity of space, was, and is, (unless changed) subject to all the passions and attributes of an uncivilized and savage king of the lowest grade.

Third. That the statement of the Jews, together with other nations, in reference to the existence of spiritual personages and spirit power are in the main true, inasmuch as it accords with the claims of this our day.

Therefore, taking all things into consideration, past and present, we assume the responsibility to say the Jews were mistaken in their *man-God*, the personage who appeared to Abraham, Moses and others, and by them seen and talked with, appearing in every sense a man, in form, shape, size and features, and in fact was a man having only passed into spirit life, possessing a spiritual body, yet grasped for more power and affluence, with the sole object of excelling all other Gods like himself.

This accounts for his jealousy. A God who is Almighty, in fact has nothing to be jealous of; jealousy arises only where there is fear of rivalry. This man-God idea runs throughout Christendom, as well as heathendom, as can be seen as to the man Jesus, who is now a spiritual personage, and by the Christians declared to be their God, claiming his presence in spirit in their revival meetings, similar to that of the Hindus and other nations do for their God. As for justice and moral goodness, the Christians have no reason to be ashamed of their God [Jesus Christ]; that which he taught and practiced was, in every sense, a great improvement in moral goodness, as well as in civilization. Nowhere is he heard cursing the earth for man's sake, neither do we hear of him bragging, "I am a man of war; I shall stir up jealousy like a man of war." "Yea, I will cry like a woman in travail to destroy and devour at once; I am a jealous God, and vengeance is mine, and I will repay." "I will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear com-

eth." What can be more savage? Such a disposition carried out would disgrace a Nero.

King George of England, whom our fathers rebelled against in all his tyranny, was far in advance in civilization to this. But Jesus, unlike the Jewish God, his teachings were seasoned with moral goodness and universal brotherhood. Should his worshipers be more like him, they would be more consistent; but, as it is, they mix up their God with the Jewish God, and call the plural *one*. Thus you see a mixture of brotherly love and human kindness combined with hate, bigotry, persecution, hell and endless damnation. It is quite common for theologians to quote all the law and dastardly acts and sayings of the heathen nations and their gods, without calling in question their many good acts and sayings, in order to give favor on the side of the Jews and their God. This is unfair and dishonest on the part of theology.

Be assured, kind reader, the imperfections of the heathen nations (as they are called) and their Gods did not exceed that of the Jews and their God; neither did the moral goodness and human kindness of the Jews and their God excel that of the heathen. But it is reasonable to believe many of those whom the Jews and Christians call "blind heathens," will stand before the judgment seat of justice on equal grounds with many who acknowledge the Jewish God and call Abraham their father. In this have I not got the man Jesus to back me, who said to the Jews, it would be more tolerable (that is, better) for Sodom and Gomorrah (two Gentile or heathen cities that had been engulfed by a fiery volcano) than for you Jews. Having now, dear reader, presented to your views a position, perhaps somewhat new or strange, and upon first thought may appear absurd; nevertheless, I have written out a few thoughts on this important subject with care and honest candor, knowing, assuredly, there is a mistake of great magnitude in the claims of theology. But if that which I have written does not carry upon its face a reconciliation of the sayings and doings of the Jews and their God, that no other position can do, then you may condemn. But if I have done honor to the God of the Universe, by discharging him of the authorship of so many low and degrading acts, charged by the Jews to their God, which would be a disgrace to any man or king in civilization, please give me credit for that at least. I have no anathema, to pronounce upon you for your disbelief, should you do so, neither have I praise or reward to bestow for your adhering to my theory; I consider you are your own master in this matter, and it is each and every one's individual right to exercise their best judgment. Therefore pause, reflect, consult justice, true honor and honesty, seasoned with good common sense; then decide.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Romance of Worlds.

Not quite a hundred years ago, an English astronomer found a world. It was christened *Herschel*.

Somebody, or somebody else has been and done and gone and nicknamed that world *Uranus*.

I think that somebody, or somebody else was very presuming.

Astronomers discover that this Johnny Bull world, not wholly unlike some folks in general, was subject to periodic flirtations—and noted them.

The immortal Leverrier, taking range by the notes, so pointed the long glasses as to detect the attractor, and behold another world!! of the feminine persuasion, I suppose. Right here I am minded of my own experience—early childhood experience.

On the top of a barn, a little girl, some years below her teens, dressed like a little lady, attracted my attention. Full of glee, she glided from eaves to ridges, and back and forth in all directions like a squirrel and a bird. Her love of adventure was at high carnival.

"Great souls,

By nature half-divine, soar to the stars

And hold near acquaintance with the gods."

Children and youth love as angels. May be worlds do so.

"The angels watch the good and innocent,

And where they gaze, it must be glorious."

Was Miss Landon wide of the mark in saying:

"Love is of heavenly birth,

But turns to death on touching earth?"

Among the didactics of my childhood was the following:

"The greatest pleasure in life is Love." Who will say it is not?

Does Love turn to dust on touching earth? An important question! My sainted mother taught me to keep it on the wing. No use, of course, to put me on the witness-stand.

What, for near a score of centuries, has been palmed upon the world as *Religion*, is now on trial before the tribunal of enlightened public sentiment. The next question on the calendar, to be brought before that high court of Judicature, is, can *Love*—the genuine article—touch earth, the animal plane, and retain its vitality?

'Tis not mine to say who shall take the witness-stand, nor that they *will* or *will not* be competent before the expiration of the honey-moon.

As in the Religion aforesaid, the cloak of *imputed*

righteousness is in requisition, to cover over a multitude of sins, who can say and speak advisedly, that the so-called "holy bands of matrimony" are not desecrated by practices not nominated in the bond to reproduce the likeness of God? And who can say that much of such desecration is not the result of abnormal passions, superinduced by unphysiological meats, drinks and narcotics?

Will it always be so? It will not. The old earth must pass away, as well as the old heavens. The elements are already melting with fervent heat. We must have a new earth, as well as new heavens—a new reproductive order, wherein the highest trust vouchsafed to man will be held sacred—free from contamination.

Love, of a second quality, may touch this new earth and retain a measure of vitality.

Love, of the first quality, exists in the new heavens only. PRENTISS.

Abbot's "New Views" in Denial of the Doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER:—Mr. Abbot says that the unexpected interest taken in his criticisms, on Tyndall and Spencer, will possibly embolden him to express some "new views" in support of his absolute denial of the doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge, and the distinction on which it rests, of *noumena* and *phenomena*, with special reference to Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable. He says that Spencer has borrowed the foundation of his doctrine "in substance directly from Sir W. Hamilton." Hamilton says, that the "great axiom," that the reality existing behind all appearances is, and ever must be, unknown, has been subscribed to by every thinker of note, from Protagoras to Kant; but, Abbot says, all these thinkers, to whom may be added Tyndall, Owen, Max Mueller and Stuart Mill, have run their "heads into a mudbank for the purpose of seeing the world to greater advantage;" and, he says, "whoever can detect the flimsiness of those portions of Hamilton's philosophy, which Spencer has made the essential basis of his own philosophy, will see that it will not stand."

Already it has become not modified but rejected by every thinker "who refuses to juggle with Spencer's "empty gibberish" about the Unknowable.

Abbot says that the present state of science, as to whether we know, or merely infer, the existence of an external world, and what the objects composing it really are in themselves, demands a new philosophy "to advance it beyond the bog in which it seems just now stuck fast." On these great philosophical problems, he says, the great religious questions of the day really turn, viz: Does God exist, or not? and if God exists, can man know God? Tyndall in his late address "craved the gracious patience" of his audience, while he made a brief reference to the doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge. Quoting Mill, who said that "the question of an external world is the great battle-ground of metaphysicians, and who affirmed that all we *know* of external objects is that there are "permanent possibilities of sensation," from which we *infer* that their cause is an external reality? Tyndall remarks, that when I say that I see you, and that I can check my sight by touching you, Kant and Mill would tell him that he is "transgressing the limits of fact;" for all that he is really conscious of is, that his optic nerves, and the nerves of his hand have undergone a change; that all that he sees and touches, tastes and smells are merely variations in his own condition. "That anything answering to our impressions exists out of ourselves is not a *fact*, but an *inference*, to which all validity would be denied by an Idealist like Berkeley, or by a skeptic like Hume;" and, Tyndall says, "it is by no means easy to combat such notions."

But while Tyndall cannot deny that this is the extent of his consciousness, he has the conviction that his states of consciousness are caused by external objects, and Mill, and others, wish merely to insist on the limits of what is really *knowable*. Tyndall says that "Spencer takes another line. With him, as with the uneducated man, there is no question or doubt as to the existence of an external world. But he differs from the uneducated, who think that the world really is what consciousness represents it to be. [Spencer says.] Our states of consciousness are mere symbols of an outside entity, which produces them, and determines their order of succession, but the real nature of which we can never know." Abbot calls this "unmeaning jargon," and says that Tyndall is confusing the public mind with it.

Abbot rejects the doctrine of the Hypothetical Realists, who are divided by Hamilton into two classes, one of which held that the immediate object of perception is a representative entity present to the mind, and not a mere mental modification; among them are Democritus, Epicurus, Malebranche, Berkeley, Clark, and Newton. The other class held that the immediate object of perception is a representative modification of the mind itself; which means the same as Mill means in explaining his idea of the Relativity of Knowledge, "that our knowledge of objects, and even our fancies about objects, consist of nothing but the sensations which they excite, or which we imagine them exciting in us. The mind forms a representation of the object, but the representation

formed is obviously unlike the object. This has been said by Platonists, by Leibnitz, Arnauld, Descartes, (probably) Locke, Kant, and Brown; but according to Abbot all these thinkers, as well as Tyndall and Spencer, have run their heads into a mudbank, and so cannot see, as he does, that things external are knowable as they are in themselves.

Abbot says that the doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge, has been borrowed from Kant by Hamilton, by Mansell from Hamilton, and by Spencer from Mansell, and that the method of illustrating it has degenerated at each remove. It is certain that Hamilton introduced perplexity into the subject, for now—he clearly asserted it, and then argued against it; but Spencer has restored the doctrine in accordance with the original purpose of Kant, which was to define the limitations of knowledge, and to prove the relativity of all conceptions. Mill says “that the doctrine for which Hamilton has been so often praised, and nearly as often attacked, was only verbally held by him,” and that it was not “the matured conviction of a scientific mind.” “In metaphysics he was too often a polemic, rather than a connected thinker,” who would snatch up any doctrine as a weapon to strike a hard blow at an opponent, though it shook the foundation of his own philosophy. If he once held the doctrine of the Relativity of all Knowledge, viz: that, “Of things absolutely, or in themselves, be they external or internal, we know nothing;” that, “as substances, we know not what Matter is, and are ignorant of what is Mind;” he afterwards, as Mill says, when it had served his purpose, abandoned it, and “did hold, as one of the main elements of his philosophic creed, the opposite doctrine, of an immediate knowledge of external things, in certain of their aspects as they are in themselves, absolutely.”

Abbot resembles Hamilton, in some of his modes, more than Spencer does. Abbot denies “absolutely the doctrine of the Relativity of all Knowledge,” but says to “absolute certitude we make no pretence;” he admits that from the imperfections of our faculties, our knowledge of objects must necessarily be incomplete; but incomplete knowledge is knowledge; “and that the philosophy that resolves it into ignorance is a mockery of intelligence.” If Abbot does not, as Hamilton did, regard Belief as superior to Knowledge, he uses them as equivalent terms. Hamilton says, “We know the external world.” If asked how do we know that our perception of an external and extended object is numerically different from us? or how do we know that it is not a mere mode of mind (or modification of the nervous system) illusively presented to us as a mode of matter? Hamilton says we do not know that the object, we are compelled to perceive as not-self, is not a perception of self; but on reflection, from an original necessity of our nature, we believe that the object is external. (All the advocates of the Relativity of Knowledge admit, with Hume, that we have “beliefs as to external objects,” and frame all our actions upon our beliefs, but they make the distinction that belief is not knowledge.) Mill says, “With Hamilton, Belief is ultimate, is a higher source of evidence than Knowledge,” which is derivative and rests on Beliefs. How can knowledge rest on mere belief? Mill says, that in common language Knowledge means complete conviction. Belief incomplete conviction; and that a philosophy, which, in opposition to common usage, bestows upon a less certain conviction the appellation of knowledge, is an example how mere forms of logic and metaphysics can blind mankind to the total absence of their substance. This is what Abbot appears to do on this subject.

Abbot says, Science “means that the human mind is in a directly cognitive relation to the realities of nature,” but how to explain this direct knowledge “is a question too profound to be raised here; but the general position, at least, it is quite time to state when such able and ingenious writers as Youmans and Fiske” undertake to defend the feeble and valueless part of Spencer's system which deals with the Unknowable, I think that it is quite time that Abbot expressed his “new views of ‘Noumena and Phenomena’” in relation to the doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge, to help the philosophers to get their heads out of the mudbank into which they have run them.

Buechner is one of the thinkers who has avoided this. He says that Modern Science has taken the first step in the doctrine of a Philosophical Realism, of “the true essence of things”; and that it is incomprehensible how so acute a thinker as Lange can oppose Materialism, and support Kant's distinction of noumena (things in themselves) and phenomena (their appearances in our various states of consciousness). Now what is Modern Science? Abbot says, “Science is a fact of more importance than the mere co-ordination of seriated states of consciousness.” But even Lewes, who is an apostate on this question, shows that science is but a colligation of a series of states of consciousness. Buechner says that “Philosophical Materialism has driven Philosophical Spiritualism out of the field, and that is now skulking alone in the hope of regaining lost territory.” Buechner would call Abbot's doctrine Philosophical Spiritualism.

Lewes, in his “Problems of Life and Mind,” rejects inconsistently, I think, Kant's distinction of noumena and phenomena, except as a convenient artifice in classification, but he does not deny the Relativity of

Knowledge. He says that those who yearn for knowledge not relative, and affirm that the doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge is a cheat and a sham, as Abbot says it is, “cheat themselves with phrases.” Relative Knowledge, he says, is all we need, and that a science or co-ordination of appearances is sufficient for all our wants; and it is all we have. Lewes does not see that Philosophy gains any refuge from difficulties by invoking the Unknowable, though it may admit its existence. He agrees with those who reject Spiritualism, and with those who reject Materialism, but does not agree with them in their conclusion that we know nothing of Mind or Matter; he believes, as Tyndall does, that Mind is a function of Matter; and he says that we know a good deal of both. Abbot says that Matter and Mind may prove to be one—to be but the manifestations of an Omnipresent Energy, or “the Executive side” of a God of reason and of goodness. Do you understand that?

Yours, respectfully, JOHN CHAPPELLSMITH.
New Harmony, Ind., March 10th, 1875.

The Christianity of Poland.

Poland is perhaps the most benighted, be-clouded, be-priested, be-crossed and be-crucified country I know of. The people are better provided with crucifixes and images than with food. Bread used to be, and still is a luxury with most of the working class and peasants. Their principal food consists of the roughest kind, such as soups, called *baszaz*, with potatoes and cabbage. But often they have not even that, although food is what we should consider very cheap; potatoes, for instance, are not quite half a shilling per bushel. The people are moneyless, except among the aristocracy. It is enough for them to have religion, and it is not surprising that they are physically starving.

You cannot walk a distance of twenty rods without seeing some rough piece of besmeared wood, with a bit of muslin or rag over it perhaps, before which old and young prostrate themselves, and worship it as the Virgin Mary. On the road corners you will find three crosses, representing Jesus and his two dishonest companions. On the cross of Jesus you find a hammer, pinchers, dagger and other instruments of torture; also, thirty pieces of silver, showing, I suppose, what a fool Judas was for selling Jesus so very cheap. But the priests now make Jesus pretty dear to their adherents. In towns of five or six thousand inhabitants, there may be found ten or twelve churches, each of a different order. You see monks coming out of their convents on market days, to get a few farthings from the peasants. You see beggars, blind, lame and dumb, in the market, some playing fiddles and singing the praises of the Virgin. Most of the time the priest is engaged in praying for the souls of the departed friends of those who drop him a farthing. But the approach of a new comer causes him, even in the midst of a prayer, to leave it unfinished for the fresh comer. The Polishman, having to pass a church, takes his hat off a considerable distance before reaching it, and sometimes crosses himself. The Jew, equally superstitious, stops his ears as he passes the church lest he should hear the blasphemous Christian organ.

In this country almost all the Catholics go once or twice on a pilgrimage to a city called Czestachow, it being to the Virgin what Jerusalem was to Jehovah. In that city the priests play tricks upon the people, which they call miracles. These pilgrims are of the poorest class, and sometimes go hundreds of miles on foot. The sick, the blind and the afflicted are among the number. Some die by the way—these are supposed to have been unworthy of entering the sacred city. Some die after entering, and go to heaven. Some come back uncured, and remain to be converted and cured by miracles.

The shops must be closed on holy days and while funerals pass. No Jew dare show himself on the days when processions pass the streets. Many a time have I seen a Jew caught in some corner by these pious savages and killed or terribly maimed, but they were never called to account for it. This state of things lasted till after the Polish Revolution in 1864.

Although these people are so pious, they know little about what the book of *holy absurdities* contains. They are not acquainted with the following stories: About the Lord coming down to have a cup of tea and a piece of veal at Abraham's house, and disputing with his wife about the wonderful pickling of Mrs. Lot; the indecent angels entering into Lot's daughters; Jehovah curing the world by a cold bath; Noah's celebrated menagerie; Jacob wrestling with God, and God getting exhausted, asking Jacob to let him go home, but Jacob having the Jewish instinct for bargaining, and perceiving at the same time that Jehovah had no breeches on, and could consequently have no money about him, asked for a blessing; Moses' excellent little boat on the River Nile; the holy ass perceiving an angel and questioning Balaam; the species of clumsy foxes that could so easily be caught by an old Nazarite—a species that even Mr. Darwin has failed to discover, for he only knows of swift ones; a son being only ten years younger than his father; the Lord's wholesale lying into Ahab; Elisha's greedy bears; Isaiah's wonderful wench, after having a child, was yet a virgin; Ezekiel's distasteful din-

ner; Jonah taking up his quarters in a whale; Solomon, the great debauchee, that puts Brigham Young to blush.

But most of the Polish Catholics are acquainted with the stories of Jesus being far from a drug store, and obliged to make his own drugs, such as the ointment of spittle and dust to cure eyes; about Peter cursing and swearing in order to fulfil a prophecy; Jesus chasing the devils into about two thousand pigs, and others of the same character.

Napanee, Ont.

MAXIMILIAN FOX.

True Reform.

The triumph of science and reason over ignorance and superstition is certain, but is it certain that under the new order of things, virtue will triumph over vice, and honesty over cunning and deceit? Is it certain that, in proportion as men become wise, they will become good? At first thought there would seem to be reason for answering these questions in the affirmative, for the light of reason alone is sufficient to teach us that wisdom and goodness are allied, and that only in their complete union and development can man attain to his highest estate and secure his truest happiness.

The problem of human destiny is, however, one that can hardly be solved by abstract reasoning. What men will do under given circumstances, can only be inferred from what they have done under other and similar circumstances, and judging thus, it is not safe either to assert that the destruction of superstitious forms of religion will assuredly lead to higher forms, or that increased intelligence will be accompanied by anything like a corresponding increase of moral perception or of virtuous living.

Man is a being in process of development from a very low condition, and his conduct at each successive stage depends upon his physical organization at that time. The brain is the organ of the mind. A man of low moral organization, however intelligent or well educated he may be, will be dishonest. You may convince him intellectually that “honesty is the best policy,” but the tendencies of his undeveloped nature will assert themselves in every moment of temptation, just as the appetite of an old toper asserts itself in spite of all his good resolutions, whenever the intoxicating cup is presented to him.

The true work of reform is that of careful and scientific culture, the culture which the parent bestows upon the child, including all pre-natal influences, and the voluntary self-culture of maturity. With persons not thus developed, the rejection of an ancient superstition only gives room for some modern one, or leads to that deplorable negative condition in which “liberalism” is but another word for indifference. Science is positive. Its true sphere is that of discovering and applying truth. It sets to work upon its own ground, erects its own structures, plants its own vineyard and enjoys the fruit of its labor. If attacked, it knows how to defend itself in short and decisive encounters, quickly returning to its appropriate work. Its boast is not that it has laid waste the fields of its neighbors, but that it has diligently cultivated its own, and its converts are not simply those who have been convinced of the unfruitfulness of their own soil, but rather those who, though measurably contented with their old homes, have looked upon the still more abundant products of a higher and more practical culture, and have thus been won over to it in the spirit of love and by the all-conquering power of reason. Laboring thus mainly to promote the good, and to exhibit its results rather than to destroy the evil, we may feel assured that when decaying forms have accomplished their full mission, and passed away, their places will be filled with something better, and that the advent of modern science shall prove in the end to have been the most glorious of all the revelations that have been made to man.

B.

Anniversary.

On Thursday, March 25th, the Land Reform Association of New York, held in the parlors of Dr. C. S. Weeks, 26th street, their 31st Anniversary of the birth of George Henry Evans, and of his conception of every human being's natural right to a share of the soil for an equal, inalienable and individual homestead, subject to no liability to become alienated by any debt, sale, tax, mortgage, etc., but only to be exchanged for each other, so as to keep every family on earth in the ownership of a home. William Rowe, President, in the chair, with J. K. Ingalls Secretary; H. Beeny, Treasurer, proceeded to business, when L. Masquerier read an address upon the merits of Evans and of the principles of Land Reform. Thomas Ainge Devry, who conceived the idea also of a man's natural right to a share of soil, (in seeing the curse of the landlอร์ดry and tenure system in his native Ireland,) at the same time with Evans, was present and gave his views on the subject. Resolutions were passed that the Land Reform measures be passed upon and discussed in the anniversary meetings as usual, and that exertions be continued to erect a monumental bust to Evans in one of our parks. Thus, while the clergy endeavor to get homes for all in heaven, we, Land Reformers, endeavor to get inalienable ones on earth, instead of alms-houses, poor-houses, prisons and soup-houses for the destitute.

L.M.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

we shall eat, the quality of dry-doods we shall wear, and the songs we shall sing when our bodies, like old John Brown's, "lie mouldering in the grave."

We have reason and intellect to guide us; let us depend on these rather than on the spirits of our grandfathers and uncles. It is a mistake to suppose spirits know better how to manage the affairs of this world than those who are living here, or that they are more competent to give advice as to worldly affairs.

We would not prohibit any one from consulting spirits who wish to do so, but we think we know some people who run after spirits and mediums about the most common affairs of life quite too much, throwing away their own judgment and setting aside their own reason. We consider this extremely unwise, and while it dwarfs the mind and sinks the individuality, it is productive of no possible good. We have noticed that those who consult the spirits on every occasion, succeed no better in business, and manage their affairs with no more discretion than those who depend solely upon their own resources.

It has been the bane of the world that its inhabitants have lived too much for another existence, while they have neglected the immediate affairs of this. The future life is all very well, if kind nature vouchsafes such a boon to us, but by all means let us defer the duties of that state until we get there, and attend instead, to the urgent demands upon us here. We repeat, in no way can we so well prepare for an after life as by doing all in our power to make this a happy one.

In ancient feticism, when extreme ignorance ruled the world, it was thought good or bad spirits presided over and controlled the affairs of life. The fears and superstitions of men were of the most degrading character. It is to be regretted if, in this advanced age, any of this miserable superstition is to be retained by those who otherwise are intelligent and enlightened.

Nay, friends, Spiritualists and Materialists alike, let us keep our minds upon the things of this life, let us find out all we can about this world and every thing that pertains to it, let us store our minds with the truths of science and all the facts of our existence. Let us aim to make life pleasant, continuous and happy, deferring the possibilities of that "shadowy land" until we can no longer remain here, and are compelled to go there on a voyage of discovery or to seek our eternal fortunes.

B. F. Underwood's Appointments.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, April 13th, 14th and 15; Oskaloosa, Iowa, April 17th and 18th; Toledo, Iowa, Apr. 19th, 20th and 21st.

He will speak next at Osceola, Red Oak and Sidney, Iowa, Lincoln, Neb., St. Joseph, Mo., and Paola and Columbus, Kan.

WE CALL THE ATTENTION of our readers to the lecture of PROF. ELSBERG in the Liberal Club Department, upon the "Plastidule Theory and Hereditary Transmission of Matter and Force." It is a very able paper, and throws new light upon a most interesting subject. Its length crowds out some articles we would have been glad to present to our friends, but we trust it will be found very interesting to our thoughtful readers, and will fully compensate for its displacement of other articles. Let none fail to read it.

WE ARE RECEIVING LETTERS from our friends condemning the unjust law passed by the late Congress, by which an embargo is laid upon the circulation of literary matter, to pander to the purse-proud monopolies called Express Companies. Outside of these companies, we doubt if there are one hundred persons in the United States in favor of the law. It is a discriminating tax upon the circulation and interchange of general intelligence wholly in conflict with the spirit of the age. It is an outrage upon the people, filching money from their pockets for the purpose of making rich corporations still richer. If members of Congress can do nothing better than pass laws against the best interests of the people, we think it would be far better for them to remain at home and save the nation the enormous sum they cost

WE publish the following as a specimen of the satisfaction felt by those who order goods from our friends, G. L. Henderson & Co.:

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W. FERGUSON, M.D.

ILLUSTRATIVE of the active demand there is for Liberal-Scientific publications, we would state that the first edition of Prof. SCHMIDT'S DESCENT AND DARWINISM, recently issued from the press of D. Appleton & Co., was exhausted within a month after its appearance. The second edition will be out in a few days. Those who have ordered from us will be served as soon as the books are to be had. It is the kind of mental pabulum that the progressive minds of the day require. It is a good book to make Infidels. Price, \$1.50; postage, 15 cents.

WE THANK THOSE FRIENDS who have taken an interest in sending in the names of new subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is cheering these hard times, when money is so scarce, to find new names coming in freely. They atone for those who have been falling away through timidity, apathy or the objection they entertain to spending the heavy sum of \$1.75 per year to assist in sustaining a struggling Liberal sheet. Friends, you can in no way advance the cause of progress and mental liberty more effectually than in contributing to the life and sustenance of such fearless publications as are aiming to unmask the crimes and absurdities of superstition and priestcraft. Let THE TRUTH SEEKER'S list grow apace.

WE at length have completed our printed list for mailing purposes. Our regular patrons will notice hereafter their papers will be addressed with printed tabs, giving also the date when their subscription expires. Those who notice they are in arrears, will much oblige us by remitting the little balance due us, so we can change the figures attached to their names to the close of the volume, or to the end of the year.

This is not intended as a dun for those residing in the "grasshopper region," upon whom we have agreed to wait till they can conveniently pay, but to those who are able to pay now.

If errors in name, location, or date are noticed, we will thank our friends to inform us of the same.

What is Music?

BY PROF. ISAAC L. RICE.

Among recent scientific and literary acquisitions we would place this new work that lies before us, fresh from the press of Appletons'. The author's answer to a question of ever increasing importance is full of new and pregnant ideas that must commend themselves to every lover of music, scientific or otherwise, being full of beautiful and grand thoughts expressed in language so plain, and clear, and free from technicalities that the most unlearned can follow them from the first inception to the conclusion.

The first portion of the work consists of ancient myths, and takes us into the history of the development of music in China, Persia, Hindoostan, Egypt and Greece. This relation is replete with interest, and carries the reader with the ease and charm of a fairy tale across the wide gulf of centuries that separates the past from the present. From these early myths, the author descends to the Middle Ages, from them to those years rich in the masters of harmony, and down to the theorists of the present day. Among these, prominence is given to Prof. Helmholtz and Herbert Spencer. The views of the latter is criticised somewhat severely, as they come in conflict with the author's own opinions.

Part second of the book is devoted to the writer's original theory concerning the mission of music and developing what it is. From the high and beautiful elevation which he looks from to answer the question, it is easy to see that he loves music with the passion of an enthusiast for an ideal mistress. It is this enthusiasm, born of love, making all labor possible, that

gives us at intervals truths wrested from the secret hiding-places of the arts.

We should like to insert some extracts from the work for the benefit of our readers, but find it in the short space we can give, an almost impossible task, the parts all being fitted together with such nice proportions that, disturbing one, the symmetry of the whole is lost. We hope this work will meet with the success its literary excellence deserves from our music-loving population. Apart from its own merits, it is brought out in the fine style that always characterizes the press-work of the Appletons.

We will be glad to send it, post-paid, to any friend who may wish it. Price, in cloth, \$1; in paper, 50 cents.

Sustaining Elder Shelton.

I noticed the late article by that Alabama parson, Elder Shelton, and agree with all thinking persons, that error will never fall beneath such blows, nor truth gain a friend. No! If argument, although it may be erroneous, cannot be met by argument, and by quiet, yet forcible reasoning—not by sledge hammer pounding—a style that throws out the hissing red hot sparks, driving away friend and foe, and leaving the "smith" alone in his glory, then we had better try and close all discussions. To my mind, Mr. Editor, your argument about the flood, the ark, its animals, etc., can be met in but one way, *i. e.*, that if it be once admitted that there is a Supreme Power—call it God or not—that if that power is intelligent and beyond all human conceptions on the extent of its forces, creative, adaptive, preservative, etc., especially if that Power created all natural laws, then all efforts to prove that the force of that Supreme Power cannot do the acts named in the Bible, must fall to the ground. The greater includes the less. If any power could create this world, could fix its planets, and also produce myriads of life evolutions, or non-animate things, then that Power could make the flood, could place and preserve the animal creation, in the ark; in fact, could do anything he desired. Why fly off to problematics, saying, that according to natural law, this or that could not be done? Why, when the Creator of the objects or things could modify, suspend, or set aside any one or more of his laws to accomplish a given result, doubt the Power or the story of its exercise? I am not compelled to say how this or that was done. The Power to do, if once admitted, absolves me from any further argument. Why, even take that "chance," which some philosophers claim as the creative or motive Power of the universe? We will find that if "chance" could create a world, chance could create a flood and do the very things that Noah did. If you say that laws of Nature, once established, are final, and the Supreme Power subject to them, I reply, where doth it so appear, who of earth's created intelligences has a right to say that the Creator is subject immovably to the created?

The very arguments you adduce to prove the falsity of the whole story, or the ground-work for your reasoning, affects my mind variously from your own. Why would it so be written, an idle tale, a false, flimsy, self-contradicting, amusing and absurd story, if it were the production of man? Well did the authors know, if it is false, that they were writing a pretended supernatural work, claiming to be from the mouth of the Supreme Power; and would men have written such a story in the expectation of its being received as true? No sir. They would have adapted it to human reason—have made it plausible and natural—to bear the severest human criticism, and not the (as you claim) self-evident, idle, nonsensical tale. It suggests to my mind its internal supernatural truth. But I have exceeded all reasonable limits. I would like to point out, in many forms, and in a general way, the truth of the Old and New Testament, but I must now close.

Cincinnati, Ohio, March 26, 1865.

CREDO.

REPLY. The ground our friend occupies appears to us unsound and untenable; neither does he seem to comprehend our position. By the "Supreme Power of the Universe" we do not mean an Individual, a Person, or a Being, but the unchangeable, irrevocable forces and laws, which were never made, never invented, never inaugurated, but are eternal and ever-existent, and hence cannot be revoked, superseded, or set aside by any power in existence. How absurd to talk about a Deity or a Supreme Power acting against himself or setting himself aside.

We think our friend entitled to a patent for his discovery how to tell when a narrative or story is of divine origin. If "false, flimsy, and contradictory," he holds it to be a proof that it is not a human production, and, per necessity, a divine one. In this way he probably sees divine beauty and truthfulness in the stories of the creation of the Universe out of nothing, in six days; of trees and plants of all kinds growing and bringing forth seeds and fruits before

there was any sun; that a snake could talk with a woman, and induce her to eat some fruit, which God caused to grow, and by which his whole plans were prostrated, and the entire world doomed to destruction and war; that God was irascible, changeable, malicious, and unjust, sometimes giving to a portion of his children the possessions that belonged to others, and, at other times, slaying them in lots of twenty thousand, fifty thousand, and seventy thousand, for the most trivial offenses; that he delighted in wars, carnage, and bloodshed; that he was filled with hatred towards the entire human family, and finally would not be appeased until his own innocent son was executed; that a man once caused the sun and moon to stand still nearly a day; that at one time no rain fell upon the earth for three years and six months; that Elijah was taken up into heaven bodily in a chariot of fire; that Jonah was swallowed whole by a fish and retained for three days—was then thrown up safe and sound; that three men were cast into a fiery furnace made seven times hotter than ever before, but they were not burned at all, and not even a thread of their garments scorched, though the men who bound them and threw them in were utterly burned up. These, and many similar extravagant statements, according to our friend's reason, must possess divine beauty and truth, for they certainly have none that is human.

By this mode of reasoning, the more improbable, monstrous, and unnatural a story is, the more likely it is to be divine and true. In this way, the adventures of Baron Munchausen, Gulliver, and Don Quixote, must be supposed to be the truest of the true and the divinest of the divine.—[Ed. T. S.]

Beauty of God's Love,

AS PORTRAYED BY CHRISTIANS.

The Rev. Mr. Wells, the well-known Secretary of the Ohio State Young Men's Christian Association, in a sermon delivered not long ago at Milan, O., used this wonderfully beautiful (?) language.

"The time is coming when Christians will love God so intensely that they will put to death even their own children who may be found holding heretical opinions."

A writer who sympathizes with the Reverend gentleman and his delectable views, makes the following remarks in the Sandusky Register:

"We not only endorse every word Mr. Wells has said, but accept the issue which they will inevitably produce. We hold he has not spoken one word we would have him recall. He has not made his speech sufficiently strong. This is the true theory of salvation founded on the Bible: 'All men are born the subjects of sin on account of Adam's transgression, and hence liable to the penalty of eternal torments.' This is God's will 'towards the finally impenitent' and the will of God's children should be so absorbed in God's will that the true Christian can say hallelujah over even the damnation of his own children."

Though it may be said that God is love, yet that love can never transcend or overbalance the justice of God, and eternal justice legitimately requires the endless punishment of the sinner. To this end John, the revelator said: "The smoke of their torment shall ascend up forever and ever."

When Christianity has had its perfect work in the human soul, it completely obliterates all affections toward our own children, and Christians become so Christly that they can say: "Thy will Oh! God be done." Which will is, that the Saints be redeemed, and the wicked eternally damned. From this logic there is no escape. Infidelity has never been able to gainsay it.

Consequently the soundness of Mr. Wells' position is clearly discernible to every clear-minded and discriminating person.

The terms heresy and unbelief are synonymous as used in the Bible, and God's Holy Book recognizes no sin as equally heinous as unbelief. To this end Christ says in the sixteenth chapter of Mark: "He that believeth not shall be damned." And if God, who is infinitely perfect, sees fit in the divine economy of his grace to damn heretics and unbelievers, we as his imitators may be justifiable in putting to death our own children, as brother Wells teaches, if they obstinately refuse the "overtures of mercy," going on in wicked ways, and leading others to that perdition "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." ONE WHO ACCEPTS HIS REDEEMER.

REMARKS—How these Christian people do malign the character of the Great Power which pervades the Universe, in asserting that its love or influence could lead to slaughter and bloodshed! Could they have their way, our fair land would be deluged with innocent

blood, and every unbeliever, and every independent spirit that would not bow down to their bloodthirsty god of vengeance would be put to death in the most relentless manner.

If the "love of God" is to produce such a state of things in this world, our prayer is, that there may be just as little of it as possible.—[Ed. T. S.]

Letters to a Preacher.

NO. V.

FRIEND B:—I must here notice one point in thy letter that I think entirely untenable. Thee says "Jesus Christ never blunder. One of his lowest promises was, 'that if we seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, all temporal things shall be added unto us'; while millions of the followers of Zoroaster, Confucius, and Mahomet perish by famine, the creation of their vice, when did you know a Quaker, true to his faith, starve to death?" It really does seem to me that a person must be sadly blinded by superstition or something else, when he can fancy that a belief and practice of Christianity will keep any one from starving. Were there no Christians or Quakers "true to their faith" in Chicago during the great fire and its after period of want and suffering? Were there none at the Mill River disaster? Are there none now starving in the by-ways of our large cities? Are there none throughout all the regions devastated by grasshoppers and chinch-bugs? Really the day has gone by when people believed that God tempered the wind to the shorn lamb or his angels held up the feet of the righteous to keep them from stumbling.

The man who lives most hygienically and is most industrious in accumulating this world's goods, will be most apt to have the largest share of temporal things, both in health and wealth.

An Atheist who lives a moral and industrious life will be no more liable to starve than would a Quaker in his position.

I have never been able to see that Christians were more highly favored by the "Powers that be" than than are Infidels, Atheists, Pagans, or Heathens. Cast a dozen of each adrift in mid ocean and you will find that all the prayers of the Christians will not save them from drowning or "starving" any sooner than will the prayers of the Pagans, or Heathens, or the non-praying qualities of the Atheist; and, indeed, if there be any advantage it is the latter who have it, for, depending upon no imaginary all-powerful being they trust to their own philosophy and common sense and use the best means in their power to help themselves.

"Man knows but little here below.

Nor knows that little long;

But oft he knows before he goes,

That half he knows is wrong."

ELMINA D. SLEEKER.

Snowville, Pulaski County, Va., March 11th, 1875.

Letter From G. L. Henderson.

OSSIAN, IOWA, March 28th, 1875.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: I enclose you to-day eleven names from this point for your paper.

Yesterday forenoon I addressed the people of Washington Prairie, on "the worthlessness of our churches and the wickedness of our clergymen," and in the evening on the "value of science and its teachers." The audience was much larger than was expected, as the roads were nearly impassable from snow-drifts and mud. Those who came, came mostly on horseback. We had some lively National songs by a choir consisting of Miss Lucy Daniels, Miss Annie Oxley, Mrs. Daniels (the lady who once furnished the candles to continue a debate against superstition). They were assisted by Albert Rosa and A. C. Henderson.

We had a good old-fashioned revival of Rationalism, such as would have gladdened the heart of Elder Zebedee Harkins.

At the close of the evening lecture, the people lingered, though I had spoken an hour and a half, and we commenced an interesting conversation on the subject of "organization." This magic key will unlock both the heart and the purse of over one million of Liberal men and women in the United States. Suppose every lover of "positive truth" were to subscribe five dollars a year toward a fund in New York City, the proceeds of which be applied to the erection of a temple of Rationalism on the grandest scale, with elegant stores underneath, the rents to be applied to the erection of similar temples all over the United States, and for the training and support of lecturers, to propagate and spread the truths of science everywhere. How long could a decayed and worthless superstition resist the pressure of such a combination sustained by an accumulating capital, the product of one million small five dollar contributions? Many larger bequests from men and women holding their wealth as a sacred trust to be used for the benefit of their race might also be looked for. Several good and noble men have already intimated to me their willingness to leave all their property to such a cause. This is in harmony with the spirit of the age. Stephen Gerard, George Peabody, James Lick and Peter

Cooper have all been animated by this holy impulse. This same spirit is felt in Ossian and on Washington Prairie.

When such an organization is effected in New York for such a purpose, I am assured by the positive thinkers of this place, that many will respond to the call.

Mr. James Daniels and his family, and all the members of the Rosa family are anxious to see this ball set in motion, and every one of them, with many others, will help to roll it until it becomes a mighty avalanche that will fall upon the old superstitions with irresistible force, and bury them out of sight. It will be a bloodless revolution. It will be the millennium of which the Church has so long dreamed. It will be the final restoration of man, who will then be crowned king of kings and lord of lords.

There is now no doubt but that man is the god which nature has been evolving for countless ages. This god will assert, and does exhibit, his power to control earth, air and water. Wind, steam and lightning are but his slaves. Land, water and sky are plowed by his engines for his support and pleasure. His ambition has no limit; his battering rams pierce the mountains; his telescope penetrates the abyss of heaven; his crucibles melt the diamond; he roasts millions of sheep and oxen for his food; he will ultimately make this earth the grave of every animal that will not serve him. There is but one blasphemy possible for him, and that is to deny the existence of man capable of infinite progress. He can commit but one crime, and that is to attempt the extinction of the human race. There is but one only living and true god. This god is male and female. It is man. The dog worships him, the horse serves him, the winds and the lightnings obey him. He is a changeable god; therefore he becomes wiser and better. He is a merciful god; he can be moved by tears and be diverted from his purpose by prayers. He is a jealous god, for he demands the service and worship of all men, so much so, that if his ear offends him he will cut it off, or if his eye offends him he will pluck it out and cast it away. He is a proud god, so much so that he soon demands that the gods of other worlds come to be insulted and spit upon and marked with a crown of thorns for his special benefit and pleasure.

Such is man, the god of this world. And still I love him with all my heart, and mind, and strength.

Your, for the service and honor of man,

G. L. HENDERSON.

Metaphysics.

MR. EDITOR: Dr. Bland very decidedly objected to a remark I made in your office recently—"That the science of this day will compel an entire re-modeling of our metaphysics." I have just been reading "Mill's Essays on Religion," and I am more than pleased when I find that he attacks the metaphysics of the day, and says that they must evidently fall with the system they have so long supported. "The whole of the prevalent metaphysics of the present century is one tissue of suborned evidence in favor of religion," often of Deism only, but in any case involving a misapplication of noble impulses and speculative capacities, among the most deplorable of those wretched wastes of human faculties which make us wonder that enough is left to keep mankind progressive, at however slow a pace. It is time to consider more impartially, and therefore more deliberately than is usually done, whether all this straining to prop up beliefs which require so great an expense of intellectual toil and ingenuity to keep them standing, yields any sufficient return in human well-being, and whether that end would not be better served by a frank recognition that certain subjects are inaccessible to our faculties, and by the application of the same mental powers to the strengthening and enlargement of those sources of virtue and happiness which stand in no need of the support or sanction of supernatural beliefs and inducements.

WM. WILLICOTT.

It is skeptical and infidel science that has lessened the hours of toil, given men better food, better clothing and better homes, diminished the ravages of famine and pestilence, acquainted man with many of the processes of nature, and enabled him to make her forces servants of his will and ministers to his enjoyment. In whatever direction we look we can not fail to see our indebtedness to science. The real injury done mankind by the Christian superstition in keeping back the discoveries, and preventing the diffusion of its spirit and influence among the people can never be estimated. Science, more than any other agency, has been a great civilizer and savior of men. The mariner's compass, the art of printing, the science of chemistry, the steam engine and the electric telegraph, what have they not done for man; and yet the clergy say science cannot make men better; the religion of Jesus Christ can alone reach their case." It is gratifying to know that Christianity is destined soon to take its place among the worn out religions of the world. It has surrendered bastion after bastion, fort after fort and field after field. Free thought is making new conquests every day. The present is full of encouragement and the future is full of promise.—B. F. Underwood

New-York Liberal Club.

The Plastidule Theory

AND

HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF MATTER AND FORCE.

BY PROF. LOUIS ELSBERG, M.D.

In the whole domain of science there is probably no more interesting subject than generation and inheritance. It forms the chief theme of the literary fragments which have come down to us from the oldest times, as, for instance, those of Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Anaxagoras, and a vast number of philosophical and medical works from their time to the present. Even in the Dark Ages, when cloister-scholastics seemed to have destroyed all zest for investigating Natural Science, this subject inspired several holy fathers, who published works that we to-day cannot but call obscure; some of which still exist, as those of Pope John XX, the Bishop Albertus, the author of "*De Secretis Mulierum*," and that of Michael Scotus; and which, as Blumenbach justly observes, prove that these holy men were much interested, if not in the practice, certainly in the theory of generation.

The phenomena of inheritance interest not only the naturalist, but also the theologian, the novelist, the teacher and the physician. While the naturalist uses such types as are inherited as bases of classification for animals and plants into classes, orders, families, species, and so on; those engaged in educational endeavor to lessen or advance the effect of hereditary transmissions, by mental and physical training; the novelist allows his hero or heroine, no matter how amiable personally, to meet an unavoidable fate on account of some action of their ancestors; the physician aims to free his patients of inherited tendencies to disease, and to preserve future generations from similar predispositions; and the theologian still passes judgment upon the unborn child, on account of the inheritance of original sin.

I may take for granted that most of you are familiar with instances of inheritance of bodily and mental traits. Not only prominent but seemingly insignificant peculiarities are sometimes transmitted, and if I were to recite to you the recorded cases, selecting none but absolutely authenticated ones, I could, nevertheless, with their mere mentioning, fill up more than the whole evening.

A very remarkable phenomenon, and one that has much bearing upon my special theme this evening, is the so-called atavism, that is, the fact that sometimes an anomaly or peculiarity existing in an animal is lost, for one or more generations and reappears in a following one; that, for instance, sometimes children do not resemble their parents, but are very much like their grandparents or some ancestor even further removed. There are well authenticated cases in which characteristic features or qualities of a particular family, after being absent for several generations, reappear. One of the most remarkable examples of atavism well known to the breeders of horses is the fact that sometimes very characteristic dark stripes appear in a colt, similar to those of the zebra, the quagga and other wild species of horses of Africa. Horses of various breeds and of all colors have these dark stripes sometimes, which can only be explained as a reappearance of the long-buried ancestral form of all horses, which doubtless had stripes like the zebra, quagga, etc. In other domestic animals, there sometimes appear certain peculiarities which distinguished their ancestors in the wild condition. In the vegetable kingdom, also, atavism is frequently observed. You all know the common snap-dragon—the yellow toadflax (*Linaria vulgaris*)—which grows by the edges of fields, roadsides, etc. Its corolla has two long and two short stamens, but occasionally a corolla (*Peloria*) appears which is funnel-shaped and is regularly five-cleft and five spurred. This *peloria* occurs as an atavism to the old ancestral forms of *linaria* which had a five-spurred corolla, the stamens having gradually become different.

I shall pass over other phenomena of inheritance among animals and plants, which, however, alone make cattle breeding and plant culture possible, and bring to your notice a few examples relating to human inheritances. Of these, I shall, with few exceptions, select only such as may be found in the work of Prof. Seidlitz on Hereditary Transmission, published in St. Petersburg, in 1865, where detailed authentications and authorities are given:

1. That the proportions in the size of the bones which determine stature are inheritable is seen in families, nations and races. One of the best known cases is that of one of the richest families of Kentucky of whom the father when seventy years old measured six feet four inches and weighed two hundred pounds, and the mother measured six feet four inches and weighed two hundred and eighty-six pounds. Their six sons and three daughters measured from six feet two inches to six feet eleven inches and weighed from one hundred and ninety-seven to two hundred and ninety-six pounds. There are a number of grandchildren, and most of them measure six feet and over. Very early or delayed development of

teeth, the first set as well as the second, and their early or late decay is sometimes peculiar to families for several generations, and causes the same suffering to children that parents and grandparents have experienced. A greater or less number of fingers than five, or of toes than five, is hereditary; Carlisle observed the occurrence of six fingers on each hand and of six toes on each foot through four generations. The great-grandmother had been born with this anomaly. She had three daughters, and two had the same number of fingers and toes that she had. In the third generation of five children four had the same formation, and in the fourth generation of eight children, four.

2. In the muscles of voluntary motion we do not fail to see the occurrences of hereditary transmission of peculiarities: thus thick calves, strong muscles of the neck and chest, or the opposite conditions, are family peculiarities. In the face the forms of muscles together with that of bones present themselves as family resemblances in expression, features and peculiarities, often extending to the smallest details. The voice, the walk, peculiar movements of arms or hands, the peculiarity of wearing the heel of the boot or shoe over or off on one side, mode of laughter and abnormal conditions, such as squinting, stammering, tendency to hernia, etc., are frequently noticeable in particular families.

3. Inheritances of peculiarities of the integument, the skin and hair, and of the mucous membrane, are frequently met with. The color of the skin has long been used to discriminate between races, as white, red, black, etc., and anomalies of the general coloration are observed in particular families through several generations. Catlin reports finding among the Missouri Indians, who are copper-colored and have black hair soft as silk, a family of twelve persons, with light, brittle hair, almost white skin, and brown or blue eyes. In negroes white spots, and in white people dark, yellow or other colored spots are sometimes inherited in a particular part of the body. Arthaud describes a case in which the son of a European and a negress had the usual color of the mulatto, but on his forehead, arms and legs, places where the grandmother, the father and the uncle of the boy had abnormal white spots of a peculiar shape, he had white and brownish spots of the same peculiar shape. The texture of the skin and anomalies in different parts of the body pass from parents to children. Flabby or tense, thin or thick skin, red or pale cheeks, nose and lips, are met with as family peculiarities generation after generation. The same is true of the tendency to the deposit of fat on particular parts, as under the chin, on the hands, or posteriorly, as in the case of the Hottentot women. As to the hair, its color, elasticity, curling, thickness and extent over the body, indeed, even the forms of the nails, are inheritable. Mr. W. B. Tegemeier, a well-known English naturalist, has recently published a description, with portraits, of three members of a Burmese family, who through three generations, have exhibited the peculiarity of a remarkable development of hair over their entire faces, every part of the skin of the face and neck, even eyelids, nose and ears, being covered with a thick, silky hair of a brown color, and from four to ten inches long. The article was republished in this country in the *Scientific American* for February 20th, 1875. A peculiar odor from the skin is met with in particular races and families. Diseased conditions of the skin frequently pass from parent to child. The well-known case of Edward Lambert, frequently examined by physicians, who had a crust an inch thick over the whole of his body, may be mentioned here. He had six children, each of whom became affected at the same period of life as he, with the same disease. Five of these children died childless. The sixth had six daughters and two sons, John and Richard. Of the daughters nothing is known. The sons were examined by Tilesius, who reported that they were affected by the same disease as the grandfather. As to the mucous membrane, different persons have different inherited weak spots. One gets a catarrh in the head, another a throat or bronchial catarrh, a third a catarrh of the bowels or bladder, etc., when equally exposed.

4. The transmission of the peculiarities of the digestive apparatus is noticeable, not only in families but in whole nations. The ability to eat great amounts of food at one time is inheritable. Kalmucks can eat a whole sheep at once, and in four or five hours digest it. Hindoos would not be able to eat the twentieth part. The peculiar form of tongue, the position of the teeth, the inclination or disinclination to particular kinds of food, the mode of digestion; all these are repeated from one generation to another. The inheritance of malformations of the stomach, the liver, and other portions of the alimentary canal, is recorded in medical works. The intimate connection between the integrity of the digestive apparatus and certain psychical states are known to everybody. Bad digestion sours the temper and disposition, and when frequent or continuous, may lead to hypochondriasis, or even suicide. Corresponding psychical inheritances, therefore, go hand in hand with those of the digestory apparatus.

5. We now come to the blood and blood-vessels. There are examples of inheritance of the amount of blood, of the proportions and relations of its constituent parts, of the form and functions of the large and

smaller vessels extending through a number of generations—of the tendency to plethora, to anemia, to inflammations of the heart, and to all sorts of dyscrasias. Peculiarities of the circulatory system are so intimately connected with mental and moral conditions, that even in common parlance we term a violent, thoughtless, or passionate individual "hot-blooded," and a quiet, calculating or immovable one "cold-blooded." We speak of persons of "noble blood" and of "bad blood;" and of "large-hearted," "small-hearted," "hard-hearted" people and families.

6. In the respiratory organs we find proofs of hereditary transmission. Comparative measurements have disclosed national and race differences in the periphery of the chest, in the length of the breast-bone, in the capacity of the lungs. There can be no doubt that the condition of the lungs themselves is inheritable; at all events tendencies to their diseased or abnormal conditions; not only to pulmonary consumption, hemorrhage, apoplexy, but also to emphysema, asthma and catarrh. Just as joyful and sad emotions tend to stimulate or to depress breathing, so do strong or diseased respiratory organs react upon the mind, and with the material inheritance there goes along the corresponding psychical.

The peculiarities of that sense, which sentinel-like stands at the entrance gate of the respiratory apparatus, the sense of smell, and which has a special relation in animals, at least, to the sexual function, are certainly inheritable. In relation to the organ of speech, which distinguishes man from all other inhabitants of the globe, we may say that its inheritances are less observable in the forms of the palate or throat than in words and vocal sounds. Nevertheless all changes, abbreviations, inflections and variations of vowels and consonants, are much more the consequence of anatomical and physiological conditions than philologists generally suppose. In all languages certain vowels easily change into each other. For instance *a* and *o*, *e* and *i*, *ai* and *oi*, etc. Certain consonants easily take the place of others; for instance, *l* the place of *r*, and *vice versa*; *t* the place of *s*, and *vice versa*. The labials, *b* and *p*, *f* and *v*, easily change places. Some people cannot distinguish *t* from *d*, *p* from *b*, and make a soft sound instead of a hard, or the hard sound, when they should make the soft. The Swedes pronounce the hard *s* where other nations have a soft *z*. Russians and Italians, and even the French, can hardly produce the spiritus asper *h*. The Chinese have no *r* sound, and in attempting to pronounce it say *l* instead. The Esths have no *f*. The Tuscans change the soft *l* after consonants into a still softer *i*; people of Southern Italy into an *r*. Altogether, in language are shown the inheritances of the organs of speech.

7. As to the genital apparatus, here all inheritance is commenced. The first living plastid would have remained without progeny if it had had no power of generation and hereditary transmission, and had not been able to transmit this power to its descendants. Only because every newly acquired individual form of life was transmitted, the simple has become the infinitely complex, which, however, in the time of reproductive maturity again produces germ plastids, which, simple in form, have the power slowly to develop the whole sum of the gradually accumulated parental qualities. What my conception is of the manner in which this is done, is the main theme of this lecture, and this will occupy us in detail after I have communicated a few more facts of heredity.

In the human germ the power of transmission exists sometimes unabated and sometimes lessened, constituting either strong or weak generative force; in the first case leading to vigorous propagation of the species, in the other case, producing its gradual or sudden extinction. Families, tribes, peoples and races, apparently perfectly well organized, die out, the two individuals coming together for procreative purposes having only one, or perhaps no offspring. On the other hand, other tribes and races increase in number and vitality. Negresses easily conceive, are very prolific, frequently bear twins, have much milk and have much love for offspring. French women, on the other hand, especially those of the upper ranks of society, are frequently wanting in milk, take no pleasure in bringing up their children, in fact, frequently putting them away—baby farming being a flourishing institution in France. The statistics of France since the Franco-Prussian war show that the birthrate is less than the deathrate. Among the peasantry in Russia there occur every year a number of cases of triple and quadruple births. There are on record several occurrences of even quintuple births. Among the Turks, Persians and Arabs, twins are very rare. Sometimes the peculiarity of bearing many or few children runs in families. Thus Osiander mentions a woman who in eleven births bore thirty-two children. She was one of four born at the same time of a mother who had thirty-eight children. The wife of a gentleman well known in this city became the mother of thirty-six children, twenty-eight of whom were living twenty years ago. Many of these children were twins and triplets, and several of her daughters also gave birth to twins and triplets.

Early or late maturity, the forms of the pelvis, the functions of the uterus and mammary glands, present inherited characteristics of the female sex, which too often appear as pathological conditions in this country; and we cannot doubt that peculiar conditions of

the sexual apparatus are connected with peculiar conditions of *mind* and are together inheritable.

8. Proofs of the hereditary transmission of peculiarities of the nervous system are found mainly in the form of the skull, in the texture and structure of the brain, leading to certain diseases, and in mental and moral activity and innervation, the cause and origin of which are to be sought in the brain and spinal marrow. The forms of the skull are regarded to-day as the most important means of distinguishing races. Its forms must therefore have been transmitted largely and with great persistency. But within the general types there frequently occur peculiar formations and deformations of particular portions of the cranium which constitute family characteristics. Broad, small, high, low or sloping forehead; flat or arched vertex; sloping, straight, or drawn out occiput; elevations and depressions; all these are transmissible. There is no doubt that they correspond to the form of the brain; and the same is true of the *size* of the skull in proportion to the whole body. That the texture and structure of the brain and spinal cord are transmitted we know from family tendencies to apoplexy, epilepsy, paralysis, etc. Seidlitz observed forty-two cases of apoplexy, of which twenty-one occurred in the children of persons who had died from the same disease; and in a number of cases he traced it through four or five generations and frequently on the same side as in the ancestors.

It is not so easy to prove directly the inheritance of mental and moral peculiarities as of physical ones. They have neither so distinct marks, nor are they so certainly recognized as large noses, blue eyes, etc. Nevertheless they are traceable; sometimes insignificant peculiarities, even, of the conduct of parents are seen in children in cases where education, association and such influences are excluded. Seidlitz relates that a gentleman had had his son educated from earliest infancy in a foreign land. When twelve years old the son for the first time came back to his father, and upon going to bed the father was not a little astonished to observe that before retiring the son stamped down with his feet the bed-clothes, in just the same peculiar manner that he himself had done when a boy. Frequently, unfortunately, a genial but original and eccentric spirit of an ancestor degenerates into extravagant and violent character, jealousy and hallucination in children, and in later generations produces epilepsy, paralysis or insanity. Examples of the inheritance of mental aberration are too well known to need any mention.

In connection with the function of the brain I may speak of the senses of sight and hearing. The organs of both of these senses show a great number of examples of transmission. In, by far, the majority of cases the children of blue or dark-eyed parents have eyes of the same color. Germans and Finlanders frequently have blue eyes. The Romanic nations blue or dark. The form and size of the eyeball, the arch of the eyebrows, the shape of the lids, the power of accommodation and vision are very frequently inherited from generation to generation, and the number of examples of transmission of anomalies of the organs of sight is also very great. As to the organ of hearing, with a little attention we can see even in the form of the external ear peculiarities of race and family. The acuteness of hearing, the appreciation of melody and harmony and musical talent distinguish whole nations as well as families. In the one family, Bach, there have been not less than twenty-two eminent musicians. Hardness of hearing and total deafness, often only on one side, are hereditary; and there are striking examples of hereditary deafness.

9. Lastly, let us consider hereditary transmission as to the manner of dying. As individuals we die but once, but daily and hourly small *particles* of our bodies decay and die. With every beat of our pulse, every motion, every thought, every second of existence, and of activity of our organs, we use up a corresponding portion of our frame, which is carried into the general circulation, and thence through a thousand sieves and canals partly removed from the body and in part transformed into again available material. The whole machinery of secretion and excretion, with all its organs and vessels, and glands, is concerned in this never-ceasing death; and it removes the slag by way of intestine and lungs, kidney and skin. In all these workshops there are peculiarities, and all these peculiarities are hereditarily transmissible. Well for those in whose ancestors the constant decay and death has taken place normally and properly! When, however, it has often been perturbed, when the slags have been retained again and again, improper modes of tissue metamorphosis are repeated in the descendants, producing tendencies to disease, and leading to premature death of the whole body.

As to this last total death, it is a matter of course that if the forms and qualities and peculiarities of all organs and systems of the body are transmissible, longevity or its opposite is also transmissible. In point of fact there are examples in which father and son and grandson have attained an age of more than one hundred years. Thomas Parr is said to have been one hundred and fifty-two years and nine months old; his great-grandson died at the age of one hundred and three. Staff-Surgeon Christian Wurger died in St. Petersburg in 1772, at the age of one hundred and two years. His father had become one hundred and eleven, and his mother ninety-nine years old. Jo-

seph Surrington, a Norwegian peasant, was one hundred and fifty years old and left an oldest son of one hundred and three and a youngest of nine years. Johann Friederich Hirsch, a shoemaker at Uffenheim, died on the 23d of September, 1861, one hundred and seven years and seven days old. He had always enjoyed good health, and had, on the day before his death, gathered a fagot of dry wood in the forest and carried it home on his shoulders. His father had attained the age of one hundred and ten years.

Such, Mr. President and members of the Liberal Club, are a few of the facts of hereditary transmission.

Over the process itself there has hitherto been spread a thick veil.

The celebrated physician, Drelingcourt, the teacher of Boerhave, two hundred years ago, collected no less than two hundred and sixty-two different hypotheses on the subject from the writings of earlier authors, to which he added his own. Since his time this number has been largely increased; yet none have been found satisfactory, the mystery remained impenetrable. The wonder expressed by Montaigne in 1580, is reiterated by Louis Agassiz and Haeckel in 1873 and 1874. In the "Essays de Michel de Montaigne" we read, "Quel monstre est ce, que cette goutte de semence, de quoy nous sommes produits, porte en soy les impressions, non de la forme corporelle seulement, mais des pensemens et des inclinations de nos peres? cette goutte d'eau, ou loge elle ce nombre infiny de formes? et comme porte elle ses ressemblances, d'un progres si temeraire et si desregle, que l'arriere-fils respondra a son bisayeul le neveu a l'oncle?" In a lecture before the Museum of Comparative Zoology of Cambridge, on the 23d of March, 1873, Louis Agassiz said: "All these intricacies of inheritance so frequently interrupted, and seemingly so capriciously reproduced, must be connected with the egg through which all such influences pass to the new being. Suppose, for instance, that any features or traits, physical, moral or intellectual, are handed down from a male grandparent through the paternal side. In such an instance the egg, which produces the new individual, does not receive the direct transmission of inherited qualities; for, as I have said, that egg arises in the maternal organism, and has a life and growth of its own before the act of fecundation takes place. Through that act of fecundation the impression must be made by which these inherited qualities are received and transmitted to the new individual! Where the new individual reproduces the maternal features only, or features characteristic of the maternal line of descent, the case may seem at first sight more simple; but when we analyze it in all its bearings, we shall see that there is matter enough for wonder, and that we as yet know almost nothing about the mysterious problem of life. What can there be of a material nature transmitted through these bodies called eggs, themselves composed of the simplest material elements, and arising in the female organism without co-operation of the male; what influence can there be, I repeat, by which all peculiarities of ancestry belonging to either sex are brought down from generation to generation?"

And in his "Naturliche Schoepfungsgeschichte," Haeckel says, "Ueber die rein mechanische, materielle Natur dieses Vorgangs kann kein Zweifel sein. Aber staunend und bewundernd muessen wir hier vor der unendlichen, fuer uns unfassbaren Feinheit der elweisartigen Materie still stehen. Staunen muessen wir ueber die unleugbare Thatsache, dass die einfache Eizelle der Mutter, der einzige Samenfaden des Vaters, die individuelle Lebensbewegung dieser beiden Individuen so genau auf das Kind uebertraegt, dass nachher die feinsten koerperlichen und geistigen Eigenthuemlichkeiten der beiden Eltern an diesem wieder zum Vorschein kommen."

The point that we must consider particularly is, that the fecundated ovum or egg is the means by which all possible inheritance must be transmitted. Man and every vertebrate animal begins his existence in the form of a fecundated egg. The unimpregnated egg originates in the female body, and fecundation consists in the mixture of the male semen—the so-called sperm—with the female egg. The manner of this mixture is now so well known and admitted, that I can make it very clear to you by means of drawings.

(The Professor at this and other points in his discourse illustrated his lecture by means of numerous charts and drawings hanging upon the wall.)

Size of spermatozoid: head, 1-5000 of an inch long; 1-8000 of an inch broad; 1-25000 of an inch thick; tail, 1-500 of an inch long; size of human ovum: 1-125 of an inch; external or vitelline membrane, 1-2500 of an inch in thickness; germinal vesicle, 1-550 of an inch in diameter; germinal spot, 1-3600 of an inch in diameter; micropyle has been seen in eggs of fishes and mollusks only.

When you bring an egg into contact with the spermatic particles, you will see these particles crowding with their quick, sudden movements around the egg and covering its surface. At particular seasons of the year, in some of the hermaphrodite mollusks, these particles may be seen in numbers around the eggs. It would seem at such times that nothing could be easier than to trace their functions. But the great movability of the particles, and the difficulty of keeping any one of them in the focus of the microscope, makes the operation an exceedingly delicate one. The crowding of the particles about the egg of

a variety of animals is now easily seen; in fishes, in the mollusks before mentioned, and also in the sea-urchins and star fishes, and even in jelly fishes. It is more difficult to observe in the higher animals and among insects and crustacea.

Although the introduction of the spermatic particles into the yolk is so difficult of observation, there are investigators who have seen this phenomenon repeatedly. Siebold, a master among masters, and an observer who never exaggerates his facts, has seen the spermatic particles within the yolk membrane of the bee's eggs more than twenty times, and has been able to show this to others.

In the ova of the nephelis, a small species of leech, Robin has seen spermatozooids to the number of several hundred, penetrate the vitelline membrane, always at one point, continuing their movements upon the surface of the vitellus. Almost always when the penetration has ceased, a bundle of spermatozooids are arrested in the micropyle.

I have never succeeded in seeing the penetration myself, but that does not diminish my confidence in the reports of those who have. Prof. Austin Flint, Jr., of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, says in his last volume on Physiology, published by Appletons, a few months ago, that he "had an opportunity of witnessing a demonstration of these phenomena by Prof. Robin, in 1861, in the ova of the Limnæus stagnalis, and actually saw a spermatozoid half-way through the vitelline membrane." Coste and many other observers whom it is unnecessary to quote, have seen the spermatozoid in the ovum of the rabbit, etc. "All direct observations on the lower orders of animals have shown that several spermatozooids are necessary for the fecundation of a single ovum; but we have no definite idea of the number required in mammals, much less in the human subject."

Of the changes in the egg that soon follow the mixture of the ovum and spermatozoid, I may take an opportunity to say a few words before the close of the lecture. What I now desire to impress upon you particularly, is the fact that whatever there is transmitted, must be contained in either of these two generative elements. Now, since not only the peculiarities of the immediate parents, but also those of anterior ancestors, whether these peculiarities have appeared in the parents or not, may be transmitted, it is certain that the two constituents of the germ, the ovum and spermatic particles, are composed of molecules, to which are attached all these peculiarities. I assume, and this assumption constitutes the hypothesis or theory which I have desired to make you acquainted with, that the germ of each derivative living being consists of plastidules of its whole ancestry.

The term "plastid" is synonymous with the older and better known word "cell," which word, however, is not sufficiently comprehensive. A plastid is living matter in its most elementary form, as it composes all organic bodies, plants as well as animals, the highest as well as the lowest. Our knowledge of the structure of plastid, its phases of life, its relation to the so-called "basis-substance" in the animal body, etc., we owe to the distinguished Vienna investigator, who has recently made his home in New York, and has on several occasions lectured before the Liberal Club, Dr. Carl Heitzmann. I have given the name plastidule to the smallest conceivable particles, of which plastid, as such, consists, viz.: to the plastid-molecules.

Every one must admit that the germ, or fecundated ovum, from which the child proceeds, consists of matter wholly derived from the bodies of its parents. In the same manner the germs from which these parents sprung existed in the bodies of their parents. Now, if we assume that some of the particles of matter from the grandparents have remained in the parental bodies until the procreation of the child, then there may be contained in the germ of the grandchild actual plastidules of the grandparents. For those who can more readily conceive the idea of force being transmitted than matter, I may add that the term plastidule refers quite as much to a center or bundle of force, as to matter. Against the idea that plastidules of the grandparents would be present in the developed body of the parent, or that they would be preserved until the procreative act, the objection might be urged that the constant change of tissue in the body, to which I have referred, the decay and death and excretion, would make the preservation of these particles of matter impossible. To such an objection the reply is, that the material of the body breaks down and is eliminated only through use, and that the use through which the special particles under consideration are removed from the body is only the generative act, so that they may well be conserved until used for generation. Besides, it suffices to assume that the transmitted plastidules are not the identical ones of the grandparents, but molecules that have, by assimilative nutrition and growth, become, in all properties and capacities like them, and for our argument may be, therefore, considered as such. Not only plastidules of the grandparents are assumed to be contained in the germ of the child, but also plastidules of the great-grandparents, and a long line of ancestors; and the difference between the germs of children of different parents consists in the very fact that each contains the plastidules (molecules or bundles of force) of its own individual line of ancestors. The further back we can trace the genealogy of a child, the more

complicated becomes the representation of the genetic constitution of its germ. How many generations there may have been and passed away between the birth of the child of to-day and the time of its ancestors in the far past, or since the existence of the first human parents! Let us suppose a primitive pair—Adam and Eve. Their children came from germs which were wholly derived from their bodies. The germs of the children of these children contained, mixed with the modified plastidules of their immediate progenitors, some of the plastidules of the first parental pair; and so on for succeeding generations. The further removed from the first ancestor, the smaller, of course, the quantity of the share in the constitution of the germ of the progeny. To express the idea arithmetically: in each succeeding generation the numerator remaining the same, the denominator of the fraction of the set of plastidules from a particular ancestor increases.

Plastidules, though inconceivably small, nevertheless have actual dimensions, and it may well be conceived that after a certain vast number of generations the plastidules of a particular ancestor may exist very sparsely, or even not all, in the germ of the progeny. This does not prevent, however, that the influence of these ancestral plastidules persists for a long time, since the plastidules of the succeeding ancestors still contain them more or less mixed or modified. There may be circumstances, however, of which we are as yet ignorant, which may cause the exhaustion or diminution, or lessen the influence, of any particular plastidules, and these possibilities become a kind of qualification of the proposition that the germ of every derivative living being contains plastidules of all its ancestors. I have named this explanation of the phenomena of inheritance, the hypothesis of regeneration, because, according to it, the ancestors are, to a certain extent, bodily, mentally and in every other respect, born again in their progeny. It may be called also, the hypothesis of the preservation of organic force, or of preservation of organic molecules, because, according to it, certain plastidules are, though not forever, for a long time, preserved and transmitted from generation to generation. To designate the idea more simply I use the term Plastidule Theory. It seems to me that the occurrences of hereditary transmission which I have brought before you this evening are brought a step nearer to our understanding by the acceptance of the plastidule theory. And you also see that there is a material basis for the notions of the novelist, theologian, etc., of which I spoke in the beginning of this discourse.

In the presentation of the subject of hereditary transmission, and my explanation of the same, I have purposely not referred to Darwinism, or to the doctrine of development. Persons who have not made themselves sufficiently familiar with the subject to be able to form an opinion upon it, and even those who, for any reason whatsoever, are opponents of the transmutation theory, may accept my views of regeneration to a certain extent. While I have desired to prevent the mixing up of the discussion of the plastidule theory, before the Club this evening, with the discussion of Darwinism or of the evolution theory, I do not hesitate to admit that so far as I am personally concerned I am as much convinced of the correctness of the development doctrine as I am of my own existence, but it is not necessary for my present purpose to enter into the discussion of this doctrine.

In conclusion, I desire to draw your attention to a point which has much exercised both the contending parties, the adherents as well as the opponents of the theory of descent, and which, it seems to me, my hypothesis fully meets. The point relates to embryology and geology.

In this case I will proceed just as I did in the presentation of inheritance. I will first place the facts before you and then the explanation. As I have already informed you, man with every vertebrate animal (with some exceptions, even every living being) begins its individual existence in the form of an ovum or egg. In their original condition almost all eggs are of the same form and constitution. Afterward the eggs of some animals may be distinguished from those of others by differences in size, shape, in their covering; etc.; but the human ovum cannot be distinguished from that of the other mammals in either the immature or the developed condition. In the fully developed condition its diameter is on an average one-tenth of a line or about a fifth of a millimeter. When a mammalian egg is properly isolated, placed upon a plate of glass and held against the light, it can but just be seen with the naked eye as a fine speck. But even if we use the best microscope with the greatest magnifying power, it is impossible to discover any essential difference between the ovum of man and that of the ape, of the dog, rabbit, etc. There are, however, striking peculiarities by which we can distinguish very easily the mature mammalian egg from the mature bird egg, or that of other vertebrates. But the eggs of all vertebrate animals begin their development in an essentially similar manner.

The first consequence of fecundation, or of the mixture of the female and male semen, is the resulting homogeneity of the contents of the egg. Between the yolk and the vitelline membrane a clear liquid accumulates, on account of which the yolk becomes condensed and contracted; and after the spermatic particles have been completely dissolved in the mass of yolk, and probably uniformly distributed therein,

the germinal vesicle disappears together with the germinal spot. In this condition the germ is called "Monerula."

In this homogeneous globule there is formed, after a short time, a new nucleus. In the darkly granulated substance there appears a light spot, which becomes of globular shape, and soon appears so much like the previous nucleus or germinal vesicle, that for a long time naturalists had confounded it with the old one, and believed that the disappearance of the germinal vesicle was only apparent, not real. Then begins the process of increase of the egg-cell by repeated self-division, the so-called segmentation. It commences by the division of the new nucleus into two. The nucleus at its middle at first becomes constricted. Signs of a plane of separation between the two halves appear. They go apart, and the other egg-substance accumulates around the two nuclei, so that here also a division takes place and the original egg has become two daughter eggs, which are similar to each other, and are contained within the original egg membrane. This process is repeated in the case of each of the two daughter eggs. At first the nucleus of each of these divides into two nuclei, the two nuclei separate from each other, and each accumulates around itself its share of protoplasm, so that each becomes divided into two complete bodies. We then have four granddaughter eggs contained in the membrane of the original egg—the grandmother egg. In the same manner the process is repeated many, many times, each of the four eggs dividing into two, so that we get eight, the eight change into sixteen, then into thirty-two, then into sixty-four, one hundred and twenty-eight, two hundred and fifty-six, etc., all the globules lying close to each other, and finally when the whole process of division is ended they constitute together one large globule which looks like a blackberry or mulberry. In this stage of development the germ is called "Morula." No matter whether we have before us the egg of a fish, of a bird, or a mammal, in every vertebrate animal the segmentation occurs in essentially the same manner. Even in most lower animals segmentation occurs in a similar though sometimes slightly different way. This segmentation is shown in this drawing.

It would take too much time to describe the further stages of development in detail and at length. It must suffice that I tell you that at a later stage, when the embryonic body consists of an oblong disk somewhat of the form of the sole of a shoe, which disk is itself composed of two layers, the endoderm and exoderm, and afterward of three or four layers when further developed, even then all vertebrate animals, that is, mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians and fishes, resemble each other so much that it is either impossible to distinguish them from each other, or that this can only be done by their size or by very insignificant differences in form and external contour. This stage of development I have also had drawn, and it is impossible to tell whether this embryonal trace is that of a mammal or some other vertebrate.

The more development progresses, the more plainly differences appear between the embryos of the different classes. In a little while, when the higher classes are still alike, they separate themselves more and more from the lower.

In a further stage, the fiddle form, which is shown on the same chart, although the embryos of mammals, birds and reptiles cannot be distinguished from each other, they can be distinguished from the embryos of the two lower classes—amphibians and fishes. In a still further, but nevertheless still early period of development, (which is seen in the next chart,) small differences may already be noted between the embryos of the three higher vertebrate classes. The individual embryos of each class are, however, still alike, and great similarity still exists between the embryos of all vertebrate animals in this stage. If, however, you compare the embryos upon this large chart, you can, in the upper row, recognize differences of development. There are here represented a reptile (turtle) four weeks old, measuring in reality four lines, but here much magnified; a bird (domestic fowl) of the fourth day, also about four lines long; and two mammals (dog and human) of the fourth week, about five lines long. They have been drawn to the same scale, and it is plain to see that there are differences. For instance, in the brains of the two mammals, compared with those of the bird and reptile. In the two latter the mid-brain, in the two former the front-brain already shows preponderance. But in this stage the brain of the bird can hardly be distinguished from that of the turtle, and the brain of the dog is still very similar to the human. If now we compare the embryos of the lower row—turtle of the sixth week, measuring about seven lines; chicken, eighth day, about seven and a half lines; dog, sixth week, eight and a half lines; man, eighth week, eight and a half lines—we may easily perceive not only differences between the mammals and the two lower classes more and more marked, but the differences between the dog and man, (for instance, as to the brain, as to the tail, etc.) cannot be mistaken.

I have had another chart prepared, in which the same embryos are presented in their developed condition at the time of birth, and then again in their adult condition, in order to show you more plainly the differences of the final development from quite similar eggs.

These are well-ascertained facts of Embryology, the so-called ontogeny or individual development. Every animal passes, in its development, through stages like those which remain permanent in lower animals. For instance, the reptile is like a fish before it assumes the reptilian character; birds and mammals are like fishes and reptiles before they acquire the peculiarities of their classes; and the human embryo, also, passes through the stages of these lower animals. Man possesses the same structure as all other mammals, and his germ is developed in the same manner. In later periods of development, the human germ cannot be distinguished from that of the higher mammals; in earlier periods not even from that of any higher vertebrate. In the first month the human embryo is exactly like that of other mammals. The differences appear only in the second month. At first the human embryo resembles the embryo of all, afterwards only that of the higher mammals. It is only after the fourth or fifth month that the human embryo can be distinguished with certainty from that of other mammals.

The facts of geology, namely, the palaeontological development of organisms, the so-called phylogeny, are: that, at first, of vertebrate animals, there existed only fishes, that amphibians appeared later, and that only at a much later period birds and mammals came upon the earth. Again, that at first, more imperfect, simple, lower orders, and later, more complicated and higher orders of the mammals, as well as of the fishes appeared. The paleontic development, therefore, has been parallel to the embryonic, and also to the systematic series, that is to the series of rank which we see every-where in the differences of lower and higher classes, orders, etc.

I do not mean by this to say that there has ever been found a fossil animal which, in all its details, has the structural relations of an embryo, but it cannot be denied that the series of growth, that is the successive changes in the egg, and the series of time, that is the successive introduction of animals in geological ages, are remarkably similar.

Now the explanation: The transmutationists, that is, those who accept the development doctrine as true, claim that the parallelism between the series of embryonic growth and geological succession most strongly supports that doctrine. They say that this correspondence and its cause can be understood only through the doctrine of descent, and that without this doctrine it is entirely inexplicable. According to them, in the progress of a lower form to a higher one, the permanent condition of the lower must become a temporary development-state of the higher; and they assert that the individual development, that is the ontogeny, is the short and rapid repetition or recapitulation of the paleontological development, or the phylogeny, and that this recapitulation is necessarily caused by the laws of heredity and adaptation.

The expression of the relationship between individual development and the evolution of species is the fundamental biontogenetical law, that is the law according to which every derivative individual organism is developed.

The opponents of the doctrine of descent reply by urging that if the parallelism between embryonic growth and geological succession can be held to prove the development of the one out of the other, then, also, (since the embryonic conditions of the higher vertebrates correspond to adult forms of lower vertebrates, now living, their own contemporaries, just as much and in the same way as do the fossil forms) as, for example, a chicken, or a dog, in our day, in a certain phase of its development, resembles a full-grown skate; then, therefore, chickens and dogs now-a-days can grow out of fish eggs. Now we know that this is not so! But, say they, the evidence that it must be so is exactly the same as that which the transmutationists use to support their theory; therefore embryological facts cannot be held to be evidence of descent, because they prove too much, for the parallelism between the successive embryonic conditions and fossil remains, which, according to the evolutionists, proves descent, exists also between these embryonic conditions and living animals, where it can have nothing to do with descent. "Why does the germ of a turtle always produce a turtle, the germ of a snake always a snake, the germ of a dog always a dog, the germ of a man always a human being?"

I have quoted the claims of the transmutationists, as well as those of their opponents, from the published lectures of the chief representatives of both parties, Ernst Haeckel, and Louis Agassiz. It seems to me that the Plastidule Theory satisfactorily explains the biontogenetical law and completely overthrows the arguments of the anti-evolutionists. It may, therefore, well be considered a not unimportant contribution to the doctrine of evolution.

According to the fundamental biontogenetical law, the individual development is a short recapitulation of the development of the species. The opponents of the development theory deny, not the correctness of the observed facts, but the admissibility of the interpretation, because, as they say, otherwise chickens and dogs must, at the present day, be developed from fish eggs. Now, the plastidule theory says that the germ of every derivative living being contains the plastidules of its own ancestry. These plastidules, of course, exert their influence in the development of the germ, and this is the reason why the series of forms

through which the individual organism passes in its development from egg to completed condition, is a short repetition of the extended series of forms through which the ancestors of the same organism have passed from the oldest times to the present day. Furthermore, the reason why a fish, and not a chicken or a dog, grows out of the germ of a fish, is that the germs of the different living beings existing at the present day, which have passed through stages of development that are different, are, in their constitution or mixture of plastidules, so completely dissimilar (just because each contains those of its own ancestry), that one organism can never be developed from the germ of another.

This completely answers the question which Agassiz propounded with so much self-satisfaction, and which has been held by so many of his followers to be an unanswerable refutation of the evolution doctrine.

PROF. T. LAMBERT made a few friendly criticisms upon the lecture. He doubted the great ages said to be attained by persons a century ago. He might be induced to admit that old Methuselah lived to be nearly a thousand years old, but he doubted whether Parr lived to be a hundred and fifty. He believed there was an error in most cases where such extreme age is claimed. He at all events held himself in readiness to pay \$1,000 for every well-authenticated case of persons living to be 110 years old and \$500 for every well-authenticated case of 105 years being reached. The oldest person now known in the United States is not 104 years old.

He insisted that the eggs or ovums of different animals are not alike, but really as different as the individualities themselves, each possessing a potentiality or life principle, and different from every other. The trouble is they are so minute the differences cannot be appreciated with our powers of vision even with the aid of the microscope. He mentioned as a remarkable phenomenon in photography, what appears to the unaided eye a mere speck, barely discernible which when duly magnified was found to be the Lord's Prayer in full.

DR. ATKINSON thought the lecture a very interesting one, though he made a few slight criticisms as to a point or two. The gist of his remarks was that back of the germs, the ovums or egg, back of the plastids there is an intelligent force which he termed "ghost."

MR. MORAN followed, in which he had much to say about the "first cause" of all that exists.

DR. HALLOCK recognized a "spirit" in the union—the source of matter, and superior to it. The moving life principle or force.

S. P. ANDREWS made a few remarks upon longevity. Life he said had been compared to a furnace, with grate bars and everything in working order; as the fuel is consumed the slag falls into the ash-pit. If the slag is allowed to remain until the fire is choked it must go out and cannot burn; but if the slag is duly removed, and the fuel from time to time properly applied, in suitable quantity and quality, the fire would continue to burn almost indefinitely. So with the human frame. If the slag-waste is properly removed, the fuel correctly applied, and the entire apparatus kept in the right condition, it occurred to him the fire of life ought to continue to burn, not only for one hundred years, but one hundred and twenty five or one hundred and fifty or even a greater number of years.

PROF. ELSBERG closed the discussion in which he took occasion to reply to each of the gentlemen who had answered him. He recognized Prof. Lambert's "Potentiality," his term for it is "Plastidules." What Dr. Atkinson termed "Ghost" he called "Plastidules," what Mr. Moran meant by "First Cause" he meant by "Plastidules" what Dr. Hallock recognized as "Spirit," he denominated "Plastidules."

MARCH 26TH.

[TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIXTH MEETING.]

REV. DR. E. G. HOLLAND lecturer of the evening. Subject, *The Hebrew Race*.

He began by saying different races had different missions or were adapted to a special line of pursuit. The Hebrews were emphatically a religious people. The Greeks excelled in art and literature. The Romans in government, science and jurisprudence.

It has not been the province of Europe to produce a permanent religion. With Asia it has been different. Brahmanism, Buddhism, Christianity, and Moslemism, the four great religions of the world, originated there. Asia may be said to be the center-brain of the world, Europe the cerebrum of front brain, and Africa the cerebellum or back brain, Europe was the old west, America the new west.

The Hebrews were the principal of the Semetic races, while the Arabs probably came next, then the Assyrians and others. They have existed about four thousand years, and have evinced much hardihood, healthfulness and self-preservation. As a race they had not been remarkable in science and learning. Palestine had closed its gates to the learning of Greece, while India was the seat and source and the literature of the world.

The most intellectual man in ancient Jerusalem was Solomon, but he was not equal to Aristotle or Bacon.

The Semetic race has given to the world the three great religions of the earth, Judaism Christianity, and Moslemism. The last two are an outgrowth of the first. The Hebrew, though living in an age of the

world when Polytheism was every-where prevalent, was the nation to introduce Monotheism into the world.

The lecture, alluded to the characteristic sharpness of the Hebrews in trade, and styled them "the Yankees of the East." He regarded them of Egyptian origin, and spoke of their early home in the mountain regions of Mesopotamia, and sketched their pastoral life under the patriarchal system, followed by the rule of Moses, who may be said to have established a nation for the first time in the world upon the principle of Monotheism, followed by a rule of the judges which lasted four hundred years, succeeded by a line of kings for many centuries. Illustrative of their tenacity and endurance, notwithstanding their captivity, subjection, dispersions and persecutions, they now number over seven millions of people, five millions of which were in Europe. He classed them as free traders and generally opposed to tariff and revenue laws, and they had always shown themselves willing to evade them.

He made a remark that the gods of different nations possessed the leading characteristics of the different nationalities. Thus Brahm, the leading deity of India was a god of repose, possessing limited activity, his followers possessing the same characteristics, while Jehovah possessed great activity, rejoicing in battles, conflicts, and movements of large magnitude.

He called attention to the great persecutions the Jews had been subjected to by different nations among whom they had sojourned, and called particular attention to the hardships they endured in Spain; the exactions that were placed upon them; the levies that were made upon them, and the cruelty with which they were driven from the country, at short notice, by the Christian powers in rule there. He said no people in the world had been persecuted equal to them—over two thousand of them were burned in one province in Spain, and ten thousand others cruelly punished. They were allowed but a few days to leave the kingdom, and were compelled to dispose of their property at great sacrifice, and were allowed to take neither gold or silver in payment. The air was filled with shrieks and groans of the suffering Hebrews as they left the country. Some of the number fled to France, some to England, while large numbers went to Africa; great numbers perishing from the destitution and hardship thus sustained.

He alluded to the lack of the general belief in immortality among the Jews, and the fact that they had bequeathed to the world Monotheism and the Sabbath. Among the brightest philosophers, the Hebrew race had produced, he named, Spinoza, as a great philosopher and a great thinker.

He believed the Jewish race would never simultaneously come to the decision to return to Palestine. They were now scattered over the earth among so many nations, among which they are a factor and a positive element of activity and practical character, that they would never disengage themselves and return to the small country of Palestine, which was only about the size of the State of New Jersey, and whose soil was so unproductive and worn out that it has been said of it "if it is tickled with the hoe it will not laugh in the harvest."

He said much also of the Hebrews, which we are, for want of room, compelled to omit.

A spirited discussion followed, participated in by Messrs. Nash, Rice, Dr. Hallock, Dr. Hoerber, and Dr. Lambert, and others, in which the cause of the long continuance of the Jewish race and other points were argued, but we must pass them by.

APRIL 2D, 1875.

[TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVENTH MEETING.]

By MR. WILLIAM S. FLIPPEN, Esq., formerly Cuba correspondent of *The N. Y. Tribune*. Subject: *The Spanish Rule in Cuba*.

This was a most interesting lecture by a gentleman who had many years been a resident of Cuba, and was painfully familiar with the great wrongs which are imposed upon the Cubans by the Spaniards. He portrayed the great injustice of the laws enacted in Spain for the government of the island without any regard for the wishes or interests of the Cubans; how the main object was to extort money from the islanders in every possible manner, by the imposition of taxes and special levies. He gave us an inside view of the injustice of the rule of the Captain-Generals, who are sent out from the parent government to reign with a rod of iron, and who are responsible to nobody, except to the home government, and to which no appeal can practically be made. He gave the amount of annual revenue by taxation and imports raised on the Island, usually about thirty-one million dollars, but some years, by special imposition, had been raised to fifty-seven millions, and how a large share of this is diverted to the Captain-General, his subordinates and to members of the home government.

He gave us a glimpse of the African Slave trade; that as many as twenty thousand negroes were annually brought over from Africa and sold into slavery, and how, when a slave vessel is captured, or rescued in case of shipwreck, these unfortunate negroes are nominally considered free, and are called Emancipados, but are sold into bondage for a term of years, which is often renewed and very frequently they are reported as dead, and the names of slaves who really have died are transferred to them, so that they rarely

escape from their cruel servitude. The condition of the Chinese coolies is little better, they lead the most abject lives, and when their time is expired, by a series of wrongs and oppressions they are compelled to again sell themselves into servitude, which is not unfrequently terminated by death. Of all the wretched creatures in the world, he believed the Chinese in Cuba the most wretched.

He alluded to the workings of the Royal Lottery, and informed us how all classes, merchants, lawyers, priests, and common people, patronize it. Gaming of other kinds is also extensively patronized. He gave us a clear idea of the great fertility of the soil, and of the immense crops of fruits and products of all kinds that so freely grow, and also of the great need of roads and railroads over which to send produce to market and inter-communication generally. The climate of the Island is not surpassed in the world. The sun, though warm in the middle of the day, the nights are cool and agreeable. Cuba has no free schools; no free religious thought, and no religious dissension from the Holy Catholic Church. The power of their priesthood is great and exacting. Every individual is compelled to pay his church taxes, and to contribute to the support of the recognized religion.

Much was said by the lecturer we would be glad to lay before our readers, but want of space prevents.

An animated discussion was held upon the subject by Mr. Wilcox, T. B. Wakeman, Dr. Hallock, Dr. Lambert, Dr. Wickoff, and Messrs. Evans and Gardner, and closed by Mr. Flippen. Among other points the subject of annexing Cuba to the United States was discussed, and the proper remedies for the future of the Island were ably handled and variously viewed. Some were in favor of our government extending aid to the Cubans, and some were opposed to it. Upon the whole the lecture and the discussion were very interesting.

FORTY-TWO SCHOOL CHILDREN DESTROYED BY TWO BEARS!—A certain semi-occasional preacher of the Methodist stripe, recently declared from behind the "sacred desk"—"Our people have not now to go to Boston and New York for Infidel filth, for it is here under our very noses; and it is an act of mercy (!) in our citizens to submit to the stings which this paper inflicts upon them." His Reverence did not more particularly describe the object of his animadversion, but presuming he had reference to our organ, we will remark that he is nearly as irascible as that crusty old cock of a prophet named Elisha. The dear, charming story may be found in II Kings, ii: 23-24: "And he went up from thence into Beth-el; and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, 'Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head.' And he turned back and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them."

Now why does n't this indignant divine curse us "in the name of the Lord," and cause two she-bears to claw us up? The God that could ferociously butcher forty-two little innocents for playfully crying, "Go up bald head," would not hesitate, if called upon by one of his admiring servants, to go for us, red-eyed. What a sweet little duck of a story this is. How it intensifies the soul with delight, and fills the mind with divine admiration for this child-murdering Deity! But seriously, is it any wonder that human beings who believe in and worship at the shrine of such a diabolical and degrading fetish should cry out against Common Sense, and arrogate to themselves the quality of mercy because they refrained from mobbing the man and destroying his office, who dares to spend money and brains to aid in crushing out of the minds and hearts of the people such besotted superstition? And, what pray you, was this unfeeling monster, Elisha, doing while the two she-bears were crunching the forty-two girls and boys? Why, he was standing in fair view with his hands in his pockets, contemplating the scene with the sang-froid of a Camanche Indian! And where were God, and Christ, and the Holy Ghost? There too, listening with ecstatic raptures to each little girl and boy, as it stood transfixed with terror, screaming at the top of its voice, "Ma! ma!" until its turn came to be devoured by the godly brutes! Of course, the heavenly quartette stayed on the ground until the parents of the unfortunate children got news of the massacre, and flew to the spot to weep and wail over the scattered remains of the bloody and mutilated corpses of their babies! How God, and Jesus, and the Holy Ghost, and Elisha chuckled in their sleeves at the cries of anguish from each mother's bosom! and the yells of impotent rage from each father's heart! It was a divine tragedy and worthy of the Christian's God and his two she-bears! And establishes, beyond the cavil of Infidels—God's existence, his attributes, the authenticity of the Scriptures, and the prophetic character of Saint Elisha!—*Common Sense*, a monthly paper whose motto is: "One world at a time!" Published at Paris, Texas, at 75 cents per annum, by R. Peterson, Sinner; if you are already a patron take an extra copy or two for the dying souls around you.

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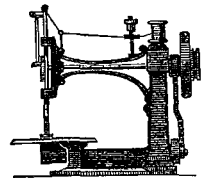
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Odds and Ends.

THAT was a funny indictment which arraigned a woman in Milwaukee, the other day, for disturbing a religious meeting by "riotously eating nuts and noisily championing the same with her teeth." The woman was acquitted.

A YOUNG LADY who prided herself in geography, seeing a candle aslant, remarked that it reminded her of the "leaning tower of Pisa." "Yes," remarked a wag, "with this difference—that is a tower in Italy, while this is a tower in grease."

"Ir," advertised a philosophical victim, "the person who took my overcoat was influenced by the weather, then it is all serene; but if he did so from commercial considerations, I am ready to enter into financial negotiations for its return."

A SETTING HEN.

WHAT IT COST TO ATTEMPT BREAKING UP HER BROODING.

"Timothy, that air yaller hen's setting agin," said Mrs. Hayes to her son one morning at breakfast.

"Well, let her set," remarked Timothy, helping himself to a huge piece of cheese. "I reckon I can stand it as long as she can."

"I do wish you would try to be a little more equinomial of cheese, Timothy; I've out the very last of my every-day lot, and it's only the 1st of May. And now, as soon as you've done eating, I want you to go out and break up that hen. She's settin' on an old axe and two bricks now."

"I hope she'll hatch 'em," returned Timothy.

"If she was set now, she'd hatch the fourth week in May. It's a bad sign; something allers happens after it. Stop giggling, Helen Maria, by the time you get to be as old as yer ma, ye'll see further than you do now. There was Jenkins' folks, their gray top-knot hatched the last week in May, and Miss Jenkins, she had the conjunction on the lungs, and would have died if they hadn't killed a lamb and wrapped her in the hide while it was warm. That was all that saved her."

With such a startling proof of the truth of the omen before him, Timothy finished his breakfast in haste, and departed for the barn, from which he returned bearing the squalling biddy by the legs.

"What shall I do with her, mother? She'll get on again, and she's as cross as bedlam—she skinned my hands, and would be the death of me if she could get loose."

"I've heer'n it said that it was a good plan to throw 'em up in the air," said Mrs. Hayes. "Aunt Peggy broke one of setting only three times trying. Spose'n you try it."

"Up she goes—head or tail?" cried Tim, as he tossed the volcano skyward.

"Lord-a-massy!" exclaimed Mrs. Hayes, "she's coming down into the pan of bread that I set out on the great rock to rise. Tim, 'tis strange you can't do nothing without overdoing it."

"Down with the traitors, up with the stars," sung out Tim, elevating biddy again with something less than a pint of batter sticking to her feet.

"Good gracious me! wuss and wuss," cried Mrs. Hayes, and Tim agreed with her; for the hen had come down on the well-polished tile of 'Squire Bennett, who happened to be passing, and the dignified old gentleman was the father of Cynthia Bennett, the young lady with whom Tim was seriously enamoured.

The 'Squire looked daggers, brushed on the dough with his handkerchief, and strode on in silence.

"Yes, but it's going up again," said Tim, spitefully, seizing the clucking biddy and tossing her at random into the air. Biddy thought it time to manifest her individuality, and with a loud scream she darted against the parlor window, broke through, knocked down the canary cage and landed plump into the silken lap of Mrs. Gray, who was boarding at the farm-house.

Mrs. Gray screamed with horror, and, starting up, dislodged biddy, who flew at her reflection in the looking-glass with an angry hiss. The glass was shattered, and down came the hen astonished above meas-

ure against a vase of flowers, which upset, and, in falling, knocked over the stand dish and deluged with ink and water a pair of slippers which Helen Maria was embroidering for her lover, Mr. James Henshaw.

Helen entered the room just as the mischief had been done, and, viewing the ruins, she at once laid it to her brother Timothy. She heard his step behind her, and the unfortunate hen she flung full in his face.

There was a smothered oath, and then the hen came back with the force of a twelve pound shot.

Helen was mad. Her eyes were nearly put out with the feathery dust and dough, and she went at Timothy with true feminine zeal. She broke his watch guard into a dozen pieces, crushed his dickey and began to pull his whiskers out by the roots, when she suddenly remembered that Timothy had no whiskers to pull out by the roots.

But when she came to look closer, she perceived that the man she had nearly annihilated was not Timothy, but James Henshaw.

Poor Helen burst into tears and fled into her chamber, the usual refuge for heroines, and James, after washing his face at the kitchen sink, went home, sternly resolved never to marry a woman with such a temper as Helen Hayes had.

The hen, meanwhile, who is our heroine, returned to the barn to establish herself on the ruins of her nest, sullenly determined to set if the heavens fell.

Mrs. Hayes soon discovered her, and having heard that dipping in water would cure "broodiness," she set forth for the brook with the fowl in her apron.

Mrs. Weaver, an old lady of very quarrelsome temperament, who resided near, and was at sword's point with Mrs. Hayes, was just coming to the brook for a pail of water, and spied the yellow head of the bird peeping out from Mrs. Hayes' apron.

"There," she exclaimed, "now I've found out what has puzzled me to death nigh about a week. I've found out where that yellow pullet has gone to. Mrs. Hayes, I allers know'd you was a wicked, desateful woman, but I didn't think you'd steal."

"Steal? me steal? Who are you talkin' to?" said Mrs. Hayes, on her dignity.

"I'm talking to you, madam; that's who I'm talking to! You've stole my hen that I got over to Uncle Gillies' and paid for in sassegers. She's a real Dorking. Give her to me right here, or I'll use force!"

"She's my hen, and you touch her if you dare!"

"I'll show you what I dare," yelled Mrs. Weaver, growing purple, and, seizing the fowl by the tail, she gave a wrench and the tail came out in her hand.

The sudden cessation of resistance upset Mrs. Weaver's balance, and she fell backward in the brook, spluttering the mud and astonishing pollywogs in every direction.

She was a spry woman, and was soon on her feet, ready to renew the assault.

"Give me my hen!" she cried, thrusting her fist into Mrs. Hayes' face, "you old hag and hypocrite, you!" and she made a second dive at the bird.

The hen thought it proper to show her colors, and uttering an unearthly yell, she flew out of the covert square into the face of Mrs. Weaver, which she raked down with her nails until it resembled red ink.

Mrs. Hayes caught a stick of brush-wood from the fence—Mrs. Weaver did the same—and a regular duel would probably have been fought if the bank of the creek had not suddenly given way and precipitated both the indignant women into the water.

They scrambled out on opposite sides, and the hen sat perched on an apple tree, and cackled in triumph.

The ladies shook themselves, and by common consent went home. They have not spoken since.

The hen disappeared, and was not seen until three weeks afterward, when she made her appearance with eleven nice, yellow chickens. She found out some other fowl's nest, and had set in spite of fate.

But, although not "broken up" herself, she broke up two matches, for Cynthia Bennett was not at home the next time Timothy called, and Mr. Henshaw never forgave Helen for having such a temper.

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Vol. 2. No. 17. { D. M. BENNETT,
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Notes and Clippings.

THREE hundred thousand immigrants have moved into Texas since last October.

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MRS. BEECHER SURE OF HIS INNOCENCE.—She says: "If this trial convinces me of my husband's guilt, I will part with him on the steps of this Court House. But I have no fear of such a result."

BEECHER's chivalry for women is shown in having Mrs. Moulton asked if she did not kiss him—this great, oily lubber, who has kissed all the animal creation and put his mouth on everything but the Bible and Mrs. Beecher.

MR. BEECHER's cross-examination is fixing the impression made by his direct examination. One fact is very striking: during the latter he appeared as a gushing sort of person, frequently crying over the pictures he drew; during the cross he is keen, alert, suspicious, often remarkably forgetful, and under great self-control. What is the meaning of this difference?

VERY NEAR A PIOUS FRAUD.—If it is true, as the papers say, that during his trip around the world, the Rev. Dr. Newman's salary was \$10,500, while his wife received \$3,000 more as his private secretary, the "inspection of consulates" came very near being a pious fraud. It reflects no credit upon the Washington divine or his Presidential parishioners.—*Christian Register*.

GOOD BYE, VARLEY.—This eminent divine has finished his labors here and taken himself to Boston. If he is as successful in that portion of the moral vineyard as here, our sister city may count herself peculiarly fortunate. With the exception of a few little children he induced to "Stand up for Jesus," we have not heard of any conversions he made here. Some of his brethren of the cloth even pronounced him a failure, if not a fraud. "Good riddance," dear Mr. Varley.

THE question is often asked: "Is Mr. Beecher really losing any of his popularity over the country in consequence of the scandal?" It looks as though he was. His paper, the *Christian Union*, at one time had a circulation of 125,000. In January last the number was reduced to 45,000. A week ago, this number was still further reduced to 24,000. This information is from reliable sources. The "Life of Christ" is not selling nearly as rapidly as "Sam" and the rest of the partners would like it to. If it has not gone "as high as a kite," it is pretty well elevated. Drop a tear here for Christ.

A MUSCULAR CLERGYMAN.—The *Troy Times* says: "For a year or two past matters have not been very harmonious in the Baptist (stone) Church Society of Malta, Saratoga county, and some weeks since the pastor, Rev. Mr. Humpstone, tendered his resignation. On Sunday the Rev. Mr. Cook, who was to officiate, did not appear, and Dr. P. Bellinger, who has led the opposition to the old pastor, took upon himself to lead the services. A brother suggested that, as Brother Humpstone was present, he should lead the services. Immediately Dr. Bellinger

rebuked the brother, and Mr. Humpstone arising to speak, Dr. Bellinger ordered him to sit down. But the ex-pastor would not sit down at the bidding of his old antagonist, and then Dr. Bellinger clinched him and tried to force him out of the church. A general tumult followed, and the congregation was dismissed without the usual benediction. The next day the Rev. Mr. Humpstone apologized for his conduct."

STEPS DOWN AND OUT.—The Rev. A. B. Burdick of West-erly, R. I., having failed to relieve himself of the charge of adultery which was brought against him by his church or to make an humble confession of his crime, and the church having received positive proof by eight witnesses of his guilt, he was, on April 18th, by a unanimous vote, expelled from the church. It is said he has moved to this city to engage in the insurance business. If he could only insure the public in the future against any more clergymen committing adultery, he would perform far more valuable service than he ever did by preaching.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH a few days ago informed us that many of the English papers had pronounced against the blatant pretenders, Moody and Sankey, who have been trying to bring London to the foot of the cross by preaching in the streets and other public places, and claim they are doing more harm than good. The authorities were also about to move upon their works. If they would confine them for six months in the Home of Industry, providing them with some useful employment, it would probably be better for the community, and quite as well for the loud-mouthed gentlemen aforesaid.

ONE of the most fervent of the praying temperance women in Dubuque, Iowa, has a drunken husband. It is related that she found him a few nights ago intoxicated in a saloon. She cuffed him soundly, and then said to the proprietor: "See here, sir, you darned miserable skunk, this has gone far enough. During the crusade I prayed for you, and since then have come to you with tears in my eyes, but it seems to have done no good, and now if you ever sell him another drop of whiskey, I'll come down here and snatch you bald-headed quicker than hell can singe a cat. You hear my gentle voice?" Then she took her old man and left.

IMPROPER BEHAVIOR.—The way "Old Winter" is dallying in the lap of Spring this season, is causing a great deal of talk, and the familiarity is strongly condemned. Old Winter is justly censurable for continued liberties with such a shy little maiden, and we are absolutely ashamed of him. Go north, old chap. Visit the pole. Get away from the little damsel, and let her attend to her business; she has much to do, and it will look much better for to busy herself about it. Begone; we have seen quite enough of you. This dallying business is quite too common "all around the board," and we set our face like a flint against it.

A MISSOURI farmer, after a long calculation, presents the following facts concerning dogs: In thirty-two counties 10,602 sheep have been killed by dogs. He estimates the number of dogs in these thirty-two counties to be 472,000; that a hog will thrive on the food necessary to support an able-bodied dog, and at the end of a year weigh 200 pounds; therefore, if the food for these 472,000 dogs went to the hogs it would make 92,000,000 pounds of pork, worth at six cents a pound \$4,520,000—nearly twice the value of all the school-houses in the State, and more than twice the amount used by the State for school purposes.

THE REV. I. S. KALLOCK is again in trouble. It will be remembered, several years ago he fell into sad disrepute in Massachusetts, by being found out in holding very improper relations with another man's wife. It becoming unpleasantly warm for him there, he removed to Kansas, and tried for a few years to become a politician. Not, however, succeeding just to his mind in that field, he felt strong incentives to again enter his Master's service and give to dying sinners the "bread of life." But, alas, while the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. Female charms are too much for him. His ardent nature is too

impulsive; he cannot withstand the influence of the sisters' paroxysmal kisses, and he has again been walking in by and forbidden paths. Thus he has for some time been on the ragged edge, and he even wished he was dead. He ought to have more grace of the sisters' fewer charms. He has temporarily, at least, stepped down and out. But despair not, Brother Isaac, time cures many sorrows and many ills. When you are seventy, it will probably be safe for you once more to lead the faintly sisters home to Jesus.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—If one should, by any possibility forget that these are Beecher times, he would soon be reminded of it by walking about our streets. In one place he will see a new style of collar called "Tilton's Favorites," also "Elizabeth's Ruffles," and "Bessie's Neckties." Among the restaurants he will see its cards hanging out announcing, "Beecher Pot-pies," "Beecher Bean-soup," "Tilton Outlets," "Mrs. Morse Dumplings," and "Paroxysmal Stews." Among the medicines he may see, "Bowen's Bitters," "Sherman's Stimulant," "Wilkinson's Tonic," and "Halliday's Cough-drops." If he wants a hat, he can find "Moulton's Favorite" or "Theodore's Latest." When will we hear the last of all this?

REV. J. R. STILLWELL, of Logansport, Ind., was arraigned by his church upon the prevalent infirmity of making improper advances towards several of the opposite sex. It being a clear case, he did not further cover himself with obloquy and shame by lying and perjury, but honestly "acknowledged the corn," and at once resigned his charge and left the place. The local papers regret the circumstance, more especially as it came in the midst of a revival which was in successful operation, and which was sensibly checked by this publicity. What a pity it will be if any precious souls are finally lost in consequence of this frail shepherd's yielding to animal desires.

CONFERRING THE BERRETTA.—The twenty-seventh of April is the day appointed for the grand ceremonial of conferring the Cardinal's Berretta upon his Eminence, Archbishop McCloskey. Great arrangements are being made to insure its being a most *recherche* affair. Tickets in purple and carmine have been printed, which will cost the eager purchaser fifty cents each. Forty Archbishops and Bishops and about twelve hundred priests are expected to be in attendance. The grandest music will peal from the immense organ of St. Patrick's Cathedral where the show will come off, and no pains will be spared to render the performance most attractive. The Papal Convoys, Count Marefasci, Mgr. Roncetti, Dr. Ubaldi, and several very reverend gentlemen, will be on hand to conduct the ceremonies. When will the world get enough of such priestly tomfoolery, and learn to give their attention to something higher and grander than making such an ado over presenting the bauble of a red cap to a priest? Let the day of a higher intelligence speed on.

AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY REGAINING THE APPEARANCE OF LIFE.—A gentleman of Halifax, England, being in Egypt, brought back several headstaken from human mummies. These heads were brought in separate small boxes, and one of them in some way got soaked in salt water on the voyage. When it was opened by Mr. Leyland, in the presence of a number of other gentlemen, they were startled—even astounded—to find that the flesh on the face had recovered its outline, the cheeks and chin were plump and rounded, the open eyes looked upon them, and even seemed to move. The gentleman hastened to call others from all parts of the museum to observe this wonderful phenomenon. For a few minutes they beheld an unmistakably Egyptian countenance, with pleasant, composed expression—the face of a man who lived at least three thousand years ago. They could only conclude that the powerful aromatic gums which had been used had arrested the decay which the salt water had now rendered possible, and which speedily set in after the head was taken from its box and wrappings. But several gentlemen who saw it have assured me that they can never forget the life-likeness of the face before the swift decay of flesh which followed.

[Written expressly for THE TRUTH SEEKER.]

The Witch of the Wine-Mark.

A Tale of the Royal Colony of Massachusetts.

BY LOTHAIR LOGOS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Since Science, like a skye terrier, has taken the creed of Christendom by the nape of the neck and shaken it like a rat, we meet with strange gymnastics on the part of its champions—that is to say, those who generously undertake our spiritual guidance and the manipulation of no inconsiderable portion of our finances.

Time was when every Christian pulpit throughout the globe was only another name for intolerance and the bitterest denunciation of those who failed to recognize its authority as divine, or who dared to entertain, among other liberal ideas, the fact, that China and India were in the full light of their peculiar civilization, mighty, religious and philosophical centuries, ages before that hackneyed, little drama was, for the last time, enacted among men in the out-of-the-way little cabbage garden of Judea, whose inhabitants had never done anything for literature, art or science, and who are believed never to have turned an honest penny in their lives. Time was we say, and not very long since, when the gates of the Four Gospels were the only mode of egress or ingress permitted to those who would inquire beyond the boundaries set by priestcraft to the human mind, and when nothing would be allowed to enter the citadel of our Faith, that could not be dragged in some way through these illogical and unphilosophic entrances. No matter how low, narrow and tortuous the passage, the longest, the straightest and the stiffest fact won from the most unerring sources, had to yield to its thousand sinuosities and sharp turns, if it were necessary to make it harmonize with "The Word." So that when viewed in its new shape it only served to show how human judgment could be perverted to its own destruction and to the uses of a superstition that gave the benign Creator of the Universe hell for a stomach, and made him a worse cannibal than Saturn, who simply devoured his children, and that was the end of them.

Within the last few years, however, the tide has set in from a different quarter. Archaeological research and the testimony of the rocks have knocked the bottom out of hell, and proved that all the institutions and religious ideas of the Jews were borrowed from other nations and peoples. Not an arrow head found in the valley of the Somme but makes a cock-shot of the first chapter of Genesis, while the human remains discovered under a cypress tree below the fourth forest level at New Orleans, prove, according to Dr. Dowler, that man has been an inhabitant of this globe for nearly fifty-eight thousand years. These, and countless similar "left-handers," have knocked orthodoxy so out of time, that it has been obliged to renew the struggle against human progress with one feather less in its cap; sneaking out of its position of eighteen hundred years in relation to the period of the creation of the world, by asserting, that the words "In the beginning" in the chapter alluded to, met all the requirements of geology and of the Christian belief in this direction.

Every Christian sect outside the despotism of the Papacy is crumbling into dust, because the masses who refuse to recognize the authority of the *Holy See* are permitted to think. Therefore, because of the iron shackles it imposes upon its votaries, the Papacy will be the last to yield; although its power is gradually passing away. Like Christianity it is at a discount in the place of its nativity; and although it may seek to fortify itself upon these free American shores with a Cardinal's hat, if our common school system is kept intact and strictly non-sectarian—if we keep it free of "white chokers" and musty superstitions, we will chew up this ancient error in a single century, beyond the hope of redemption, as we shall chew up every other destructive theory of the sort. Down with them, one and all, we say, when they attempt to lay even a single finger upon the finances of the nation or the progressive tendencies of the age. They are all tared with the same stick; with this difference, that a Protestant, without violating his creed or conscience, can, with full heart and soul, truly perform the duties of an American citizen, while, in reality, the Pope is the sovereign or chief magistrate, as the case may be, of every sound and consistent Roman Catholic in the land of the living.

Although at the time of which we write there was no such broad basis in this country to sustain our argument as there is to-day, yet the terrible and tyrannous exactions and excesses of the dominant religious sect on our shore, had at last become so frightful that even some of those who countenanced them began to note them with horror, and among these latter was Sir William Phipps himself. And hence a single hour before Francis Ellencourt left the villa to call on his Excellency and lady, both these latter personages had been discoursing upon the dreadful condition of the colony, and the devastation that such persons as Sloucher and the witchfinder were spreading in every direction, as agents of a secret, fanatical tribunal, that

was obviously aiming at the exercise of all political as well as religious power. There was something alarming in the situation, and the Governor was about to make some further remarks upon the subject, when Francis was announced.

"Welcome! welcome! and most opportunely arrived," said her ladyship and Sir William in one breath. "It is long since we have met, good cousin," continued her ladyship, "so you may kiss me if you will; and then as we know you have excellent judgment, we shall ask your opinion on a very important subject, which we have just had on the carpet."

"Your ladyship is very generous," said Francis, after kissing her fair cheek, and while turning to shake the proffered hand of the Governor, "and I need hardly say, that in whatever you may condescend to honor my poor judgment, I trust most sincerely that it may not play either you or me false."

"It is this, Ellencourt," said his Excellency when they were seated. "These brandings, and whippings, and hangings that are taking place so constantly, are beginning to alarm us. We can't see exactly where they are going to end. And the worst of it is, I have called a Court into existence which is so linked with the Church in these denunciations, that I feel myself scarcely able to curb its growing power."

"The case is rather serious, indeed, your Excellency," returned Francis. "But it lies obviously in your own hands to remedy it. The power that created this special Court for the trial and punishment of alleged dealers in witchcraft can dissolve the body, and thereby arrest this persecution, which I regard as a disgrace to the age."

"What! Ellencourt?" retorted Sir William, "don't you believe that there are such things as witches and evil spirits going about and bringing destruction upon us? although I can't suppose that all who have been arrested are guilty; while, at times, a terrible suspicion steals upon me, that possibly some who were innocent may have been consigned to death!"

"There is, I fear, little but superstition and fanaticism at the bottom of this persecution," returned Francis. "And that some who are innocent have suffered, and are still suffering, there cannot be a shadow of doubt. Nay, more, I think I can make it apparent to your Excellency, that this knot of gloomy fanatics who are aiming at the usurpation of all power in the colony, are carrying their diabolical aims to an extent that is calculated to arouse your alarm and hostility to a greater degree than you might be willing to suppose."

"What do you mean?" quickly rejoined Sir William. "Have you made any discovery of a more extraordinary nature than usual?"

"Your Excellency is aware," continued Francis, "that amongst the recent denunciations for witchcraft made at the instance of this terrible league, have been that of Miss Alice Ravenswood and that of the daughter of Giles, the ferryman, both of whom are now hapless fugitives from their homes and families, with the scoundrels Sloucher and Huskins on their track."

"Pon my life! Ellencourt," exclaimed Sir William, "I have not heard a word of it until the present moment; but I suppose the case of Miss Ravenswood was purposely kept from my ears."

"Yes," said Lady Phipps, "and rely upon it, Sir William, other cases of a similar character have been kept a secret from you also until too late, for I surmise this Court condemns to death with frightful rapidity, and then causes executions to take place upon the semblance of your authority only."

"Impossible! impossible!" ejaculated the Governor, in alarm. "The latter at least could never take place. They dare not do it!"

"They dare do a great deal that your Excellency little dreams of," returned Francis, producing the slip of paper which had been taken from the head of Sloucher's staff, and presenting it to Sir William.

The Governor ran his eye hastily over the document, but before he had perused more than a few words, a deadly pallor overspread his countenance, which was quickly succeeded by a crimsoned brow and a terrible fire that began to burn in his eyes.

Lady Phipps, whom Francis had purposely engaged in conversation at this moment, did not observe the emotion of her husband; and as he, with a strenuous effort, immediately regained his usual composure, and perused with seeming calmness the paper to its close, she presumed that it was simply a note of some aggravated grievance such as was borne to her ears almost daily.

On perusing the paper, Sir William arose, and assuring Lady Phipps, on a request made by her in relation to the case of Alice, that he would at once look into the matter, and see that there should be more caution used in future touching such affairs, he begged Francis to accompany him to the library, where they could talk over some matters in regard to the failure and unexpected return of the recent expedition—although in reality not altogether for that purpose.

It was evening before Francis left the vice-regal mansion, and as he bent his steps towards the villa, there might have been noticed about him that which savored of hope and confidence, for he felt satisfied that he had aroused in the Governor a spirit of hostility against the fanatical crew that were now devastating the land and paralyzing every energy that could

be brought to bear upon human progress, either mentally or physically.

But then the difficulty was, that so powerful the Church, and so accustomed were all civic affairs to bow to it, even the Governor himself had to be cautious in evincing the slightest opposition to it, or in attempting to combat, to any extent, the fearful superstition which had for so far taken no very slight hold even on himself. He was not sure of the loyalty of those of his own household, and as he had entrusted power to hands which might not be so willing to relinquish it at a moment's notice, and as even the soldiery were deeply imbued with the belief in witchcraft, he found that he must move slowly and with the nicest judgment. For the first time since the outbreak or the accursed mania, he began to suspect that it might, after all, be simply what it was designated by Ellencourt—a vile superstition—and now that he had been put in possession of proofs the most indisputable, that this clique was not only unjust in some cases at least, but dangerous to his own happiness and government, he determined to undermine its power, and secure its total overthrow. Before this could be accomplished, however, he felt half inclined to believe that more lives might fall a victim to it, as to stretch forth his hand and pluck them from destruction at once, would be to arouse a religious hurricane about his ears that might doom himself to certain destruction; for what might not a fanatical soldiery and clerical crew attempt and accomplish? That there were many sterling men upon whom he could rely, was true, but most of them had kept aloof from him since these denunciations and executions had become rife, but now he should quietly gather them about him, and gradually sap the foundations of the terrible superstition which was already overshadowing his authority.

When Francis arrived at the villa, it was dusk. He had been anxiously expected, and when he entered the apartment in which the invalid and his friends had been long awaiting his appearance his cheerful aspect raised the spirits of all about him. Whatever the contents of the paper drawn from the head of the Fanatic's staff, it appeared to have furthered the object of his mission to the Governor's house; for although Lady Phipps was not aware of the nature of the document, Sir William was, and that served every purpose.

He had, of course, recounted to her ladyship, in the clearest possible terms, the sufferings of the poor fugitives, and the dangers that encompassed them, and had received from her the fullest assurance of her sympathy and active interference in their behalf. But, clear of intellect she saw, like his Excellency, that the utmost caution would have to be used before their restoration to their families and homes could be effected with any degree of security.

When the hour had nearly arrived for Red Wing to return to the ravine, the two Indians were on the watch for him, when descrying him some distance from his wigwam, hastened to tell him and the hunters, whom he had overtaken, returning with game, of what had occurred. The chief was silent, and only indulged in an exclamation of relief when he heard of the safety of Firefly. When informed of the perfidy of Lightfoot, and his fate, and that of the Noose, he shrugged his shoulders with a silent laugh, and humorously remarked, that the wolves had pick and choice of dainties—a whole white, and a half red man; observing bitterly, that half-breeds for the most part, disgrace the only pure drops of blood they possess.

As it was verging towards night, he thought, with the two lookouts, that they could all return to the ravine with safety, as the authorities would never suppose that now one of them was to be found even in any place in its vicinity.

It was about an hour after dark that Robert, while cautiously examining the fastenings of the windows that were nearly on a level with the terrace, thought he perceived the figure of a man glide along an angle of the building. Brave as a lion, he was instantly on its track, and had just reached the point where the figure had disappeared when a light from within fell full across his path, and revealed his own form for an instant. Scarcely, however, had the ray been withdrawn, when Red Wing stood before him. The recognition was instantaneous and mutual, and without waiting to exchange more than a single word, they both entered the villa, where the chief soon found himself in the presence of his wife, and Martha, as well as that of the whole household who now, that night had set in, gathered round the invalid with words of encouragement which, intensified by Francis and Florence, reached her sorely oppressed heart, as well as that of Maurice, who, with Titmouse, had been about the ravine all the afternoon endeavoring, but in vain, to trace the direction taken by the horse which they supposed had borne off Alice.

The appearance of the chief gave additional confidence; and now the whole party sat down in solemn conclave as it were, in which, ere they had well disposed of themselves, they were joined by old Giles the ferryman, who had not seen Martha since her visit to the cave, and had now stolen forth to meet her.

After Firefly had rapidly recounted to the chief the incidents of the previous night, he sought to glean some information in relation to the light and the kind of dress worn by the ruffian who had borne off

Miss Ravenswood. On this point neither she nor Martha could form any idea whatever, as they really had not seen the person alluded to; or if they had seen him, they were so confused and alarmed at the moment as to have taken no note of him. The fact of Sloucher having visited the scene of the abduction early in the morning, or come upon it accidentally, would seem to argue that he was not of the party who had perpetrated the outrage. But then, as the Noose and the half-breed were known to be in his confidence, why not some other agent also, who might, under his instructions, have seized upon Miss Ravenswood and carried her off to some secluded point beyond the reach of the emissaries of the law, whose operations, through the influence of some of the friends of Alice, might be embarrassed to the ultimate frustration of his own evil designs.

This sort of reasoning almost settled down into a conviction, and although they felt that the situation of Alice was, under even the most favorable view of the case, perilous in the extreme, they found some consolation in the fact that so severely wounded was the Fanatic, it must be some considerable period before he could again make a descent upon whatever point she had been conveyed to—that is, presuming her to have fallen into his power.

When Madge Gordon turned away from the wounded Fanatic, and entered the room where Alice was seated, she recounted briefly what had occurred to the wretch, and intimated that, for the time being at least, there was no danger to be apprehended from him, as it must be some days before he could possibly appear abroad, or perhaps leave his mock bed of humility.

The intelligence was most grateful to the poor girl. But although the arrows should prove to have been poisoned, and the villain should die of his wounds, yet she would be no nearer to relief from the burden of the denunciations of the witch-finder or the fearful doom that the law seemed to have in store for her. Circumstanced as Madge was, she could not venture to leave the house to apprise them at the villa of the safety of Alice for the present; as, during her absence, the Fanatic might, in a fit of rage, or fired with suspicion, forget his wounds and break open the door of the apartment. It was, therefore, decided to let things take their course, as it seemed to be clearly understood that, no matter who should happen to call, Sloucher would never divulge the fact of Miss Ravenswood being concealed beneath his roof.

About an hour after the departure of the witch-finder, the leech, or doctor, made his appearance and examined the condition of the wounded man. He was admitted by Madge, who stood by to hear what might be his opinion regarding the sufferer. The laceration of the tongue was considered dangerous, although not necessarily fatal, and the arrows were declared not to have been poisoned. This latter disclosure appeared to afford the patient infinite relief; for, when he heard it, he closed his eyes with a long-drawn sigh.

His wrist and cheeks were now dressed, and ere the physician left the house he seemed easier. Madge, who accompanied him beyond the threshold, ventured to ask him if he really thought there was but little actual danger to his patient, when a whisper dropped in her ear made it quite apparent that the opinion given in the hearing of the Fanatic, was not altogether in keeping with that privately entertained by him. Be this as it may, it had a most soothing effect upon the wretch, who seemed to rest easier and to moan infinitely less since it had been delivered. So that when Madge returned to Alice a second time, she gave her further assurance that the persecutions and denunciations of the Fanatic were assuredly interrupted for some time at least.

Days had passed away and the occupants of the villa were still in doubt and agony as to the fate of poor Alice. Maurice had been arraigned regarding the failure of the expedition, but so explained matters, that not the slightest censure attached to him or to the other officer in charge. In fact, through the judicious and truthful guidance of Francis, he stood for bravery and patriotism even higher in the estimation of the Governor than he had previous to his departure from the town.

In addition, some important changes were now being gradually made in the Governor's household, and among those near his person as advisers. At first these changes attracted but little notice, but as they became more marked and continuous after a day or two, the clerical wolves who had, either through rank, superstition, or the lust of gold and power, been preying upon the energies of the masses, began to howl and menace, but their jaws had already been paralyzed, and some of their most dangerous fangs quietly drawn.

Maurice, Francis, and all those who were free to move about the villa, were, of course, hourly engaged in endeavoring to discover some clue to the fate of Alice, but all without avail. The doctor who had attended the Fanatic was visited, and such information elicited from him, led to the enquiries as to the conclusion that they were possibly in error in supposing that Sloucher was a party to the abduction. When it was perceived that Maurice stood high in favor with the Governor, and that the State, under the recent manipulation of his Excellency, was getting the better of the Church, Peter Huskins shrank from preferring

any charges against the lover of Alice for the assault on the Fanatic, and contented himself with looking to the speedy conviction of those already in prison on his denunciation, lest they should escape the rope, rather than to the augmentation of their numbers. In truth, he began to discover that the powers that had so long controlled affairs in both Church and State were on the wane, and that it was more than probable the ungodly should triumph for a season. But even here, he appeared to be thwarted, for the most violent and fanatical members of the Court, constituted by his Excellency, for the trial and punishment of those accused and convicted of witchcraft had been removed, and persons of something like humane tendencies appointed in their place. In fact, it was felt on all sides, that a crisis was at hand, and that the power had passed away from the servants of the Lord—some asserting that the day of His wrath was nigh, while others rejoiced secretly at the prospect of the overthrow of the blindest and most unnatural superstition that ever darkened the human soul.

Still there was death and danger on the very highway; for notwithstanding that the Governor had fortified himself to a great extent, the darkness had not yet fully passed away from his own mind, and there was yet sufficient power outside him to shackle his action in relation to those already in prison or under the ban for witchcraft, so that no matter how strong his desire to cut short at once the persecution that had so long devastated homes and hearthstones, he found himself scarcely in a position to gratify it. Yet he determined to interfere in the case of Miss Ravenswood, in a manner the most emphatic, should she happen to fall into the hands of the Court; although he felt half satisfied, that the late appointments would save him all trouble in relation to her, as his ideas were pretty well understood on the subject. There was, however, a degree of uncertainty connected with the whole affair, which might after all prove fatal to her; for the Court, even as it was now constituted, would not fail to convict her on what its members regarded sufficient evidence, for one and all of them though in various degrees believed in the vile superstition.

Nor was this the only direction taken by the good tendencies of his Excellency in relation to the peace and prosperity of the colony; for now he had begun to perceive that a wrong and dangerous policy had been pursued against the Indians, and that some of the tribes who showed an inclination to be friendly ought to be met in sincerity and more than half-way. The injustice that had been done two years previously to Red Wing, and those of his immediate followers, had already been pointed out by Francis, and the consequence was a proclamation had been issued which relieved the chief and those he led from the ban that had been placed upon them; so that now both he and they were free to come and go, as they thought proper, while Firefly was no longer constrained to lie *perdu* at the villa.

This unexpected edict was issued on the second morning after the return of the chief and the hunters to the ravine, where they now might occupy their wigwams in perfect security.

The great central trouble, however, was still unabated, notwithstanding that larger facilities for terminating it had begun to obtain. No tidings whatever could be gained of Miss Ravenswood, although both white and red man were continually in search of her. Maurice and Florence had returned to The Heights only once for an hour or so since her flight; John Langton, crossing and recrossing the river continually, to keep the household in trim, and to apprise his master and mistress of how their domestic affairs stood. Florence and Francis would have been supremely happy were it not for the absence of poor Alice, and the dire uncertainty that surrounded her fate. Robert and Emily shared sincerely the anguish of the invalid and Maurice, as did John and Martha, although the latter had still enough connected with her own case to excite dire forebodings; for should the witchfinder even now lay hands upon her, her doom was fearfully uncertain. Titmouse, however, appeared to be the only one who entertained, without wavering, the idea that Alice was, after all, in the clutches of Sloucher. Somehow the little fellow, ever since he witnessed the scene between Maurice and the Fanatic near the ravine, drifted into the conviction that his young mistress had been borne off on the horse he had discovered loose when leading the others to the place from which they had been stolen; and upon this idea he tacked another, to the effect that the animal had been used in the abduction by the Fanatic himself.

And now, as he pondered the case in his own astute but silent manner, after another day's search in the hope of obtaining some traces of the poor fugitive, the thought struck him—"May she not have been borne to the lonely abode of the Fanatic, and be now a prisoner there? Ha!"

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

WE need free bodies and free minds—free labor and free thought—chainless hands and fetterless brains. Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth.—*Ingersoll*.

After Death—What?

A correspondent asks—will you not call out some of your very able contributors on this subject? Now I do not consider myself among the number of "very able," and yet without any egotism I profess to know as much about this subject as any one, and that is *simply nothing*. The fact is, all humanity stand on a level here. We have each the same opportunity to investigate, or to accept on faith. But as neither investigation nor faith are satisfactory, I fear we shall never settle the question until we reach "that bourn from whence no traveler returns." I could never quite understand why there was so much speculation on the subject. The enjoyment of a good dinner is never impaired for me by conjectures as to the possibility of no dinner to-morrow. With a world full of mysteries that present an uninterrupted field for investigation, why peer into the unseen and absolutely unknowable future? A few presuming people assert their positive knowledge of a future life. But the reports they bring from the other side, purporting to come from some of the grandest souls that ever lived, are so silly, stupid, and frivolous, that we who cannot conceive of a future without progression and improvement, are forced to reject them wholly, or to look forward to an existence which impairs and weakens the grandest part of our physical being—our intellects. The greatest scholars, the most masterly intellects of all ages, make no positive assertions on this subject. The possibility is often admitted. Burns, writing an epitaph on an honest friend, says:

"If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this."

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Hamlet, in his famous soliloquy, these words:

"To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long a life;
...
the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

Setting aside the positive position of the Church, which is founded solely on *faith*, and not on knowledge, we have no great thinker, no masterly mind, no scientific researcher in all the ages who asserts any positive knowledge on the subject. Spiritualists alone do this. But as the power of understanding the question, as presented by them, depends on so many fine "conditions," and in one respect is much like the "Gospel plan," given only unto a few chosen souls, we cannot accept it. They have the future all nicely mapped out for us, or rather, I should say, *rapped* out. But to us there isn't anything very convincing in a rap; if there is, we have only to recall our childhood days to believe—most families are rich in rapping mediums.

Assuming for one moment a future life, what reason have we for supposing that it will be better than this; or that we, who have found so little joy and sweetness here, shall become suddenly possessed of acute powers for the acceptance and appreciation of these higher delights?

Placing too much stress on this idea of a future existence is, it seems to me, injurious, and makes us oftentimes careless and neglectful of the duties and needs of the present hour. To revel in imaginary glories is to overlook the joys of to-day. It is this eternally exalting the spiritual above the material that has done so much mischief. This trying to prove that another world is going to compensate for any ills suffered here, is like a man saying: "O! never mind if you do burn yourself, I have a salve that will cure." The kindest friend is the one who shows you how to shun the fire. To know how to live is our great need. Tyndall has the idea in a nut-shell, when he says, "whatever be the fate of theory, the practical monitions are clear enough, which declare, that on our dealings with matter depend our weal or woe, physical and moral."

We have no knowledge of the existence of mind outside of matter. These combinations of atoms go to make up our individual beings; from these bodies our minds derive their force and strength, or weakness and imbecility. Who can say that they do not resolve into the great negative life-principle of the Universe on the dissolution of these physical bodies?

The wisest have failed to solve the mystery, and ever will fail. The visionary will go on dreaming; the presumptuous will continue to assert, but the sensible man will waive such questions, and seek only the means to wisely enjoy and improve this life, carrying, with honest purpose, joy, peace and wisdom with him to brighten the earthly pathway of those less fortunate than himself.

DR VERNON.

The Truth Seeker,

A JOURNAL
OF REFORM AND FREE THOUGHT.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

No. 333 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Other Side.

The following we have received from a respected legal friend, and cheerfully give it room.

OREGON, HOLT Co, Mo., April 5th, 1875.

MR. BENNETT—Will you be pleased to admit a hearing a little on the other side in the Beecher-Tilton matter? As a Liberal you cannot refuse, as so much is published by you against Mr. Beecher. Who is the attacked in the case? Who has been the attacked from the beginning? From the first whisper of the slander through the pages of Woodhull and Claflin, down to the present trial? A great name and a splendid fame, have been assailed. Money has been received from him and used by the assailant; money is the claim now, more money. The offense complained of was condoned; the pretended offender embraced and associated with her a long time after its discovery by the assailant! The only evidence worth a bauble to prove the case against defendant is the woman's written confession to her husband, and Beecher's letters read in the light of that confession. The woman says that confession was got from her when she was sick, depressed terribly, and ignorant of its contents. This destroys that confession at once in the esteem of every sensible man who has been married to a loving wife and transacted business requiring her signature. In a business of over twenty-five years, during which the writer of this has known of thousands of women signing papers in his presence, at the request of their husbands, he has not known half a dozen instances wherein the woman paid the slightest attention to the instruments unless the matter was pressed upon their attention. Even women of uncommon business shrewdness daily in every part of the country sign instruments of writing, at the husbands' request, without inquiring as to their contents and with total ignorance thereof. If any man doubts this, let him try this experiment, and he will soon say Mrs. Tilton's confession is utterly void, since her denial and explanation. Then Beecher's letters stand alone for construction, seeing every hint or innuendo of the offense is based on that confession. Now, Mr. Bennett, I must say my experience compels me to darkly suspect every combination charging a man of high standing and reputed wealth of an offense; and the longer a great useful life has stood unsullied, the deeper my suspicions of the motives of the assailants. Bright and shining clean must their hands be who lay them aggressively on such a life as Beecher's. Are they so? I need not answer! Remember they are the attacking party.

And now with Beecher's letters alone, as you must admit, remember that years ago, on an occasion when charged with some trivial offense, he wrote just such letters in just such desponding, self-reproaching, semi-suicidal tones and words—were he otherwise he would not be Henry Ward Beecher, the man to whom liberal thought owes so much; foremost in every good cause; abounding in every extreme charity for all men and creeds (his catholic charity is not late and 'tis cruelly false to say so,) whose warfare against slavery, ignorance, intemperance, etc., has made for him countless enemies ready to tear him down (the extremely orthodox among the number,) and where bold advanced position on theology and noble brave words must make to him a friend of every true Liberal.

C. I.

REPLY.—With due respect to our friend's legal knowledge—a line to which we can lay no claim—we are necessarily compelled to view this case in a different light from himself. We are not disposed to shield Mr. Beecher from any crime of which he may be guilty, because of his "great name and splendid fame." If he is guilty of the crime charged against him we think his offense greater than the same act would be in an obscure, inferior man. A more perfect life is due from a superior man than from a low, base one.

That our friend is quite correct in the matter of women signing deeds, mortgages, and executing other legal documents at their husbands' request, without examination, we readily admit. In such cases they know from previous information from their husbands what they desired, and they seldom deem it necessary to read over the document. Mrs. Tilton's is not one of this kind. It is a very different affair for a lady to sign a deed or mortgage, and writing a confession of committing the crime of adultery. It is a very improbable thing to suppose a lady of Mrs. Tilton's intelligence would sign a confession of her great guilt, even though her husband should ask it, with the same indifference a lady would sign a deed. Nor can we

conceive how any virtuous lady of intelligence and spirit could, by any persuasion, solicitation or threat, be induced to write herself down an adulteress unless it was true. She would sooner part with her life. Mrs. Tilton did this in the confession she wrote and signed. She virtually confessed Beecher's aim to accomplish the crime when she wrote to the Rev. Mr. Storrs, that Mr. Beecher had "asked her to be his wife with all the name implies."

If it is urged she wrote these statements under the coercion of her husband, can it be claimed she wrote by his dictation from Marietta, Ohio, nearly a thousand miles distant, virtually acknowledging the offense? Was it by Mr. Tilton's dictation that she wrote from Schoharie, N. Y., in a letter to him, saying she hoped he would never fall under the influence of a bad woman, as she had, under a bad man? Was it by her husband's coercion that she confessed to Susan B. Anthony having committed adultery with Mr. Beecher? Did Mr. Tilton compel her to make the same statement to Mrs. Bradshaw? Did he force her to make the same admission to her daughter Florence, and her brother, Mr. Richards, to say nothing of Mr. and Mrs. Moulton, who both swear she did? It is not very likely an innocent woman would make such admissions, written or oral, when they are totally unfounded in truth.

We cannot see that Mr. Beecher being the party attacked, has very much to do with his innocence or guilt. Thieves, burglars and murderers are always the attacked party when they are arraigned for their crimes before the bar of justice. Some one must accuse them before they can be brought to trial. They would readily agree to attack no one, if no one would attack them. They only ask to be "let alone."

We cannot dispose of Mr. Beecher's letters as easily as our legal friend does. Admitting Mr. Beecher is a very impulsive man, full of ardor and "gush," it fails to account for his extraordinary letters save upon the theory he had committed a crime! Could he say, "I ask, through you, Theodore Tilton's forgiveness. I humble myself before him as I do before my God. He would be a better man in my place than I have been," and more of the same sort, unless he had committed a grievous offense against Mr. Tilton? His becoming aware that Mrs. Tilton's affections had, unconsciously to him, been attracted to himself; his advising Mrs. Tilton to leave her husband if she could not get along with him, and his saying to Mr. Bowen that, in consequence of Mr. Tilton's waywardness and departures from virtue, he was no longer a suitable editor for *The Independent*, furnish no justification for such language as he used. He claims his convictions were honest, and if so, he had no occasion to condemn himself in such extreme language. A man of Mr. Beecher's intelligence could hardly write or dictate such a letter unless there was more to call it out than he now states there was.

Can our legal friend conceive that a man of Mr. Beecher's good sense, in writing to Moulton upon the offense he had committed against Tilton, would express himself in the following way if his crime had been only to give bad advice?

"To say that I have a church on my hands is simple enough, but to have the hundreds and thousands of men pressing me, each with his keen suspicion, or anxiety, or zeal; to see tendencies, which if not stopped, would break out into ruinous defense of me; to stop them without seeming to do it; to prevent any one questioning me; to meet and allay prejudices against T. which had their beginning years before this; to keep serene as if I was not alarmed or disturbed; to be cheerful at home and among friends, when I was suffering the torments of the damned; to pass sleepless nights often, and yet to come up fresh and full for Sunday—all this may be talked about, but the real thing cannot be understood from the outside, nor its wearing and grinding on the nervous system. . . . But chronic evils require chronic remedies. If my destruction would place him (Tilton) all right, that shall not stand in the way. I am willing to step down and out. No one can offer more than that. That I do offer. Sacrifice me without hesitation if you can clearly see your way to his safety thereby. I do not think anything would be gained by it. I should be destroyed, but he would not be saved. Elizabeth and the children would have their future clouded. Nothing can be so bad as the horror of great darkness in which I spend much of my time. I look upon death as sweeter-faced than any friend I have in the world. Life would be pleasant if I could see rebuilt that which is shattered. But to live on the sharp and ragged edge of anxiety, remorse, fear, despair, and yet to put on all the appearance of serenity and happi-

ness, cannot be endured much longer. I am well nigh discouraged. If you, too, cease to trust me—to love me—I am alone; I have not another person in the world to whom I could go."

Can it be supposed for a moment a man of sense would write that way, when he had done nothing but given a few words of advice, which he had deemed honest and called for, and advice, even, which was not acted upon or followed? Is it not most apparent he had a secret which troubled him greatly, and which he was most anxious to keep from the world? If it was only this honest advice he had given Mrs. Tilton and Mr. Bowen, if that was the only offense he had committed, could he not easily have told it to any member of his church and to the whole world, and thus have ended his agony? Nay, nay, there was something worse in the dark which he wished to conceal, and which kept him on the ragged edge.

Mr. Beecher's theory of innocence—or rather his lawyers'—will not avail. All his actions, his frequent secret meetings, his many singular letters during these memorable three or four years; his great efforts to keep everything secret from the members of his church, his continued exertion to keep the facts concealed, to suppress all investigation, to hush all enquiry, and to stifle all questions, speak GUILT in unmistakable terms. If he was innocent of the charges preferred against him, why did he not boldly say so at first, at last, and all the time? Is it any indication of innocence for an accused man to do all he can to shut everybody's mouth and to hush-sh at every one who asks a question?

His explanation, under cross-examination, of his conduct, his letters, Mrs. Tilton's and Mrs. Morse's letters, was very lame and unsatisfactory. His evasions, tergiversations and indirect answers were very noticeable. His great want of memory when anything was asked calculated to bear against his case, and his remarkably good memory when points in his favor were brought out; his dramatic efforts, his gesticulations, his mimicry and his vehement theatrical style, shedding tears at one moment, and exciting laughter by his buffoonery at another—all these things taken as a whole, did not strike the clear, candid common sense of the nation as indications of truth and honesty. Numerous thousands of the people of America believe the Reverend gentleman positively and pointedly perjured himself day after day while upon the witness-stand. While his ardent admirers still affect to think him innocent, the great bulk of the dispassionate thinking multitude are forced to the conviction that he is a guilty man.

Some of his friends excuse him for committing perjury, inasmuch as he does it to shield a deserving lady from exposure, but we fail to see the justification in such an appalling step, when he does it by attempting to blacken the reputation of three others, either of whom is as good, morally or mentally, as himself, and one of them a highly respectable lady—at least, in all respects, the equal of Mrs. Tilton. The crime is base enough to prejudice himself, to screen himself and his paramour, but when he attempts this by dragging into the filth the reputation of three innocent persons, it becomes a most aggravated offense, and inconceivably greater than the original sin of adultery.

It is now said Mrs. Tilton will take the witness-stand, and that while she admits that she acknowledged to Miss Anthony, Mrs. Bradshaw, her mother, her brother and her daughter that she had committed adultery with Mr. Beecher, that she will explain the reason why she made such admissions, and that the admissions were untrue. It is to be hoped the lady will, for her own credit, attempt to make no such explanation. What possible combination of circumstances could induce a lady to make any such admissions when unfounded in truth. The very fact of her having made them, is positive proof of the sin having been committed, and it will be impossible for her to explain it away.

The whole matter may be summed up in this way: Henry Ward Beecher is a brilliant man, but has large amativeness—marked by phrenologists *seven plus*—which, with his warm, impulsive nature, makes his admiration of the opposite sex very ardent.

In principle and self-control he is rather deficient; hence his liability to yield to temptation is great.

His home connubial relations have not been most happy, and his heart yearnings were not satisfied there.

His outside opportunities among his numerous female acquaintances for extra kindnesses, such as "friendly kisses," "inspirational kisses," "holy kisses," "paroxysmal kisses," etc., etc., have been unsurpassed.

We have undoubted proof that clergymen are particularly susceptible to the influences of the softer sex, and that when they are charged with very natural derelictions of this kind they most invariably deny it in the strongest terms.

As Mr. Beecher is no better, and has no more principle than the average clergymen, we cannot see, when there is such strong proof against him, why we should try to believe him innocent in opposition to most damaging and convincing testimony, simply on the score of "gush" and fine sentiment.

The American nation accords to Mr. Beecher talent and great ability; it could have forgiven him the sin of adultery; it regrets he was weak enough to be false, but can never forgive him if he is guilty of bare-faced perjury.

A New Departure.

Mrs. Woodhull—or rather her husband, Col. Blood, who, it is well known, writes her articles and speeches, and thus bravely fights or shields himself under the banner of a petticoat—has, in the last two or three numbers of *The Weekly*, made a decided change of base. The paper has for years been known as ultra-Radical on all questions, including the subject of the inspiration of the Bible, the Christian religion, etc. From this position it has just veered over to be a supporter of the Bible, its complete infallibility and reliability and the sacred mission of Jesus.

Probably the Christian world ought to largely appreciate this accession to their ranks, even if the patrons of the paper—a large portion of whom are the most progressed Radicals—do not approve the change.

That this revolution thus commenced may be completed, we would suggest that Victoria enter a nunnery and that the Colonel take holy orders as soon as practicable.

Elder Shelton Once More.

Our pious, Hard-shell Alabama Elder has again favored us with the following brilliant effusions. While we cannot for a moment doubt his implicit faith in the big stories of the Bible and the dogmas of orthodox Christianity, nor his subservient fealty to the superstitions of the past, we regret he has not studied more closely the manners of a gentleman. Why need he call attention to our long ears? By the way, does he really know we have long ears? Will he risk a pint of peanuts that, by actual measurement, our ears are longer than his? We make room for what the pious man of God has to say.

BROOKSVILLE, BLOUNT CO., ALA., April 5th, 1876.

MR. D. M. BENNETT, Sir:—I would not write to you at present, but seeing some of your Philosophical nonsense, together with some of your low, vulgar, satirical slang, used by you in the place of argument against my Article written in defense of a Scriptural Flood, I now proceed to write, not that I expect to convince such a wise man as you are, who has in his own estimation got all the Oracles of Wisdom treasured up in his own cranium. But I write in order to try to reach some of your readers, whom I trust have not gone so far away from the revealed word of God. I feel sorry for all men that are in total darkness and are lost. Now, Sir, you tried to answer my Article written on fourth page TRUTH SEEKER, printed March 15th, 1875, by first speaking of my harshness and uncourtiousness in my argument. I will make some apologies for that, by nearly stating that Christians sometimes have to deal very roughly with *Long Eared Brutes*. Now, Sir, if a man will but once admit that there is a Creator, who has created all things, he must admit that this same Creator can do anything that he wants to do, even if it is to bring on a big flood, such as was in Noah's time. Now we believe that the flood was altogether a *miracle* wrought out by God in order to show wicked, unbelieving men, in the early existence of the world, that he was God. Now Mr. Editor if God had not performed such huge *Miracles*, all along in the early age of the world, men never would have been convinced that there was a God. They all would have been poor, ignorant, benighted creatures, such as Infidel writers and Deists are in the present day.

Secondly, you tried to meet our arguments by stating that there has been some tremendous upheavals in the

Earth, which has caused Timber, Animals, etc., to be found in places deep under the Earth. Now, Sir, I deny that there has ever been any upheavals of the Earth since the flood. The Bible does tell us that the fountain of the great deep was broken up, and this is the only upheavals that ever was. Sir, I defy you to prove by living witnesses that any such upheavals have ever taken place in North America. I am not going to allow you to bring up the blind ideas of philosophy. I want you to understand that a *Learned* fool, and a philosophical fool, is the biggest fool of all fools. Don't talk to me of volcanic upheavals in the old world, which only turn up Dirt and Rock enough to make an opening for the melted Lava to issue forth, that argument will be too thin for a man of your paper.

Again, you ask where did such an amount of water come from to make this mighty flood, and where did it go to when the flood was over, &c. That is a mighty foolish question to ask a faithful Christian. The Christian knows and has faith enough to believe that God can prepare water enough to drown a thousand such worlds as this, if he saw proper by that act, to convince all intelligent beings that he is a Sovereign God. See how many intelligent men and women that have come into the world since the flood, that have been noble-hearted Christians in consequence of the every-day proof of that flood being found all over the Earth.

Again you ask, how is it possible for the number of animals that was taken into the Ark to live when there was but one door and window in the Ark. Sir, we answer you by saying that they were sustained by the same *power* that preserved Jonah in the whale's belly. We can only account for it on the ground that it is a miracle wrought out by God, in order to save a remnant to repeople the earth again with better people. It seems, Mr. Editor, that the people before the flood had become to a vast extent just such unbelievers and Deists as you and THE TRUTH SEEKER are, which justly enkindled the wrath of God against them, and he determined to sweep them off and save eight Christians, to wit, Noah and his family, in order to re-people the earth with better folks. And Sir, I will say to you to-day, that if the people of the world as a general thing were to become believers in your doctrine, God would get awfully mad at us again, and would sweep us off again by a flood of fire or water in less than twenty-four hours. But we are thankful that there is still a few Josephs, Elijahs, Rebeccas and Marys in the world. Though Christianity has its *Beechers*, the world of mankind knows that they are only Infidels at heart, while they hypocritically take upon them the cloak of Christianity. And Mr. Editor you say a great deal in your columns about *Beecher*, in order as you think to, to throw a slur on Christians. Sir, I say to you that all men would more or less become Beechers if they believed as you do. Beecher is just such a man as you are, at heart, an *unbeliever*, only he tries to put on a Christian cloak to deceive the world. Sir, if your doctrine of Infidelity was believed by every body, it would make miserable Prostitutes of the female sex and miserable Beechers of the men, because the fear of God and a burning hell would not be before their Eyes. Sir, your system of belief makes miserable cut-throats, and robbers, out of men and miserable base creatures out of women. This is the reason why, in Alabama, such men as you are not allowed to give testimony in open court against any one; from the fact that the public does not believe that such a man would swear the truth, especially if he was interested in the case. And justly too, from the very fact, that there is no foundation in such men for the truth, from the fact that there is no fear of God and his judgments in their minds, consequently we had as well swear one of those creatures that Baalam rode, and expect to get the truth out of it, as to swear an Infidel. Now, Sir you profess not to believe one word that is written in the Bible. Now, we know what you don't believe, now please tell us what you do believe. And we defy you to undertake with *truth* to prove what you think you do believe. Now if you and your readers won't have the Bible, please give us something that is better, as you go along, or the world won't have it.

Now Sir, if you undertake to reply to this Article, be serious about it, and don't try to poke fun at us and the Bible instead of argument. If there is any solid argument about you, let us have it, and don't give us suppositions for truths.

ELDER J. C. SHELTON.

REPLY.—There!—if that is not a regular Simon-pure Christian letter, what is it? It abounds in *faith* and ignorance, and those are certainly Christian characteristics. True, there are forty or fifty errors of orthography, capitalization, and bad grammar, and a dozen or two misrepresentations and prevarications, or, "not to put too fine a point upon it"—*lies*. But those are not un-Christian; they are just what the system is made up of.

The Elder has spread himself considerably, and evidently wants us to reply to him. He is specially anxious that we be serious about it, and use solid arguments. We hope we shall treat his letter in a proper spirit, and at least be as courteous in language as he has been to us. We do not wish to be outdone by him in politeness, truthfulness, or gentlemanliness.

We will notice some of his inaccuracies:

First. He intimates we used low, vulgar slang in

our former reply to him. It is wrong for the domine to so misrepresent us. It is neither just nor true. We used no slang nor improper language towards him.

Second. He says in our "own estimation, we have all the oracles of wisdom treasured up in our own cranium." He could not have made a greater mistake. We are painfully sensible that there is very much that we do not know, and we here acknowledge the fact with becoming humility.

Third. He says "there have been no upheavals since the flood." Wrong again! Earthquakes have many times taken place. The surface of the earth has frequently been elevated in some places and depressed in others. Islands have risen in the ocean that were once unknown.

Fourth. He says "a learned fool and a philosophical fool is the biggest of all fools." False and absurd! The most of a fool is he who knows nothing. If he has learning and is philosophical, he certainly is less a fool than he who possesses them not. The Elder must take care that his readers do not class him as one who has neither learning nor philosophy.

Fifth. He says "the Christian knows that God can prepare water enough to drown one thousand such worlds as this." The Elder rather stretches the truth here. The Christian knows nothing of the kind! Let him contract a little and make it five hundred. This is a good deal more than covers the Christian's knowledge.

Sixth. He attempts to prove the flood by the story of Jonah and the whale. Ah! Elder, that will not do! You might as well undertake to prove "Old Mother Hubbard" by "Jack the Giant-Killer."

Seventh. He says there were just such unbelievers before the flood as we and THE TRUTH SEEKER are. Another mistake. The Elder is simply drawing upon his imagination. He has not the papers for that. Our sort had not come into fashion at that early day.

Eighth. He says God got mad at his creatures. We assert that this is false, and very unjust to God. True the Bible makes such a statement, but it is wrong. God does not *get mad* nor fly into a passion. All such statements, wherever found, are grossly incorrect. God never gets mad, nor runs crazy. He would be unfit to govern the Universe if that was his character.

Ninth. He says we are such a man as Beecher is. Has it come to that? Is it our fate to be thus accused? Are our grey hairs thus to be brought down in sorrow to the grave? We call on the Elder for proof. Let him show when we have ever been in the kissing business, or the paroxysmal business. What families have we ever broken up? What Elizabeths have we ever been after? When did we ever perjure ourselves? We have received many stabs and thrusts, but this is the unkindest cut of all.

Tenth. He says Infidelity makes miserable prostitutes of the female sex. A greater falsehood never was uttered! The women who have embraced Infidelity have been pure and virtuous, and ornaments to society. We have only to point to Harriet Martineau, Margaret Fuller, Frances Wright, and thousands now living, to prove the Elder a clerical slanderer and falsifier. What a cheek the man must have to claim all the virtue for Christian women, and deny it to Infidels, when want of chastity exists in almost every church in the land. A paper can hardly be taken up now, but what we find an account of some sister in some church being on too intimate sexual relations with the shepherd of the fold, some godly clergyman. And this Elder has the assurance to tell us that Infidelity will make all the women do that way. He ought to be ashamed of himself.

Eleventh. He says our system of belief makes miserable cut-throats and robbers of men. False as hell! Not a word of truth in it, and none but a liar can make such an assertion. Those who have had the intelligence to doubt the errors of superstition, and the honesty to avow their sentiments, have been the noblest men the world has known. We claim as ours all who have not believed in Christianity, and we are proud to acknowledge them the noblest moral heroes and benefactors of our race. We begin back with Socrates, Plato, Pythagoras, Zeno, Aristotle, Marcus Antoninus, Cicero, Seneca, and come down to Hobbes, Bolingbroke, Condorcet, Spinoza, Descartes, Gibbon, Diderot, Voltaire, Volney, Shelley, Helvetius, Goethe,

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

A Study of Harmonialism.

BY A. O. GENUNG.

Few systems, either of religion or philosophy, have obtained in the minds of men, which have not occasioned an intense degree of controversy; and fewer still have existed whose disciples were willing to admit the possibility of their advocating imperfect doctrines, or whose adversaries were willing to acknowledge that the system they opposed possessed any redeeming qualities. A similar deduction would seem to apply to the system which we propose to review, to wit, the Harmonial or spiritual philosophy.

In arriving at a just estimate of the character of any movement, we should endeavor to free ourselves of all prepossession and bias of opinion; and, after submitting it to a fair and impartial examination, aim to apply those reasonable canons of criticism to which all systems are alike entitled. And, moreover, we should esteem it a privilege to be able to analyze, and classify and register the diverse laws of the Universe, wherever found, simply for the benefits that must inevitably accrue through such a course to mankind.

Unlike systems which have obtained among men, through the prestige attached to the names of their founders, modern Spiritualism dawned upon mankind unaided and without an omen to predict its coming. Lord Byron, it is said, awoke one morning and found himself famous. In like manner the world found itself possessed of a factor in philosophy, whose ultimate mission was to exert a marked influence on society, either for good or ill.

In the early years of Spiritualism, credence in the supermundane character of the phenomena peculiar to that system, was limited to the unlettered class, and it was commonly believed that the movement would, like other fungous growths, rapidly fall into decline, and be eventually lost sight of and forgotten. But subsequent events have proved such an estimate to be incorrect. As time wore on, Spiritualism assumed a character of seeming stability and permanence, and in its distinctive phenomena, at once incomprehensible to the vulgar, and a "despair of science" to the learned, it possessed an ally far surpassing anything contained in the older established sects.

That numerous class of mankind who have ever possessed unswerving faith in the existence of another world, and that other class, also numerous, who have cherished a wish, or a longing for immortality, could here find a haven wherein to rest their belief. If persistent aspiration for the accomplishment of any event could furnish evidence of its final realization, the world would already have been possessed of testimony sufficient to establish the tangible existence of a future state. A majority, perhaps, of the race entertain a pleasing hope that they may one day rejoin their friends who have preceded them in taking leave of conscious terrestrial existence. Bearing this in mind, it is not strange that a system whose advocates were able to ignore, as worthless, all belief founded on faith and tradition, and present in its stead apparently unanswerable testimony of the accuracy of its fundamental doctrine, should be able to make a powerful appeal to the credulous and the skeptical. And such has been the result: Spiritualism has rapidly augmented in importance until it possesses a following equaling or exceeding that of any Protestant Christian denomination.

But there have been influences alien to anything embraced in its typical phenomena, that have cogently aided in placing Spiritualism in its present somewhat prominent position. The early accession to its ranks of a number of advanced thinkers, was well calculated to give to the movement, in its attitude toward theology, a marked rational character. Such individuals were R. D. Owen, Warren Chase, H. C. Wright, and others, through whose influence ideas pertaining to the natural *versus* the supernatural, far removed from antiquated grooves of thought, were incorporated in the philosophy.

And an important feature of the movement is the opportunities for improvement extended to the young, by way of Sabbath-day instruction. The pathfinders of Spiritualism early saw the necessity of instituting a system more in accordance with the progressive character of the age than the one hitherto practiced, and the result is that the old and worthless system of Sunday-school discipline so long practiced by Catholic and Protestant, and even the conception of which was originally filched from poor Robert Raikes, the English reformer, furnishes a sad contrast to the beautiful system witnessed in the Lyceum.

But ours is eminently an age of critical and relentless thought. As the student of science arrives at facts through lens, crucible and calculus, so must the student of philosophy reach his by a diligent method of observation, reasoning and analogy. It is not sufficient to know that Spiritualism is progressive in its general tendency, it is also desirable to arrive at a just estimate of its value as a philosophy; and to accomplish this, we must necessarily ascertain the character of the foundation on which is built the superstructure.

Many intelligent Spiritualists are impatient at the fact that the so-called mediumistic phenomena themselves are not sufficient to proselyte mankind, forgetting the great array of outside circumstances which, to insure this result, must be made to harmonize with such phenomena. If some traveler in foreign lands,

after returning from his wanderings, should state that in a certain locality he had met a race of beings, differing in every essential particular from types hitherto known, we should discredit him at once, no matter what might be his character for veracity, remembering that, in the present state of geographical knowledge, such a circumstance could not occur.

And so it is with the system in review. A belief even in the existence of a spiritual part in man, separate and distinct from his physical organization, is contradictory of important facts ascertained through a long and diligent course of scientific inquiry. It certainly must be apparent to every observer of psychological and physiological phenomena, that the nervous system, the great viscera, the language of the emotions, etc., are so inter-related with mind as to be absolutely inseparable from it; and moreover, that these adjuncts are not only indispensable for the manifestation of thought, but are actually component factors in all mental processes. The first writers on the subject in America, in England, and on the Continent hold this view, and unite in assuring us that the thinking principle, or vital part, is absolutely identical with the animal organization.

And an ascertained fact is that there exists between man and animals, between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and even between organic and inorganic matter, an exceedingly close relation. It is impossible to point out the difference between intelligence manifested in man and that manifested in the higher vertebrate animals. True, man's intellectual faculties far transcend those met with for instance in the horse, but the difference is in degree, and not in kind. That "instinct," which formerly appeared so insuperable an obstacle in establishing the identity of mental processes in man and in animals, is now known to be little less than an inferior kind of reason. It is equally difficult to discern the point of demarcation between the animal and vegetable worlds; for illustration, those singular animals known to naturalists as protozoans, furnish significant examples of the connection existing between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in that they possess the characteristics of both animals and plants. And with equal certainty we are able to trace the life-principle to the inorganic world itself, for who can determine the precise point where inorganic matter leaves off, and organic matter begins? The analogy, with its concurrent inference, will be readily detected and understood. If man is possessed of an immortal factor in his composition, so also is the brute creation; and by the same method of reasoning, the vegetable kingdom, together with the entire inorganic world, are likewise entitled to the "higher life."

The disciple of Harmonialism will here encounter a somewhat difficult problem for the exercise of his ingenuity, that of effecting a reconciliation between his favorite religio-philosophic theories, and that which must inevitably form their legitimate logical sequence. If it be conceded that the analogy we have attempted to outline be a correct one, then on entering another world, we shall witness anomalies strange indeed. Races of men, hailing from every clime, and representing every age of their possession of the globe, will be seen plying their diverse avocations. Not only the enlightened nations of antiquity, but every naked tribe that ever breathed terrestrial air, will be found still in possession of their worthless lives. Every type of animal and vegetable life, embracing not only those that will furnish pleasure to man, but also those which are loathsome and noxious in their character, will survive and accompany us into a spiritual world. We shall be regaled not only with the artistic notes of the nightingale and thrush, but also with the death-threatening rattle of the serpent, and with the hoarse monotone of the patriarchal frog. Not only shall our senses grow intoxicated with the bright colors and fragrant odors of flowers, but they are likewise fated to be shocked with the presence of rank weeds and venomous vines.

Should it be suggested, however, that our position with respect to inorganic matter is fallacious, in that to insure the subject a spiritual existence, it must first experience the change we term death, we will say this: A very well-understood fact is, that physical death is simply a chemical change, and geology teaches us that chemical changes constantly occur in the planet which we inhabit, from the silent but cogent force that forms a strata, to that which builds an island or a continent. And what is still more noticeable, it follows that the same mode of reasoning that would tend to insure spiritual immortality to our inorganic world, would likewise serve to similarly perpetuate the Universe itself.

But should it be claimed, despite the facts which we have presented, that man alone is entitled to immortality, the case stands little better, for certainly the most elastic imagination could scarce be content with the conception of the human race scattered about promiscuously in space. It is proper to mention, however, in this connection, that it is sometimes urged that the spiritual regions consist of a subtle, etherealized, spiritualized substance, entirely isolated from ordinary matter. But this solution engenders the striking anomaly of such a region being peopled with organisms imported from utter foreign conditions, for the purpose of securing its occupancy, a circumstance altogether inadmissible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Every Tree shall be Known by its Fruit."

This, my text, you will find somewhere in the Bible, (it does not matter where). If there is any one that doubts it, let him search the book with diligence, and he shall surely find it. "What, is Brother Willcott going to preach us a sermon from this text?" Not by any means, my friends; for, as Robert Burns says, "I am not so gifted," but as the old Scotch deacon once said, "I think I can draw an inference." "Do you remember the story? it is something like this:

A convocation of Scottish ministers were dining at the house of an old deacon, and in the desultory after-dinner exchanges of Scottish wit and pleasantry, the old deacon was asked, "considering the very long time he had held the office of deacon, (it being about two-score of years,) did he think that, should an occasion require it, he could preach a sermon himself?"

The worthy deacon quite naively replied: "That he did not know quite exactly about preaching the sermon, but he did think he could draw an inference." "Do you think you can? Well, then, what inference would you draw from this text, 'And he filled his ass' belly with the East wind.'"

"I think I could draw one or two," replied the wary Scotchman. "The first is, that food must be mighty scarce before any one would try to feed his ass on that kind of fodder. The second is, the poor ass would feed on the east wind a very long time before his belly would be filled. And the third and last inference is, that none but an ass would be fool enough to make the attempt."

So, from my text I am simply going just to draw an inference. Congratulate me, I am completely in agreement with "Brother Talmage." Did I not say in the pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER, very recently, that our good Brother did have an inquiring, an investigating mind? Did I not say that I should yet live to hear him preach in his great Tabernacle the words of "truth and soberness?" I feel it so very pleasant to be able to say: "This is just as I think. I have such an unfortunate organization that I do so often have to say, in the words which fall so often and try so sorely the patient ear of Judge Neilson, 'I object.'" So that now, finding myself so completely in agreement with my good brother, it comes almost like a new sensation; why the feeling is perfectly delicious. You know how very severe some of my Spiritual friends, and many also of my Liberal acquaintances have thought me, when I have said that this our beautiful city of Brooklyn was enveloped with a pestilential miasm; that here in our city was a "destroying angel" whose victims were far more than our "first-born."

Now Bro. Talmage, on Friday night, says all this and a thousand times more. He says: "that if asked, when traveling on the cars, where he resides," he thus answers: "Sir, I was born in New Jersey!" He thus is afraid that should he give a truthful answer to the question, his questioner would shrink from him as if he had the plague. He says that our beautiful city reeks with scandal until one is tempted to go over to the Five Points to get a breath of fresh air.

"Eternal God! when will this surging mass of groaning, stupendous, overwhelming nastiness come to an end?" "This city needs a thorough fumigation; won't somebody burn a rag, or carry about a shovel and lighted charcoal?" "Are there not ten righteous men that can be found in all Brooklyn that can arise in the strength of God, and beat back those surges of iniquity?" Where is Anthony Comstock? (where indeed?) Where is God, that he comes not out of his hiding-place for the salvation and defense of this great metropolis? ("Echo answers, where?") But as your God refuses to show his face, and does not come in answer to your prayers to cleanse this our city from its pollution, let me utter the words of the unchanging eternal law, "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap," for as my text so truly says, *the tree shall be known by its fruit.*

But now though I agree with Mr. Talmage right up to this point, that "the pestilence that walketh at noon-day" is devastating our city, yet I think we shall differ somewhat in regard to the remedy to be applied. He wants a *burnt rag* and a shovel of *burning charcoal*. "Can't thou draw out leviathan with a hook?" Nay! nay! It is the bold and skilful surgeon that is needed, who will strike deep and cut the deadly cancer from the very heart. Is there anything in our whole range of knowledge more true than this: that there can be no effect without a producing cause? Then from what hydra-head of vice and immorality did this loathsome monster spring, whose teachings engendered, and from whose loins did this more than "Mokanna's" hideousness derive its birth?

Rev. gentlemen, these are legitimate questions, and you are bound to give them a definite answer. This is the city of Brooklyn that Mr. Talmage declares is such a Sodom, is the famed "City of Churches;" here is to be found a representative of every creed and denomination known in Christendom. Stately and costly edifices, with their gilded spires, pointing toward the supposed residence of their founder, greet us on every street. Surely here, if anywhere in the wide world, should be found the place where might be sung the glorious anthem that they say heralded church

birth into this world of ours, "Peace on earth, goodwill to man."

This should be the "city that is set on a hill," her light should shine and irradiate the whole land. Your admission is that all your teachings are of no value, that they are not able to exalt the intellect, ennoble the understanding and purify the heart and conscience. Let me then draw the inference, and speed the arrow to its mark, and say with all the emphasis that I can command, that this is the legitimate result of the mental pabulum that those who do the thinking for the people, have chosen to administer as their food. It is you, "Rev. Sirs," that are responsible for this defilement of our city; it is your preaching of this emasculated, worn-out Christianity, that is altogether out of place in this Nineteenth Century of civilization. The God which you this day preach to the people, is no longer "a name to conjure with." Throw aside, then, your vain speculations about God and "the golden streets of the new Jerusalem," and let us join our hands and work together to make this world somewhat better for having lived in it. This moral degradation of our city is not our work, it is all your own doings, it is the fruit of the tree that you have planted. We have had neither part nor lot in this matter, yet we are willing to aid you in clearing this "Augean stable," and work with you to make this our city the abode of purity, honesty, the home of social affections and of cultured and exalted minds.

We are willing to forgive all your uncharitableness, all your unkindness which you have always so liberally given us, and aid you in this glorious work. Give, then, to this cruel Hebrew God and this degrading theology a decent burial. "Man's maturer nature disdains those playthings of his childhood." Let us put out of sight this loathsome, putrid carcass, that in our nostrils smells so horribly, haul down the gory ensign, the blood-stained flag of Calvary, and hoist the glorious banner of Free Thought, Intellectual Progress and Scientific Investigation!

WM. WILLICOTT.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 29th, 1875.

God and the Devil.

BY A WORKINGMAN.

God made this world himself alone.

With no one to assist him;
And then, too, on the other hand,
There was no one to resist him.
He made the world for our own use.
We could not do without it;
And so he made it very quick—
Was just six days about it.

He made the rocks, and hills, and plains.
And all the towering mountains,
And all the little rippling rills.
And all the flowing fountains.
He made the sun, and moon, and stars,
And placed them all in order;
Then spread a curtain over all.
With a star-spangled border.

'Tis said he made these things at first.
From nothing but ethereal;
But could he form such solid things,
And make them all material?
He made an Indian and a squaw,
And placed them in the bushes,
And taught them how to get their meat.
By catching fowls and fishes.

And then God made another pair,
And called them Eve and Adam;
And when they'd been here a few short years,
He wished the Devil had 'em.
There was an angel up above,
Who always had been civil;
But now he got so awful proud,
He turned into a Devil.

And then they had a war in heaven—
His temper got so heated,
That Michael and the Dragon fought—
The Dragon got defeated,
And then God sent old Satan down,
With mother Eve to grapple.
And Satan turned into a snake,
And offered her an apple.

She took the apple, ate it all,
But just the core and paring,
And those she gave to her old man,
And that set him to swearing;
So now we all must go to hell,
With devils there to grapple,
Because six thousand years ago,
Our parents ate that apple.

We've many men in all the world,
In every land and nation,
Who make jackasses of themselves,
And call it inspiration.
God made ten thousand little things,
Black, yellow, green, and red bugs;
And then he made two species more,
We call them fleas and bed-bugs.

He made a million things with wings,
Gnats, black flies, and mosquitoes,
But O! the devil, how they bite!
Those wicked little creatures.
I wish they never had been made—
Those naughty little midgets;
They bite our dear sweet babies so,
Their mothers get the fidgets.

But God saw fit to make such things,
He made them all to suit him;
And we can have no right at all
To grumble or dispute him.
Ten thousand times ten thousand things,
And little living creatures—
One man could never count them all.
Nor know them by their features.

There are bugs, and worms, and ants, and toads,
And caterpillars crawling;
And snails, and birds, and crows, and hawks,
And cats are always squalling.
God took his servant by the hand,
And gave him good instruction;
If he received it, very good,
If not he'd see destruction.

They went upon the mountain top.
To make the ten commandments;
To be a guide to all the race
Of Abraham's descendants:
God wrote them on two flattened stones,
That one small man could handle;
It took just forty days and nights,
And Moses held the candle.

God worked right on, five weeks and more—
Paid no regard to Sundays,
But strove as hard through all those days,
As though they all were Mondays.
He never stopped to rest at all,
No, not a single minute;
And now to say that he was tired,
I say there's nothing in it.

God never tires nor stops to rest,
But works in every nation;
He rolls the wheels of time along,
And stops at no one station.
The book of nature is quite plain,
If you will read the volume;
The truth you'll find on every leaf,
In every single column.

The book we call the Bible here,
If you will read its contents
One half you'll find is decent, good,
The other half is nonsense.
There is no Devil in the world,
In no dark place he lurches.
He has no refuge anywhere,
Except 'tis in the churches.

The priests may keep the devil there—
They think it very funny;
As long as they make them believe,
They grab the people's money.
Now let folks hear, and pay them too,
Yes, any one that pleases;
I'm sure of this, they can't get mine,
'Till melted brimstone freezes.

S. P. K. Aiskey, LL.D., Visits Cardinal McCloskey.

"God save yer Honors Reverence," sez I, bowin' to him in a polite way. "Shure its meself that's glad to see yer Holiness!" (and it was thrue for me, the divil a Cardinal ever I saw in me life before.)

"God save ye kindly, me son!" sez he, wud a smile, "who have I the honor ov spakin' to?" sez he. "Och yer Eminence," sez I, "shure its little honor there's in it. I'm S. P. K. Aiskey, LL.D., that spint some of me youth in Maynooth College!"

"Ha! me man, I'm sorry to hear you say so! for few leaves that holy place without receivin' Holy Ord'ers," sez ye, frownin' like.

"Oh and throth!" God knows I received Holy Ord'ers enough while I was in it, and unholy orders more than enough since I left it, your Excellency!" sez I.

"Well, what is your business wud me, my good man?" sez he, in a kind of stand-off manner.

"Indeed, to tell ye the truth yer Highness, I come just to see you; I never saw the likes ov ye at home; and Washington, himself, never saw the likes ov ye in this country, and I keep always axin meself what sort of a man is it they make Cardinals out ov? and now as I've seen your sacred highness 'pon me sowl, but I'm puzzled to know if ye're a man or a woman? But all the McCloskeys I knew at home, throth ye could aisey tell the Biddies from the Jacks and Mikes!"

He laffed harty at this, an' sez he, "ye're right me man, sure there's no promotion to be got at home under the British government, barin ye're a sodger and kill the people, or a peeler and do worse. But did ye never hear of Cardinal Cullen?" sez he.

"Oh, naboclish!" sez I "an I didn't. Shure he's a double header, an' agent of the Castle as well as for the Po—"

"Stop" Mr. Aisey! sez he, "I want ye to change this subject; the Cullens and the McCloskey are related!"

"Oh, thin, the divil a word more I'll say about it," sez I; "but tell me av ye plaze where is the rest ov ye'r uniform that the *Herald* is so full ov? I'd like to see your Reverence's Lordship in full dress!"

"Ah! misther Aisey," sez he, "I suppose you'd like to see all ye lost be lavin' Maynooth; well av it makes ye sorry for ye'r past life I'll show ye!" so with that he steps into another room, and left me to look at all the purty things about me, and from the books to the silver bell that this poor penance-worn hermit called his sarvints wud, there was crosses on all! Och, murther, sez I to meself, av the disappointments are equil to the crosses, I pity the poor man! Just as I was thinking this, the door opened, and be me conscience I jumped up clane ov me sate, for I thought that "ould Mother Hubbard" had come out of the "cubboard" whin I looked at him. Och, murther, but would'n't he dhraw a big house full at Booth's or the Grand Duke's Opera House av Talmage would only keep his mouth shut!

"Well, how do ye like me now, Misther Aisey?" sez he, smilin' grandly.

"Oh, wirra! wirra!" sez I, "who'd think that a McCloskey was the Kernal of such a quare nut as that!"

When I said this he burst out laffin' and sot down right afore me, so's I could have a good square look at him.

"Well, yer Holiness," sez I, I suppose a man would wear anything for promotion. Och, but that's a quare hat; its the very pictiure of a Mexican Sombrero, only its so red. Throth, ave ever I see that hat in the pawn-shop I'll know whose canbeen it was anyhow. And thim stockins! be me faith I never knew what the manin of a red shank was until now! But I want to ax ye one question, which of all their purty silks that yer honors reverence wears, is the "baretta" that Misther Binnett talked so much about in the *N. Y. Herald*?"

"Oh! ye are jokin' Misther Aisey!" sez he, "a man that was in the Maynooth College must know what a baretta is!"

"Musha, the divil a know, yer Holiness, axin' yer pardon for mintionin' the name of the opposin' council, but I remember, when a gossoon, I used to hear the nurse axin' 'where was the child's *barra*,' and I thought maybe it is now frenchified into baretta, but av its the same thing I don't expect to see how yer Lordship wares it, and I pity you for bein' bothered with it!"

"Oh, Misther Aisey, sez he, ye're intirely mistaken," and then he wint over all the purty silk and *satan* duds he had on, givin' methe names ov them piece be piece, as well as an armfull that he hadn't time, or mebbe room to put on. "Och murther," sez I, "won't the women be jealous of ye; I'll bet a pinny they'll go in for Cardinal's rights as far as dressin' goes!"

"Well it does certainly trouble them a good deal, but we tell them to renounce all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world!"

"Well, yer Infalibility," sez I, "will there be more Cardinals here bine by? Is it thrue that they're goin' to make "red ridin' hoods" for some of the mimbers of the press in New York? Och, but I know a few of thim knows all about bein' divil; I mane printers devil yer Excellency!"

He laffed and shook his head. And will we have a school for Cardinals? and a propergander and other gandhers of the foreign church herein spite of "Home Rule?" and will the school-masters of the nation tache all the little blaggards how to be Cardinals, and have palaces to live in, and beautiful carriages with lots of horses to draw them, the same as Saint Pether or Jesus Christ or the Bishops of Canterbury.

"Ah be aisey, now, Misther Aisey!" sez he, wud a sly wink, "ye're axin' too many questions, and as ye are a counthry man ov me own I can't let ye go out ov me house without a thrate, especially as I'm in luck," an' he touched the top of the silver cross on a little dome of Saint Peters, and in walks a fellow with a tody-tray full of bottles and glasses. I think the fellow must have listened at the kay hole, or knew by the bell, I dunno which."

"Now then, Mr. Aisey!" sez he, "here's some French Brandy, and some rale Junishowen, that the nose of a British Guager never smelt; take which ye like best!"

"Throth your Eminence, as I was always partial to both, I won't feel bigoted agin aither ov 'em now! I'll thry a little ov aich."

"Well, I'll take the French," sez he, "for it helps me to a foreign accent!" and he filled out a horn big enough for a New York Alderman, let alone a Cardinal.

"Throth, iv yer Apostolic Holiness would only take a little of both, as I do, you'd be astonished to know how much it would improve yer accent. Now, after I have surrounded France, and then send Junishowen down to congratulate it, you'd be puzzled to know "iv it was English, French, or Irish, I was spakin'." We touched our glasses once more; he gave me his benediction and I left, moved by the spirit of his inspiration. As I went meditatin' slowly down stairs I thought of Shakespeare, where he sez:

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud
Without our special wonder?"

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

Schiller, Humboldt, Byron, Paine, Franklin, Jefferson, Ethan Allen, Parker, J. Stuart Mill, Lincoln, Sumner, Buckle, Lecky, Tylor, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Helmholtz, Schmidt, Draper, Fiske, and a host of others that might be named. They are among the grandest men that ever lived. They were not Christians, and did not require the fear of a devil nor hell to keep them from being cut-throats and robbers, as the Elder tacitly admits Christians do.

Who are they who people our prisons and penitentiaries?—Christians. Infidels are seldom found there. Who are the murderers?—Christians, or they become so after the deed is done. Very few Infidels are numbered among the murderers. Who have been the cut-throats of the world? Who have shed the most blood?—Christians, two to one. They have taken scores of millions of lives, and caused human blood to flow in rivers, for centuries together. When have Infidels done anything like this? Talk, indeed, about the great virtue of Christianity, and the bloodthirstiness of Infidels! The thing is preposterous. There are no more honest, honorable class of men than Infidels, who discard alike the fear of hell, a devil, and a maddened Deity, who flies into a rage at trifles, and kills and destroys innocent people and children by thousands and hundreds of thousands. No class of men excel Christians in villainy, dishonesty, and rascality. No nations are more dishonest and unjust than Christian nations. About the worst we have personally ever been "taken in" was by a Christian clergyman, and a Southerner at that. We trusted him, but alas, in vain!—he played us false.

We were a few days ago conversing with a gentleman connected with the Navy, and stationed many years in Japan. He had been one hundred and sixty miles in the interior. We asked him about the religion and habits of the country. He informed us a large share are Buddhists, who are absolute Infidels and disbelievers in revelation or a personal God. Christianity, though it has sent many missionaries there, has obtained very slight foothold. He assured us the people are very intelligent, virtuous and happy. Stealing, robbery and murder seldom occur. Locks or fastenings are not generally used on dwellings or stores. The goods and chattels of one are rarely disturbed by another. Though some of the lower class go naked, adultery and sexual promiscuity are almost unknown. In heathen China, also, travelers tell us the people are very industrious and honest. Stores are often left open open and unattended. The goods are marked, and if a person wants anything he leaves money to the amount of the price and takes the goods. How would such a system answer in any Christian country in the world? How long would the goods remain? How much money would be left in place of them? The Elder must try and keep nearer the truth. Christian virtue and Christian honesty will not do to tie to.

Twelfth. He says Infidels have no foundation for truth, and argues that consequently they must swear to a lie. This is false and base. Infidels have as great respect for the truth as any class of men that live. They love truth, honor and virtue for their own sakes, not because of an angry God whose judgments may be hurled upon them. Give us one real lover of truth who follows it from the reverence and respect he bears it, rather than six cringing slaves who only tell the truth from fear of some God or some Devil.

Thirteenth. Elder Shelton says we profess not to believe a word that is in the Bible. That is an "awful whopper." We do not profess any such thing. We believe many words and many sentences the Bible contains, just as much as the Elder himself does. It is not difficult for us to believe such passages as these: "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." "Wisdom excelleth folly as far as light excelleth darkness." "The churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood." These passages are not perhaps as elegant as many quotations that might be made from Shakespeare, Byron, Tennyson, and scores of writers, but nevertheless we believe them, and many other similar extracts, not because they are

in the Bible, but because they contain the evidence of truth. We do not therefore take the Bible as a guide in the study of astronomy, geology, chemistry, physiology, botany, or natural history. We do not look into it to learn the multiplication table, or how to extract the square root. We find it of no use in agricultural pursuits, in the art of printing, or the science of telegraphy. It gives no instruction relative to railroads, or the power of steam. We find nothing in it touching photography, galvanism, the telescope, the spectroscope, or the microscope, but a great deal about wars, carnage, and bloodshed, and much of obscenity and vulgarity. We judge it was written in a barbarous age of the world by men of limited knowledge, and if it ever was adapted to the wants of men in any age of the world, it was long ago, and that if it was of any great value then it has long ceased to be so. We cannot for a moment believe God ever wrote it, or employed any other persons to write it. It is doing great discredit to him to charge it upon him. To do him justice in this matter is one reason we occupy the position we do.

Elder Shelton's letter contains several other misstatements, but we will let them pass. He asks us so earnestly to tell what we believe, we will try and comply with his request. We wish to be obliging so far as possible. We have no views we want to conceal. If we can say anything to enlighten him or any others who are in the dark, we will say it most cheerfully.

First. We think he asks too much, that we admit there is a Creator that made the Universe in six days from nothing. We can admit nothing of the kind. We do not believe there is one atom of matter in existence that is either destructible or creatable. That it may change forms and conditions thousands of times we readily concede, but not by the combined skill of all the scientists in the world can an atom of it be forced out of existence, nor can a similar atom by any known power be brought into existence. If Elder Shelton and the other sixty thousand clergymen in the United States, and the five hundred thousand priests in the different varieties of religions on earth, together with the one hundred millions of priests which are estimated to have lived and preyed upon men for the last five thousand years; if all these were gods and worked in concert, we do not believe they could make a Universe of nothing. By the by, this Universe is a big thing to make. The sun, the earth, and all the other planets, asteroids, and satellites, are but an infinitesimal portion of the Universe, whose millions of suns and systems reach so far into the abyss of space that it would require light, traveling at the rate of 200,000 miles per second millions of years to travel from them to our solar system. As distant as these farther suns are, space and the Universe still extend trillions of times farther, and so on forever without limit, without end. What absurdity to talk about all this being made by a being and from nothing!

The Elder says if we admit there is a Creator who has done all this, then we must admit he could create the water to drown this world. Ah! but there's the trouble. That if is in the way. We can admit nothing of the kind.

We can comprehend his Deity is a very watery one, and that his belief in his God's ability to make water is unlimited, but a body of water five miles in depth—for it is that distance to the top of the highest mountain—over the entire earth—25,000 miles in circumference—is an immense quantity, and we cannot comprehend how one God could make it all in forty days and nights. Our friend, however, gets along with the difficulty easily enough, and stands ready to believe God could make a thousand times as much more if he only felt like it. If the old legend had stated that, to produce this water, God had planted a cucumber vine and that from one of its fruits he had squeezed water enough to cover the entire earth to the tops of the highest mountains, and then to get rid of it he had from a bed-bug made a frog, which drank the water all up and then jumped off out of the way, Elder Shelton doubtless could have believed it perfectly easy. There is nothing like implicit faith. We, however, are differently constituted. We cannot believe impossibilities. If we admit there is a God we hold he must be subject to laws, and that all things cannot be possible with him. For instance, he cannot make

twice two to be five; he cannot make a straight rod just three feet long without two ends; he cannot make a three years old colt in five minutes; he cannot act against himself; he cannot make something of nothing.

It is idle, perhaps, to conjecture what God is, or what he is not. It is a subject beyond our reach, but for ourselves we are satisfied he is not such a being as Elder Shelton and others who draw their ideas from the Bible, suppose him to be. And before we can admit miracle No. 2 was performed because miracle No. 1 was, we must be convinced that No. 1 was a reality. We view it as a very weak argument that the truth of all absurdities and monstrosities must be admitted because "all things are possible with God."

In nearly all the religions of the world *miracles* have been assumed and claimed to prove the religions true. The greater the ignorance of the people, the more the miracles have been urged. The Jewish Scriptures were far from being first in this business. Not one of all these miracles was ever true. Not one was ever possible. The hydropathic one that Elder Shelton believes in so strongly turned out to be particularly futile—labor completely thrown away. Mankind afterwards continued right on as wicked as before, and the wholesale drowning of men, women, and children, animals, birds, insects, and all vegetation was worse than useless. The Elder's claim that it made mankind know God is as silly as the rest of the story. The world has never known God, and even to these days it remains in total ignorance of Him. God-makers and worshipers have told all manner of tales about Him, but unfortunately they knew not a particle more about Him than the masses. All have been in the dark together.

We would suggest that if God wanted to send a flood upon the earth, a flood of knowledge would have been better than a flood of water. It would have been immensely more profitable to the inhabitants of the earth, and inconceivably less cruel to children, babes, horses, cattle, sheep, kittens, doves, larks, linnets, nightingales, and millions of other kinds of beasts, birds, and insects which had done nothing to cause a reasonable god to send death and extermination upon them. A flood of knowledge even at this day would do a vast amount of good. We believe the people down in Alabama would be benefited by it. Elder Shelton himself would perhaps not be injured by such a flood. If they were in that State well suffused with such a flood, they would, doubtless, be willing honest Infidels should testify in courts of law.

One of the greatest mistakes Elder Shelton and his Christian friends make, is in imputing demoniacal characteristics and conduct to the God of the Universe. They make him cruel, malicious, revengeful, and bloodthirsty enough for a first-class devil. The trouble is they have mistaken God altogether—they have adopted the Jewish deity, Jehovah, and try to pass him off for the God of the Universe. A greater error could not be made. They are totally unlike, and it is the greatest injustice to the God of the Universe to displace him with the Jewish god Jehovah, the older Hindu god, Brahma, the Egyptian god, Osiris, the Grecian god, Jupiter, the Scandinavian god Odin, or any of the thousands of other gods invented by mankind. What the world needs to do, is to discard all these ancient gods of superstition and ignorance, and revere the only God that exists, the God of the Universe and whose highest expression is in humanity, exalted and ennobled by knowledge, truth, and good lives.

Second. We deem it unreasonable that Elder Shelton requires us to prove by living witnesses that upheavals have ever taken place on this continent, when he ought to know that the man who was here when that little commotion took place has been dead several years. The Elder does not believe that the Andes, the Rocky Mountains, the Alleghenies, the Catskills, the White Mountains, and all the other mountains on the continent were once thrown up by internal convulsions produced by the formation of various gasses, but that it did once occur there is the strongest proof in the world. The strata of limestone, sandstone, granite, conglomerate, etc., the natural position of which is comparatively level, are found where these upheavals have occurred, in all conceivable angles and sometimes even perpendicular, and often carried

hundreds of feet above the same strata in adjacent localities, showing the force producing the rupture must have been tremendous. Our good Elder, however, finding nothing of this in the Bible, cannot believe a word of it. But as long as this very rational theory is sustained by such learned scholars and close students of nature as Lyell, Hitchcock, Humboldt, Miller, Denton, and other learned geologists, who have spent their lives in investigating the subject, we shall be compelled to be guided by them, though even Elder Shelton should exclaim, "what fools they all are to disagree with me," and "a learned fool is much more of a fool than an unlearned one like myself."

It is indeed an ignorant person that will insist that there have been no topographical changes upon the earth. They have taken place on a large scale not only on this hemisphere, but on the Eastern also. Some have been sudden and explosive, as when mountain ranges have been thrown up, others have been gradual and almost imperceptible. Professor Draper, one of the ripest scholars of our time, in his "Intellectual Development of Europe," in touching upon this subject gives a clear statement of the changes that have taken place upon the Eastern Continent. He says: For countless ages Asia has experienced a slow upward movement, not only affecting her own topography but likewise that of her European dependency. There was a time when the great sandy desert of Gobi was the bed of the sea which communicated through the Caspian with the Baltic, as may be proved not only by existing geographical facts, but also from geological considerations. It is only necessary for this purpose to inspect the imperfect maps that have been published of the Silurian or even the tertiary period. The vertical displacement of Europe during and since the last period, has indisputably been more than 2,000 feet in many places. There is not a shore in Europe which does not give evidence of changes: the mouths of the Rhine, as they were in Roman times are obliterated; the eastern coast of England has been cut away for miles. In the Mediterranean the shore-line is altogether changed; towns once on the coast are far away inland; others have sunk beneath the sea. Islands, like Rhodes, have risen from the bottom. The North Adriatic, once a deep gulf, has now become shallow; there are leaning towers and inclining temples that have sunk with the settling of the earth. On the opposite extremity of Europe the Scandinavian peninsula furnishes an instance of slow secular motion, the northern part rising gradually above the sea at the rate of about four feet in a century. This elevation is observed through a space of many hundred miles, increasing towards the north. The southern extremity on the contrary, experiences a slow depression.

"These slow movements are nothing more than what have been going on for numberless ages. Since the tertiary period two-thirds of Europe have been lifted above the sea. The Norway coast has been elevated 600 feet, the Alps have been upheaved 2,000 to 3,000, the Apennines 1,000 to 2,000. The country between Mont Blanc and Vienna has been thus elevated since the adjacent seas were peopled with existing animals."

The same causes which have produced these results upon the Eastern Continent have produced similar results on the Western. Where we now find high grounds and even hills we have indubitable proofs that they were once a part of the ocean. Even in the short time our history extends into the past, changes in the mouths and deltas of our rivers, and shiftings in the sea-coasts have unmistakably occurred. The main upheavals, causing the mountain ranges of the Continent to rise, may have occurred millions of years ago, but that they did once take place we shall continue to believe, Elder Shelton to the contrary notwithstanding. We shall accord to the geologists and scientists we have mentioned far more credibility than we possibly can to the pious Elder, who is evidently guided more by blind faith in that which he knows nothing of, than by education and knowledge.

Third. We think it rather unkind in the Elder to "go back" in the way he does upon Brother Beecher. How would he like it, if he was sitting upon the ragged edge of despair and remorse, to have his brothers of the cloth turn their backs upon him? Many eminent clergymen have been just as bad as Henry Ward, but were not all so unlucky as to be caught just as he

was. How do we know but Elder Shelton himself may not sometime have been just a little bit imprudent and loved the sisters of the fold a little too well? He ought to be more charitable toward an erring brother, and not cast stones unless he is sure he is without fault himself; and even then it would perhaps be unkind. He seems to doubt the genuineness of Brother Henry's orthodoxy. True, the Plymouth pastor has said some funny things and uttered some singular sentiments, but certainly he is all right on Jesus and the Holy Ghost. He goes very strong upon those, and in the sportsman's language, they are the "best cards in the pack." In fact, Henry Ward and the Holy Ghost have some points of resemblance, if all reports are true; both have been attracted by females, and both have engaged in the "over-shadowing business." We hope the Elder will excuse us for the opinion that, in point of knowledge and talent, Henry Ward Beecher knows more in a minute than J. C. Shelton does in a week. He certainly ought to stick to him like a brother. The Plymouth pastor needs the sympathizing aid of every friend, lay and clerical; let not Elder Shelton desert him.

Fourth. Our friend asks us to point out what books we believe better than the Bible. That is rather of a heavy contract, and we will not undertake it. There are so many, our columns would not be sufficient to contain the titles. We will, however, indicate a few. We think the Spelling-book, the Reader, the Grammar and Arithmetic are better than many parts of the Bible. Works on Astronomy, Chemistry, Geology, Physiology, Botany, History and all the Sciences are better. Among the special authors we would prefer to the Bible, are Shakespeare, Pope, Byron, Moore, Burns, Combe, Macauley, Buckle, Lecky, Froude, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Mill, Tyndall, Fiske, Draper, Emerson and many, many others. These teach a man something he ought to know, and the knowledge improves him and leads him on to higher and grander elevations of usefulness. Whereas with the Bible there is no advance in knowledge or progress. It presupposes man was made faultless and upright at first, but that in a few hours he fell into great disgrace and degradation, and with all the help that Gods and angels have been able to extend to him, he has not yet near recovered the position from which he fell.

Science and knowledge are what the world needs to help us on in our upward journey, and they are ever calling us up higher and higher. But the Bible remains on the low plane whence it emanated, maintaining its same crudities and imperfections, its same silly and obscene stories, illy calculated as they are to enlarge the mental calibre of the world, or to impart knowledge, usefulness or value. The Bible is a reflex of the ignorance and superstition of past ages with no provision for progress or advance in knowledge, and is far behind the more reliable, needful, practical and truthful information which Science is to-day giving the world.

Fifth. We think, inasmuch as they are Christians who believe in Christ, and that there could have been no Christians before Christ, it is a singular process by which the Elder makes Christians of Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives. Let us enquire if Noah was a Christian, was it a proof of it when he got drunk and lay naked in his tent in a drunken sleep, and when afterward he cursed his son Ham for laughing at him when in that condition, thus dooming the innocent descendants of Ham to abject servitude and degradation for thousands of years?

Sixth. We are decidedly of the opinion that Elder Shelton, like thousands of other Christians, is greatly behind the spirit of the age in still hugging to his bosom the antiquated and absurd fables and vagaries of past barbarous ages under the vain delusion that, in those old legends and unreliable stories, he finds true wisdom and knowledge. It is getting along too far in the Nineteenth Century to give preference to the idle, exaggerated tales of three thousand years ago, written, as they were, by persons who scarcely had the first glimpses of scientific truth, in place of the advanced thought and scientific research of far abler minds of the present day.

Priests, as a rule, are slow to accept the teachings of science. For centuries they have zealously fought it with acrimony and hate, knowing well it is calculated to lessen their rule over the minds of men. But

in spite of their opposition, in spite of the fetters they have sought to place upon the growing limbs of young science, she has already far outgrown their reach, and bids fair soon to liberate the world from this rule of bondage which for so many centuries priestcraft has fastened upon it. We hail the auspicious promise of the near future of the world, and would gladly see all Priests and Elders throw away the effete errors and mythological absurdities of olden times, and embrace the better teachings of truth and reason which are illuminating the mental and moral horizon.

We are pleased in some directions to see indications of progress and intelligence on the part of the clergy. The Rev. T. W. Fowle, M.A., Vicar of St. Luke's, Natford Place, London, in a work of over four hundred pages, recently published under the title of *The Reconciliation of Religion and Science*, and which was dedicated to the Dean of Stanley, a dignitary of the Church of England, next perhaps in authority to the Archbishop of Canterbury, gives utterance to most advanced and liberal sentiments when we consider the contracted and sectarian views the clergy usually take upon this subject. The distinguished author, assuming that science and religion stand face to face in deadly conflict, proposes the following as preliminary to peace: "The mode of reconciliation suggested in this book consists in the absolute and unconditional surrender of the province of religion to the methods of scientific investigation." He then draws a striking illustration from history. The advent of Modern Science he compares to the invasion of England by the conquering Normans, who, after their decisive victory at the battle of Hastings, were themselves absorbed into the common life of the subjugated race. He then continues in the following eloquent passage:

"The application of our parable is easy. The hour is coming when upon this field of intellectual controversy, the army of science will storm the last stronghold of religion regarded from the intellectual side. Reason will conquer herself the kingdom, which, even in the act of admitting the inevitable result it seems so hard to believe, can really belong to her. But 'Magna sunt facta et prevalebunt.' The methods, the dogmas, the assumptions, the opinions, the creeds of Christendom will pass under the yoke of scientific enquiry, and will continue to exist only so far as science permits and approves. And with the death of the old theology will begin the new religion, just as when the Norman soldiers sat down on English soil to eat their meal on the night of victory, then began, then and there, that process which was to make them more English than the English themselves." The book is filled with similar sensible utterances.

The sentiments of this clergyman strike us as far in advance of Elder Shelton's, and we would, in the kindest manner, urge the latter to open his eyes and look about himself; to brush away the mists that obstruct his vision, and endeavor to obtain a clearer view of the sun of science and truth. In another half century but few clergymen will be found who will insist that the stories in Genesis are to be taken literally, but that they are simply a legend or fable, and of no practical value save to exhibit the literary taste and ability of olden times.

Speaking of the conflict between science and superstition, we like the way in which Dr. Draper thus states it: "As to the issue of the coming conflict, can any one doubt? Whatever is resting on fiction and fraud will be overthrown. Institutions that organize impostures and spread delusions must show what right they have to exist. Faith must render an account of herself to reason. Mysteries must give place to facts. Religion must relinquish that imperious, that domineering position which she has so long maintained against science. There must be absolute freedom for thought. The ecclesiastic must learn to keep himself within the domain he has chosen, and cease to tyrannize over the philosopher, who, conscious of his own strength and the purity of his motives, will bear such interference no longer."

We would willingly give Elder Shelton more of our views, but our remarks have already far transcended the limits we prescribed. We know not whether he will consider our arguments "solid," but if he will come again, we will be only too happy to enlighten him to the extent of our ability.

The Dead Wife.

"She is dead!" they said to him, "Come away.
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay."

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair—
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair.

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a tender touch.

With a gentle touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips, that had secrets to tell.

About her brown and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace;

And drew on her white feet the white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest no eyes could choose.

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away," they said; "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said: "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

* * * * *

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately and beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took his key
And turned it. Alone again—he and she.

He and she—but she would not speak,
Though he kissed in the old way the quiet cheek.

He and she—yet she did not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved crewhile.

He and she—yet she did not move
To any passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips, and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of Death—

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and soul distinct, intense?

"See now: I will listen with soul, not ear:
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was the marvel greater to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll backward its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And what is the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"O, perfect dead! O, dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven—and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twas your hot tears on my brow shed:

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all Deaths was the chiefest surprise—

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises dying must bring."

* * * * *

Ah, foolish world! O, most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe what he heard her say
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way?

"The utmost wonder is this: I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear:

"And am your angel, who was your bride;
And know that, though dead, I have never died,"

ROUSSEAU once wrote: "If it were only necessary for you to hold out your thumb in order to cause the death of an immensely wealthy mandarin in China, whose heir you would be, are you sure that you would not extend your thumb?" This passage one day attracted the attention of Henri de Lacrois, a young Frenchman of excellent family, but whose brain had been a little affected by the loss of his fortune. He thought, "If I could stretch out my thumb, and that would be enough to kill my uncle and cousin, I should become very rich." In a sort of hallucination, he extended his arm toward the photographs of his relations and said, "Let them die, so that I may inherit." Fifteen days later his uncle and cousin were carried off by typhoid fever. Within the last six months remorse preyed upon Lacrois' enfeebled intellect, and he imagined that his spell caused the death of his relatives. He heard voices from all sides of his room

calling, "Thou hast killed us! Thou hast killed us!" He delivered himself up to the police and asked to be executed. He died a few days ago in an insane asylum.

Reply to Rev. N. Smith.

EDITOR OF THE EXPRESS: As Mr. Smith has tendered his respects (?) to Mr. Underwood and ourselves in your last issue, we beg to reply through the same medium. How is it that our opponents so persistently and invariably strive to write down *ourselves* instead of our *doctrines*? They always discuss *persons* instead of *propositions*. Is not this a sign of conscious weakness? Instead of striving so hard to disparage Mr. Underwood, why does not Mr. Smith address himself to the refutation of his doctrines? Mr. Smith informs us that Mr. Underwood is a "shallow-minded person." He is "incompetent," "uncandid," a "pretender," etc. This "new philosopher" is a "non-descript," an "unblushing blasphemer," and so on. Now, in return, we will call no names! We will try and write as becometh gentlemen! Those who had the pleasure (or misfortune, whichever it may have been) of hearing Messrs. Underwood and Smith measure swords at the Music Hall, Napanee, in September last, will be able to duly appraise the epithets and imputations which Mr. Smith applies to Mr. Underwood. To those who witnessed that rencontre, and had the opportunity of comparing and contrasting the calibre of the two champions, Mr. Smith's estimate of Mr. Underwood, as given in the last week's *Express*, will not be a little ludicrous and amusing. The truth doubtless is, that the former, writhing under that withering castigation, as well as the challenge contained in our letter to the Napanee Council, knows of no better way of easing himself than the one adopted. Well, as Shakespeare says, "Let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung."

Mr. Underwood held a debate recently, of several days' duration, with Prof. Burgess, President of the Indianapolis Theological University. And let us hear what is said in the *St. Louis Daily Times* of a late date in reference thereto: "Underwood had the affirmative all through the debate. The propositions required him to prove that the Bible abounds in errors in history, and serves and teaches a morality not adapted to the Nineteenth Century. The attendance was immense from the beginning to the end of the debate. Burgess is smart, tonguey and eloquent. . . . Underwood, on the contrary, is learned, logical, and scientific."

He is probably the best debater in the ranks of the American Freethinkers. He is a representative of 'modern thought,' and is one of the most logical speakers and skilful debaters in America." The *Cleveland Leader* says: "He is unquestionably a very able thinker, and an attractive speaker." The *Christian Messenger*, edited by Prof. Campbell, of Monmouth College, says: "We found Mr. Underwood a gentleman of talents and attainments, worthy of the reputation he has won as a lecturer—affable, courteous, and fair in debate." Hugo Andriessen says, "Mr. Underwood is to American readers what Dr. Buechner is, or was, to the German enquirers; a very clever, clear, forcible writer, who possesses a certain facility to popularize the results of modern scientific investigation and Materialistic speculation." Now this sounds so little like "shallow-mindedness" or "incompetency," that it is just possible Mr. Smith is not a good judge of brains, especially in an opponent.

In regard to the capacity of Noah's ark, Mr. Smith thinks it was quite large enough, and refers to Bishop Wilkins in corroboration. The Bishop, he says, was "one of the first mathematicians," and after making a "careful computation," found the ark entirely too large. Now, it is sometimes difficult for a "first" theologian to be a "first" and at the same time a reliable biblical mathematician. The theology is almost sure to spoil the figures. But never mind the Bishop. Let us go directly to the Bible and figure a little for ourselves. If Mr. Smith will do this he will find that the largest size he can figure the ark to, would be about 550 feet long, less than 100 broad, and about 55 high. Now what was this to contain? About 44,000 birds, 5,000 beasts, 9,000 snails, 900 reptiles, and about a million and a half of insects, besides food for all these, etc., etc. If he will make a "careful computation" he will find that of the birds alone there would be about three for every square yard of standing room. All required is common sense and some arithmetic, with very little of "mathematics," to show that such a vessel would not be large enough to hold all this. And this diluvian Great Eastern was ventilated by just one window. But, aside from all these trifling difficulties, where was the water to come from to cover the tops of the highest mountains? A noted geologist says, "There is not water enough on the earth, in the earth, nor above the earth to cover it to the tops of the highest mountains." The fact is, the whole story of the flood, as well as many other Bible stories, partake so largely of the character of other mythical legends of antiquity that they fail to command the credence of this skeptical and enlightened age. Think of that "fish story" of Jonah and his submarine journeyings, of the sun and moon "standing still" to give Mr. Joshua a better chance to slay his enemies, or of the three days and nights before there was any sun. Or think of quails three feet deep on the ground, covering an area a hundred miles in circumference. And the least that any Israelite

gathered of these quails was about forty bushels. Lucky fellows! They were dissatisfied with their rations, and these quails were all brought in to them "by a wind from the sea." Mr. Smith talks about "gullibility," but does it not require a considerable amount of it to believe these tales? Does he believe them? If so, why not believe the story of "Jack the Giant-Killer" and "Sinbad the Sailor?" If not, why find fault with us? We accept all that is reasonable and good in the Bible. We only repudiate that which, to us, is absurd and bad.

In regard to Voltaire "retracting his infidelity" before he died, it is not true. The same has been said of Paine, Gibbon, Hume, and almost every other deceased skeptic, but it is simply the "invention of the enemy." If Mr. Smith will turn to Sir Charles Morgan's "Philosophy of Morals," he will find this false story of Voltaire's recantation fully refuted; also to Lord Brougham's Memoir of Voltaire. If Voltaire died a Christian why was he denied the rights of Christian burial? Mr. S. refers to Richelieu as authority for Voltaire's recantation. Dr. Burard, one of the physicians of Voltaire, in his last sickness, and who asserts that he "never left him for an instant during his last moments," proves that Voltaire kept his faith to the last, and he says that "the proposition, therefore, which has been put in the mouth of Richelieu is as unfounded as the rest."

There is but one other position in Mr. Smith's letter claiming our attention, and that is the doctrine of *free-will* in religious belief. He says faith or belief is voluntary and optional, and his argument is that as "investigation is optional, consequently faith is indirectly optional." That is the sum and substance of his argument that a man can believe as he chooses. Now, if all persons were constituted alike, and hence would arrive at the same conclusions by the same course of investigation, there would then be some weight in this argument; but as it is it is simply absurd. Supposing investigation is optional! Does not every sane man know that the same process of investigation will lead different minds to different conclusions and beliefs? For example, one man will honestly investigate the Bible to the best of his ability, and become convinced, like Mr. S., that Methodism is the religion it teaches; another, after doing the same, will find Baptism there; another, Presbyterianism; another, Episcopalism; another, Unitarianism, and another, Universalism. Another man, equally as honest and intelligent, will come to the conclusion, after investigation, that the Bible is not the word of God at all; but purely the work of man; another, after due investigation, will come to the conclusion and belief that all so-called divine revelations are mere human productions—that the only revelations we have are those contained in the works of Nature; another, after laborious and honest investigation, comes to the conclusion that there is no special Divine Revelations in Books, in Nature, or anywhere, but believes, with Tyndall, Spencer, Huxley, Buechner, Underwood, and numerous other learned and honest investigators, that the Universe is the One Eternal, Uncreated, and Self-existent Existence, capable of producing all that we see. Like Tyndall, they "see in matter and force the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." Thus it will be seen that investigation leads different minds to different conclusions and beliefs. But the fact is, the Christian is generally but a partial investigator, inasmuch as his investigation is, in general, confined to the Bible. He has been taught from infancy that that book is divine, and he begins to read and investigate (?) it with his mind already made up that it is all true and infallible, steadily refusing to read the writers on the opposite side of the question, and, of course, comes to the desired conclusion and congenial belief, that it is all right. And this is what he calls investigation! The *disinterested* scientist is the only thorough investigator, and hence is more apt to arrive at the truth. He has no prejudices nor preconceived notions to nurse. He has, or should have, no creeds which he predetermines to square with the facts of science. His first concern is to discover and know the exact truth, whether it be agreeable or not, and any creed, dogma, prejudice, bias, or notion, (no matter how dear or time-honored) which will not harmonize therewith he fearlessly casts aside. How can a Christian know he is right until he has fairly and candidly examined, and duly weighed the arguments and facts against his creed? He may believe "with all his heart" that it is true, but belief is not knowledge. Thus it is that belief or disbelief is not a matter of choice or volition at all, any more than the shape of the head or the length of the body. It would be as just and reasonable to say "he that is six feet high shall be saved, but he that is not six feet high shall be damned," as to say "he that believeth a certain doctrine shall be saved, but he that believeth it not shall be damned." One is about as logical as the other. On this question Lord Brougham says: "The great truth has finally gone forth to all the ends of the earth, that man shall no longer render account to man for belief, over which he has no control. Henceforward nothing shall prevail upon us to blame any one for that which he can no more change than he can the hue of his skin or the height of his stature."

ALLEN PRINGLE,
F. VAN DE BOGART,

Napanee, Feb. 10th, 1875.

Jonah and the Whale.

Religiously born, and religiously educated, we have a high appreciation of sacred history. Jonah, as appears, was a prophet of the Lord—unwillingly so. The whale was elected, or appointed, to teach the prophet the way of submission.

But really, what have we to do with Jonah, or with his whale? With the people of Nineveh, we have something to do. They rise up in judgment.

Where, in the world's history, find we a nation, a people, a city, against whom the Ninevites rise not up in judgment?

Religious organizations, in special manner, stand condemned before high heaven, by the example of Nineveh.

The nearer right a religious organization has been, when it departs from the principles of its organization, the more inveterate the power behind the throne, that runs the government machine, against the prophet of the Lord, against the voice of reason.

The Lord God of Heaven is about to deal with the dwellers of his little planet; first, with Organization, Political and Religious—such as are found wanting in the virtues of their founders—such as hold not fast the good of the past, and lay hold of the good of the increasing degree of Light and Life, will be found, if found at all, among the things that were, but are not.

Let those, who occupy high official station, beware of the power behind the throne. Let them heed the voice of the *Living God*, by messengers sent unto them. Let them remember the people of Nineveh. Let them purge themselves and their people, of the accursed thing; for, behold I come quickly—have come—to give unto every man and every woman, especially officials, according as their works shall be.

PRENTISS.

New-York Liberal Club.

APRIL 9TH, 1875.

[TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHTH MEETING.]

The Pathology of the Skin.

By CARL HEITZMANN, M.D., late of the University of Vienna.

The very limited time allotted to fulfil the task before me, will enable me to touch only upon the most important points of the study of the extensive doctrine of the diseases affecting the skin. I will delineate those points only that seem to me to be worthy of being known to every well-educated member of society. In my opinion, no investigator of the pathology of the human skin deserves more praise and greater credit for the clear and precise arrangement, the simplicity in the classification and the successful treatment of the skin than *Hebra* of Vienna.

The skin, as an integral part of the human body, is liable to the same morbid process to which the other organs are subject; but the anatomical conditions, as well as the superficial position of the skin, moreover the extent of its surface, do modify, in some degree, its diseases.

The causes which give rise to diseases of the skin are partly such as are internal and rooted in the organism itself, partly such as are external, and by which the skin is alone, or at least primarily or chiefly affected. Skin diseases, therefore, have long been divided in reference to their main causes, into the *symptomatic* or *universal*, and into the *idiopathic* or *local* disaffections.

Diseases of particular systems and organs are wont sympathetically to involve the skin; for instance, affections of the intestinal tract, the sexual organs, the liver, the kidneys. Unfortunately we are very seldom in a position to demonstrate the real connection between the internal affection, which causes, and the skin disease which is caused. We see only that they occur together, and are intimately related, or that they mutually react upon each other. But we are not at the present day enabled to show accurately why a disease of an internal organ should give rise to an affection of the skin.

Hereditary transmission, again, from parents to their offspring undoubtedly takes place in certain forms of cutaneous disease. Lastly, diseases of the nervous system must not be overlooked as the causes of certain disturbances of the functions of the skin, although with reference to this point all accurate investigation is as yet wanting. We can, at most, draw negative conclusions, and regard skin affections which are associated with morbid sensations, such as itching, pain, want of sensibility or anæsthesia, as the effect of perverted innervation.

Man is often his own worst enemy, for he practices a number of occupations which subject him to various cutaneous affections, and he neglects many of the precautions which would protect his skin from disease. Thus one of the chief factors in the causation of skin diseases is the permanent action of pressure, or the frequent repetition of blows upon the surface of the body, or the constant friction of some solid body which comes in direct contact with the skin. And under this head may be reckoned, besides many other injurious influences, the scratching of patients who suffer from the itching of cutaneous diseases,

neglect of the skin, and that sin of omission, want of cleanliness are well known to be fruitful causes, from which not a few cutaneous affections derive their origin. But the same effect may in the end be produced also by the opposite proceeding; that is to say, by too frequently repeated or too energetic washing and bathing.

In enumerating the causes which produce cutaneous disease, those also must unfortunately be mentioned, which, no doubt, with good intentions, are employed in the practice of the healing art. As is well known, irritating remedies are very often, and we have to say, but too often applied to the skin. These are generally used with the object of effecting—by means of the powerful irritation of the skin, which they produce—a derivation from some internal organ, which is the seat of the disease. How far this end is obtained, is uncertain, and opinions about it are divided. According to *Hebra*, the supposed, but not proven, good effects of the use of such irritating substances, are far outweighed by the demonstrably evil results of their application to the skin. Daily experience furnishes the proof of the correctness of this opinion.

The parasites, vegetable, as well as animal organisms, of which some are met with in the protective horny tissue, some in the tissue of the cutis itself, are frequent causes of cutaneous disease. The parasitic plants, which invariably belong to the class of fungi, reside either in the epidermis alone, or in the hair as well; or lastly, in the nails also. The animal parasites, which choose the skin as their scene of action, are divided into the *Dermatozoa*, which either always, or at any rate during part of their existence, dwell within the tissues of the skin, as for instance the itch insect, the pimple-mite, the sand-flea, the guinea-worm, etc., and the *Epizoa*, which merely seek their food upon the skin's surface, residing either in the appendages of the skin, namely, on the hairs, or in the clothing, or other surroundings of persons infested by these parasites. To the second class belong the louse, the flea, the bed-bug and the gnat.

Under the term *efflorescentide* or *eruptions*, it is usual to group together many of the symptoms of cutaneous disease, which differ altogether from other pathological appearances, in their determinate form, their position and their course, as well as in the regularity of their development and retrogression. It is the practice to give certain special names to the various forms of efflorescence, which are distinguished by characters of their own.

Some of the appearances observed in cutaneous diseases are caused directly by the deposition of morbid products in the skin. These bear the name of *primary eruptions*. But these often afterwards undergo further development, and are subject to changes of a vital, chemical, or mechanical kind, and to the appearances thus produced, is applied the name of *secondary symptoms*. Under the first head, *Hebra* includes: the spot, the papule, the nodule, the tumor, the wheal, the vesicle, the bleb and the pustule. Among the secondary appearances are enumerated the excoriation, the ulcer, the fissure, the scale, the crust, the lamellated crust and the scar of cicatrix.

White spots, produced by deficiency of pigment, and varying in size from that of a lentil to that of the palm of the hand, or even occupying the whole surface, are called *vitiligo* if acquired, and *albinismus* if congenital. Darker patches, caused by increased deposit of pigment, may be observed at the circumference of these white patches. The openings of the hair-follicles are also seen on them unaltered; and the growth of the hairs, which are themselves mostly white, remains unaffected. These characters enable these affections to be readily distinguished from flat cicatrices.

Brown or black spots, produced by excessive deposits of pigment, have various names. I mention the *mother*, or *liver-spots*, the name of which led to, or arose from, the erroneous opinion that they were caused by liver diseases. For this idea, there is no foundation whatever. Disease of the liver may cause deposits of bile-pigment in the skin, but this produces a yellow or brown discoloration of the whole surface of the body. The true mother-spots cover spaces as large as a five-cent piece, or as the palm of the hand, or are even larger still. They are not met with on the face, particularly on the forehead, and also on the trunk, and on the extremities, and they do not desquamate.

[The lecturer here entered into a full definition and description of the following diseased conditions of the skin: *Discolorations, Pimples, Nodules, Comedones, Wheals, Tumors, Vesicles, Blebs, Pustules, Excoriations, Ulcers, Fissures, Scales, Lamellated Crusts, Scars, Cicatrices*, and which, though interesting, we have not room for here.]

After this enumeration of the causes and appearances of skin diseases in general, let us advance to the consideration of the principles of the treatment of those diseases, always according to the views and experiences of *Hebra*, with whom I entirely agree.

Although in the course of the last year, great attention has, on all sides, been devoted to this department of medicine, we have, unhappily, as yet made but little progress towards the wished-for end, namely, the cure of all cutaneous diseases. The cause of this lies, no doubt, partly in the fact that it has been only quite recently studied, and for too short a time for making exact investigations. For before one can speak of the

action of a remedy in the treatment of any skin affection, two things must be ascertained: the course taken by the disease when left to itself, and the effects which are produced by the remedy when applied to the healthy skin. On account of the want of a rational basis for our therapeutical procedures in the treatment of affections of the skin, no expedient remains but pure empiricism. For the success which we have hitherto obtained, we are indebted entirely to the strictly practical course pursued by different specialists in this respect. *Hebra*, for instance, has tried methods of the most varied description, those as well that were recommended by medical men as also by unprofessional persons, and he has found some remedies belonging to the former category less effectual than they were represented to be, while popular remedies, on the other hand, have often rendered good service in his hands.

Hebra alludes to a few deeply-rooted prejudices, which interfere even in our days, to some extent, and interfered still more formerly, with the employment in practice of certain methods of treatment. The first of these prejudices which we must combat, is the dread with which local applications were regarded. It is a mistake to suppose that the action of remedies applied to the diseased or healthy skin is necessarily merely topical, and not general. We have to call to mind the contagia of small-pox, syphilis, hydrophobia, the poisons of serpents, and of the dissecting-room, which are generally introduced through the skin, to prove that it is an organ which absorbs very readily many forms of virus. And that it is equally adapted to absorb medicinal agents also, and to admit them into the circulation, even while the epidermis is intact, can be easily shown, as I already mentioned in a former lecture, during the external use of tar, of iodine, or of the mercurial preparations. Now, what can be demonstrated in the case of certain remedies by chemical reactions, ought surely not to be decried in regard to others; and, therefore, *Hebra* maintains the exact contrary of the principle we have alluded to, and asserts that, with the exception of caustics, all remedies which are brought into prolonged contact with the skin, are absorbed by it, and taken up into the fluids of the body.

Hence we have no fear, in applying topical remedies, of driving in cutaneous diseases, or of producing any other ill effects, for which the practitioners of the old school had various expressions. Our apprehension is rather of a too violent action upon the organism in general, especially in the case of those drugs which are liable to produce derangements of the vegetative processes. Nor have we any dread of curing skin affections too quickly. On the contrary, it is the object of our utmost endeavors to find means of terminating these diseases as speedily as possible. Were we only in the possession of remedies which produced cures thus rapidly, we should have no anxiety with regard to the appearance from this cause of metastases, the so-called transport of a disease from an external part into an internal organ, or of any other consecutive diseases.

There is another point, also, in which *Hebra* is opposed to his predecessors, and to many of his contemporaries, and that is with reference to the necessity for using in the cure of chronic skin affections, remedies which are supposed to be purifiers of the blood. We have never seen the effects which are ascribed to them by some authors, produced either by the long-continued administration of laxatives and drastics, nor by decoctions of woods, nor by vegetable juices. Arsenic has proved a useful internal remedy, the same is the case with preparations of mercury, of iodine, of iron, etc., of course in rational doses, corresponding to the age and the constitution of the patient, administered in accordance with the advice of an intelligent physician.

Externally we have to treat every disease, which is a mere skin disease, without change in the constitution. We make up of simple baths, warm or cold as required, and of shower and vapor baths; or we add to these baths different powerful remedies. Again we often employ emollient frictions with success, rubbing the whole skin or certain parts of it with oily or fatty substances, and in other cases we add to these fatty matters various active substances.

Moreover an important part of our therapeutical resources consists in the empyumatic oils, which result from the dry distillation of certain kinds of wood, giving the different kinds of tar. For the removal from the skin of exudations, new growths, tumors and the like, caustics are employed.

Lastly, besides these active remedies, which are used externally or internally in different skin affections, others, which are indifferent and inert are also frequently prescribed; in those diseases, whose course we cannot modify, and in which, therefore, the expectant method is attended with the best results. Thus, whether this or that remedy be used, is a matter of indifference, in contagious as well as in all inflammatory affections of the skin, which run an acute course, that mode of treatment which disturbs the patient least is, in these diseases, always the best. Sometimes we are compelled to prescribe such indifferent remedies, even if we are convinced of their inefficacy, when patients of a lesser degree of culture wish to have some remedy to be taken internally at any price. Intelligent patients are accessible to the warning of an honest and intelligent physician—but we cannot over-

come certain prejudices, and we have to adapt ourselves to circumstances.

I have thus completed my series of Lectures on the Human Skin, and I have to express my thanks for your attention and kindness. I hope I will speak on some other occasion before you on other organs of the human body, to the study of which I paid no less attention than to the study of the Skin.

DR. ATKINSON followed with remarks upon the importance of more general information among the masses in relation to the subject of the lecture. He also gave his theory of the evolution of matter or protoplasm from atoms to molecules, from molecules to cells, from cells to tissue, from tissue to organs, and from organs to the entire body, made up of thirteen original elements. He described the difference between secretion, excretion, and assimilation, as well as discussed cognate subjects.

MR. NASH followed with his views upon skin diseases, and the best general treatment for them.

DR. T. S. LAMBERT next took the platform and in rather humorous remarks, criticised alike the lecturer and the two gentlemen who had followed him; especially Dr. Atkinson's theory of building up the system. He threw considerable ridicule upon the empiricism of the medical profession, and described humorously the old style of practitioners, when called to see a patient, of feeling pulse, looking at the tongue, prescribing senna and salts, blisters, etc. He referred as well to those pretenders, who claim to have spent many years with the sons of the forest, who absolutely know little or nothing about diseases or medicines, and thereby urge their superior fitness to set themselves up as healers of their fellow-men.

The doctor claimed, however, there was but one per cent. in the difference of rates of longevity between communities treated by scientific physicians and those who were not; but that people in comfortable circumstances lived longer by some years than those in embarrassed conditions, arguing that anxiety, care, and fear of want, tended to shorten life. He stated that those who had marble-slab tombstones and monuments placed over their graves were generally longer lived than those so poor as not to have those representatives of competence. He remarked the best means of securing health and long life was to keep the skin clean, also the clothing and bedding, to drink pure water, to breathe pure air, and take but little medicine.

DR. E. W. HOEBER regretted that such an excellent scientific lecture, as we had listened to, should be followed with exceptional criticisms. He called attention to the advance that had been made in the science of medicine within a few years, and to the more rational treatment for diseases that had been adopted.

DR. HEITZMANN closed the discussion of the evening by a few remarks in explanation of points that had been raised.

[TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINTH MEETING—APRIL 16th, 1875.]

No paper was read on this occasion, but an annual election of officers of the Club held; a fair number of members of the Club were present.

JAMES PARTON Esq., President, presiding.

D. T. GARDNER read a report, stating that an accession of thirty members had been made to the Club, within the year past, making the entire membership some three hundred. He reported an increased attendance and interest in the meetings of the Club.

E. W. HOEBER, Corresponding Secretary, read a brief but humorous report of his duties for the year, which embraced the writing of a few letters to various distinguished lecturers and writers in Europe and America.

COURTLAND PALMER, Treasurer, read a very brief report, stating that the receipts of the Club during the year had been \$875.25, and its expenses \$875.25. The Club was entirely out of debt—not owing a dollar. Those who understood the fact that Mr. Palmer had very generously, out of his own pocket, made up the deficiency of the Club, duly appreciated his report as well as his well-known liberality.

T. B. WAKEMAN, Librarian, read his report of the names of individuals, who had contributed books to the library of the Club, and the number of volumes presented, as well as the number of volumes purchased. The total number of volumes in the library at present is eight hundred and seventy-five—and more on the way from England, not yet arrived.

The election of officers for the coming year was as follows:

JAMES PARTON, for President, by a unanimous vote.

D. T. GARDNER, Recording Secretary, unanimously.

DR. E. W. HOEBER, Corresponding Secretary.

COURTLAND PALMER, Treasurer, with great unanimity.

W. J. ORMSBEE, Professor P. H. VAN DER WEYDE, and MR. WILCOX, Vice-Presidents.

T. B. WAKEMAN, CHAS. BRAGDON, and DR. JOHN ELDERKIN, Trustees.

HENRY EVANS, Librarian.

JAMES PARTON, the President, upon his re-election, made a very neat speech, returning thanks for the honor thus conferred. He sometimes thought, when he remembered the dignity which properly attaches to the office, and when he recollected the distinguished

bearing with which Luther Bradish, thirty years ago, presided over meetings and maudlin pomposity of some other individuals, he conceived that he was not just fitted for the position. He congratulated the club upon its prosperity and promise of future usefulness.

In subsequent remarks he proposed steps be taken by the Club to rent a hall for Sunday afternoon meetings, where scientific, philosophical, and literary subjects could be lectured upon and discussed, dramatic entertainments given—any thing except theology. He called attention to a similar enterprise in Chicago, where he had recently delivered a course of lectures, and where he had witnessed the successful working of such a Liberal institution.

These suggestions were received with much favor by the Club, and it was decided to act at an early day upon the suggestion made by the President.

DR. T. S. LAMBERT suggested that the LIBERAL CLUB, of New York, take measures to buy a lot and erect a hall of their own; he said he would contribute \$1000 towards the enterprise—and when the hall was erected if a room was dedicated to free speech and free discussion he would give \$4000 more; he thinks he knows of others who would also make donations for the same purpose.

He said he was proud of the LIBERAL CLUB, and he frankly acknowledged he had learned more at its meetings than in the same length of time any where else; he entertained great hopes for its future usefulness.

The suggestion for the erection of a hall was freely discussed, a large majority favoring the project, and one or two being opposed to it on the grounds of fear that with the accumulation of wealth rings and improper influence might work in.

Other motions were offered and discussed, one of which was in reference to the Club as a body, opposing the efforts of the Catholics of this city, aiming to make their schools, where sectarianism is daily taught, public schools, and the teachers to draw pay from the public funds for such services; also opposing the use of the Bible as a school book in public schools. After the question was freely discussed a committee was appointed to attend to the matter.

A committee was also selected to make arrangements for suitable preparations for the observance of the anniversary of the Club, to be held in September.

MRS. HALLOCK wished more ladies could unite with the Club, and called upon gentlemen present to induce their wives and lady friends to join and regularly attend the meetings of the Club. She said an infusion of more of the female element into the Club would be beneficial to both.

After other questions were presented and discussed the Club adjourned at a somewhat late hour.

A Correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: Thanking you for the complimentary manner in which you notice my lecture delivered before the Liberal Club on the 2d inst., I beg leave to say that your reporter misapprehended me in several particulars. I did not say that twenty thousand Africans were annually introduced into the island, but that a few years ago, during a twelvemonth—according to a report made to the British Government by the Consul-General at Havana—such a number had been introduced. The fact is, in some years few or none are imported into Cuba, this matter depending pretty much upon whether the Captain-General is well disposed or not. Nor did I say that in some years as much as fifty-seven millions of taxes had been levied. I said that forty-seven millions had been levied in 1866-7, (that is, from July to July,) which is one year, but I might have added that this sum was not collected, because it would have brought about general bankruptcy. The Captain-General modified the decree. As Spanish rule in Cuba is bad enough when correctly set forth, I ask you to be so good as to publish this card, and believe me to be, as I am, very truly yours, WM. S. FLIPPEN.

New York, April 10th, 1875.

Notice.

We, the undersigned, believe in the law of Eternal Mateship. We believe, also, that in that Mateship love is unchangeable and everlasting, and that this, the natural law of the soul, is the only sanction necessary in marriage for those who truly love. We take upon ourselves, therefore, from this time forth, the solemn and sacred obligations of a union for life, promising, before angels and mortals, to live truly, love nobly, and labor earnestly for the elevation of our own natures and of all mankind.

LESSIE GOODELL GUSTAFSON,
ALEXIS GUSTAFSON.

New York, March 22d, 1875.

B. F. Underwood

Will speak at Oskaloosa, Iowa, April 17th and 18th; Toledo, Iowa, April 19th, 20th and 21st; Lincoln, Neb., April 23d, 24th and 25th; Red Oak, Iowa, April 26th, 27th and 28th; Sidney, Iowa, April 30th and May 1st and 2d; St. Joseph, Mo., May 4th, 5th and 6th.

Editors' Notes.

WITH regret we learn of the recent illness in the West, of our friend and brother, G. L. HENDERSON. He went out to close up his business in Minnesota, and remove his family to this city. He was taken suddenly ill with bilious fever and erysipelas. He was reduced very low, and for several days his life was despaired of. From his usual weight of 150 lbs. he was reduced to 97 lbs. At last advices, though very weak, he was materially better, and hoped in a short time to start on his journey east.

We ardently hope his health will be restored, and that many years of usefulness are still before him. He cannot well be spared from the Liberal ranks just now. He has plans matured for the organization and progression of the Liberals of America, and we sincerely hope he may live to see his fondest wishes in this direction realized.

American Labor Reform.

The fifth Annual Convention of the American Labor Reform League will be held in Masonic Hall, 13th street, New York city, Sunday, May 9th, at 10 1-2, A. M., and 2 1-2 and 7 1-2, P. M., and Monday, May 10th, at 2 1-2 and 7 1-2, P. M.; the Monday forenoon session being given up to the American Anti-Usury Society. S. P. Andrews, J. K. Ingalls, E. H. Heywood, Mary A. Leland, Wm. Hanson, L. K. Joslin, E. M. Davis, H. H. Day, Edward Palmer, and other speakers are expected.

WE WOULD advise every one of our readers to send the small sum of ten cents to EHRICH & Co., 287 8th avenue, in this city, and subscribe for their elegant *Quarterly* of fashion and miscellany, as advertised on last page of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The firm is a most reliable one; the *Quarterly* contains sixteen pp. of fashion-plates and entertaining reading matter. A single copy is worth twice the price of the entire year. Those who send the ten cents for it will not regret it.

KIDDER'S SECRETS OF BEE-KEEPING.—We would call the attention of our readers who are engaged in Bee culture, to a little work of 200 pages by this title. It is well filled with practical instruction upon the Bee subject in all its branches. Those who want to know all about bees and how to succeed with them in all the various emergencies that arise in the course of the year should have a copy of this book. The author is a reader and admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER and we will be glad if every patron of this paper who needs a work on Bees, will buy Mr. Kidder's. Price, by mail, in paper, 25 cts, in boards, 40 cts. We have it for sale.

Obituary.

It will be seen by the following letter that Brother C. A. Zamzow, whom we mentioned in No. 15, has ceased to suffer from disease and closed his earthly existence. His widow tells a pitiful story truly, and we hope those who are able will open their hearts toward her.

Since our announcement, we have received the following donations and forwarded to her: John Keay and friends, \$2.35; S. P. Bingham, \$1; T. B. Johnson, \$1; Isaac L. Rice, \$1; William McDonnell, \$1. We will cheerfully forward any other amounts that may be sent us for the purpose.

ELMIRA, N. Y., April 16th, 1875.

D. M. BENNETT.

My Dear Sir:—I just received your letter, and return many thanks for the money enclosed. I trust you will excuse me for not having written before, but I have had so much trouble that I could not fix my attention on anything. Even to-day, when I sit and pen you these few lines, it almost breaks my heart, for I have sad news to tell you of your late friend. When I wrote you the last time, I knew that my dear husband would not live more than three or four weeks, but I dreaded the hour, and did not get reconciled to the thought that he must die; so, when the unhappy moment came, I was no more prepared than if it had been sudden and unexpected. But, alas! we all must die. It is a debt we owe to Nature, and I suppose his time had come. But it is hard, yes, very hard, to lose a husband that one loves as I did him, after being married a short year and three months. At times I seem disposed to rebel against the giver of life, that he made my cross so heavy and hard to bear, but when I think that my dear, departed husband is free from suffering and care, I thank, in my inmost heart, he who has taken him

to the home where there is no suffering or trouble. He bore his sickness with the greatest patience, and he suffered very much the last three or four weeks that he lived. He was conscious to the moment of his death, and died as peacefully as if he were going asleep, without a single struggle. He said he was ready and willing to die, as he knew that he would never get well, and it was better to die than to suffer any longer. We buried him last Sunday, and a friend of mine was kind enough to give me credit for the coffin, and I am in debt for hacks, and doctors and medicine; the whole amounts to about \$80.80. It is a large sum, and I do not know what I shall do with all the debts. I suppose they will have to wait 'till I get it, but they are pressing me very hard, and if I ever stood in need of money, I do now.

If you meet any Liberal who has a large heart, and also purse, I hope you will not forget me, and I shall be most thankful. I received \$2 from one, \$1.50 from another, and 50 cents from a third, which is all I have received since you sent me the check. I have sold all my jewelry and everything else that I could find to sell, so I must work, and what I shall do with a baby, is more than I can tell. I cannot write any more. I am nearly crazy, and till I hear from you again, I remain, as ever, your solicitor.

MRS. MARY E. ZAMZOW,
110 West Water St., Elmira, N. Y.

Letters to a Preacher.

NO. VI.

FRIEND B.:—Thou says that I "oppose the Church because it is Christian, and that hateful Mormonism has in it more of truth to-day, more of justice and humanity than any Pagan nation that ever lived." But I say I oppose Christianity because it is founded in error. I never said it did no good, for we all know that combined organizations of people must do some good, else they could not exist. But so much more good might be done by teaching morality without dogmas and creeds to act as stumbling-blocks, that we call the Church on the whole a nuisance and a parasite upon society. I believe the Grangers, Odd-Fellows, Masons, and even the Y. M. C. A. have all done much good; yet these bodies are a means of great evil also, especially such as have secret sessions. What is good, needs no hiding; what is evil, had better be open also, so that it may be exposed, criticised and exterminated.

If Mormonism has more of truth than any Pagan nation ever had, it is not because of the Christian influences in and around it, but because it exists in a civilized nation and in the Nineteenth Century. The world moves onward and upward always, and that, too, in spite of the Christian's creed, that would bind down all thought to the confines of an old Jew-book literature.

W. H. H. Murray, one of the star preachers of orthodox Christianity, says, Buddhism, which is the religion of more than one-half of the world, "has already developed more of art and science than we shall in five hundred years! That the basal idea of this religion is 'the infinite capability of the human intellect.' It always appeals to reason, and seeks to win converts only by argument and persuasion, and for twenty-three hundred years has never known but one religious war, and that so small that nothing definite can be learned about it." He also says, "missionaries who have spent years among them, testify that they are kind, polite almost universally, temperate, and that indecencies of word or act are almost never seen." Can your boasted Christianity claim one of these facts to be true of it? Nay, it has been almost directly contrary in its influence, and instead of appealing to the intellect, it always uses every means to excite the feelings and passions; love, hate, fear, jealousy, pride, every passion is appealed to by turns to induce people to join the Church, pay in tythes, be baptized and saved (?) from damnation and Hell-fire! And rivers of blood have been shed in its religious wars! It has not existed as a religion of any moment half as long as Buddhism, and as for the morality of its followers, their temperance and decency, you haven't much to boast of in that line, considering your opportunities! For will you have as long as you take the sacred (?) volume as your guide in these matters. Respectfully,

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Snowville, Va.

LYNCHING A MINISTER FOR PREACHING HELL.—A man died recently at Sutter Creek who had never adhered to any particular belief in any specified system of religion, but who bore the reputation of being a liberal, kind-hearted man and good citizen. A minister was requested to conduct the funeral service, and the good man during his discourse said in effect that the deceased had not the least chance of salvation, but had made a bee-line for the hot place. Those who heard him were indignant, and that evening a party of men went to the minister's house, dragged him out of bed, put a rope around his neck, declaring they would hang him. He begged hard for life, and finally retracted the aspersions he had cast upon the deceased, and promised to leave the place at once. He was then released, and the next day he packed up his effects and left.—*California Paper.*

Radical Fragments.

III.

BY TRUTH TELLER.

What is "Conversion," or the so-called "Change of Heart" among Christians?

It is nothing more nor less than the new views which "sinners" are, by dogmatism, persuaded, or frightened to take of themselves. The dogmatist, who takes it upon himself to stand as a "medium" between God and man, says to you "God is a consuming fire, that burns down to the lowest hell, and he will consign you to hell, if you do not take the same views of him that I do!" And you admit the medium's authority there to dogmatise over you; then you believe what he says with such intensity that you create in your own mind the "evidence" that you are bound straight to hell! Then the minister tells you to have faith, that Jesus does now forgive your sins; and you take this new view of yourself, and in this manner you are pronounced by Christians "soundly converted to God."

What are the noblest lessons of humanity?

Those lessons which teach man to love the truth, for the truth's sake; to love righteousness, and to practice it, for its own sake; and to love goodness, for goodness sake. The highest good of humanity is the love of virtue, for its own sake.

Hence I own up to a little regret, on finding in so good a paper as the *Golden Age*, of December 26th, 1874, the following statement:

"Jesus taught the tenderest, the truest, the noblest lessons of humanity that have ever fallen from human lips."

Did he, indeed! Let us see:

1. Jesus, in his teachings, ignored the Relations of Life, where we find the source of happiness, and the paramount authority for virtue. See Luke xiv:26.

2. Jesus taught vindictive punishment, when he said: "But those, mine enemies, bring hither, and slay them before me." Luke xix:27.

And the account he has given of his final destiny of the human race, represents Jesus as dooming all his enemies, including the largest number of the human family, to the flames of an eternal hell. Mark xvi:15.

3. Jesus evinced his utter ignorance and his incompetency as a public teacher, when he told Peter that the ideas which Peter uttered were not evolved by his own mind. Mathew xvi:17. The human brains, in each case, manufacture the ideas, all of them, that are uttered. And, for the life of me, I cannot see any thing very "tender," or "enobling," in these teachings of Jesus. A good man, he may have been, but he was a fanatic of the first water, when he saw the devil like lightning fall from heaven. Luke x:18.

And when those, of the present day, thought to be liberal men, express such an estimate of this fanatic's teachings, it only shows the force and habit and education, which control very many, otherwise good men. Quincy, Mass., Jan. 8, 1875.

Infantile Sports; or the Brooklyn Quartette.

AN EPIC IN FOUR CANTOS.

CANTO I.

One little baby girl a sighin' for her love;
One tall baby boy a callin' her his dove;
One big baby boy a smilin' on the two,
And all of them so happy that they don't know what to do;
While they're a smilin' and a callin' and a sighin' all the day,
And oh! the gush of innocence when they begin to play.

CANTO II.

One little baby girl a goin' to Sabbath-school;
One tall baby boy a callin' her a fool;
One big baby boy a prayin' for the two,
And all of them so very mad they don't know what to do;
While they're prayin' and a callin' and a goin' all the day,
And oh! the gush of penitence when they begin to pray.

CANTO III.

One little baby girl a keepin' from her love;
One tall baby boy a worryin' his dove;
One big baby boy a weepin' without end,
And all a makin' statements to a very "mutual friend,"
While they're weepin' and a worryin' and a keepin' all the day,
And oh! the gush of lively times while they keep up the play.

CANTO IV.

One little baby girl a wanderin' in the street;
One tall baby boy a callin' her a cheat;
One big baby boy a lookin' at the sky,
And all of them a sayin', "How horribly you lie,"
While they're a lookin' and a callin' and a wanderin' all the day;
And oh! the gush of public scorn at the saintly little play.

MR. BEECHER has not cried once during his cross examination! Neither has Brother SHEARMAN!

A ROMAN Catholic priest in Troy makes frequent rounds of the saloons in his parish, to see if any of his congregation are drunkards.

Friendly Correspondence.

MRS. ELMINA D. SLENKER, Snowville, Va., writes: I like THE TRUTH SEEKER better and better.

S. M. BRINGHAM, Albany, Oregon, writes: Don't fail to send THE TRUTH SEEKER. I can't keep house without it.

JOHN MAHARA, Charles City, Iowa, writes: I think your paper comes up to the times, better than any paper I have seen.

CLARENCE JOHNSON, South Wolfsboro, N. H., writes: Please send me No. 5 of Vol. II. I have lost that number and I cannot do without it. It is the best paper I ever read.

MR. R. NICHOLS, West Winfield, N. Y., writes: Friends here consider your paper not only the cheapest but the best radical organ issued to-day, and trust that it will become the most popular. It is just the thing for the reading masses—radical enough, and yet offensive to none, save bigots.

J. HOKE, M. D., Cordova, Ill., writes: I am taking more papers than I get time to read, but you are battling error, bigotry, and superstition so manfully, that if a year's subscription, or more, will help you make the blows more effective, I do not feel like withholding it from a so much needed work.

W. H. KISER, Winterset, Iowa, writes: I send you to-day six more trial subscribers, which makes fifty-two in all I have sent you. Your paper is causing much alarm among the priests, and their supporters. Some of them are praying God to stop the mouths of these infidels, and advise their followers to keep clear of infidels and infidel papers, saying they wield a great influence against God and the Church.

SYLVESTER BARNHART, Springville, N. Y., writes: Your paper just suits my mind, for it cuts right and left, and seeks to elevate the standard of intelligence among mankind. It is what Liberal thinkers want, and I believe it the means of agitating thought upon many subjects little understood. I wish your noble efforts good success. Let us all do our best to augment the happiness of the human family.

PHILIP F. WISLAR, Newportville, Pa., writes: I am anxious to congratulate you upon the good style of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I have had Christianity bred in my bones, and still am partial to it, yet I would like to see the great mystery of our existence better explained, and subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER in view of that object. I was pleased with your reply to Snode, and other pretending Christians, whose bigotry has taken away all their good manners. I certainly wish your paper much success.

WM. M. BRONSON, Streator, Ill., writes: I would like to tell you what a great change of thought on theology has come over me since I have been reading your paper. I am sixty-one years of age, was born in Connecticut, and, of course, brought up under religious superstition. If I could have read your TRUTH SEEKER twenty years ago, and taken the same change I now have, what a great benefit it would have been to me. I love to read what you write, and admire your boldness in hitting old orthodoxy. You hurt them bad.

H. A. TURTON, Ottawa, Kansas, writes: The first number of your valuable paper addressed to me as a trial subscriber has come to hand, and I am more than satisfied. I was for ten years a member and an officer in an orthodox church, but have laid aside the dogmas of superstition and am glad to enroll myself among the Freethinkers of the age. Your paper pleased two of my neighbors so well that both wish to become subscribers. Enclosed find the pay for them. May the day speedily come when the scales of bigotry may fall from the eyes of all intelligent beings, and the teachings of THE TRUTH SEEKER be exemplified around every hearthstone in our land.

J. F. BROWN, Eugene City, Oregon, writes: Your paper has a larger circulation in this locality than any Liberal paper published in America. It is always brimful of the choicest reading matter, and its size is just the thing for fireside reading. My TRUTH SEEKERS are like a circulating library; they go from house to house, and I believe our city contains more Liberals, according to its size, than any other town in the United States. May THE TRUTH SEEKER always be found to advocate the truth and expose the folly of priestcraft and superstition. Before a quarter of a century has past may the Freethinker's Church contain more members than the whole combination of Christianity numbers to-day.

ALMON MALTBY, Brighton, Mich., writes: I have never written you saying "I like your paper first-rate," but I think you have observed by my actions (which speak louder than words) that I do like it, and will not be without it, so long as it is printed and continues to advocate the doctrines it does at present, whether it is issued monthly, semi-monthly, or weekly. You sent me the first number you issued when in Illinois. I sent you my own subscription and five others. I have sent you some eight other subscriptions, and besides have bought several books of you. I now take two copies of the paper, one to give my Christian friends to read. This, I think, is the kind of praise that helps, and the kind you need.

J. W. GIBSON, Gentryville, Mo., writes: Please send me THE TRUTH SEEKER for six months. I like the style of the paper and its fearless onslaught on the strongholds of superstition. You stand on the skirmish line in the advance guard of the Liberal army. We of the Liberal army may view the "promised land" from Pisgah's lofty heights, with tear-dimmed eyes, though we may not live to enter it.

"My soul anticipates the day,
When error shall be slain;
And heaven-born truths spread far and wide
O'er falsehood's beaten plain."

MRS. HELEN MAR BILLINGS, Fabius, N. Y., writes: The short time I have been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, has led me to conclude that I must have it, for at least, one year together with a copy of the HEATHENS OF THE HEATH, in cloth. I have read EXETER HALL and like it much. If the Heathens is as good, or better, I shall be pleased to peruse the same. We also read THE INDEX, which we call an excellent paper, but our neighbors cannot divine its contents so readily as those of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The mass of the people want facts in language, which is simple and easily understood. THE INDEX is more for advanced thinkers, and must, in the main, be supported by that class of minds, who are now, and will be for some time to come, in a decided minority. THE TRUTH SEEKER, on the other hand, timely steps forward and takes the masses by the hand and leads them pleasantly along, and teaches them to think for themselves. Please accept my best wishes.

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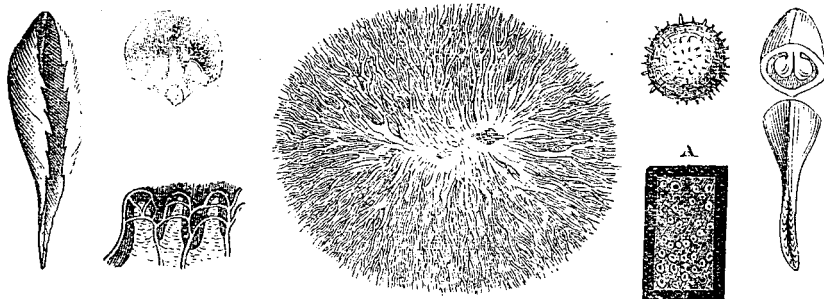
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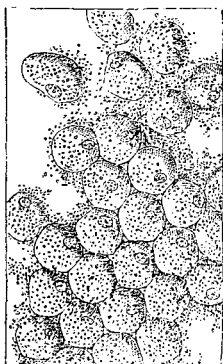


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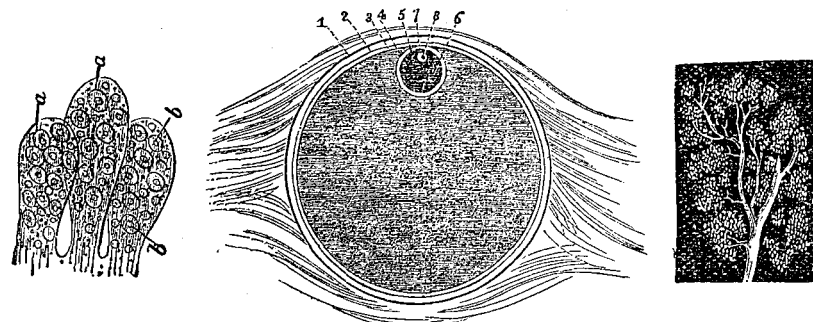
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"HULLO, bub! trying to get an appetite for your dinner?" "Well, n-o-o, not exactly; fact is, I'm trying to get a dinner for my appetite."

HAVE you "Blasted Hopes?" asked a young lady of a librarian with a handkerchief tied over his jaw. "No, ma'am," said he, "It's only a blasted toothache."

"THREE and sixpence per gal!" exclaimed Mrs. Pardington, looking over the *Price Current*. "Why, bless me, what is the world a coming to, when gals are valued at only three and sixpence?"

"WHY, Ichabod, I thought you got married more'n a year ago?" "Well, Aunt Jerusha, it was talked of, but I found that the girl and all her folks were opposed to it, and so I just gave them all the mitten, and let the thing drop."

A COUPLE of disputatious neighbors were contending as to which is the oldest business in the world, when the wife of one of them, with her babe in her arms, silenced them by declaring that the oldest business in the world is the *nursery* business.

"NUMBERS is what does the business," shouted a man who lives on Mechanic street. "When my wife is alone, I can reason with her and run things to suit myself, but when her mother is around, I am not even a stockholder in the concern."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher told her class about the wise and foolish virgins, and asked them the next Sunday to repeat the story. All but one little miss had forgotten, and she only remembered that it was about "them women who forgot their kerosene."

THE BIBLE AS A SCHOOL BOOK.—*Scholar* (reading), "These are the children which Milcah bore."

School Marm.—"Stop! that is wrong; read it over."

Scholar.—"These are the children which Milcah bore."

School Marm.—"That will do. That is quite possible. They might milk a bear, but they could not milk a boar."

THE other day a New York lady went to pay her respects to one of the latest arrivals on the list of babyhood, when the following colloquy took place between her and the little four-year old sister of the new comer: "I have come for that baby now," said the lady. "You can't have it," was the reply. "But I must; I came over on purpose," urged the visitor. "We can't spare it at all," persisted the child, "but I'll get a piece of paper, and you can cut out a pattern."

An old farmer employed a son of Erin to work for him on the farm. Pat was constantly misplacing the end-boards in the cart—the front board behind and the tail board in front, which made the old gentleman very irritable. To prevent blunders, he painted on both boards a large "B," then calling Pat to him and showing him the boards, said: "Now, you block-head, you need make no mistake, as they are now both marked. This (pointing to one board) is 'B' for before, and that (indicating the tail-board) is 'B' for behind," whereupon the old gentleman marched off with great dignity.

A MISSOURI CLERGYMAN ACCUSED.
BUT HIS OFFENSE IS NOT OF A VERY SERIOUS NATURE.

An old lady came up to the office Wednesday. She was worn and tired from climbing the winding stairs, and she sank almost breathless into the waste basket, putting the poems and stories it contained to the only press they will ever know. There was a troubled, anxious look on her face, a pair of green spectacles on her

nose, and a general air of sorrow and exhaustion that appealed at once to our tenderest feelings. The feelings answered the appeal and we stepped respectfully forward. After the aged female had recovered her breath, she asked:

"Is there a loryer's office in this buildin'?"

We answered in the affirmative, but we are sorry to say that the legal gentleman was out of town.

"Out of town, eh? Well I s'pose I'll have to find some other loryer, I kem in town a purpose to have this thing fixed up, an' I ain't a going back until I know whether there is any law an' ekeity in this country."

We ventured to remind the dame that lawing was a losing business in the end, and should be resorted to only in the most aggravated cases.

"Aggravated cases!" she screeched, and the manuscript in the basket rattled violently.

"Young man, it is the most aggravated case you ever heard of. You ken never know the anguish of a mother's heart, when her only dorter goes astray an' follars after false idols."

"Your daughter has had trouble, then?" "No, it's me what's havin' the trouble; but she's a causin' it—she an' that tarnal sheep-faced preacher."

"Ah! a minister in the case! I think I understand. Such things are becoming too common; alas! too frequent. The cloth is being brought into disrepute by such scoundrels, 'who steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in.' Poor girl!"

"Pore nothin'! She's a brazen huzzy to go back on her mother's teachin'." Lord knows I've allus tried to raise her right."

"But you must consider, my good woman, that your daughter had peculiar temptations. You must make allowance for the fact that the tempter came to her in holy garb imposing upon her confidence in the assumed character of a spiritual adviser, silencing the voice of her conscience with cunningly chosen scriptural quotations. You must not be severe on her."

"Well, Hanner was a'bedient girl till he kem foolin' around. He kem to the house purty often, but I didn't s'pose nothin' was wrong till a week ago, when Hanner tole me, Then I giv him a mighty big piece of my mind."

"He denied it of course?"

"No, he didn't. He said he had done his dooty as a Christian. An' his congregation are all tickled over it, an' that's what makes me bile."

"Why, that is an aggravated case. That he should be guilty of such a thing is bad enough; that he should call it the performance of a duty is worse, and that his congregation should uphold him in such vile practices is beyond belief."

"Well, it's so an I want to get a loryer to issuo a conjunction or injectment or somethin', to stop it."

"I fear there is no legal redress, unless it is a matter of very recent occurrence. A bill has passed the legislature governing such cases but it wont work backward."

"What is in that bill?" asked the old lady, her face lighting up with a new hope.

"It makes it obligatory upon the man to either marry the woman or support the chi—"

"What!" shrieked the woman springing up with a suddenness that sent the basket of unacknowledged genius half way across the room.

"You baril-headed idiot! My girl ain't no such fool as that! You editors think you're smart, an' you're alluss s'posed things wusn't they are. I've been a life-long Methodist, and I've tried to raise my dorter the same faith, but that tarnal 'Piscopalyun preacher has got her to 'gre to jine his church. I'm her nateral garjeen an' I ain't agoin to 'low her to do it. Ef she can't get along with the same religion her mother's got she shant have any. That's the whole case, an' there no marryin' nur s'portin nur Beecherin' in it."

From the way the old lady bumped along down the stairs we fear she was unduly agitated.

We shall never jump to another conclusion.—no, not if should lie within an inch of our nose, and pointed proofs were pressing against us on each side and behind.

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Privileged Classes, Tyranny, Oppression and Everything that Degrades or Burdens Mankind Mentally or Physically.

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education; Let us "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good."

Vol. 2. No. 18. { D. M. BENNETT,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. }

NEW YORK, MAY 15. 1875.

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Notes and Clippings.

WINWOOD READE, the well-known author of books of travel is dead.

"She is my mother-in-law, with all that the name implies," said a witness in an Indianapolis lawsuit.

ONLY seven of the sixty-one cardinals who witnessed the Pope's elevation to the Pontifical throne are still living.

ONE WHO WASN'T KISSED.—Thus far no one has accused any of the parties to the Tilton-Beecher case of kissing Mrs. Morse.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

RECOVERING HIS MEMORY.—Since Mr. Beecher left the stand, his memory is said to be slowly but surely recovering.—*St. Louis Republican*.

"Does the Lord love a man who spends at a church festival the money he owes his washerwoman?" is a question asked by a Pennsylvania paper.

THE experiment of transfusing blood has just been applied to Gen. Frank Blair, who has long been prostrated with paralysis at his home in St. Louis. Six ounces of blood were injected into his veins, and the result is said to be favorable.

"Do you think that souls separated here are united hereafter?" asked a pale emaciated pietist of a friend. "I hope not" was the chilling reply. "It cost me a pretty good figure to get a divorce, and when I invested that money I invested it for time and eternity too."

It may be interesting to know that the people of this country used last year 1,636,335 pounds of arsenic 789,787 pounds of camphor, 116,053 pounds of jalap, 26,202 pounds of ipecac, 297,213 pounds of nux vomica, and \$399,-399 worth of vaccine virus, all of which was imported.

In the twelve years immediately preceding the completion of the drainage and water supply system of Salisbury, Eng., the yearly mortality amounted to 27 per 1000. During the twelve years following the mortality fell to 20 per 1000, and during the last three years it was only 17 per 1000.

"WHAT tremendous lying there has been—perjury, perjury, perjury. Surely some one ought to go to prison from that court-room," said Brother Bowen to a reporter a few days ago; and those most familiar with his settled convictions, are convinced he knows Mr. Beecher to be the man.

SLOBBERING AND CRYING ALL AROUND.—There is a rapidly growing feeling of disgust at the revelations of the trial, apart from the question of guilt or innocence of the accused. I can best express this feeling by using the language of my club friend. "It is," said he, "the greatest case of slobbering I have ever seen; everybody kissed and cried over everybody else, and tears enough were shed to run a sawmill. It was a case of boo-hoo and letter-writing, and everybody seems to have gone around with his handkerchief in one hand and writing materials in the other. It's enough to turn the stomach of a buzzard."—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

MR. FRANK BIRD, the recent candidate for the Governorship of Massachusetts, says: "From the time I saw that Mr. Beecher would not arrest Mrs. Woodhull for that publication, a conclusion was forced upon my mind, and I am sorry to say that every development since then has added to that conviction."

THE REV. Thomas Barnard, an English clergyman of the Established Church, got rather drunk in London, and in that condition went to the Globe Theatre, where Lydia Thompson had been playing in burlesque. A new piece was produced that night, and Miss Thompson did not appear in it. The clergyman was so enraged by disappointment that he shouted and hissed, and therefore was arrested.

MR. BEECHER is author of some thirty-five volumes. Before he finally steps down and out, we suggest that he add two or three more to his distinguished productions. Let one be a work on *Kissing, with a critical analysis of the different kinds of kissing*. Let another be upon the *Nature of "True Inwardness" and the innocence of adultery*. Let the third be *Perjury for a clergyman not a crime*. He possesses the talent and experience to handle these subjects in a masterly manner, and if he gets them up in the style of his *Life of Christ*, they will doubtless meet with large sales.

MR. BEECHER'S FRIENDS DISAPPOINTED.—There is a good deal of disappointment pervading all classes that Mr. Beecher has not more clearly explained his damaging letters; but as they are very difficult to explain, perhaps he did the best he could. And upon the whole, it is safe to say that he did as well as any one could under his circumstances. We think he has failed to change the opinions of those who were previously convinced of his guilt, and the issue still remains unsettled, and probably will thus remain, whatever shall be the verdict of the jury. We wish we could give Mr. Beecher a stronger endorsement than this, but we cannot do so conscientiously.—*Rochester Democrat*.

WHATEVER failings Mr. Beecher may have, the world cannot but admire his great generosity. When he learned Tilton was needing some aid in publishing the *Golden Age*, he unsolicitedly mortgaged his house and presented him with \$5,000. Finding that that modest damsel, Bessie Turner, wished to improve her education, he freely pulled out his pocket-book and gave \$2,000 for that meritorious object. When he discovered that retaining his position in Plymouth pulpit was somewhat distasteful to Theodore, with great magnanimity he offered to "step down and out," sacrifice all his honor and fame, and be destroyed, if necessary, if thereby Tilton's happiness could be increased. Who can help admiring such self-sacrificing liberality and disinterested benevolence?

ANOTHER FRAIL SHEPHERD.—A little more than a year ago, the Rev. J. J. Reeder, a young minister of the Gospel, went to Milford, Pa., and for a brief period studied under the Rev. E. F. Bischoe, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church of that village. Subsequently Mr. Reeder was sent by the Newark Methodist Episcopal Conference to fill a vacancy in the Methodist Episcopal church at this place. The young divine came, and for a time his meetings were largely attended. He was very fond of the female members of his church, and the greater part of his time was spent in their society. He finally took to buying and trading fast horses. In this he was successful. He finally purchased a horse for which he gave his note, but ere the same became due, he suddenly departed for parts unknown, leaving many unpaid bills. In his hasty flight, he left his trunks, books, etc., behind, and the same have just been sold at public auction.

MR. BEECHER CONTRADICTING HIMSELF FLATLY.—Beecher has shown himself to be the most forgetful and untrustworthy witness, measured by the simple rules of common sense and of law, that has yet testified in the case, unless those negroes can be excepted. In a carefully prepared written "statement," he purposely created the impression that Mr. Moulton threatened him with a pistol, and thus extorted from him Mrs. Tilton's letter of re-

traction. He swears on the witness stand that the showing of the pistol was purely accidental, and had nothing to do with the surrender of Mrs. Tilton's letter. As a lie is the intent to deceive, Beecher has lied once, on his own testimony. Beecher in his sworn statement, represented Moulton as a blackmailer, and purposely caused that impression to go abroad. He swears that he did not so regard him—all his testimony shows that he did not, and shows that this theory was merely the trick of the lawyers. He swears that the lawyers forced him to utter lie number two. Innocence needs no lawyer's tricks. Having, in effect sworn that he lied in calling Moulton a blackmailer, and having sworn that he lied in representing that Moulton threatened him with a pistol, we are prepared to believe that he has not altogether clung to the truth when he said he didn't.—*Cin. Enquirer*.

LOVE IN THE CHURCH.—The Methodist church at Nottingham, Manitoba, recently had double service of a most infelicitous character. A quarrel had divided the congregation, and each party claimed to be dominant. Each had called a new minister, and the two clergymen were on hand to begin their labors. The first to arrive took possession of the pulpit, and the other sat behind the chancel rail. The man in the pulpit gave out a hymn, the other man gave out another, and both were sung confusedly by the rival sections of the assembly. Then the man behind the railing started off on his sermon, and the other began to read a chapter of Scripture. When the reading was over, and it was plain that the preaching was going to last much longer, the partisans of the reader sung another hymn with a loud organ accompaniment. The musical noise drowned the voice of the clergyman in the pulpit, but when it was over he was found to be preaching right along as though nothing unusual had happened. The clergyman in the chancel, less cool, was unable to fix his thoughts on a discussion, and so remained silent and beaten. At the close of this extraordinary scene, a deacon explained that it had been enacted "under legal advice and to further the cause of Christ." It is more easy to understand about the legal advice than how such belligerent proceedings were calculated to "further the cause of Christ."

AS WE GO TO PRESS the eighteenth week of the great scandal trial is completed, and that an end will be reached ere very long, begins to be apparent. The country, doubtless, rejoices at this, for everybody is tired of the perjury connected with the case. The evidence produced in rebuttal shows that much of the testimony offered by the defense was false, and seems to have been manufactured for the occasion. Of this character was the stories told by the negroes; the accounts about Tilton's riding in a carriage with Mrs. Woodhull in the Rossel procession; Gen. Tracy's statements about the double part he acted; the mis-statements of Claflin, Cleveland and Storrs; Bessie Turner's fancies and fallacies; but most of all, the sworn statements of the great Pastor himself. He stated the interview between Bowen and himself, when the latter gave him that imperative letter from Tilton was a casual call Mr. Bowen made upon him at his own house. Mr. Bowen swears it was at Mr. Freeland's, and that the interview was by special appointment. Beecher swore that at that interview he gave information to Bowen in reference to the waywardness of Tilton which caused Bowen to discharge Tilton; and upon this he endeavored to explain his remarkable letters of contrition, remorse and "ragged edge." Bowen swears this was not so; that Beecher said nothing that caused him to discharge Tilton, and in fact he had resolved upon the discharge before he saw Beecher. The testimony of the week has been decidedly damaging to the Plymouth Pastor. It is a mournful affair that a man of Mr. Beecher's talent and reputation should commit such crimes. Adultery is the least. Perjury and an effort to blacken the character of innocent persons is most damnable. It looks very bad on the part of Mr. Evans and his co-workers that they should employ perjury to try to win the case. They must be aware of the guilt of their client, and that their principal witnesses swore falsely.

(Written expressly for THE TRUTH SEEKER.)

The Witch of the Wine-Mark.

A Tale of the Royal Colony of Massachusetts.

BY LOTHAIR LOGOS.

CHAPTER XVII.

The power that properly belonged to the State was passing steadily away from the Church, and the hand of the Governor was already raised to give the last crushing blow to the vile superstition which had blinded even his own understanding. The God-like attribute of reason that has never proved wholly false to its divine origin, was slowly beginning to right itself, and to break through the clouds and mists that had so long obscured it.

The corrupt and hollow among the clergy, who had from the vilest motives pandered to the terrible delusion, were now quietly deserting it, as rats desert a sinking ship; and, although the prison doors were not yet thrown open to those who had been confined on the charge of witchcraft, and notwithstanding that an occasional arrest was still made among the accused or suspected, yet it was apparent to those who could look below the surface, that the diabolical delusion was doomed.

The sudden impetus given to the action of the Governor, in relation to the superstition, was owing simply to the circumstance that, on the day that Francis Ellencourt called he was made aware of the startling fact, that among the papers found in the head of the Fanatic's staff, was one containing a list of those who were to be seized and accused of secret dealings with the Evil One, which list was headed with the name of Lady Phipps herself!

There was enough in the document to show that a deep plot had been laid, in which his Excellency could not have failed to become involved also, and which, if not at once checked, might tend to the sudden overthrow of his government, and the total destruction of himself and his family. Hence his instant action, and the unexpected moves which made him almost, if not quite, master of the situation before his enemies had taken the alarm.

In the meantime, from their isolated position, neither Alice nor Madge were aware of the reaction that had taken place in the mind of the public, as well as in that of the Governor; for, although Peter Huskins called frequently to see Sloucher, no word of the altered condition of affairs escaped his lips. In truth, the witchfinder felt his vocation steadily passing away from him; and being a sincere wrong-doer, he began to open his eyes and to almost view the situation from a standpoint that had not previously presented itself to his distorted imagination.

But more extraordinary still, the Fanatic, whose injuries, notwithstanding the frequent visits of the leech, were slowly but surely bearing him toward the narrow house, had of late, through some strange revolution that seemed to have passed through his being, won, with imploring eyes and pleading inarticulate words, evidences of compassion from Madge Gordon, who had begun, out of the pure depths of her womanly instincts, to pity the bodily anguish that was wasting his life without a moment's cessation.

He had done her a wrong that had blasted her happiness, and had darkened her reason for years, but his eyes had lost all their fiendish light, and more than once of late she had discovered tears stealing in silence down his hollow, wounded cheeks, while the face that had been hideous, lost much, if not all, of its repulsiveness.

"It is, indeed, strange," said Alice, who had listened to this disclosure on the part of her companion, "and perhaps, after all our dread and horror of him, the miserable sufferer is not lost to every human sentiment."

"I am now," said Madge, "beginning to understand a little of what he attempts to say, and am satisfied that you have nothing farther to fear from him at least, however it may stand between you and Huskins."

"There is," said Alice, in reply to this latter, "something hopeful in this. And could I but get any intelligence of my safety to the villa, and learn whether there has been received any word from my beloved Maurice, I could remain in a measure contented until my fate was decided."

"No doubt," returned Madge, "I might, had I exerted myself, have found means of apprising your friends of your safety. But I felt there would have been danger in it, inasmuch as it would possibly give some clue to your enemies of your place of refuge, and lead to your imprisonment in quarters more repulsive still. However, if I could come across poor, little Titmouse, for whom all my affection has now returned, I should convey to him enough to satisfy your friend, that you were safe for the time being at least."

It was well that there had been an ample stock of food in the Fanatic's quarters, else the poor prisoner and her guardian might have been sadly pinched long ere this. But Sloucher had paid more attention to the inner man than had ever been anticipated, and never permitted himself to run short in this relation. Now, however, he was but a slight tax on his stores,

although those to whom he had done such wrong began to minister to his wants with a feeling more kindly and humane than they thought themselves capable of under the circumstances.

A man is divine by accident only. A woman is divine by nature. The avenues to his sympathies are difficult and tortuous with a detective at every turn, while those leading to the heart of a woman are broad, straight, and as open as the day, without a suspicion obstructing them. On the one part, there is cold calculation; on the other, the frankest confidence; and hence the sufferings and misconceptions to which she is so constantly subjected. Unless you humiliate and degrade her, you can never tramp the angel out of her, and even then, amid the ruin that is wrought, there are to be found some traces of the vanished plumes. A man is frequently a monster beyond redemption. A woman is never wholly lost. She has the right by nature to a double stock of sympathy, and she has got it. She bestows more human life on the world than a man, and has absolutely a larger share in existence than he; from the fact, that she fosters its metaphysical being and perfects its physical structure to an extent totally beyond his opportunities or capacity. In the words, a wife and a mother, there is a broader and more important significance than there is in the words, a husband and a father. And although Alice Ravenswood was still a maiden and without the sacred investiture of either holy appellation, there was in her sweet young heart, bright promise of the future as she listened to the anguished moans of her prostrate enemy, and consented to stand by his bed side with words of forgiveness already promised him by Madge.

But the one great anxiety still pressed on the fair girl—that of conveying if possible some word of intelligence to the poor invalid and those who had not now heard from her for weeks.

Although the day had been dark and chilly, the apartment in which Alice and Madge were seated had been so long barricaded against the external atmosphere, its oppressiveness now manifested itself to such a degree, that Madge was constrained to open one of those apertures that once served for loopholes, and that had long been closed by the Fanatic with a view to preserving the secrecy of his more worldly apartment, which was lighted from above. To accomplish this, all that was necessary was to push back a small sliding shutter in the wainscoting, and withdraw a solid block of pine of considerable size, fitted exactly to the largest of the openings. This Madge did, just as night had set in after another long day of suspense on the part of Alice, and without dwelling for a moment on the fact, that now that the lamp was lighted its rays streamed through the orifice a short distance from the ground into the darkness without.

When Titmouse began to entertain a surmise that his young mistress was perhaps, after all, a prisoner in the lonely residence of the Fanatic, he made sundry surreptitious visits to the old block-house after night, but all to no purpose, for so far. Time and again he had crept round and round the gloomy building in the hopes of being able to get a glimpse of the interior, or to catch some word or token that might verify his suspicions; and as often did he return to the villa to brood over his disappointment, alone, for from all save the Chief he kept the secret of his visits, lest so strange a fancy might subject him to ridicule. As already observed, all the inmates of the villa and the friends of Alice, including the Chief and many of the Indians, were constantly making the most minute and diligent search for her. Maurice and Francis with the assurance of but little interference with their operations, were ever moving from point to point in the hope of gaining some intelligence of her; but, as may be supposed, to no purpose. Every avenue had been so securely closed against them by the death of the Noose and the half-breed, as well as through the precautions of Sloucher, not a gleam of hope could they discover in any direction. Even the witchfinder, who had recently seemed to become more manageable, and perhaps inclined to doubt his own infallibility, declared that he knew nothing whatever of the fugitive, nor did Sloucher, for whose sincerity and veracity he was still willing to pledge himself. This was most disheartening; but still the dwarf was determined to keep his eye on the solitary domicile of the Fanatic; and in furtherance of this resolution, he had determined to make another pilgrimage to it, and that too on the very night at which we have now arrived.

While, then, Alice and Madge were conversing on the low condition of the Fanatic and the possible upshot of his death, which might lead to the discovery of the fugitive. Their attention was attracted by a noise that seemed to proceed from the opening just mentioned. The eyes of Alice were suddenly turned in alarm toward that point, when, simultaneously with her companion, she plainly beheld the features of Titmouse who had gained the aperture, and was now evidently but waiting a signal to work his way through it, or to receive some communication from the lips of his astonished mistress.

Madge on perceiving the face of the dwarf sprang instantly to her feet, and approaching the opening, whispered to him to squeeze himself through, if he thought he could make his exit speedily by the same passage. The little fellow without a moment's hesi-

tation, wormed himself through the opening and in a few moments stood in the apartment.

This was joy inexpressible to Alice, who now, for the first time, learned of the return of Maurice and of all that had occurred since the night of her flight. It was unbounded relief to her to hear that Francis Ellencourt had arrived, also, and had been with the Governor; while the fact of Florence having taken up her abode temporarily at the villa, with a view to solacing and sustaining the spirits of her invalid mother was to her most consoling. Now, however, she should be able to relieve her lover and friends of the terrible anxiety that had so long beset them as to her probable fate. She resolved, consequently, to warn them one and all not to approach her place of concealment at present, as she was in no absolute immediate danger, from the fact that her enemy, the Fanatic, had neither the will nor the power to work her further mischief. This she hastily embodied in a note, to her mother and Maurice, which was given to the dwarf, who soon disappeared through the channel which he had entered, and over which the shutter was now securely slid at once.

But the fanatics of the church, and those of the Special Court created by his Excellency, were still powerful enough to make one final effort to mark the terrible drama with a wholesale sacrifice of those who had been already consigned to prison. The gloomy and dangerous men who were sincerely impressed with the belief that it was their bounden duty to bring to the stake or the gallows all who were charged with witchcraft, had yet a sufficient following to make them formidable, even in the eyes of the Governor, who did not consider himself yet in a position to dissolve the Court. Hence, these fanatics, who were sustained by many misguided soldiers and citizens, had, after due deliberation in secret council and in prayer, determined to clutch their lawful prey from the grasp of the civil authorities and sacrifice the enemies of the Lord even at the risk of their own lives—that is should there be any further indications on the part of his Excellency to reject the superstition as unfounded, or interfere with the judgment of the Court.

In a single hour, then, affairs that had been growing more favorable for the persecuted took a sudden and unexpected turn; and even while Titmouse was on his way back to the villa, both meeting, and conspiracy against the authorities had assumed so active and dangerous an aspect, that those in prison, and such as had been suspected and named for denunciation, were in a position the most perilous, as they now were marked for wholesale destruction by a force that might, perhaps, cope successfully with that at the command of the government.

This secret impulse given to the infamous persecution appealed once more to the superstition of the witchfinder, who, without pausing to analyze the motives, threw himself again into harness, but this time with more caution and secrecy. As already observed, his convictions were sincere, and if he had begun to waver in relation to them, now that the servants of the Lord had determined to return to the charge with vigor, he fell into their views as warmly as ever, presuming that the weakness that had recently beset his opinions was simply due to the machinations of the Evil One.

Ill then, as the Fanatic was, Peter Huskins determined to visit him on this very night, to apprise him that, during the evening, it had been decided to cut off by a sudden and unexpected stroke all those already imprisoned under the charge of witchcraft, as well as those suspected of that terrible crime. This latter the witchfinder had determined to endorse, as the only project that could save the land and the servants of the Lord from the dangers that beset both.

Full of this intelligence, then, Peter set out after nightfall for the abode of the Fanatic, which he reached in time to be attracted by a singular gleam of light from a part of the building that had always appeared to him to present a solid resistance to anything of the sort. He was surprised, and paused within a short distance of the building to note the circumstance, when suddenly he descried a human head mount to a level with the aperture through which the light streamed. He was astounded beyond measure, and moving cautiously forward was about to seize upon the object of his wonderment, when the thought struck him that, doubtless, this was some emissary of the foul fiend, who had, by his mysterious power, caused the solid wall to give away before him, so that he might enter and plague the sick man.

This flash of thought caused him to recoil; nor was he greatly reassured when he saw the form of Titmouse pass through the wall and disappear on the inside. Perceiving, however, that the light again streamed through the opening he cautiously approached, and peering through caught a glimpse of Alice, as she was eagerly listening to the dwarf, and making enquiries in relation to those at the villa.

Hearing her name mentioned by Titmouse, he at once knew her through her disguise, and, of course, as he was not in a position to see Madge Gordon from where she was standing, he rushed to the conclusion that the witch Ravenswood had taken possession of the house of his trusty colleague, and was now holding communication with her familiars, who were passing and repassing through the solid wall.

Now, however, he began to discover that the light came through one of the old loopholes, and as it was soon again partially obstructed he plainly recognized the features of the dwarf as he once more appeared at the orifice and began to creep through it. Perplexed and confused beyond measure, he determined to secure the little urchin, the moment he touched the ground, and possess himself of the missive that he saw Alice hand him. It were best, however, not to disturb the sick man by any outcry, so, moving off rapidly into the path that he knew the dwarf must take on his way back to the villa, he waited in silence the approach of the little emissary, presuming that the note of which he was the bearer, would disclose a harvest of names that might be turned to good account by the morose and inflamed fanatics that now had become desperate in all things.

He had not paused but a very short period when his ear caught the hasty approach of Titmouse, who, all unconscious of danger, was rapidly retracing his steps toward the villa. Soon there was but a single pace between them, and Huskins had just stretched forth his sinewy arm to clutch his intended victim, when he was thrown forward several feet on his side, as though he had been tripped, and struck or dashed suddenly from his place by some one behind him. Stunned by the fall, he lay a few seconds before he fully comprehended what had occurred; but recovering his feet as soon as might be, he started off along the track taken by the dwarf, in the hope of overhauling him, although with no very well assured feeling of success, for again he was almost satisfied that he had for the moment been baffled by some agent of the enemy of mankind. Still he was in the service of the Lord and should prevail against the Powers of Evil. He had not proceeded far, however, until he was again assailed, and this time he found himself in the clutch of two men, who, aided by a third, closely pinioned him, and threatening him with instant death if he made any outcry, deprived him of some papers, which they handed to the third party, and hurried him off into the forest in the direction of the ravine. While he was being bound he thought he could descry the diminutive form of the dwarf standing close by, and just as he was being led away, he felt satisfied that the little urchin and the third man, who had assisted in binding his arms, had followed the track to the villa.

After traveling for upwards of an hour, the two men halted before an immense mass of rock, when one of them dragging aside a dense mass of withered foliage, thrust him through an opening that he recognized as the mouth of the cave. Here, while in total darkness, they firmly bound his feet and legs, and laying him gently down on the rocky floor, they left him to his meditations without uttering a single word. He felt satisfied that they were Indians; although it was possible that they might be whites, who had assumed the disguise and the broken English of the red man. Be this as it may, he was now perfectly helpless, and doubtless left to perish in this gloomy place beyond the reach of aid, or at least the probable approach of succor until death had done its work. This was a terrible fate, indeed; but had he not consigned many a poor trembling fellow-creature to quite as dark and as hopeless—as horrible a dungeon.

As the silence grows upon him, and the sense that he has been left to die by his captors, who have, he feels, hastened from the place, he utters a long, loud cry, that reverberates through the cavern; and then all is silence. He seeks to gain his feet, but in vain; nor can he move his hands, or his closely pinioned arms. Again, a cry escapes his pale lips, and again a dread silence succeeds it. His brain begins to burn! He writhes in his anguish a few feet from where he had been laid, and the cave is silent for the rest of the night.

As already remarked, Titmouse had concealed his suspicion in relation to Alice being held in thrall in the gloomy abode of the Fanatic, from all but Red Wing, who now was to be seen daily at the villa or in its neighborhood. The chief, who had no small confidence in the judgment and penetration of the little morsel of humanity, promised to observe silence on the subject, and to keep an eye on the Fanatic's, lest perchance the suspicions of the dwarf might in reality have the broadest foundation. In furtherance of this design, on this very night, and without being aware that Titmouse had preceded him a few minutes previously, he and two of his red companions took the path to the gloomy abode of the Fanatic, in the hope of being able to gain some information with regard to the surmises of the dwarf. They arrived at the lonely habitation just as Huskins had reached the spot from whence he recognized Alice and the features of Titmouse as he crept through the loop-hole or window. Peering from behind a tree within a single yard of the witchfinder, they also witnessed all that he had seen, even to the handing of the letter. Red Wing knew that on the reappearance of the dwarf, Huskins would seek to possess himself of the missive, but determined to prevent it, and as he saw the witchfinder hasten along the path leading to the villa, he knew the intention was to seize the little fellow at some distance from the house, so as not to arouse the suspicions of Miss Ravenswood. Softly he and his comrades followed, taking their stand almost within reach of Huskins, as he now remained awaiting the approach of his intended victim. While following in the footsteps of the

witchfinder, the chief had given rapid directions as to how he was to be disposed of; for now that he had seen Alice, he must not be permitted to lay his hands on her; for it was evident from his exclamation when he had caught a glimpse of her, that she had been secreted in the Fanatic's without his previous knowledge; although, in reality, her presence there had been attributed by him to some demoniacal agency. Nevertheless he must now be taken care of and not permitted to return to the Fanatic's, and hence the disposition already made of him.

When Red Wing and the dwarf reached the villa, the joyful tidings they had to convey, were broken gradually to the invalid. On perceiving her daughter's handwriting, Mrs. Ravenswood fainted; but was soon restored, to learn the happy news that she was alive and safe, as well as being in no apprehension of immediate danger. Maurice, on devouring the contents of the note, became as pale as death, and were it not for a superhuman effort would have wept like a woman when the tide returned to his cheek. He could have flown to his beloved, but her wise words forbade him. Life and joy, however, had begun to stir within them all. Florence and Francis were relieved of a terrible fear that had pressed upon them; and all the household seemed to feel that the hour of deliverance was drawing nigh. The papers that had been taken from the witchfinder, who had been searched at the instance of Titmouse, contained like those of the Fanatic some information of the most vital importance to the Governor, and these Francis determined to lay before his Excellency early in the morning, in the belief that they could not fail to precipitate instantly a crisis in which justice and truth should triumph at once. John Lightfoot and Martha began to indulge in the hope that the day of oppression was fast dawning to a close; while Emily, in expectation of soon seeing her beloved young mistress once more, sobbed in a retired nook, for no inconsiderable time, on the shoulder, or perhaps something very like the breast of Robert. There was much that was akin to peace in the household that night, and a bright winged angel, very like in appearance to Alice, flitted through the slumbers of Maurice and those of the invalid.

When Titmouse had disappeared from the apartment where he had had the sudden and unexpected interview with Alice, and when the slide had been again drawn over the aperture by which he had made his egress, Alice and her companion sat down to congratulate themselves on the accidental and fortunate rencontre. The period of the interview had been too brief to put Miss Ravenswood in possession of all that could interest her deeply; but it was sufficiently long to relieve her burdened mind of the heavy load that for many days had weighed it down. While in the midst of their confidences, a sound from the adjoining apartment attracted the attention to the sick man, when rising simultaneously, they both entered his chamber, and, for the first time since her abduction, Alice stood beside him. The meeting was strange in its essence, and affected both in no ordinary degree. On perceiving her, the Fanatic, pale and motionless, looked up as if to read her heart in her eyes; and when he perceived them moist with the tears of compassion for his intense and prolonged suffering, he slowly extricated his attenuated hand from the covering of the pallet that had long been made comfortable, and extended it timidly toward her. She took it frankly, and returning its feeble pressure, she laid her own delicate fingers in token of forgiveness upon his clammy brow. A long-drawn sigh told of the relief he experienced, and now, to complete the triumph of the divine in humanity, he heard from the lips of Madge also, a full and tear-bedewed pardon for all the misery that both she and her long-lost daughter had suffered at his hands, for she now revealed her whole knowledge of what had passed in years gone by. There was a deep struggle in the breast of the once powerful man, as with unaccustomed feelings, and in a scarcely audible voice, although in words now perfectly intelligible, he poured forth his repentant soul in trembling accents of gratitude for the boon bestowed upon him. When his pardon had been sealed by both, he motioned Madge to draw near, and slowly whispering to her something that escaped Alice, the woman withdrew for a moment. In a brief space she returned, bearing a small package of papers and a pen and ink. Alice was now motioned to a seat at the rude table, and being requested to write, the sufferer dictated a codicil to the description of a will, or schedule of all his earthly goods and possessions, giving to Madge Gordon the whole in trust for her grandson, until he came of age, with sufficient for her own maintenance during her life.

Alice was astonished at the extent and value of the property; nor had her companion any idea previously of its magnitude. The paragraph perfected, the sick man, with an effort the most painful, managed to sign it, while Alice affixed her name as a witness. The exertion must have been too great for him, however, for he had evidently swooned when it was over. Soon nevertheless, he gave evidence of returning consciousness, and as he began to breathe more freely, the two women stole softly away and left him to repose, if such it might be called.

Early the next morning, Francis Ellencourt was again closeted with Sir William Phipps, who, from

the contents of the paper now submitted to him, and that had been taken from the witchfinder, found it necessary to overthrow instantly, and at a single stroke, the fanatics and the gloomy edifice that even still threatened to involve him in ruin. There was not a moment to be lost! A dreadful and bloody conspiracy had been concocted against him and all those in prison for witchcraft; and if it was not to succeed, it must be struck to the very heart on the instant. As already intimated, he had fortified himself in many relations, to make his success most certain ultimately; but here was a daring attempt to subvert all law and order, as well as every sentiment of humanity. Before noon, all the chief conspirators were under arrest, and by one o'clock the Special Court had been dissolved, the jail doors opened and every one who had been imprisoned on the foul charge of witchcraft liberated! The terrible delusion of the day had been hurled to the earth, never to rise again, and the first massive block had been securely laid in the foundation of human freedom in the New World.

The intelligence spread like wild-fire, and larger numbers than had at first been anticipated hailed it with joy. The weathercock of the soldiery, too, still true to its history, veered round again at a moment's notice, when there was nothing to be gained by settling down rustily in one direction.

Francis was the first to reach the villa with the joyful intelligence; and soon Florence, Maurice and he, together with Robert, John Langton and Titmouse, were at the door of the gloomy dwelling where Alice, unconscious of what had occurred, still considered herself a persecuted fugitive. At first, Madge Gordon refused to admit them; but hearing the voice of the dwarf, she regarded all safe, and soon the whole party were standing in the little wainscotted entry on one side of which opened a door into the sick room. A word from Titmouse—who had already become a hero—soon explained everything; and Madge perceiving how matters stood, instantly admitted Florence and Maurice into the apartment in which Alice now stood in a bewilderment of hope and alarm. A single glimpse of the joyous face of Maurice revealed all; and, with a bound, she fell fainting into his arms.

In the meantime, Madge had led Titmouse to the bed side of the Fanatic, who now gazed upon him intently. After dwelling upon the features of the little fellow, and learning that the days of the superstition had passed away forever, he whispered to Madge to ask the presence of Alice and Maurice for a brief moment. In a few seconds the lovers stood before him, when he faintly whispered for Maurice to add his forgiveness to that already expressed by Alice. A word of explanation on the part of the fair girl won the frank and free pardon of her brave lover who spoke the desired pardon into the failing man's ear. On hearing it, he turned round with an effort, and tremblingly taking the hand of Alice, he placed it in that of Maurice. A blessing feebly faltered on his tongue, a smile passed over his palid features, now no longer repulsive, and he was gone!

Months had passed away, and the relation between Maurice and Alice; that between Francis and Florence; that between John Langton and Martha, and that between Emily Graham and Robert had received, respectively, that important benediction which the Church and society consider indispensable to the happiness of those who are tired of single blessedness, and without which neither luck nor grace can follow the culminating compact formed for life between a man and a woman. As, in the town generally, so in individual dwellings peace and prosperity were beginning to steadily diffuse their benign light. Francis Ellencourt and Maurice accepted important public positions, and old Dick Giles had begun to ply his vocation on the river, in a brand-new boat called "The Alice," and another called "The Florence." Red Wing and Firefly were frequent visitors at both The Heights and the villa, and the invalid seemed to have taken a new lease of her life. Everything was progressing smoothly, and all matters appeared explained satisfactorily, save the prolonged disappearance of Peter Huskins. Upon this point the chief had often been interrogated, but all to no purpose, until one day in the early Spring, after old Dick had disposed of his furs to great advantage, as Maurice and he were shooting alone along the ravine, their attention was attracted by a number of men at the mouth of a cave which had become exposed, as it appeared, from the foliage that covered it having given way beneath a weight of snow. Evidently something of an unusual nature had transpired, for the little crowd were hanging over some object that lay within the opening. On drawing near, what was the surprise of one of the friends at least, to recognize the features of the witchfinder, notwithstanding that they were greatly mutilated as if from a fall or some extreme violence. On enquiry, it was found that some persons present, who had been exploring the cave, came upon a chasm nearly one hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which a white thread of a torrent seemed to be tearing along. Anxious to fathom its mysterious depths, they constructed rope ladders and descended with a torch. At the bottom they found a subterranean stream as they had anticipated; but what astounded them most was, that dead among the jagged rocks on its brink, lay a man, who from the fact of his having been bound hands and

feet, seemed to them to have been deliberately thrown over the precipice. The body was soon recognized to be that of the witchfinder; but the idea of his having been intentionally flung into the gulf was erroneous; although it can scarcely be doubted, that the two Indians who had brought the unfortunate thither, had purposely placed him on the very edge of the fatal trap, so as to make him, in a measure, his own executioner.

And thus ends our little narrative with all its imperfections. During its course we trust we have offended neither justice nor truth; but that, on the contrary, we have afforded some little instruction and edification, in what we have said touching humanity in general, and the dire superstition that for a period clouded the young life of THE WITCH OF THE WINE MARK.

[THE END.]

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NO. XXV.

THE GREAT WRESTLING MATCH.

In noticing the extraordinary Bible stories which are too improbable to gain our credulity, it is fit, probably, that we should not omit the most remarkable wrestling match which has ever been reported, the parties to which were God and his favored servant Jacob, as narrated in the thirty-second chapter of Genesis.

After Jacob had tarried twenty years with his father-in-law, Laban, securing his two wives, and by a system of sharp practice in cattle-raising which the world has never anywhere else exhibited, he became very wealthy in flocks, herds, camels and asses, it seems God had an interview with him in a dream and instructed him to get out of that land and return to his own kindred.

He accordingly, when his Father-in-law was absent from home shearing sheep, stole away, taking all the wealth he claimed to have made from Laban's possessions, and his wife Rachel stole, also, the gods and images that were her father's. They thus early showed the disposition for acquiring property, honestly or dishonestly—a reputation which their descendants for centuries have persistently maintained.

When Jacob neared his father's residence, he seemed to have some misgivings as to the kind of reception he would receive from his brother Esau, probably growing out of the sharp game he had played upon him many years before, in the matter of the birth-right and the mess of pottage; and with his characteristic shrewdness he sent servants with valuable presents to Esau to placate him and allay any unfriendly feeling that might linger in his breast toward his long absent brother Jacob. The ruse seems to have been successful, for Esau went out and met Jacob in a commendable brotherly spirit, quite contrary to the fears the latter had entertained.

The most remarkable part of this narrative is the account of the extraordinary wrestling match between God and Jacob during the night immediately succeeding the day on which the presents aforesaid were sent. Jacob seemed to be fearful, notwithstanding the very generous presents he had made to Esau, as to the reception he would meet with, and he arose in the night and sent his two wives, his two concubines and his eleven children and all his treasures over the ford of Jabbok, and he was left alone, and God came in and wrestled with him till the break of day. The match seems not to have been conducted precisely upon the rules which since have governed the prize ring and boxing and wrestling matches. Usually seconds are chosen and an umpire appointed to see that fair play to both sides is used. In this case there were no seconds nor umpire—the two wrestlers were alone, with none to witness the contest which for several hours was so evenly kept up.

Although in no other parts of the Bible are we told of any remarkable muscular strength or bravery exhibited by Jacob, he must have been one of the most powerful athletes ever known, to hold an even

contest with God for several hours so vigorously. We do not believe any of the most noted acrobats, gymnasts or prize-fighters that ever lived would be able to hold God an even contest for hours, if God did his best. If he would consent to meet the ablest of them in a contest of this kind, had we money to risk on the result, we should bet on God every time.

Jacob, however, must have the credit of acquitting himself remarkably well in the encounter, for God seems to have gained nothing upon him until he took an unfair advantage and put Jacob's hip out of joint. By modern rules such conduct would be called "foul," and would lose the game and the "stakes." But God, doubtless, considered it fair, or he would not have resorted to that course, especially as daylight had come, and it was important he should be off. He asked Jacob to let him go, but Jacob refused unless God would comply with his demands, so the putting out of his hip was, perhaps, after all, justifiable.

We recollect in our childhood days wrestling was tabooed by the strictest teachers of morality as being of an immoral and objectionable tendency, but if God engaged in it, and gave lessons to a person he was so partial to as he was to Jacob, we cannot see upon what grounds the exercise should be pronounced immoral. What was done by God and Jacob would seem to be good enough for anybody.

In this instance of God's wrestling with Jacob for hours, he must have been more thoroughly "materialized" than on usual occasions when he exhibited himself. We have accounts of several occasions where he made himself visible and talked with men; as in the Garden of Eden, where he walked in the cool of the day and conversed with Adam and Eve, afterwards with Cain after he murdered Abel, afterwards with Noah in reference to building the ark and shipping his live cargo. He afterwards appeared to Moses, first as fire in the burning bush, afterwards on Mount Sinai during the forty days they were up there together cutting the ten commandments on tables of stone. On still another occasion, he showed Moses his back parts. Why he showed his back parts and not his front parts, the account does not state, except that no man could see his face and live. That he had front parts as well as back parts, there cannot be a reasonable doubt, for no personage was ever seen with back parts but what had front parts also.

He consented, however, to put Moses in the cleft of the rock and place his hand over him while he was passing by, letting him see his back parts only, as just stated. It looks to a disinterested person as though there was a clash between these statements as to God's being seen. That God was seen on several occasions, we have the most positive Bible assurances, and when John says, "No man hath seen him at any time," and Paul says, "No man hath seen him or can see him," it would appear they had borne false testimony, or that the persons who made the other statements had done so. Though these passages from "God's Word" may seem contradictory to a natural man, to one having spiritual discernment it is to be supposed they are perfectly consistent.

In this wrestling case, though God saw fit to put Jacob's hip out of joint, he did not leave him in that unpleasant predicament without doing something for him in return. Before this time he had simply been called Jacob; but God now gave him the name of Israel. Jacob may have considered this full compensation for the injury inflicted, but for our own part we would not have our hip put out of joint for a dozen new names. The two evidently parted in the best of spirits, and Jacob called the place "Peniel, for I have seen God face to face and my life is preserved."

The question may arise: If Moses could not see God's face and live, how could Jacob? It must be borne in mind, however, that they were two different men. If Jacob had the muscular strength to hold out against God for hours in a wrestling match, it is not improbable he would have strength enough of the optic nerves to see his face, and not die from the effects of it.

Seriously, these Bible stories of God's wrestling with men, of his showing his back parts, of his talking face to face with various individuals are significant of the crude age of the world in which they were written. At that time it was supposed the earth was the centre of the Universe, that it was flat and station-

ary, and that the sun and moon made daily circuits around it, and that the stars were small bodies of light placed in a solid firmament a short distance from the earth. Their ideas of God were equally as crude and imperfect. They supposed him to be a being, having the form and appearance of a man, who had a throne above the firmament from which he could oversee all parts of the earth, and who spent much of his time in war and bloodshed, leading one nation against another in the most bloody conflicts, and often betraying one army into the hands of another, more cruel, without any adequate reason, and frequently putting scores of thousands to death on a single occasion.

Since the world has learned to have more enlarged and correct views of the Universe, that the earth is but a very small portion of the solar system, and that the solar system is but a very small fraction of the Universe—that systems and constellations fill the immensity of space in all directions, as far as the mind can think, many have come to entertain grander conceptions of deity than those crude notions of him held by Jacob, and Moses and Joshua.

When it is remembered that the earth not only revolves on its axis at the rate of one thousand miles an hour, but that in its course around the sun it flies with a velocity of more than a thousand miles a minute, and that the entire solar system is rushing with an accelerated velocity in another direction around a much greater and far distant sun, the inconsistency of the idea of a local God, seated on a fixed throne in some particular point in the heavens can be easily comprehended.

When we realize that the same deity that presides in our land must necessarily be equally present on every side of our globe and through it, and not only the same in the sun and moon and planets, but in the numberless other systems and worlds—in the distant constellation of Orion and millions of others, still billions of times further removed—in all these trillions of worlds just as much as here—we can perhaps have a faint conception of the utter absurdity of the theory of olden times, that God was an organized being; that he occupied a single point in immensity; that his attention was given specially to the affairs of a single nation of roving brigands, that he was fickle, cruel, revengeful and malicious, and that he spent any portion of his time in a wrestling contest with Jacob, or in showing his back parts to Moses.

The more appreciative are our ideas of this boundless Universe, the more expanded will be our conceptions of an unorganized, impersonal, ever-present Deity, wherever matter and worlds and space exist.

Christianity Examined.

NO. VIII.

In previous numbers of this series we have called attention to the great similarity between the legends ascribed to the manner in which Christ was born of a virgin without the aid of a natural father, by the intervention of Divinity, and a very similar legend in Hindoo mythology, taught and implicitly believed, of a Jezus Christna. We traced the very striking similarity between the original and the copy, and showed that in all essential particulars the story of Jesus Christ of the Christian religion was extremely like the much older mythology of Jezus Christna of India. We called attention to the fact that it was hardly probable two real incidents, in characteristics so nearly alike, could take place in countries a thousand miles apart, and nearly as many years from each other. We saw one was the older, the other the younger; one the original, the other the copy. We perceived, conclusively, that Christna of India was not copied after Christ of Palestine, and came to the conclusion that it was the reverse; the mythology of Christ was borrowed from the older story of India.

In that age of the world it was customary, in many nations, to adhere to the belief of gods and demi-gods—that Deity in a peculiar intercourse with humanity produced an intermediate offspring, part God and part man, partaking equally of the nature of both. This doctrine was inculcated in India, Persia, Egypt, Phœnicia, Greece, and other nations; so when we come down to the later time of the Christian era the prevalent doctrines of the older nations had only to

be adopted to fabricate the entire story upon which the Christian religion is founded.

For the benefit of those who have become subscribers since we called attention to these facts, we trust our older readers will pardon us if we repeat, to some extent, some of the ideas already set forth. In this connection we beg to ask a few moments' observation to the history of Buddha of India, the greatest teacher, perhaps, that ever lived, and whose doctrines have had a much greater number of believers than any other teacher that ever walked this planet. His followers and disciples have numbered hundreds of millions, and have been nearly twenty times as numerous as the followers of Jesus. At the present time his adherents number nearly half the entire population of the globe, and fully ten times as many as the entire Christian world. His doctrines have been most peaceful, and have been promulgated by the elements of peace, and not by the sword, as has been the case with Christianity and Mahometanism.

The followers of Buddha implicitly believe that Mahamaia, his mother, was an immaculate virgin, that she conceived through a divine influence, thus possessing the divine element of his father and the human character from his mother. That he stood upon his feet soon after his birth and talked to those around him; that at five years of age he sat unsupported in the air; that after he entered upon his sacred mission, he was attacked by demons who tried to make him swerve from the path of duty in which his feet had commenced their journey. By penance, self-denial and prayer he maintained his supremacy over these numerous demons, and caused them to flee from his presence.

He taught his disciples that a paradise of gems, of flowers, feasts, and music awaited the faithful, and a hell of torments in flames of sulphur and fire was the doom of the wicked. He commenced his ministry at about thirty years of age, and wandered over the country from place to place attended by his disciples. He dressed in the coarsest manner, and fed upon the plainest kinds of food.

Buddha, which means "Intelligence," called also Arddha Chiddi, also Chakai Mouni, and also Gotama, which means "he who kills the senses," existed in the tenth century before the Christian era, was said to have belonged to the royal family, and to have been born in affluence, he pursued a life of pleasure until he was twenty-nine years of age, when the appearance of a gangrened corpse threw him into a meditative mood, after which he resolved to relinquish a life of pleasure, and devote himself to one of thoughtfulness and self-denial. He covered himself with a shroud, and became a wandering mendicant, spending his whole time in giving moral and religious instruction. He was of a decided philosophical turn of mind, and in this respect vastly superior to the personage called Jesus, if such a person ever existed.

The theories of Buddha, considering the age of the world, appear to have been remarkably sound and clear. He believed in the existence of a God, who was not, however, a being nor a Creator. He believed matter to be eternal, and though the present form of the Universe should be destroyed, that matter would still really exist and be ready to assume new forms and to enter into new organizations; that it possessed the elements of intelligence, or was endowed with the inherent power of producing intelligence.

In four months after he commenced his ministry, he had gained five disciples. At the close of a year it had increased to twelve hundred, and in the twenty-nine centuries which have since passed away, he has, as we observed, had vastly more adherents than any other system of religion the world has ever known. The believers in his doctrine that have lived since his debut on earth, would have to be computed by thousands of millions. In point of purity of doctrine, peacefulness of behavior, self-denying sincerity and fervent devotion to the principles of true philosophy, coupled with the success of his teachings, Buddha doubtless far transcended any religious teacher who ever lived.

The reference to him in the Sanscrit proves him to have been of Hindoo origin, but in India his peculiar philosophy was largely superseded by the older philosophy of Brahminism, which is more aristocratic

in character, sustaining the ideas of castes and inherited superiority. It was founded on the "Institutes of Menu" and the teachings of the Vedas and Puranas, the Hindoo Scriptures, which Buddha discarded. The Brahmins were the clergy of their religion, and were born to their position and held themselves distinct and above the lower classes, which they despised; whereas a Buddhist priest could come from the lower classes as well as any other, and they aimed to do away with all distinction of caste. The Brahmin philosophy was rather more upon the pantheistic order than Buddhism, which was Atheistic in its character, and the former recognized as well a creation of the Universe. Brahminism was originally Monotheistic, but it had its trinity, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, and afterwards other gods, angels and genii were introduced. Christna was the great favorite deity of the women. The trinity of Buddha was the past, the present and the future.

If Buddhism lost ground in India, it became the prevailing religion of China, Siam, Tartary, Thibet, Burmah, Japan, Ceylon and other countries. If in some of these countries the original purity of its doctrines has been somewhat lost in the succession of centuries it only illustrates the tendency to change or evolution which all systems of religion have exhibited. We repeat, no other system of religion has met with such success, has spread itself so peacefully, or has diffused more happiness to its adherents than Buddhism. Christianity can in no wise compare with it in these respects.

We have shown that the belief of a virgin being impregnated by a divine influence, and the product a child, half God and half man, existed many centuries before the Christian era, and that the idea was very far from being original with the inventors and founders of Christianity. Thus Alankee, one of Gengiskan's grandmothers, was believed to have been impregnated, when a virgin, by a ray from heaven. Grecian mythology was also full of the same idea of gods and mortals cohabiting together, thus producing demi-gods; so that, though a strong similarity is perceived in this regard between the traditions of the older systems, and those of the Church of Rome, the founders of Christianity are positively denied the credit of originality in this sublime belief. They simply borrowed the idea and substituted new *propria persona* in the grand drama of deo-mortal cohabitation.

Thus we see Christianity, like all the other religions of the earth, has been an outgrowth or an evolution of the preceding systems. To be what it is, it had only to take a little from Brahminism, a little from Buddhism, a little from Judaism, a little from Grecian mythology and philosophy, and the same to be given to artful priests to manipulate and make up anew. Paul was probably adequate to the task; and if he was not, Eusebius, Augustine, and scores of the earlier Christian fathers, were dishonest enough and ingenious enough to do it.

There is really nothing wonderful or miraculous about the Christian religion, if we look at it with eyes unblinded by holy awe and superstition. Every dogma on the list has been borrowed from older systems. It does not contain a single *original* idea. Everything in it existed centuries before Christianity as a system was thought of. It is only those who have been born and reared in its influence that can see anything divine in it. It certainly is no purer, no more moral, no more successful than other systems of religion—in fact far less so. Like Mahometanism it has been spread by the aid of the sword, and like it has caused human blood to flow in rivers, hurrying to an untimely death millions upon millions of the sons and daughters of humanity. Immense armies have been marshalled for its promulgation. In the line of its hidden horrors of persecution, murder and intolerance, in fettering the free aspirations of the human soul, in holding back human longings for freedom and mental liberty, in clogging the wheels of the car of progress, in its racks and stakes and infernal tortures in the name of holy religion, it has far transcended any and all religions that have ever existed on the earth.

By continually picturing and painting the Jesus of the Christian system in prints, in books, and upon the canvas, with a solemn visage and a halo always around his head, and suspended upon the cross in the agonies of death; by calling him God, the maker of

heaven and earth, children grow up with a full belief in his divine character, and an awe for him which would just as easily have attached to any other individual that had been presented to their view continually in the same manner.

It is not strange that respect, veneration, and love even, is accorded to Jesus by such numbers of men and women. This fondness for hero worship has been exhibited in all religions and nations in all ages of the world. Thus we see it in the followers of Christna, Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, Plato, Jesus, Mahomet, Luther, Geo. Fox, Ann Lee and Joseph Smith. The devotees of all these individuals maintain a profound reverence for their cherished leaders which often has amounted to worship, and in many cases to a deification of the adored individual. Christians are not alone in this worshipful feeling, and it is no more for them to adore their leader, their ideal or their idol, than for the mistaken zealots of other creeds, all alike needing greater light, more science, more mental liberty, and a greater diffusion of natural common sense. It is to be hoped the world is progressing at a reasonably rapid rate toward this consummation so devoutly to be wished, and that the sun of science and truth is dispelling the shadows of superstition and error, and effectually driving them back to the caverns and recesses of forgetfulness, where they justly belong. All hail to the glad day, when reason, light and mental freedom shall rule! Avaunt priestcraft, superstition and mental slavery! Great glory, happiness and progression is, we trust, in store for the human race!

WE ARE glad to see our able champion, B. F. Underwood, is meeting with good success in various parts of the West. He is dealing sturdy blows to the errors and absurdities of past darkened ages, and letting in the light of science and truth. We get cheering accounts of the effect of his labors in many places, and sundry reports in the secular press of his addresses. In our next we will try and give our readers the benefit of one of these reports. Long may Mr. Underwood retain his health and vigor to continue the good work he is so ably prosecuting.

It is with unfeigned pleasure we announce the return to this city of our friend and brother, G. L. Henderson. He was extremely sick while in the West, and at one time thought his end really had come. His friends gave him up to die, and some who were still within the influence of the Christian faith importuned him to allow prayers to be offered up for him, but he firmly declined, saying he found his belief equally as good to die by as to live by, and that he had not the slightest desire to turn back to the dark creeds of Christianity, Druidism, or any other form of Paganism. He believed dying was the easiest part of our struggle in this existence, and that he should step forward into the great unknown future without the least fear or misgiving.

A crisis in his disease took place, and the result was a favorable one. He gradually began to mend, and though his weight was reduced to ninety pounds, he soon began to improve, and in a few weeks he was able to make the journey with his family to this city, and he is still gaining in health and strength. He will make this his future home, and we hope many years may be spared him in which to prosecute the work of reform and effective organization of the Liberal element of the country, which he so fondly cherishes.

Draper's Conflict.

We wish to call the attention of our readers again to Dr. Draper's very admirable book on *The Conflict between Science and Religion*. No more appropriate work could have been done at the present time than to write a history of the long and terrible conflict between the agencies of intolerance and of liberalism, which has resulted in that large measure of free opinion which the present age enjoys. Dr. Draper has done an important service for his time. No notice or review can do justice to the work. One of the incidental characteristics of the book is the large amount of interesting information it contains regarding the progress of scientific knowledge. In it we

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

A Study of Harmonialism.

BY A. O. GENUNG.

We shall allude to Spiritualism in this essay as a philosophy, but a system so superlatively self-contradictory in its character would at the best, perhaps, be more fittingly expressed by the term theory. We will first consider for illustration, the several modes of explaining the existence of a spiritual essence. At one time a favorite method of explanation was that on the death of an individual, a spiritual form is eliminated or thrown off from the original organization. Again, prominent exponents of the philosophy maintained—recognizing the fact that immortality to exist at all must extend both ways—that the theory of pre-existence is necessary to account for the continuance of the thinking principle. And now a popular mode of interpretation is that man is a duality, beginning at birth, and continuing through all time.

And Spiritualists do not agree respecting the existence or non-existence of a presiding Deity. Some maintain that none exists, other than the principle manifested in Nature, while others assure us that he occurs as an intelligent Force, but fail to explain how intelligence may exist apart from organization.

Again, while all agree that the existence of a spiritual corporal organization must be postulated to account for "materialization," yet, no two are agreed, respecting the effects, that abnormal, physical, and mental changes may exert on the spirit form.

And recently a prominent organ of Spiritualism regaled its readers with a tedious discussion of the question whether the marriage rite is perpetuated in the "spheres," when a single monosyllable from those regions would set the matter at rest?

And finally when the childish and conflicting character of the testimony of so-called spirit communion becomes so strikingly apparent as to peremptorily demand reconciliation with common sense an apologist is not wanting to come forward with an audacious system called "Diakka," designed to account for every discrepancy of statement, but whose actual effect is to render confusion worse confounded.

We are not ignorant of the fact that it is claimed for Spiritualism that it is a system to be gradually developed, and that "mediumism" furnishes as yet an imperfect means of communion. But here we are reminded that an unquestioned spiritualistic authority asserts that, to quote *verbatim*: "I have heard an uneducated bar-man, when in a state of trance, maintain a dialogue with a party of philosophers, on 'Reason and Fore-knowledge, Will and Fate,' and hold his own against them. I have put to him the most difficult questions in psychology, and received answers always thoughtful, often full of wisdom, and invariably conveyed in choice and elegant language." Is it unreasonable to suggest that the intelligence which converses through this individual might, with equal propriety, be able also to afford us information through answers "full of wisdom" respecting the questions above considered? If the spiritual philosophy be true, why is it that the testimony submitted through mediumism is, as a rule, so utterly at variance with the canons of common-sense? Certainly no one will deny this being the case, when so acceptable an authority as Alfred R. Wallace acknowledges the prevalence of "common-place trivialities, which do undoubtedly form the staple of ordinary seance communications." And why is it that "seers," "sensitives," who assert that they themselves have even visited the spheres, are not supposed to grant us consistent explanations?

We do not wish to display a spirit of dogmatism in our estimates of Spiritualism or its exponents, but the disciples of that philosophy do appear incapable of employing any legitimate method of reasoning. We fear that the value of the jewel, consistency, is underestimated by our friends of the "mystic rap."

It is no uncommon occurrence, however, for Spiritualists to urge in defense of their philosophy, that science, as we understand it, is incapable of establishing limits to human knowledge, and that the methods of observation known to scientific men are not calculated to explore the subtler conditions embraced in a spiritual world. But this objection savors too much of subterfuge, and only serves to remind us of a similar one so long employed by the Christian clergy.

And even were such an objection offered in good faith, it carries with it little weight, for this feeling of security is evidently founded in a misconception of the actual aspect of scientific thought, in this connection. The attitude of science toward Spiritualism is much the same as that which sometimes characterizes an army toward a besieged garrison of the enemy. As the army of assault is practically victorious without firing a gun, through cutting off the supplies and communications of its adversaries, so does science move on "with the passionless strength of a glacier," constantly adding to human knowledge—still there is no longer room nor necessity for "spiritual philosophy."

But it will be urged, however, that the phenomenon, peculiar to Spiritualism, is an irrepressible fact; that manifestations of force, inexplicable through any known law, do occur; and the stereotyped query of the average spiritualist "If not spirits, what is it?" is perpetually greeting our ears. But such is distinctively the argument of the uninformed. The advocates of Harmonialism are too much in the habit of claim-

ing a spiritual origin for every occult force which science has heretofore been unable to clearly account for. Mesmerism, clairvoyance, the odic force, etc., are examples, and were it not for the advanced state of natural knowledge, we fear that even the rainbow and the *aurora borealis* would follow a like fate!

The student of philosophy will, however, naturally inquire, "What do we understand to be the actual significations of the remarkable movement under consideration?" We endeavor to explain. Originally, some inexplicable natural phenomena occurring in an obscure family, they were at once looked upon by an illiterate few, as affording superior evidence of the actual existence of the traditional "soul." And, as a certain class of minds are never so well content as when engaged in the pursuit of the vague and the supernatural, an association of "Spiritualists" was speedily formed. As time passed on another class joined in the movement—a class lacking nothing in intelligence, but whose conduct was such as to lay themselves open to the suspicion of being too eager to secure the maximum of worldly passions for the minimum of exertion; and when the development of genuine phenomena failed to keep pace with the progress of the organization, other "phenomena" were improvised to aid in the desired consummation. And, not to be unjust to the movement, it is necessary to add, that a third class should be considered—that large number of cultivated and well-meaning persons who, living in a progressive age, permit themselves to be identified with a system so much at variance, in its cardinal doctrine, with rational modes of thought. The religion of Christianity, which originated in the crude understanding of a semi-barbarous race, long since reached its acme of power and influence, and is now rapidly passing into decline. Those who have witnessed the spectacle of a staunch built vessel going to pieces on a formidable reef, know with what relentless fury the elements dismember her every plank. Figuratively, Christianity is such a vessel, and natural science is the reef; and it only remains to be said that Spiritualism is simply a fragment of the wreck.

In making a final estimate, then, of the value of their philosophy to civilization, this alone remains to be added: As an auxiliary to Materialism, (the religious aspect of science) Spiritualism is invaluable. As a system of religion or of philosophy, it is, to say the best of it, altogether unsatisfactory.

It is not at all to the point for the advocates and apologists of Harmonialism to urge that until science shall have fully explained the so-called mediumistic phenomena, the balance of evidence predominates in favor of their philosophy, for it is only recently that science has exercised any considerable influence in the province of human thought. And by the way, the public have not as yet digested, nor even become familiar with what has already been written in attempted elucidation of the actual character of the phenomena under consideration, works which, in the judgment of the writer, are well worthy of diligent perusal.

But even should phenomena occur that are not clearly understood, let us not abruptly accept the most preposterous of all interpretations, that of attributing to them a "spiritual" origin, but await patiently such time when science shall be able to offer a rational and consistent explanation.

Is Tyndall's "a Farce of a Philosophy"?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER:—I admire the energy with which our Anti-Christian friend of *The Index* applies "Cultured Free Thought" in opposing slavishness to authority, in encouraging independent thinking, and in denouncing those who would "persecute and despectfully use" Materialists and Atheists; but I do not admire the contemptuous expression he applies to Tyndall's materialism. I have noticed that Abbot says he has no quarrel with it, but only with Tyndall's failure "to extend it unambiguously and without limitation even to sensation and thought," and that what he requires of Tyndall is a more rigorous treatment of science, instead of a "farce of philosophy," which imposes on "man the dire necessity of pouring contempt on his own understanding."

Now whatever ambiguity there may have been in the Address as originally given and reported, that ambiguity is removed by Tyndall's insertion in the 7th edition of the following passage: "The arguments placed in the mouth of Bishop Butler suffices in my opinion to crush out all such materialism as this," that out of sensationless and individually dead atoms, things so utterly incongruous with them as sensation, thought, and emotion can arise. Respecting the definitions of matter in our scientific text-books he says: "The framers of these definitions were not biologists but mathematicians, and had reference to such accidents and properties of matter as could be expressed in their formula. . . . Divorced from matter where is life to be found? Whatever our *faith* may say, knowledge shows life and matter to be inseparably joined. Every meal we eat illustrates the mysterious control of mind by matter." But Abbot says mind is a manifestation of a power he calls God.

I must notice another of Abbot's contemptuous expressions. He says: "It is enough to make every thinker blush with shame to see philosophy so villainously impaled" as it is by Tyndall in the following

sentence: "Considered fundamentally it is by the operation of an insoluble mystery that life is evolved, species differentiated, and mind unfolded, from the prepotent elements of the immeasurable past."

We try to soar in a vacuum the moment we seek to comprehend the connection between them." In this Tyndall's offense with Abbot is that in this sentence Tyndall mystifies religion "in the apotheosis of insoluble mystery," and settles "down in the recognition of an insoluble mystery as the last word of modern science;" while he ought to see that science will solve the mystery. Abbot says "as the condition of all science something must be postulated as a basis." We have seen that in biological science Tyndall postulates eternal living matter as the basis of all organic forms. He argues that no intrusion of creative power into any series of phenomena has ever been observed. The assumption of such a power to account for special phenomena has always proved a failure. It is opposed to the spirit of science. Tyndall sees the molecular groupings and motions of this matter working to definite ends of inorganic existences, and finds in the facts of sustention and growth of organic bodies reasonable grounds for inferring that the same properties of matter are sufficient for the evolution of body and soul (meaning by soul functions called mental); but the problem of their connection is an insoluble mystery; and he conceives that God who can mould matter and bestow mind is not a less soluble mystery, with the added difficulty that while we believe that we know something of mind and matter, we are sure that we do not know God; and "Canst thou by searching find out God?"

Abbot, on the contrary, postulates "inorganic matter which," he says, "is the admitted source of all organic life," (but Abbot means by inorganic matter that which has not life) and, he says, a correct definition of inorganic matter, is the main question; and that "the real secret of all organism must be sought in [the Reason and Goodness exhibited as] *one omnipresent Energy*" which manifests itself in countless atoms as a universal organic "polarity," and also in the atom-built organism as "intelligence." I will not repeat what I have said about its being easy to comprehend Tyndall's belief that living matter, possessing inherent polar or structural forces, is the ultimate cause of the omnipresent Energy, and of the phenomena of body and mind, and it is to comprehend Abbot's Reason and Goodness as the ultimate cause; but I will observe that Abbot ought not to affirm that Tyndall's treatment of science is less rigorous than his own, because he does not presume to know so much about this, (to me inconceivable) diffused Reason and Goodness as Abbot does; and because he does not believe, as Abbot does, that science will eventually solve the problem of the connection of matter and mind by establishing without a doubt the existence of a God acting in every atom, as the ultimate cause. I think that Abbot is unjust in stigmatizing Tyndall's materialism "as a farce of a philosophy," and in affirming that "compared with it straight-out Atheism is infinitely more respectable." Epicurus, like Tyndall did not deny the existence of the gods, but he could not account for the amount of evil and disorder that exists but by the decision that the gods did not interfere with the creation, or management of the world.

The poet who cried,
"Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some borderless contiguity of shade,
Where rumours of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful and successful wars,
Might never reach me more.
My ear is pained, my soul is sick,
With every day's report of wrong and outrage,
With which the earth is filled,"

Expressed the sentiment which leads so many to be unable to believe in a God of goodness and of power. Until Mr. Abbot has made it appear more probable than he has done, that the moral and physical evil, which has existed in all the time recorded by the earth and by books, is consistent with Reason and Goodness *ruled every atom*, I shall be obliged to think Tyndall's philosophy much more consistent than Abbot's is, as it has the advantage of not confusing our minds as to what constitutes Goodness.

JOHN CHAPPELLSMITH.

New Harmony, Ind., Mar., 23d, 1875.

VALUE of church property in the United States in 1850, \$87,328,800; in 1860, \$171,397,932; in 1870, \$357,483,581. At this rate in 1900 it will be \$2,835,865,648. The greater portion of this property is untaxed, while all other property in the country is over-taxed. Cannot the most obtuse-minded person in the country see the danger imminent in the vast accumulations of property the Church is making? Are they "laying up treasures in heaven," or rather are they not earthly treasures and in this world of sin? Nothing endangers the liberties of the people more than church monopolies and priestly dominion.

SCIENCE has never sought to ally herself to civil power. She has never attempted to throw odium or inflict social ruin on any human being. She has never subjected any one to mental torment, physical torture, least of all to death, for the purpose of upholding or promoting her ideas. She presents herself unstained by cruelties and crimes. But in the Vatican—we have only to recall the Inquisition—the lands that are now raised in appeals to the Most Merciful are crimsoned. They have been steeped in blood!—Prof. Draper.

(Continued from No. 15.)

The Jews and their God.

BY ISAAC PADEN.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

So long as theologians are unable to reconcile their idea of the fall of man with justice, and leave their God holding the position of an honorable father, let them cease their claims as expounders of mysteries which they nor no one else can understand. Let the clergy of our day show wherein God or man was benefited in cursing the earth, as is claimed their God did. Providing the result was, and is good, it proves his curses are the same in result as his blessings, then it makes but little, if any, difference which he does. Let them show the justice of the effects, or results, claimed for the act of one man, and that before he knew good from evil. Let them show the wisdom in, or the benefit arising from, the flood as they view it. It may be claimed it was done to cleanse the earth of the wickedness of man. This is absurd and untrue, as it had no such effect. Let them show the fact, that Christian religion has a saving power over man, more than other religions. Let them show the fact that a believer in the Christian religion is better off in the life beyond the grave, than a moralist, whose end and aim is to do right.

As for the Jewish history of their God, if it is reliable or has any truth in it, he appeared to them in the form of a man, having all the passions of a man, such as hate, love, revenge and a warlike disposition, over-anxious to receive the admiration of man in reference to his greatness over other gods, and that he gave precepts and commands in person to Abraham, Moses and others during a period not less than four thousand years. During that period he was frequently seen and conversed with. At one time Aaron, Noah, Abihu and seventy elders saw his feet and what he stood on; Moses saw his *back parts*, (is it possible he could have back parts and not have fore parts); besides this, he eat dinner with Abraham, and *Aunt Sarah had a good laugh at what was said*. But for the last two thousand years he has changed his manner and custom, in communicating with man, and keeps himself out of sight—no part of his body, neither the fore part nor the hind part, are now seen, or his voice heard to say, "Thus saith the Lord." But as he was confined to the Jews as their God, the failure of the Jews as a nation, is proof of his incompetency to govern and manage them as a nation, may account for his absence. But be this as it may, there are now no corresponding evidences of his existence in the manner in which he displayed his person and power among the Jews.

All the facts in relation to the Jews and their God, as they stand recorded in the Jewish history, go hand in hand with our position. Also see the agreement our position has with the facts claimed in reference to the appearing of spiritual personages throughout all ages and nations also at the present. These personages were in the early days of man, called gods and lords, thus there were *gods many and lords many*, but the Jews acknowledged only one as God, the balance were called angels, ghosts and spirits of them that were dead; this latter name was rejected by the Jews, inasmuch as it was calculated, in its nature, sooner or later to destroy their God. This gave rise to all the inhuman treatment by the Jews and their God toward the mediums of their day, who Jesus said they killed, who saw and conversed face to face with the spirits of those whose earthly bodies were dead, the same as Abraham, Moses and others did to their God; also the woman of Endor, who spoke face to face with the spirit of Samuel, in like manner as Jesus and his three disciples conversed with Moses and Elias some thousand years after the death of the body. This same universal custom among all nations, of seeing and conversing with spiritual personages, has undergone no material change, remaining the same, only different developments, with a marked improvement from a low, savage and revengeful nature, to that of love and good will to man on earth.

This spiritual intercourse is fast becoming a scientific fact, and the sworn statements of thousands could be added to these few thoughts, sufficient to make this a large volume of many hundreds of pages, not only from persons in the United States, but from all nations now known, thus bearing corresponding evidence of the claims herein set forth by the writer. Here let me say, notwithstanding Gods in the plural were the common belief of man before the days of Abraham, and is the same now with some nations, yet it is proper to say many individuals believed in a higher Power of rule far above and beyond their comprehension. The idea of a Power or ruling influence that forms and controls the Universe, including worlds, planets, suns and satellites, throughout space, giving life and motion to each and all in accordance with the nature of their existence; to be confined or represented through a personage of the size of a man, say five feet eleven inches high; has all the features of an *absurd inconsistency*, the same as to claim the water that runs in the Mississippi river would run through a goose quill.

All the facts in the case unite in the position taken by the writer, that the God that rules and governs the Universe is not the Jewish God. Therefore the God that rules is not responsible, and is hereby honorably

discharged as being in person the doer of those low, savage acts which the Jews charged to their God; yet their God spake many truths, and did some good things, but this falls far short of proving he was God in the full sense of the word Deity.

CHAPTER VIII.

We now close, after giving a few scattering thoughts upon God's foreknowledge and his foreordination, which involves man's free agency (as it is called) and a question of some importance between our Arminian and Predestinarian brethren. Those of the Arminian order deny foreordination, and denounce it as false and untrue, yet they claim God foreknows all things before they come to pass. The Predestinarians hold that God not only knows, but predestined all things whatsoever comes to pass. The writer of this has often requested of those who deny foreordination to show wherein the difference lies between God (if he is God) knowing a thing and foreordaining it. Thus far he has failed to be answered. The main argument (or rather assertion) in favor of a difference is, that God, knowing a thing, yet in the future does not necessarily make it take place (provided he is a man instead of God, we admit the truth of this idea). But as they claim God foresaw all that takes place, and had a perfect knowledge of the same by bringing all things yet in the future present before his sight, as though they were, destroys the argument. The fact (if it is a fact) of God bringing all things present before him, is positive proof they will take place; unless his seeing and knowing a thing is unreliable, and subject to be a failure, in such a case God's foreknowledge would be of but little use to himself or any one else.

A Reverend gentleman once claimed that man could look forward, see and foretell an eclipse many years ahead, and that knowledge had nothing to do in causing the eclipse, and surely God could do as much as a man. This we admitted, but claimed neither God or man had any foundation for the knowledge of a thing before it existed, only as the result of unchangeable laws ordained and in force. Therefore all the knowledge that a man can have of an eclipse or anything yet in the future, arises from a knowledge he may have of unchangeable laws now in force. The Rev. gentleman claimed I destroyed man's accountability. To this I replied, so long as he was unable to show there was a difference, I was justified in claiming the result under each theory to be the same. The thing necessary to be done is to show there is a difference in principle, and the result will also be different. But wherein can the difference be, when foreknowledge is the result of unchangeable law?

We fearlessly say, in the absence of unchangeable law, there can be no foreknowledge. We also say, if it is impossible for God to be mistaken, or to fail in foreknowing a thing, then of necessity it must take place. We likewise say, it is impossible for a man to change the thing God saw he would do, unless his foreknowledge is a failure.

We will here illustrate a case, "it was a fact, Booth killed President Lincoln by shooting him with a pistol, and it also was a fact, God saw and had a knowledge of the act long before we were a nation." I now ask how Booth could have avoided the act, and God's foreknowledge remain good and unimpaired? I also ask, is the power of God's foreknowledge more easy for man to change, alter or disappoint than his power to ordain upon which foreknowledge is based?

These foregoing points under consideration, have in reference to the God, who is acknowledged by the Arminian as well as the Predestinarian; each claim he is the all-wise and almighty ruler, creator and preserver of all things. All who adopt this last have no just right to complain in regard to his manner of ruling, on any other claim than that they consider he is either deficient in wisdom or power. Yet they are the first to raise the question, does God, man or the Devil rule? or do all three rule jointly? or is it each one acts his part in the drama of life? It is claimed by the Arminian, as well as the Predestinarian, that the Devil is the prince and power of the air, and that he holds a ruling power over a large portion of man, if not all. They also hold man is a free moral agent, and acts from choice to suit himself, *having good and evil set before him*. Here I must call the reader's attention to the fact that there can be no mistake in the matter, in reference to man's destiny, providing his path is the result of his own choice. Thus, under the idea of the power of the Devil, and man acting from his own choice, this God-ruling power is cut off, and he, as Almighty ruler, is thrown into the shade. Under such a theological view, who would wonder or think strange that God, after seeing the effect of the Devil's power, and the determination of man to do just as he pleased, that such a God would exclaim in the agony of his soul's disappointment, that it repented him he had made man, and was grieved to the heart. This theological view of a personal Devil, and his power over man, together with man's free agency, completely destroys and annihilates a personal God as supreme ruler, either by way of foreknowledge or foreordination; both are equally destroyed, and he is driven to the painful necessity to await his chance and accept at the hands of man and the Devil, such as are not capable or not able to act for themselves.

Here we have three theological systems or views before us. God, an Almighty ruler, who has, before man existed, foreordained whatsoever comes to pass; second, "God, an Almighty ruler, whose unalterable foreknowledge governs all things whatsoever comes to pass;" third, then, under the power and influence of the Devil, acting from his own choice a free moral agent, does just as he pleases." Add to this never-ending damnation for all who know not God. Here is the conclusion of theology. It is an unfathomable mystery, thousands of years have been spent, talent and money thrown away, the brain of man destroyed, monomaniacs produced trying to reconcile the theological views in relation to man's moral and religious condition. I close with this consolation, *truth is immortal, and cannot die; while error is mortal, and cannot live where the freedom of thought is exercised.*

[THE END.]

Qui Bono?

BY S. H. PRESTON.

"What have Infidels done? Show me any good Infidelity has done and I will be an Infidel." Thus a small edition of Wesley recently propounded from the pulpit. This Methodist mummy "wants to know, you know." Well, I will tell him. It is to Infidels he is indebted for the blessed privilege of blowing the little Arminian gospel trumpet and spilling his churchianic slops upon them from a petty Protestant pulpit to-day. To whom are we indebted for a government based upon equal political and religious rights? a government in which all religions are tolerated, and which makes no distinction on account of creed? in which the once obnoxious Methodists have been protected and permitted to progress in the midst of jealous and antagonistic sects? To John Wesley, the founder of Methodism? Nay, read history. While this bigoted priest, a fugitive from justice, of the State of North Carolina, was writing, preaching, and untiringly laboring against the American cause, and inflicting deeper injury upon them than any other Englishman, Thomas Paine was giving to the world his "Common Sense" and "Crisis," and aiding the struggle for Independence with his pen, money and valor. To whom are we indebted, more than to all others, for this Model Republic, its liberal institutions, and for civil and religious liberty? I will tell you. To that immortal trinity of Infidel patriots, Paine, Jefferson, and Franklin. It was the pen of Thomas Paine which first wrote "The Free and Independent States of America." The writer of the *Age of Reason* was the author hero of the Revolution. Infidels, foes everywhere and forever of kings and priests; Infidels, the saviors of liberty; Infidels gave mankind the sublime Declaration of American Independence, a government without a Church, and a Constitution without a God. In every land, through all the dark and dreary centuries of chains and whip and fire, liberty was ever the watchword of the Infidel. Religion has, in all ages, been the synonym of slavery. The world has seen no such despotism as spiritual despotism, no such merciless tyrants as those "by the grace of God." "Infidelity is liberty; all religion is slavery. In every creed man is the slave of God, woman is the slave of man, and the sweet children are the slaves of all." The Infidel has ever been found battling for the rights of man; the priest ever reeking with the gore of heretics. The Church damned men; Infidelity reformed them. The Church established inquisitions; Infidelity founded universities. But we are told that Infidels tear down, destroy. True; they have torn down the stakes and crosses and gibbets that, like a forest, hedged in the rugged road of Progress, and have raised telegraph poles in their stead. They have dethroned kings, and enthroned man; they have demolished bastiles, and built and beautified temples of industry; they have rolled back the unwieldy stone which the Church had placed at the sepulchre of Liberty; they have destroyed the thumbscrews and racks and torture dungeons of the Church, and put out the fagot fires in which Torquemada and John Calvin slowly roasted thinkers and discoverers. "What have they done?" Whatever has been done for the prosperity and advancement of man, has been done by the few heroic Infidels, in spite of all the persecutions of priests and popes and potentates. While that insatiate monster, called Christianity, has strewn the fair fields of earth with the wrecks of armies and the bones of murdered millions, converted populous nations into deserts and transformed our beautiful world into a slaughter-house, drenched with blood and tears, Infidelity has been the creator of science, the preserver of art, and the guardian of the ark of freedom. "What good?" Why, Infidelity is the religion of goodness. "The world is my country, to do good my religion," was the life motto of that grand heroic Infidel, Thomas Paine. The Church repeats creeds; Infidelity does good. The Church persecutes honest people for opinion's sake; Infidelity makes religious duties consist in "doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy; Infidelity has enfranchised the human mind, has rescued the world from the midnight of medieval superstition; and the monuments of Infidels are the mile stones along the highway of Progress.

West Winfield, N. Y.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

find a succession of vivid pictures of the state of actual science among the earlier Greeks and the later Romans, at the birth of Christianity, at the epoch of the "Fathers of the Church," in the middle ages, at the period of the rise of modern knowledge, at the time of the Reformation, and in the present century:

We desire to call attention to the work as an admirable literary production, free from that "dryness" and "repulsiveness" characteristic of many scientific works. For felicity of expression and eloquence, many passages deserve place among the gems of literature. It is a work calculated to make infidels, and we trust all our readers who can afford it will add this to their libraries. To give an idea of the popularity this work has achieved we will state that twenty thousand copies have been sold in the few months since it was placed before the public. Price \$1.75; postage 15 cents.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF WM. H. MUMLER IN SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY. A pamphlet of sixty-eight pages has been sent us by the publishers, Colby & Rich of Boston, with the above title. It contains the history of that class of phenomena, citing numerous striking cases. It will no doubt be found interesting by our Spiritualistic readers, who will doubtless govern themselves accordingly. It probably sells at twenty-five cents.

Renewed Offers.

We are anxious to extend the circulation of THE TRUTH SEEKER so far as possible, and are disposed to give all the encouragement we can to the movement.

For \$1.75 we will send THE TRUTH SEEKER post-paid for one year, and a copy of "Blakeman's 200 Poetical Riddles."

For \$2 THE TRUTH SEEKER and either of the following works: "Lamb's Essays of Elia," Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," "Sentimental Journal," "Colleen Bawn," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Arabian Nights," "Burns' Poems," "Moore's Poems," "Milton's Poems," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Bell-ringer of Notre Dame," "Scottish Chiefs," or either of Marryat's Novels.

For \$2.25 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, and Byron's complete works.

For \$2.60 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, "Blakeman's Riddles," Shakespeare's complete works, and either of the works named in the paragraph above.

For \$3.50 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, and a copy of "The Heathens of the Heath," paper.

For \$3.00 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, and a copy of "The Heathens of the Heath," cloth.

For \$3.75 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, Shakespeare's, Byron's, Goldsmith's and Milton's complete works.

For \$5.50 THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, and one of "Calkin's Champion Washing Machines," which the Company invariably sell at \$7.50. They are decidedly one of the best washing machines in use. Over 60,000 have been sold within two years—more than have been sold of any other washer in the same time. For representation and description see 14th page. The papers and premiums sent to one or more parties as desired. The papers and books always sent post-paid by mail; the washer by express.

Here, friends, are liberal offers. Those who accept them will obtain more than their money's worth in every instance. We hope every friend of the cause will take interest enough in THE TRUTH SEEKER to send us a few names, at least, upon some of the above propositions.

TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS.

We will still send THE TRUTH SEEKER three months to trial subscribers for 25 cents.

For 35 cents the Paper three months, and a copy of "Blakeman's 200 Poetical Riddles."

For 55 cents the Paper three months, and either of the works mentioned in paragraph third, up above.

For 75 cents the Paper three months, and Goldsmith's Works, complete, illustrated, 375 pages.

For 85 cents the Paper three months, and either Byron's complete works, 650 pages, and 21 illustra-

tions, or Shakespeare's complete works, 1000 pages and 36 illustrations.

All postage prepaid.

Here is a fine opportunity to obtain standard works at half price, and THE TRUTH SEEKER three months included. The names of many trial subscribers have been received, and we are anxious for thousands more. Friends of THE TRUTH SEEKER, please make a little effort to send us all the trial subscribers you can. The outlay is very small, and the good resulting from it may be considerable. Let us hear from you.

True, "the times are hard;" we are in a position to realize it. While all are struggling to get through "the pinch," let THE TRUTH SEEKER not be forgotten.

A Valuable New Book.

The glory of the present age is the diffusion of useful information. The appearance therefore of any new publication that bids fair to enlighten the masses more fully upon any practical subject, should be regarded as grounds for congratulation. It gives us pleasure therefore to call the attention of our readers to R. V. Pierce's forthcoming new book entitled, *The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser*. This work will contain about nine hundred pages, will be well bound, illustrated with about two hundred wood cuts and colored plates, and sent by mail to any address for the unprecedentedly low price of \$1.50. It is now ready for delivery. The author has become widely and favorably known to the American as well as the people of several Foreign nations, through his *Family Medicines*, and as the founder of the *World's Dispensary* at Buffalo, N.Y. established for the treatment of Chronic Diseases and now ventures to appear in the new role of authorship. From a perusal of advanced pages, we believe the book is calculated to be eminently useful. It embraces a wide range of subjects, all of them bearing with more or less directness upon the all-important question of health. Biology, Physiology, the Cerebral Functions, the Human Temperaments, and Hygienic Treatment, or Nursing of the Sick, receive that attention which their relative importance demands. Physical and Mental Culture, Ventilation, Sleep, Cleanliness, Food, Beverages, and Clothing are practical topics, and treated in a practical manner.

The use of Water as a Remedial Agent receives that attention which it deserves. Under the head of Remedies for Diseases is presented a list of our most useful indigenous medicinal plants, together with their properties and uses and pictorial representations of many of the most important. The appropriate dose of each remedy is also given. After a suitable introduction we have in Part Fourth, Diseases and their Remedial Treatment. Almost every disorder that preys upon the human system is here described, together with its symptoms, causes, and treatment, as far as is thought safe and advisable for the non-professional to prescribe. Chronic ailments receive special attention. A chapter on Accidents and Emergencies is a very useful feature of the book. Besides this much miscellaneous and profitable information is given, which will make it a genuine "vade mecum"—a convenient companion in every household. Many a precious life has been lost from the lack of just the knowledge which this work imparts. A healthy moral sentiment pervades the whole work, and we cordially commend it as worthy a place in every family.

A GOOD MAN SLEEPS WITH HIS FATHERS.—EX-Gov. Bramlette of Kentucky, manager of the Louisville Lottery swindle died January 11th. Those who failed in former schemes, or who failed to "draw a prize" will perhaps remember him. He was, as we have formerly stated, a lawyer, and also a church member, and while we would not speak ill of the dead, we presume it will be no news to Louisville people to say that, like most church members, in addition to running a lottery swindle, he also sported female companions other than lawful ones. One of these, whom the ex-Governor had supported for some years, and to whom he had paid \$10,000 at one time, in spite of the efforts of the police, succeeded in suddenly appearing in the cemetery at his funeral and placed a wreath upon his coffin. After Bramlette's death a new manager was appointed. Gilmore's band was hired to play at the "Grand Gift Concert," and, unless the manager again puts it off, the great drawing will come off on Feb. 27th, when a few may receive more than they have paid in, and tens of thousands who drew blanks will have reason to remember the very old but very true saying that "a fool and his money is soon parted."

Superstitious people are getting suspicious of the Louisville lottery scheme, as it seems to be sure death to all who have any connection with it. Including ex-Gov. Bramlette, his wife and child, no less than thirteen persons connected in some way with the scheme have died. It is to be hoped this singular fatality will not extend to the ticket holders, for if it should, there would be numerous victims in every hamlet.—*Kentucky paper*.

The Land of Pure Delight.

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign."

So sang our pious fathers and mothers. And now the question arises, Where shall we find that land?

"What evolution! what extent! what swarms
Of worlds that laugh at earth! immensely great—
Immensely distant from each other's spheres!
What then the wondrous space through which they roll?
At once it quite ingulfs all human thought,
'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat."

Where, among these swarms of worlds, are we to look for the land of pure delight?

May it please ye, I ask no favors of those worlds. I have a world of my own—my birthright inheritance—a world in which is the material for building a Hell, or a Heaven, as best suits my aspiring.

And who the architect? With your leave, I am. And here, in this world, graciously vouchsafed unto me, I'll have my land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign, reign over all conflicting forces, bringing every feeling, every thought into harmony with the divine afflatus.

Not exactly. Have you any more questions to ask? No need to say, others are not bound by my rule of action. They have as good title to be monarchs of all they survey, in their worlds, as I have in mine.

Variety, in harmony, is the central idea of this Universe. The Sovereignty of Individuality, each in her and his empire, or world, is *Magna Charta*.

It is a maxim of common law, that when private convenience comes in conflict with public good, the latter is paramount.

Should Prentiss, or any other scribbler, get up a brain bantling, for his own edification, THE TRUTH SEEKER is under no obligation, not even of courtesy, to print it to the molestation of its many readers.

PRENTISS.

Letters to a Preacher.

NO. VII.

FRIEND B.: You say I am right in asserting that Athens reached the acme of Pagan civilization, but you say also that "Plato believed in a colony of wives and the strangling of feeble children, and that Zeno was a drunkard, and those beautiful temples were more filthy than any stable, as were also their houses or rather shanties, and the animals lousy beyond endurance."

That may all be true, but if so, it was not because they had never enjoyed the blessings (?) of Christianity, but rather because of the age in which they lived. As the world increases in knowledge, equality between man and woman will settle the vexed question as to whether men shall have "colonies of wives," none at all, or whether the two sexes shall live together as equals partners for just so long a time as they contract to do so. Your own Biblical heroes, very many of them, had "colonies of wives," and it would be hard to say how few or how many wives (?) are now really possessed by a great many men even in this enlightened Christian country in the Nineteenth Century.

As to the strangling of feeble children, if the Athenians surpassed the parents of this age in that respect, they must indeed have been "vile," for many of them now, if a child happens to be in the way, and is not wanted, do not stop to consider whether it is feeble or strong, but quietly and secretly dispose of it; and it is rarely that anything is said about it, unless the fact becomes so notorious that it is impossible to overlook it.

Coroner Lankester, of London, says, "that in that Christian city 12,000 mothers annually murder their offspring!" And a writer in the *World* more than doubled that number in estimating the foetus and child murders of New York. "Tens of thousands of human beings in St. Giles, London, and in Murderer's Block and other localities in New York are reared in schools of vice and brutality." Could Pagan Athens be worse in these respects? The *London Telegraph* says, "The most brutal and most cowardly, the most pitiless and most barbarous deeds done in the world are perpetrated by the lower classes of English people," and beneath the "shadow of the cross," too.

There speaks of the filth of ancient Athens. No doubt they had many habits that would be very offensive to us, and so had our ancestors of only a few hundred years ago; and there are people now that are so far ahead of this age in some respects, that they cannot use the same hair-comb, face-towel, etc., that are used by other people without having their sense of personal cleanliness absolutely shocked. And there are many places where the whole family dip their bread into the gravy dish, and their knives into the butter, and spoons into the preserve dish, yet these habits are called vulgar and unclean in refined society. There are thousands of homes in Christian America where we can find any amount of reeking filth and fetid odors that are full as disgusting as many of the repulsive habits of said Athenians.

As to filthy stables, I approve of them but little less than I do of filthy houses. All domestic animals love cleanliness, and should be kept where they can enjoy sunshine and pure air, not only for their own enjoyment, but for our satisfaction. I have seen cows right

here in Snowville, standing for weeks and months together in a mire of their own filth, and their haunches plastered all over with it from being obliged to lie down in it for want of a clean spot to sleep on, and others are forced to drink stagnant, putrid water from muddy ponds and filthy puddles, or go thirsty all the long, hot Summer days—and hogs! Well, the pens of these much abused animals are often public nuisances. It is not only repulsive to think of using the milk and eating the flesh of animals reared in filth, but it is unhealthy also. As the years come and go, we learn better and better how to be clean. Each age improves upon the one that has passed, and as the cycles of ages go by, we need new laws, new customs, and new social influences, and consequently one old Jew-Book of "holy absurdities," appropriate though it might have been for the day in which it was written, cannot be a law and a guide to the world forever.

"O had the Yahoo eyes, he'd plainly see
What bitter fruits grow on the Gospel tree;
What pestilential crabs have ever grown,
And ever will where e'er this tree is known.
Look round the globe—for near two thousand years,
The cross has deluged it with blood and tears."

ELMNA D. SLENNER.

Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va., April 15th, 1875.

A Letter from Iowa.

WASHINGTON PRAIRIE, IOWA, April 1st, 1875.

Thinking a few thoughts from this quarter may be interesting to your readers, I address to you the following: Our friend, G. L. Henderson, delivered two scientific lectures in the Rosa school-house, at this place, March 28th, 1875, at 11 o'clock, A.M., and at early candle lighting.

He handled the subject of ancient and modern superstition, showing its fallacy, and the impropriety of its being taught in the nineteenth century, and treated it with great ability, proving beyond a doubt the position he assumed, and which has been sustained by ancient as well as modern scientists. He defended his position with ability and sound logic, well calculated to convince candid and unprejudiced hearers. There was a respectable audience, and they seemed to be convinced of the importance of his subject, and that there is work to be accomplished in this country, as well as across the ocean, that shall shake Christianity from center to circumference.

Can humanity look back upon ancient Christianity and view the terrible atrocities inflicted by the Church upon honest men and women for their opinions, without the deepest feelings of horror and indignation? The Christianity of to-day, as represented by the churches, is an imposition on humanity! It trains the mind to believe in an unknown God, and keeps them in fear of an endless hell! Can an individual be happy and have such thoughts? Because a principle was tolerated two thousand years ago, is it any reason that it should be tolerated to-day, when science shows it to be an entire falsehood? Let our young people be taught the principles of science, reason, and all that pertains to happiness in this world, and see what a complete reformation will be effected. When this work is accomplished we will have less use for insane asylums and penitentiaries. Why not, then, each and every individual join in this great and glorious work, and endeavor to overthrow that ancient and modern superstition, and to keep its galling chains from the necks of our race?

Let the rising generation in every section of the country be taught science, liberty, truth, justice, and morality, and where will your superstition be? You will see no more domes of churches erected as a monument to superstition! Let the money that is expended for churches be contributed for libraries and halls of science and literature.

As an inhabitant of a free country, as a citizen of a great and rising republic, as a member of an intelligent community, I hope to live to see all this accomplished. Yours for the good of Humanity,

ALFRED ROSA.

[Our friend evinces the right spirit and one we hope will soon prevail all over the land. We are pleased to think the labors of friends Underwood and Henderson have been productive of good upon Washington Prairie. They have both spoken there a number of times, and a goodly number of hearty, intelligent, enthusiastic live Liberals are now among its citizens, and who feel willing to make some sacrifices, and use some exertions to advance the cause of truth and human progress. We hope to see this feeling more prevalent in many other localities].

About Goods.

MR. EDITOR:—I see occasional requests from your patrons, as to the most reliable house to purchase goods from in New York. Being a woman, and posted in these matters, I am ready to give my experience. Having traded at various houses in New York, I was induced by a friend to visit Ehrlich's large Emporium on Eighth Avenue this Spring, and can honestly and disinterestedly say, I made the best bargains I ever

made in New York, and saved at least twenty-five per cent in my purchases. Inquiries of outside parties who have dealt there, confirm my opinion, I find their reputation is unrivalled for honest dealing. Consequently I call the attention of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER to this fact, and advise them to give this house the first trial, feeling confident if they do, they will be more than satisfied.

Their new *Quarterly* is a fine magazine, handsomely gotten up, and contains a full account of their stock and price list. Full reliance can be placed on their offers. They offer the Magazine at ten cents a year, as a means of introducing themselves over the country. Send for it, and see for yourselves.

This is a gratuitous testimony on my part, and not an advertisement. I see the daily increasing need of people in the country, and write this as a merited tribute to one of the most reliable business houses in New York city.

H. H.

How Is It?

BY W. H. PRENTICE.

[In a Massachusetts village lives a poor, feeble, ex-Methodist minister, dependent upon charity for support. Receiving meagre aid from his brethren of the church, and generous donations from some called Infidels, he wrote the following lines:]

How is it that a Christian name
Shall save a person from all blame,
When to the judgment bar we come,
To hear our welcome or our doom—
How is it?

How is it many who profess
True charity and godliness,
Are often deaf to cries of want—
I pray you help me, no I can't—
How is it?

Shall he who in the world below
Never relieved another's woe,
Although with wealth and comfort blest,
Shall he enjoy Eternal rest?—
How is it?

Because he had a name to live,
Yet never aught was known to give;
While one we call an Infidel,
Who has given much, must go to hell—
How is it?

Must he whom cry of want affects,
Be classed with those whom God rejects,
Because they do not see the need
Of joining some Religious Creed—
How is it?

How is it often when you tell
Your troubles to the Infidel,
He carries out the Master's word,
Gives to the poor, lends to the Lord—
How is it?

How is it—has he too a soul,
To live while endless ages roll?
He who will not the poor deny,
Shall he for mercy always cry—
How is it?

To him that asketh we should give,
Lend to another, let him live;
Give to the poor, lend to the Lord:
How is it, is not this the Word?
How is it?

Will man be known in that great day,
Simply by what the others say:
Or will the great decision be,
Doing for them ye did for me—
How is it?

The Golden Age.

BY FRANCES L. WILSON.

Bards have sung of Golden Ages,
That have passed with much regret;
But in spite of bards and sages,
The Golden Age is coming yet.

When free from dogmas and from creeds,
And superstition's binding chain;
When Bigotry for Truth recedes,
We know Free Thought's assumed her reign.

The age is coming when man can teach,
Mankind should make Fair Truth their guide;
And be allowed freedom of speech;
No fear from Prejudice and Pride.

When we can roam the realms of thought,
With no walls to limit her boundless sea;
To a book or a creed no longer locked,
But unfettered, untrammelled, and free.

'Tis coming, yes, 'twill soon be here!
The Past's dark form try to forget,
For Reason speaks in tones most clear,
The Golden Age is coming yet.

Man and Nature.

We often hear it said, the nearer we live to nature the better it is for us. Let me ask, is our typical man a natural being? Man clothes himself to protect himself against nature; he acquires knowledge that he may be happy; he learns to walk, to think, to talk. Where then among enlightened nations do we find the natural men? Is not man by nature a blank sheet upon which education has written *manhood*? What would we be without acquisition? Are progression, civilization and improvement idle terms? Is the uncultivated desert a farm? Is the thistle-patch a garden? Are your best fruits natural fruits? and man most pleasing in nudity? If not, man then, in a large measure, at least, is artificial, in education, accomplishments, tastes and desires, and what is called society, *par excellence*, is wholly so. Indeed, man seems to be ashamed of nature, because nature is true to herself and regrets neither man's likes nor dislikes his pleasures or his pains. Has man then improved on nature and its mythical duty? If so, he simply pays the rental for the use; she claims the matter, not the acts, and naturally jogs along.

ABRAM BRONSON.

Hiko, Lincoln Co., Nevada, Feb. 20th, 1875.

Appeal to the American People.

Is the *liberty of conscience*, guaranteed inviolable by the Constitution of the United States, a *sham*?

The signers of the following statement appeal to the American people for justice, for the fulfilment of sacred promises and reparation for a foul insult perpetrated by two zealous Pennsylvania judges. Can the citizens of the great Republic afford to have their liberties trampled under foot? And will they allow their country to be upheld to the ridicule and scorn of the enlightened world of the present age? *Citizens of the Republic, read this!*

PHILADELPHIA, March 11th, 1875.

On Friday, March 5th, 1875, the undersigned accompanied Mr. Julius Nieland on his way to procure his second naturalization papers. Mr. Nieland had his "first papers" with him, duly made out two years and two days previously. The certificate of citizenship was filled out for him, whereupon we were told to go into any court to take the oath. Court-room No. 2 being less thronged than the others, we entered there and applied to one of the two judges present. Immediately an official handed us a Bible, which remained in our hands, the said clerk having left us very quickly, and there being no table near by. The judge began to read the oath, when we told him that we wished to "affirm." Upon a sign by the judge, the clerk took the Bible away from us, asking, in a rude manner, "Why did you take it?" We answered, "Because you gave it to us." Then the judge asked, "Have you a reason for not wanting to swear by the Bible? We evaded the direct answer, by simply repeating our wish to "affirm," and asked why we should not be allowed to do so. The judge, repeating his question, we admitted that we had a reason. He then asked us whether we did not believe in the doctrines of the Bible. We answered, that we believed in morality, but not in "revelations." (Mr. Nieland here said that he was an Infidel.) Thereupon the judge asked whether we believed in a Supreme Being. The judge now refused to administer the oath (or affirmation), and told Mr. Nieland that, *being an Infidel, he could not become a citizen*. The other judge nodded his approval, ringing the bell at the same time to announce the adjournment of the court. The judge kept the papers. We asked him for his name and that of the other judge. They were J. RATT and HARE.

The foregoing proves that, although we endeavored to prevent giving offense, the inquisitorial examination of the judge compelled us to profess a creed, and that the latter gave him a pretext of grossly violating the liberty of conscience guaranteed by the Constitution.

F. BIELEFIELD.

I certify to the correctness of the above statements.

JULIUS NIELAND.

SINCE the passage of the laws allowing secular celebrations of marriages and deaths in Germany complaint is made that the Protestant population has become frightfully demoralized. The president of the Evangelical Consistory of Brandenburg, says that baptisms have become quite infrequent, marriages have been frightfully secularized, and burials have grown to be pagan. Thus the number of baptisms have diminished by 55 per cent, and in some districts by 72 and 90 per cent. In Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, Christian ministers were called in only in the cases of 14 persons in 100 deceased; in Potsdam only in 12 cases in 100; while in Berlin burials were attended by clergymen in only a single case in 100. In Frankfurt and Potsdam the number of marriages by the clergymen subsequent to the civil registration were only about 75 per cent; while in Berlin, only 19 marriages in 100 affected any kind of religious ceremony. Supposing these statements to be true, they only expose what was concealed before. If under the laws the people had become heathen, and were concealing the fact, it is well to repeal the laws and discover the evil, that the remedy may be applied.—*Independent*.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE PAINE HALL DEDICATION,

Boston, Mass., January 29, 1875,

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen:—I was prevented this afternoon, by fatigue of travel, and illness consequent on my very efforts to reach this city in order to participate in these demonstrations, from speaking, and did I not feel a special interest in this occasion, I should not attempt to speak this evening.

I understand, although I have had no time to engage even in the most informal conversation with the managers of these meetings since my arrival, that the object is to honor the name of Thomas Paine, to commemorate his services, and to dedicate this Hall to Freethought. I deem these objects worthy of the demonstrations that I have seen, and I almost wish, nay, I surely wish, if the theory of our Spiritualistic friends be true, that Thomas Paine would give us a "materialization" to-night, (applause and laughter); that he were present on this occasion, that he might see this sea of faces before him, assembled for the purpose of hearing words in honor of his name, and dedicatory of this Hall; that he might himself stand up before us, apparently a living, flesh-and-blood human being, and give us some trenchant, stirring, thrilling sentences, such as individualized the writings which he left behind him, and express his gladness at the great advancement that has been made since the time in which he lived and walked the earth. (Applause.)

I delight to speak the praise of Thomas Paine, not because I concur in all the sentiments that he advanced—for perhaps there are few persons who are not extremely orthodox in their views who differ more widely from Thomas Paine on some philosophical and scientific questions than myself; but I delight to speak the praises of Thomas Paine because he was a pioneer in the cause of Freethought, because he prepared the way, made it easy for others to follow him, and to go far beyond the position that he took. Thomas Paine was a man who did great and noble service in his day and generation, and we should be ungrateful if, because we think we occupy more advanced positions than he did, we should neglect to give him his meed of praise.

In the first place, Thomas Paine's services have been ignored, and they have been ignored because of his very honesty, his frankness, and his fidelity to himself and the truth. He did great and noble service to this country, and had it not been for the fact that after he had given up his political services, he went still further and gave us his honest opinion on religion, he would be one of the men most honored by the present generation.

Every person who has but a smattering of American history, must know that at the very time when our fathers were sending their petitions to Great Britain, full of assurances of their loyalty, full of assurances that they were devoted to the mother country, and that they only wanted to be placed back where they had been up to the year 1763—every person, I say, must know that at that time Thomas Paine came out and told our fathers that fidelity to themselves, that honor and happiness alike demanded that they should assume a different attitude toward the oppressive and infamous British Government; that it was their duty, not simply to whine about grievances, but to tell Great Britain that they were no longer bound to yield obedience to the Government; that they had a right to affirm their own sovereignty and their own independence. His little book "Common Sense," a work remarkable for its terseness, was published January 17, 1776.

The effect of that work was wonderful. It attacked monarchical government; it attacked the idea that we were under a duty to pay obedience and allegiance to the British Government. It portrayed the excellence of Republican institutions; it pointed out the practicability of independence; it called upon the Colonies to rise in their dignity and in their courage, and to establish a Republic—a Republic in which there should be no distinction between the peasant and the peer; in which there should be no titles of nobility nor badges of prerogative; in which there should be no religious disabilities; but in which there should be, on the contrary, real equality among mankind; where conduct and character should be the only conditions of preferment and of honor; where the voice of the people should be the supreme law of the land; and which should be an asylum where the oppressed of all nations might come and find protection and brotherhood.

When these sentiments were first advanced, it is difficult for us to understand the effect they had, because we are now familiar with Republican institutions; we are familiar with criticisms of the British Constitution and monarchical government; but at that time, our fathers, with very rare exceptions, were devoted to Great Britain; they thought the British Constitution was the perfection of wisdom; they thought the British form of government could not be surpassed; and when Thomas Paine came out and advocated rebellion and revolution, the great mass of the American people were shocked, and there was actually a committee appointed to answer his work, by some of the leading statesmen of the country—not

because they did not endorse in their own hearts, but because they thought the promulgation of such doctrines was premature, and would have a tendency to defeat the very object they had in view, which was to obtain a redress of their grievances, and to be placed back in the position in which they were before the tea tax and the paper tax were imposed. At first "Common Sense" aroused indignation, but it met a response in the hearts of the people, and the work spread rapidly. Edition after edition was issued, until a hundred thousand copies were circulated; even at a time when we had a population of only about three millions. The opposition diminished, and the tide grew stronger and stronger, until it bore down all opposition, and from New England to the Carolinas there was apparently but one voice, and that voice called for the Declaration of American Independence and the establishment of a free country. In the July following—that July which we have pleasure in celebrating every year—appeared the manifesto that is now known throughout the world as the Declaration of American Independence. (Applause.)

The effect of this work of Thomas Paine to which I have referred, has not been sufficiently appreciated by the ordinary reader, because our historians, fearful, perhaps, that if they should give the exact truth, it would render their works unpopular, or from prejudice against Paine's religious position, have either entirely omitted any reference to the facts, or else they have only given a paragraph where pages alone could do him anything like justice. So, if we want to know the facts in regard to the influence that work produced, we must go back to the very sources of American history, to those sources which Bancroft and other historians have consulted; we must go back to the chronicles and correspondence of those times; and we shall find that they speak in unmistakable language regarding the influence which Paine exerted in forming our Government. For instance, Washington, two months after the publication of "Common Sense," speaks of it as working a "powerful change" in public opinion. Gen. Lee, in a letter to Washington, says: "I own myself convinced by the arguments of the necessity of a separation." Lossing, in his "Field Book of the Revolution," says: "Common Sense was the earliest and most powerful appeal in behalf of Independence, and probably did more to fix that idea firmly in the public mind than any other instrumental-ity." Morse, in his "Annals of the Revolution," says: "That the change in the public mind in consequence of 'Common Sense,' is without a parallel." Saml. Adams, in a letter to Paine, in 1802, wrote: "Common Sense awakened the public mind and led the people to call loudly for independence."

We certainly can not be unmindful of, or ungrateful for, the services of the man who took such a prominent part in stirring up our revolutionary fathers to the great idea of establishing a government, and especially when such pains have been taken entirely to ignore his services. And then we should not forget that after Thomas Paine had helped to inaugurate, nay, when he had done more than any other man, not even excepting Saml. Adams of this State, or Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, to inaugurate the Revolution, he was not less brave and consistent in sustaining the spirits of our soldiery, and in helping forward the great work in which the country was engaged. He threw his whole soul into the movement. Accompanying Washington's army and accepting the fare of a common soldier, he wrote words of encouragement and hope, often upon a drum-head, by the flickering light of a torch, and scattered them among the troops. He suited them to the condition of the army and the aspect of public affairs.

The first of these pamphlets appeared just after Washington's defeat on Long Island, when he had been driven from Forts Mifflin and Mifflin. The air was filled with gloom. Traitors were in the camp and Tories were in the town. Our soldiers were disheartened. Embarrassments and hardships were growing heavier, and fear pervaded the land. In this sad condition of affairs, in this night of despondence and gloom, when the ranks of our army were thinned by battle and disease, when our soldiers were half starved and poorly clad, and reddened the snow over which they walked with bare and bleeding feet, rang out in clarion tones the thrilling words of Paine: "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country, but he that stands it now deserves the thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered, yet we have this consolation, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the victory." (Applause.)

These words have come down to us, and they are repeated now, as they frequently were during our terrible civil war, by thousands—may I not say by millions?—who never knew the circumstances under which they were first given to the public. And Thomas Paine continued his great and noble services during that entire Revolution. He followed the army through sunshine and through storm. If our country was in a terrible strait, he pictured, with perhaps more or less of exaggeration, the weakness of Great Britain, and magnified the resources of the Colonies; so that when our soldiers read those words, they hastened back, as if they had deserted from the army, to their regiments, and those in the country who had been despairing had their courage renewed,

and they were glad again to affirm their determination never to give up the struggle until the Colonies of America should be recognized as free and independent States.

The last of these papers, called "The Crisis," was issued at the close of the war, and congratulated the country on the patriotism and the bravery of the army, on the persistency and devotion of the people, and on the great and glorious results which had followed from the efforts of those men, both to themselves and the unborn millions that should come after them. Thomas Paine lived to see his great aim achieved, his great object finally accomplished.

"The times," he wrote, "that tried men's souls are over, and the greatest and completest revolution the world ever knew gloriously and happily accomplished." "It is not every country (perhaps there is not another in the world) that can boast so fair an origin. Even the first settlement of America corresponds with the character of the revolution. Rome, once the proud mistress of the world, was originally a band of robbers. Plunder and rapine made her rich, and her oppression of millions made her great. But America need never be ashamed to tell her birth, nor to relate the stages by which she rose to empire."

Now, when we consider these facts—and I have stated them in the plainest language, and without any exaggeration, as any person by consulting history can establish—would it not be ungrateful in us, even if we had no sympathy with the religious sentiments of Thomas Paine, since his name has been covered with so much obloquy, since his character has been so much misrepresented, since his services have been so entirely ignored—would it not be ungrateful, even ungracious, in us to be unwilling to give him his meed of praise on such an occasion as this?

Then, as Freethinkers, we are unquestionably indebted to Thomas Paine in an eminent degree. I believe that there are many Freethinkers in this country, men of culture, men of the most unfeigned heartiness in the cause of Freethought, and who would not willingly do injustice to Thomas Paine, who yet do undervalue the real services which he rendered to the cause of Freethought. They never think that the value of Thomas Paine's services consists in the value of his religious works as historical criticisms, and because other writers, more learned, having the advantages of modern research and modern investigation, have gone further than he was able to go, they seem to think that Thomas Paine ought to occupy a secondary place in the history of Freethought. But, my friends, let us stop and consider a moment. The services of Thomas Paine to the cause of Freethought do not consist chiefly, not to say exclusively, in the value, as a criticism, of his "Age of Reason," or his other writings, but it consists in this: that he took the arguments that had been confined chiefly to the learned, to men like Collins and Bolingbroke, and clothed them in his own peculiar language, so lucid and so clear that a child cannot misunderstand them, and thereby he made them terribly effective, to a degree that they had never been made before. There had been before the time of Thomas Paine more learned Freethinkers than he, who had made use of the arguments which he presents in his little work, but there never had been a man who was capable of producing those arguments in the same effective style, so adapted to the mass of the people, and so calculated to produce an effect. Thomas Paine's style as a writer, in some respects, has never been equaled; at least, has never been surpassed. We are told that Talleyrand once said that the object of language is to conceal our thoughts. If that be the real object of language, Thomas Paine was a failure, for he never could write to conceal his thoughts, but, on the contrary, every sentence that he wrote was suffused with the light of his own luminous mind, and stamped with his own intense individuality of character. Aristotle says: "He who would be a leader must think as wise people do, but speak as common people do." In that sense, Thomas Paine was a real teacher, for he was certainly a sagacious and very clear-headed man, and he presented his thoughts in language so terse and clear and simple that even the most uneducated mind could not fail to understand them, while the most learned, even to-day, cannot read them without profit or without interest. (Applause.)

The researches of modern scholarship have undoubtedly added a great deal to what Thomas Paine was able to give in his day. It is a fact which we must admit, and the man who does not admit it is a man who is not up with the times, that modern science and modern scholarship have made us acquainted with arguments of which Thomas Paine was entirely ignorant. There are questions of historical criticism, of which he knew nothing whatever, which have since assumed prominence; but while we admit this fact, we nevertheless cannot deny that Thomas Paine, considering the age in which he lived, gave to the world a little work (his "Age of Reason") which has perhaps done as much for the cause of Freethought as any work that has ever been written. It has had a larger circulation than any other Infidel book ever published in the English language; it has been read and understood by a larger number of minds, and has perhaps produced a greater impression than any other book of its kind. Its influence has not been confined merely to those who have read it, but has extended throughout the land; and to-day, in all our churches,

There are men and women who are shocked when they hear the name of Thomas Paine, who nevertheless have largely accepted his views, although they would feel insulted if accused of holding the opinions of "Tom Paine." I say, then, that Thomas Paine is entitled to our sympathy and our gratitude as a pioneer in the cause of Freethought. He cleared the way, and made it possible for others to go beyond him.

Well, in the second place, I understand that our building is dedicated to Freethought, to Universal Mental Liberty; and in this sense the occasion is worthy of our presence, and worthy of any words we may utter. It may be said, however, (and I notice that the fact has been mentioned as an objection by the religious press,) that this Hall has been built by those who do not accept the sentiments of Thomas Paine, but, on the contrary, go far beyond him in the rejection of the claims of religion. That is true. I presume that the majority of the contributors to this Hall do not coincide in the Deistic opinions of Thomas Paine: on the contrary, they would reject both his views respecting a personal Governor of the Universe, and the immortality of the soul. But, at the same time, I do not see that that is any reason why we should not give prominence to the name of Paine, or why this Hall should not be reared for him, because, in the average mind, there is no doubt that he stands for the very principles which we represent. He has been the target at which every intolerant religionist has blazed away during the past hundred years, and in the minds of the great mass of the people there is no man who stands out more prominently as the embodiment of Freethought and the embodiment of "Infidelity," as it is called, than this very man, Thomas Paine.

And then it must be considered further, that we have not accepted Thomas Paine as a leader. No Freethinker, I do not care what phase of Freethought he represents, will allow any body, be he priest, or pope, or king, or prelate, to dispossess him of his direct relations to Nature, whatever they are. No person who is entitled to the name of Freethinker will acknowledge any man, living or dead, as a leader, or himself as a disciple. (Applause.) But it is proper enough that we should recognize Thomas Paine as a pioneer in Freethought, and therefore give his name to this Hall, without implying, as many of the religious press have supposed, that we endorse all the Theistic opinions which he may have presented in the "Age of Reason."

But there is another thing to be considered. This Hall is a necessity. As long as we shall find a disposition on the part of some of our fellow-citizens to dispossess another portion of their rights, it will be our duty to erect halls of this kind, and dedicate them to the principles to which this is dedicated. As long, for instance, as we shall find men excluded from our courts of justice simply because of their religious opinions, as a gentleman was excluded two or three weeks ago, in the city of New York, I understand at the instigation, I regret to say, of one who is herself an unbeliever in the Christian religion, and is perhaps as thoroughly Infidel as the man who was excluded—so long as we see men excluded from the witness stand because they do not believe in a personal Governor of the Universe, so long as we shall see any State endeavoring to support the sacredness of the Sabbath, so long as we shall see the Bible read as an authoritative book and religious instruction continued in our public schools, so long as we shall see chaplains supported by our State and General Governments, so long as we shall see churches and religious institutions exempted from taxation, and we Freethinkers thereby required indirectly to support them, so long as we shall see Jesuitical priests and weak-minded or bigoted men and women assembled together in conventions, trying to evangelize the Constitution of the United States, and to secure a recognition therein of God, Christ, and the Bible, and thereby trying to make a Procrustean bed on which every man and woman shall be stretched; so long it will be our duty to sustain every effort that is calculated to advance Freethought; so long will it be our duty, not simply to advocate Freethought theoretically, not simply to tell about the absurdity of many religious dogmas, but it will continue our duty to do more than that—to prevent the aggressions and the schemes of those plotters, however honest they may be, (and the more dangerous because they are honest). And it will be our duty, further than that, to secure those rights of which we have already been dispossessed, so that when any man comes to the witness stand he shall no longer be questioned with regard to his religious convictions, but the only question will be with respect to his character and worth, so far as his competency as a witness is concerned. (Hear.)

And there is another thing. This Hall ought to remind us that we should be on our guard against regarding our opinions as the ultimate truth. The history of all religious reforms (hardly one can be excepted) shows that when, after having been subjected to persecution and every kind of obloquy, they have finally been established, they have become somewhat encrusted and stereotyped, and have made their Procrustean bed, by which they have tried to test all other facts and all other truths outside of their immediate province. I do not care whether a man is a Christian or an Infidel, so long as he attempts to bind other people on a Procrustean bed, and to lop off their

heads or their feet until they shall just fit his own peculiar opinions, I say that implies bigotry, implies a stationary position, if not actual retrogression. I believe that Freethought has a tendency to prevent that, but I believe, notwithstanding, that among Freethinkers there is more or less of that very disposition to regard their convictions as the ultimate truth, and to ignore that great ocean of truth that lies out beyond. When I find a Freethinker who is content with a mere disbelief of the Bible, who tells me he does not believe, and who thinks it a great merit that he does not believe in the story of Jonah and the whale; that he does not believe that one nation was ordered by God to cut the throats of another nation; that he does not believe in the miraculous conception—when a man tells me that that is his position, and takes special pride in it; when he considers that the *sumum bonum* of Freethought; when he utterly ignores the great thinkers of the past hundred years; when he ridicules Darwinism; when he regards evolution as a mere visionary theory, because he has never taken the pains to understand it; when he recognizes the great reforms of modern times as merely subordinate to that negative opinion that Jonah did not swallow the whale, or the whale did not swallow Jonah, (laughter.)—I say that man does not comprehend what Freethought is, and whatever be his name, whatever phase of Freethought he represents, he does not belong to us, he is not of us. (Applause.)

And not only should this building be a memorial of Thomas Paine, and a reminder of our duties, but it should be, and I trust it will be for years to come, a beacon, a monument, that will give encouragement and hope to thousands who are working in isolation in unpromising localities, socially ostracised, and subjected to disgrace and obloquy. I trust that they may find courage in the thought, that if the name of Thomas Paine, at the end of nearly a hundred years, has thus been vindicated, and this fine and noble structure erected in his honor, in the cultured city of Boston, right in the heart of New England Puritanism, they too may work without entirely forfeiting their character forever, and that the time may come when their services, however much ignored to-day, will receive recognition from a brave and generous public. (Applause.)

And then, again, this building marks the progress of Liberal thought, and as such it appears as significant as in any other aspect in which it can be viewed. I was in this meeting a few minutes this afternoon, and I listened to some remarks which I certainly could not endorse, and if I considered this a proper place for criticism, I should be inclined, instead of endorsing them, to submit them to considerable criticism; but I consider that that would be out of place, and therefore I will briefly say, that in my opinion we have everywhere the evidences of the advance of Freethought. "Times change, and men change with them." Thomas Paine had something to contend with of which we know nothing to-day. On every hand east and west, north and south, there has been progress; and the individual who says that Freethought and the expression of unpopular truth has the same to contend with to-day that it had a hundred years ago, it seems to me is not sufficiently acquainted with the history of the past, and does not comprehend the present. I believe, and I do not hesitate to say it frankly, that a man may go now throughout the length and breadth of the United States and advocate the views which were advanced by Thomas Paine with impunity. Nay, it had been my experience to go even into the Province of Ontario, in Canada, where they are many years behind us, and I find that even there, there is no serious danger to be apprehended from the promulgation of unpopular sentiments. But while we as Freethinkers should be proud and anxious to advance our views, let us not mistake simply that dislike which is manifested towards us for liberality, when sometimes our views are advocated with acerbity, with temper, with vulgarity, and with a blackguardism, which, wherever it is seen, is equally discreditable. If a man is a Freethinker, it makes his blackguardism and his abuse a great deal worse than if he is a Christian, because the Freethinker has no theory of a great scapegoat upon which he can throw his sins, and thereby escape the natural consequences of his wrong doing. (Applause.) The Freethinker has no great bankrupt salvation scheme by which to get rid of paying his moral honest debts. (Laughter.) Because a Freethinker stands on his own merits, he must always be a gentleman, and never descend to blackguardism, simply because some half-educated, miserable priest, intoxicated with bigotry, has seen fit to set the example. (Applause.)

Now, I say, if Freethinkers will present their views courteously, if they will avoid mere declamation and vituperation, if they will maintain the character of gentlemen, and keep up with the spirit of the age—I say (and my experience has been as wide, perhaps, as that of any public lecturer throughout the country,) they can go before an audience in any city of the United States, in any town or hamlet, and advocate their views with impunity. They may avow the most radical sentiments, I do not care if it is Free-loveism itself, if it is done in a spirit and manner that shall not excite combativeness by its very rudeness, and I believe they will receive respectful attention anywhere in the United States.

I have no sympathy, therefore, with those remarks which were made this afternoon to the effect that we are living to-day in the midst of an intolerance which is comparable in its intensity with the tolerance of the days of Thomas Paine. I believe, nay I may say I know, that we have made great advancement, not only in our views, but in the manner in which those views are treated by the great mass of Christians themselves.

In the first place, the creeds have been pulverized, they have been utterly discredited. You can go into the pulpits to-day and listen to sentiments that are so thoroughly radical that you are surprised that they come from a Christian minister. You can go into the pews, and hear there the expression of liberal and heterodox sentiments which are utterly inconsistent with the creeds and dogmas of the church. You can examine the newspapers, from Maine to Oregon, and see evidences of liberality such as you have never seen before. The press reflects, as a rule, the general sentiments of the people; it is really an index of it. There are a few papers, among which I am proud to mention the *Investigator*, the *Index*, the *Truth Seeker* and the *Banner of Light*, which are in advance of the religious sentiments of the age, but the great mass of the daily papers do not attempt to lead public opinion. If the editors of these papers are Freethinkers themselves, they suppress their sentiments, and simply attempt to express the views of the common people. I have a wide acquaintance with the editors of this country, and I think I may say with certainty that as a class they are sufficiently Infidel. They are Freethinkers, and have no sympathy whatever with the dogmas of the popular religion or with the general superstitions of the country; but looking upon them as the nominal faith of the country, in deference to the wishes of the people, they avoid attacking them with violence; at the same time, they gave them a sufficient number of thrusts to show their general position and their general wish. [Applause.]

We see evidence of this advance also in the general literature of the country. Take up any of our magazines, and see what a change has taken place in this respect. It is not more than eighteen years since Oliver Wendell Holmes, of your city, published the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" in the *Atlantic Monthly*. That was a serial that was exceedingly mild in its heterodoxy, judged from the standpoint of modern thought to-day, and yet for that he was severely censured, and the religious press of the country said it would be impossible for the *Atlantic Monthly* to obtain a circulation when such a man as Oliver Wendell Holmes was allowed to contribute to its pages such heterodoxy as that. But the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" would be milk-and-water to the Liberals of to-day, it is so mild in its heterodoxy. Gerrit Smith, whose death has just been announced, to the grief of so many millions of people, paid Horace Greeley, himself a heterodox and liberal-hearted man, thirteen hundred dollars for the publication of one of his sermons in the *Tribune*, and Mr. Greeley took especial pains in a leaded editorial to call attention to the fact that that sermon was not published as a communication, but as an advertisement. But since then the *Tribune* has been glad not only to print the mild heterodoxy of Gerrit Smith, but to accept the writings of such men as O. B. Frothingham, Mr. F. E. Abbot, Mr. Higginson and others who go as far or farther than they, and to send them broadcast among the people. Glad to get them, not simply because the editors of that paper were perhaps in sympathy with our views, but because they knew that there was such a large liberal element all over the country that it would make a demand for their paper, and increase their circulation.

Go to the city of Chicago, the Queen City of the West, and you will find that if a Freethinker speaks from the platform like this on Sunday, he wakes up on Monday morning and sees his speech reported *verbatim* in the daily papers, side by side with the speeches of the clergymen of the city. And this is done, not simply because they may be in sympathy with the opinions of Freethinkers, but because they know from experience that that is requisite in order to enlarge the circulation of their papers and make them popular among the people. The papers that have the largest circulation in the West, are those that give the most space to Freethought sentiments and to the most advanced views. Is not this an indication of the progress of Liberalism, and a most significant indication, too?

Then, again, look at the publishing houses of this country. The Appletons are, if I mistake not, a Methodist house, but they do not hesitate to bring out the works of such men as Tyndall, Huxley and Darwin, and we find some of the most thoroughly heterodox works brought out by those houses that have been supposed to be orthodox. They do it, as I have said in regard to the papers, not because they are in sympathy personally with the views of these writers, but because they know there is a demand for this kind of reading, and that is the way to enlarge and increase their business.

When we see these facts, when we see the writings of such men as Huxley, and Darwin, and Tyndall, and Spencer and Lewes circulated broadcast, having a larger circulation than orthodox literature, it is a pretty good indication that Freethought is advancing. And, more than that, I can state from personal observation, that there are cities and towns throughout the

western country where Freethought is the predominant sentiment, and where, if I were a policy man, and wished to establish myself in business, and wished to get the good will of the community, I would rather announce myself as an Infidel than as a Christian, because that is the public sentiment of the place. [Applause.]

Then I see Liberalism in the attitude of the clergy. None of the clergy teach now what they did a hundred years ago,—that God took little infants from the breasts of their mothers and sent them splurging down into the flames of hell. A clergyman who should utter such a sentiment as that would be deprived of his pulpit, or his salary would be cut off at once. All through the country, the clergy are losing their prestige and their power. They are either conforming to public sentiment, or else they are leaving the profession, turning insurance agents, and insuring against fire in this world, instead of threatening us with hell fire in the next. [Applause and laughter.] The great mass of the people who are not brought into contact with the clergy, hardly understand all their heterodoxy. I frequently have conversations with them, and sometimes discussions, and I know whereof I speak when I say you can hardly ever get a clergyman to affirm a positive dogma.

I not long since had a discussion with a gentleman who occupies the position of professor in a theological seminary in Indianapolis, and he took the ground, when the question came up, that a man might believe what part of the Bible he chose to be divine, and what part he chose to be uninspired. He took the ground that the story of the flood, of which the Bible speaks so unqualifiedly, was a little affair, perhaps confined to Asia Minor, and before he got through he did not know that there was anything saved except Noah and his family, his pigs and his chickens, this affording an opportunity for one of the city papers to say of this professor, that he had brought the flood into the limits of a wash-basin, and to ask, "are you disposed to reject the Bible on such a small amount of water as this?" [Applause.]

Some of you have read in *Scribner's*—rather an orthodox journal—the articles written by Dr. Blauvelt, an orthodox man, in which he admits that the advances in Freethought are so rapid, that unless something is done in the next decade, unless lawyers, merchants and unprofessional men come to the assistance of the clergy, we shall be doing precisely what they are doing in Europe to-day: that men will go up and down the land, lifting their hands in despair and exclaiming, "Our faith is gone!" Dr. Blauvelt himself has given offense to the Christian world because he has stated the truth so plainly and frankly. He tells Christians that they have no men who can meet the champions of Freethought; that such men as Strauss, Renan, Darwin and Spencer are too strong, that their investigation has been too thorough by far to enable the Christian clergymen to meet them with success, and calls upon them to obtain a higher culture, and a more thorough acquaintance with the subject, before they attempt to compete with those men.

Let me say, in conclusion, that the advance which this Hall significantly marks, has been made in every department. In geology, destroying the old cosmogony of the Hebrews; in archaeology, destroying the old notions of the primitive perfection of mankind; in Egyptology, showing that mankind were in a high state of civilization at the very time the flood is said to have occurred; in philology, showing us that the languages are in utter opposition to the notions that God composed them, and that the old Hebrew language was probably the primitive one; in natural history, and in every department in which science has extended her researches, she has gone so far as to destroy the authority of the Bible in its historical and scientific teachings, and also to advance and strengthen the principles of Freethought.

I say then, friends, that we have every reason to feel grateful and to feel especially joyful on this occasion, since the erection of this Hall is actually an indication of the advancement of Freethought; and when we consider what kind of halls were spoken in by Freethinkers in the days of Thomas Paine, and look at this building, we must feel something of pleasure in the progress that has been made.

Let me say, before I conclude, that this Hall has a value to us, and is, as it were, a prophecy, not simply because it indicates the progress of Freethought, but because it is to be the home of the *Boston Investigator*, a paper that has been in existence for more than forty years, and has done valiant service in the cause of truth. [Applause.] It is also something that shows an appreciative recognition of the services of our friends, Mr. Mendum and Mr. Seaver, both of whom have labored long, faithfully and well, whose lives from their early youth have been given to the advancement of Freethought; and there cannot be any one in the whole wide country who is in sympathy with the Liberalism of the day, who will not heartily respond to what I say, when I declare that we feel grateful to these men for the great and good service they have rendered to the cause of Freethought, and we hope that their lives may be spared for many years to come, so that from this splendid edifice they may send out their paper, to make its weekly visit to the thousands in our country who give it such a hearty welcome, and who hold it in such high veneration. [Loud applause.]

New-York Liberal Club.

APRIL 23D, 1875.

[TWO HUNDRED AND NINTIETH MEETING.]

PROF. T. S. LAMBERT, M.D., read a paper on *Brain Building*, or the food best adapted to the sustenance of the brain. He enumerated the thirteen simple substances which enter the human organization, to wit: Oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, potassium, sodium, chlorine, calcium, magnesium, silicon or flourine, and iron. He explained the process of digestion, assimilation, and the circulation of the blood, by which the various kinds of material necessary to the growth and preservation of various parts of the body is produced. He showed that phosphorus constitutes an important portion of the brain, and that food containing the proper percentage of phosphorus is essential for this purpose.

Among the varieties containing the suitable elements for brain building, or for supplying the brain with the necessary pabulum, he classes and recommends the following: Oysters, fish of all kinds, eggs, cheese, beef, tripe, calves' brains, cream, buttermilk, oat meal in various forms, cabbage, green peas, and many varieties of fruits. The quality of the brain a person has, he held, depended much upon the kinds of food used.

The paper was a lengthy one, but expecting to have the use of the manuscript, no notes were taken. As it is probable we may publish the lecture entire, we will not attempt now to give a more lengthened account of it.

An animated discussion followed the lecture which was participated in by MR. NASH, PROF. VAN DER WEYDE, DR. GUNN, DR. HOEBER, MR. WAKEMAN, and closed by DR. LAMBERT. Some of the remarks were in opposition to the positions of the lecturer, and others in favor. In the Doctor's closing remarks he strongly commended cleanliness and abstinence from alcohol and tobacco. He believed by this course the lives of the people in this country could be increased twenty-five per cent.

APRIL 30TH, 1875.

[TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIRST MEETING.]

Subject, *Religious Opinions in Syria*, by A. L. RAWSON, A.M. (who spent several years in Palestine).

The existence of Syria in the midst of the three great powers of ancient times, Egypt, Assyria and Greece, made it important to each of them as a frontier, and Palestine changed owners as often as one or the other of these countries gained a victory in the many battles that was fought for its possession. It was long thought by scholars that for many centuries Palestine was the only centre of civilization, and the source from which all other parts of the world derived both civil and religious light; but recent explorations in this and other countries have somewhat modified that opinion. Still, however much may be added to the glory of other lands and other people, there is due to the Hebrews and to Palestine the credit of having given to the world the initial of Christian civilization. The isolation of the country probably accounts for many of its ideas, and institutions having been alike in some and different in other respects from surrounding nations; and this isolation helped to perpetuate the religion and laws of the Jews, which are to-day the foundation of society in the Christian world, both of the civilized nations and the half-barbaric tribes, and since Abraham is also the father of the tribes of Ishmael, the adopted Arabs, they too trace the origin of their institutions to the Law-giver of Sinai.

Palestine has been from the earliest known time a convenient half-way station between eastern and western nations, where the various forms of civilization came into close contact, influencing each other, displacing one another, producing some of the most difficult yet fascinating problems of history which have engaged some of the best minds. There have been many valuable stores of antiquities exhumed from the ruins of cities in the east within the last fifty years, as our own and foreign museums witness. Egypt has also yielded the relics of a race that was highly cultured, scientific, religious, and whose culture and religion owed nothing to Syria.

India has opened her rock temples; China, Cambodia and other parts of the far East have astonished and delighted the world of scholars and archaeologists with unexampled ruins of temples and palaces, the relics of forms of civilization and systems of religion distinct from any originating in Syria or Western Asia.

The American society for the exploration of that part of Palestine lying east of the river Jordan and the Dead Sea, has the most promising field; but its affairs have been so poorly managed by an incompetent ring that its results so far are simply contemptible. Men uninformed on the subject have well nigh wasted the money contributed generously for the work, and instead of adding to the stock of knowledge of that district have republished old materials and rediscovered well-known sites. Other societies or individuals have, in their anxiety to gain popular favor

for their enterprise, made a great clamor over insignificant items, and when pressed for something new, anything to keep up the public interest, have resorted to *inventions and manufactures*.

In despair at finding no inscriptions on the stones of the platform of the temple at Jerusalem, or among the stones of the debris of ruined buildings thrown down from it, inscriptions have been made and offered to the world of scholars; but so far without success, except that the exposition of these inventions has raised doubts as to the integrity of any antiquity, not only in that country but others, and cooled the ardor of the public in all similar enterprises.

Dr. Schliemann, a German, opens up the remains of Homer's Troy. S. Connos raises a question as to their genuineness. Mr. George Smith ransacks the Assyrian libraries in the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, and because the readings modify our opinions of the account of the deluge as given in the pentateuch of Moses, Mr. Smith is ostracised and refused a hearing even in this city.

Mr. J. T. Wood, after eleven years sacrifice of the best period of his life in exploring Ephesus, and after having met with great success in restoring to us knowledge of the plans of the city and temple, and exhuming some notable art works from among the ruins of the several temples of the goddess Diana, which are now in the British museum, gave two lectures in this city with humiliating results. There were present only a very few, even of theological professors and teachers whose livelihood and position in society depend on the forces set in motion by him who faced a storm of intolerant howls for a space of two hours in the theatre of ancient Ephesus. Such exhibitions of coolness in the churches almost compel an assent to the assertion of an eminent divine, who, on being asked if he would join a company of travelers on the way to the Holy Land, said his Holy Land was in Wall street.

Pecuniary interests influence the expression of religious opinions in Syria also. Palestine is a kind of theological grocery where may be bought in packages to suit whatever may be wanted at the time by a needy soul. The keepers are so obliging that if any article is wanted that is not in stock it is at once manufactured to order. This readiness to serve, makes it one of the best markets in the world, attracting customers from all quarters who cheerfully part with their money in exchange for the sacred productions.

The very rocks of the country are ground to powder and sold as in the milk grotto at Bethlehem where the monks tell you the rocks were once black, when Joseph, and Mary, and the infant Jesus hid for a few days before their flight into Egypt, and a few drops of the Virgin's milk falling upon the rock changed it to a milky whiteness which is the color to this day. The rock also acquired at the same time the miraculous property of increasing the flow of a mother's milk when powdered and drank in water. The original grotto was small, ten or twelve feet in extent, there are now five or six large rooms, with chapels, altars, shrines, the stone from which has been powdered and sold to pilgrims pound for pound in gold. The fact that the entire mass of rock in Palestine is a white chalky limestone may help us understand this story, at least the miraculous part of it.

The abundance of material in the Holy Land makes this ready supply possible. The city of Jerusalem stands on heaps of dust and crumbling ruins of its former structures from ten to fifty, and even in places seventy-five feet deep; and its religious atmosphere can be described as being full of the dust of the crumbling remains of former systems of religion. This theological dust is rather choking to sensitive minds.

One, in that country, may feast on native fruits for a dime, spend a fortune in expensive viands from distant climes, or beg his way in the streets, secure from starvation in the generous nature of the common people. The pious pilgrim may see all the glories of the gilded sepulchre and jeweled shrines for half a cent, or he may spend a fortune in enriching the convents whose monks have been sent from distant lands to guard its shrines, or beg his way without money or price from one place to another throughout the land.

As a specimen of the variety of religions offered may be mentioned Greek, Armenian, Armenian Mechitarists, Jacobites, or Syrian Monophysites, Copts, Abyssinians, African Monophysites, Nestorians, Maronite, Melchite, Syrian, Chaldean, and Latin.

These are all Christians, and differ from one another in such things as have grown up from isolation and ignorance.

The eight Catholic rites are in communion with Rome, holding the same doctrine, but differing in the mode of worship and discipline. The heresies maintained by the schismatics are venerable with antiquity and command respect and adherence from large communities.

The Mahometans are also divided into numerous sects. The grand division is into two, the Sunnites and the Sheites.

The Jews are outcasts by both Christians and Mahometans, and they are divided into two great classes or faiths—those who look for a resurrection of the body and a future life, and those who oppose these opinions. These parties are also subdivided into a number of families or nationalities, as Polish, Spanish, English, German, etc.

It would require a goodly sized volume for an account of the thousand and one rites which flourish like exotics, well supplied with priests, monks and congregations, with a ready story of origin, experiences, persecutions, and how the faith has been kept in their particular fold.

A curious work might be composed on the various titles and offices in the eastern churches, with their origin and history. Such a work might include also a chapter on the uses of religious forms as talismans for good or against evils.

The mass of the people of Syria seem to live by their profession of devotion to the past in religion, and by their practice in things belonging to the present. In business circles it is the common saying that it requires one Copt, two Greeks and three Jews to cheat an Armenian. My experience was, that if one could not cheat you, he assisted you in cheating yourself.

In addition to the domiciled religious sects, there are the Belouins, the Druses, the Metawelies, Nusariyeh, Ismailiyeh and other smaller sects. Now, in view of this variety of material, each crystalized or molded into its own form, how are we to comprehend the bond of union that holds society together? It is a peculiarity of the country, that there is no bond of union, and every sect of each is jealous and suspicious and envious of each other, and it is utterly impossible to form a community of ideas or interests.

It is equally impossible to arrive at a common agreement in opinion on any religious question where there is such bitter antagonism. The one will oppose another for the sake of opposition, and of being unlike any other. If the Latin makes the sign of the Trinity one way, the Greek makes it another way, and the Armenian finds a third method. If the Latin makes the sign of the cross in a certain manner, the Greek varies it for the sake of a difference. If one sect writes the musical scale beginning with the syllable *do*, the other insists that the only true method is to begin with the syllable *re*. If one wears a hat with a flat crown, the other makes a point to his, and so on without end.

No other country can exhibit a like variety of people, and such antagonisms. There can be no permanent advancement in education, character, condition, or prospects, because of this disintegration. They must remain weak and helpless so long as the Turk is permitted to oppress them.

In strict analogy with this checkered origin of the people, we find many sources for the origins of the various opinions in religion, and all obscured by myths, traditions, tales of wonder, mystery, magic and miracle, for it is not to their interest to record the simple beginnings of those systems which have held and now holds millions of men, willing or unwilling.

The ancient Greek priest or priestess at the shrine of Delphi kept inviolate the secret of the oracle. The modern Greek priest at the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem is equally reticent as to the origin of the *holy fire* annually distributed to the clamoring crowd of the faithful who pay for the blessed privilege of being the first to receive the divine spark.

The modern patriarch is a skilful actor, and plays his part with great effect in the fire scene, fainting from excess of emotion, or from the overpowering pressure of the Holy Spirit as the Greeks explain it. The ancient Sybil swoons, also, after receiving the answer of the god at the oracle.

If the architecture of a people is an index to their character, then the Syrians are a strange mixture of good and bad, of palaces and huts, new and old. They defend their family with their lives, but sell for a price a daughter to a stranger for a wife. Some profess Christianity, attend church, keep the fasts, and wear amulets and pray to saints, and before images, and try to keep away imaginary evil spirits by the use of charms, incantations, prayers, and sacred relics.

Some purify their bodies by frequenting the bath, others apparently never use the water externally. Some wear silks, and fine linen, and gold, pearls and diamonds, and walk on carpets, or sit on divans covered with the choicest productions of the loom, and the embroider's needle, and step from the doors into the streets where the scavenger is needed sadly, but seldom ever goes. The accumulation in some streets reaches to the top of the entrance door, and you go down stairs from the street into the courtyard that twenty years ago was on a level with the street.

The chief vices of the inhabitants are jealousy, coffee and rakes. The chief social indulgences are scandals and quarrels. The main source of income is beggary, robbery and extortion. The wealthy convents grow richer by constant beggary, robbing their dependents. The ruling classes thrive only by extortion, while the mechanic and merchant follow the same rule, and the farmer also, for he robs the soil in taking crops from it without returning to it manure and tillage.

The common people are stripped to the bone of every useful thing in life, that the rich, the rulers and priests may live in luxury and ease. The priests lends the influence of his sacred office to the rulers who use it to increase the burdens of the working classes.

The chief factories in Jerusalem are prayer-factories, and the wares made in them are shaped after pat-

terns a thousand years old, worn-out, antiquated and unfit for human wants in this age.

The most common sight in Syria near large towns in the morning, is women carrying baskets of provisions or fruits on their heads to market. These loads in some cases weigh eighty pounds, and are carried six or eight miles, the women leaving home at two or three in the morning, so as to be in season at the city. I have seen a woman loaded with a basket of egg-fruit, a bag of fodder for the animals, her own dinner and a child six months old. She was driving a donkey heavily loaded, and leading a camel also well laden, while her husband was walking at his ease in the rear smoking his cigarette.

The unhappy condition of Syria is the direct result of corrupt religions. Whether this corruption is confined entirely to that country I will not undertake to decide. One fact however is patent: that jealousy between Christian nations has enabled the Turk to hold his strangling grip on Syria and other countries for a long time past. The policy will doubtless continue some time longer, if we are to judge from the fact that the Ottoman government made last year, in London an additional loan of £12,000,000, or \$60,000,000; which means more than merely a few millions in money; it means that England's fear of Russia makes her blind to the best interests of humanity—deaf to the cries of enslaved millions. There was a time when a small number of black slaves under the British flag, or a like number under the stars and stripes enlisted the sympathies of the Christian world; now the enslaved millions of white and other men, under the mastery of the barbarous Turk excites no attention, because of the unchristian jealousies among Christian nations. It is too much to expect that any nation in Europe will jeopardize its commercial interests in the cause of oppressed humanity. And besides, these poor, miserable, ignorant, fanatic, lazy, slavish Syrians have been so long cursed with the misrule of the Turks, that they are really not worth the trouble it would cost to relieve them from their difficulties, and it would accord better with the selfish instincts of the present age to gather them into one place and treat them with nitro-glycerine.

In describing the miserable facilities for water in Jerusalem, the lecturer stated the fact that the city had only the rain water to depend upon, or the water from a brook which was the natural sewer of the city, containing its washings and filth, and which water had to be brought a distance of a mile over an elevation 400 feet, in skins on the backs of donkeys. The people are contented to drink this water, that is anything but pure, and whether they are contented or not, circumstances force it upon them.

Their religious opinions are in no better condition than their water, and the supply is from sources just as questionable as to condition and convenience, and the people seem contented, and if they are not, they are compelled by circumstances to submit to their unpleasant fate.

For want of room, we are compelled to omit several interesting points of the lecture, as well as the lively discussion which followed it, and was participated in by Messrs. WILCOX, WAKEMAN, S. P. ANDREWS, a Baptist Elder, and closed by Mr. RAWSON.

Friendly Correspondence.

ELIAS MOORE, CHILLICOTHE, O., writes: You are doing a good work and I hope you will meet with such patronage as will sustain you.

GARDNER KNAPP, Salem, Ind., writes: We like the TRUTH SEEKER and think it will greatly aid in liberating the people from mental slavery.

JOSEPH SEDGEBER, Painsville, O., writes: I am well pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER, and distribute all I get for the spread of the true Gospel.

H. EASTON, Sandwich, Ill., writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER gives good satisfaction to the friends here. Keep right on in your good work, and may peace, plenty, and happiness be your reward.

R. K. JUSTUS, Washington, Ark., writes: I send you two more subscribers, who wish to peruse the good digestible reading matter which THE TRUTH SEEKER is always chock full of. We read its pages with pleasure.

ALLEN PRINGLE, Selby, Ont., writes: I am much pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER, and will try and extend your circulation in this quarter. Your articles on "The Bible" and "Christianity" are very valuable for popular reading.

MRS. AGNES HEDGES, Georgetown, Col., writes: I herewith send you the names of four new subscribers. We like your paper very much. Please send sample copies to the appended names. I speak for myself. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER. I do not wish you ever to stop sending it to me; should I get behind in not paying for it, I will not ask you to wait long for your pay.

S. P. BRIGHAM, Franklin, Pa., writes: I have read Mrs. Zamzow's (first) letter with mingled feelings of joy and pleasure, pity and reflection. Too noble to prostitute herself, she is a living martyr—not to creed or "her religion," but to right for conscience. It grieves me to realize how narrow is the "way" each sect calls "our way," "the way," and how nearly impossible it is for them to feel or act as though any body is worth possessing, unless its soul is "saved" through their creed and its belief is in their Christ. Oh! that every Church, yea, every man could say, "to do good is my religion," then angels would smile where now they weep. In our efforts let us embrace humanity and ever do our duty. I inclose one dollar for Mrs. Zamzow.

MRS. S. R. STEVENS, Colorado Springs, Col., writes: I cannot afford to be without THE TRUTH SEEKER as long as it continues to be as liberal and just in sentiment as it has been thus far. I like it because you attend to your own business, and do not fight all others who do not agree with you. I am a Spiritualist, but I like THE TRUTH SEEKER better than some Spiritualistic papers I could name.

WM. A. CHILCOTE, Stevens' Creek, Ark., writes: I became in possession of a copy of your paper and am very much pleased with it. I read and re-read it until it was completely worn out. I do not think now that I can do without it. Please send it to me for a year. I have generally been called an infidel, and now I am proud to acknowledge the name—one who is willing to discard the old fables of the past in favor of that which is true and reliable.

A. SWIFT, San Bernardino, Cal., writes: I like the bold and fearless temper of your paper, and trust it will meet with universal patronage by all at least who have had the scales removed from their eyes, and are enabled to see the truth as it is, stripped of superstition and ignorance. Notwithstanding the combined forces of the orthodox element here—their abuse and slang, there is a manifest spirit of determination to prove all things and hold fast to the truth.

MISS LAURINDA GALLOWAY, Hoopstown, Ill., in writing to her uncle in reference to our sheet, says: Now, uncle, about that little TRUTH SEEKER. We are very fond of it. It has so much good sense in it, with an acceptable amount of fiction and fun. Father says he will take it three months on trial. When the time is out probably we will continue it. While reading its pages, it seems like conversing with you, as we so well know you fondly read it and appreciate it.

THOMAS B. JOHNSON, Sterling, Iowa, writes: I have just read the account in your paper of that poor man's situation, and have laid down the paper to write you a few lines and contribute my mite towards his assistance if it is not too late. But my friend, what a lesson can be drawn from the proposition that he must act as a hypocrite and belie his own conscience on his death bed, or be denied a cup of water or a crust of bread, and is that all? No, he must be tortured by seeing the wife of his bosom in want of the same, and his infant child perishing for the lack of nourishment. Oh! that some Heathen missionary would visit this bigoted country, and carry us back to those ages when man had more humanity for man.

DOANE KELLY, Dennis Port, Mass., writes: I see in No. 14 a person addressed you as "Mr. Heathen," and said your paper is not for the welfare of the people, but is calculated to degrade them and fit them for hell, which never will be full until it receives such men as you are. I have just commenced taking your paper; but I say to you keep on with your paper and go, if necessary, to the hell your correspondent mentioned, and I hope I shall meet you there. I much prefer hell with such men as you are, to an orthodox heaven with such narrow-minded Christians as wrote that article to you. I am sure then there would be more enjoyment with men of sense, than with shallow-witted bigots. Keep on brother, in the good work you have begun, and I beg you, not to spare the canting hypocrite. Give them the truth.

M. P. ROSECRANS, Clear Lake, Iowa, writes: The more I read your paper, the better I like it. You meet your opponents so pleasantly and so kindly, and yet so squarely, that your arguments reach the minds of all intelligent readers. Your articles on the Bible are the best I have ever seen on the subject, appealing as they do, entirely to the good sense of your readers. Go on then, in your good work, in breaking the trammels of creeds, and teaching your fellow men and women to be what nature designed them, perfect individuals, and not shriveled deformities, studying with furtive glance the will or not of an unknown power; educating them up to the standard of the unit at least in the order of creation, learning them to think for themselves, to write their own Bibles, and to look to the divine principles in their own natures for the true and perfect guide in all matters pertaining to religion, morality and government.

H. C. LIESER, Forest Grove, Oregon, writes: It is a pleasure to note the changes towards Liberalism taking place throughout the United States and the whole world. Doctrines long held as infallible are being tested in the crucible of criticism, and found wanting in purity. THE TRUTH SEEKER and the *Investigator* by their bold expressions are moving quite a portion of the country. Many now recognize their words as sounding the death knell of old pet doctrines. Then "Othello's occupation's gone." Reasonable ideas are gaining ground, old systems are being abandoned. Many are thinking mental freedom a blessing, and reason preferable to blind faith. Old superstitions are being scattered. Error is floating away, leaving the stream of truth clear and unobstructed. In short there is great improvement on all hands. May your way be prosperous till truth flows like a river to every home in the land and forever.

CHARLES GIBSON, Evansville, Wis., writes: A copy of your valuable paper fell under my notice about one year ago, since which I have had the reading of it. I find it advocates principles which I have endorsed for the last forty years. Nature reduces them to practice sufficiently to convince a sane mind that miracles are a delusion. Though reared under the droppings of the sanctuary and in sacred adoration of the Lord, (by I believe the best of mothers) who thought it to be her duty to teach her children the doctrine of future hell torments; that man's creation was a miracle, the coming of Christ was a miracle, and she thought if I was ever saved through the merits of Christ that would be another miracle. I felt the selfishness of my own merits, that my happiness was the effect of my own acts. Though persecuted for my opinions I consider the weakness through which it comes, and stand firm in the belief that the Universe is God being developed, and man is the creature of circumstances, and circumstances have a lot to do with his acts in every case.

Religion and Christianity are by no means one and the same thing. Religious forms are not Christianity. I understand Christianity to be motive principle reduced to practice through the honest mandates of conscience; but still I am called an infidel. But when I tell them Christ was an infidel, a usurper of the government under which he lived, and that he was put to death for heresy; they say my belief may do to live by, but not to die by. I have been near death's door, but never recanted yet.

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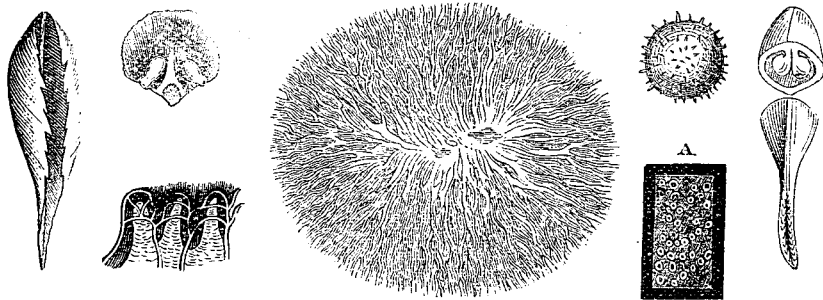
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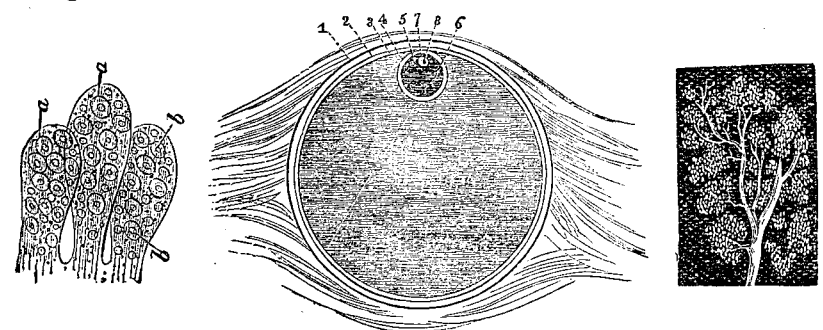
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And sum three-sided are;
'Tis mortal tuff tew find one
Who iz completely square.

THE man who iz the most 'fraid tew die,
iz the one who knows least how tew liv.

DEFINE the hen? A lay member.

PLEASE define a good wife? A silent
partner in the consarn.

DEFINE honesty? The wag ov a dog's
tail.

I HAV known people who waz virtewous
just bekauze they waz lazy; they hadn't
snap enuff in them tew brake one ov the
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lover finally popped the question, and the
girl answered, "Of course, I'll have you.
Why, you fool, you, we could have been
married three years ago."

THERE is a man in Nebraska who isn't
being worried to death by people who want
to borrow his wheelbarrow. His farm is
six miles square, and his house is set three
miles back from the road.

"JULIUS, why didn't you oblong your
stay at the springs?" "Kase, Mr. Snow,
dey charge too much." "Howso, Julius?"
"Wy, de landlord charged dis colored
individual wid stealing de spoons."

AN old black woman, reciting her "spee-
rance," said she had been to heaven. "Did
you see any of de colored ladies dar?" asked
a younger sister. "O, you git out; you
'spose I went in de kitchen when I was
dar?"

"WHERE's the molasses, Bill?" said a
red-headed woman sharply to her son, who
had returned with an empty jug. "None
in town, mother. Every grocery has a
large board outside, with letters chalked
on it. 'N. O. Molasses.'"

A LADY the other day meeting a girl who
had lately left her service, inquired, "Well,
Mary, where do you live now?" "Please,
ma'am, I dont live nowhere, now," re-
joined the girl; "I'm married!"

A DUBUQUE printer received the follow-
ing note from his girl; "May I git yanked
out of bed at midnite every nite by a cuss
like Theydore Tilton, an' carried upp a
million pare of stares, iff ever I seseto love
you, Jim,"

A MAN in Monroe county, Pa., roused to
frenzy by the news from Concord and
Lexington, has just declared his independ-
ence by flooring his mother-in-law with a
hot griddle. The neighbors, however, re-
gard the affair simply as a family broil.

"I SHOULD think you would be ashamed
to pitch into that little boy," said a pedes-
trian, as he caught a big bootblack cuff-
ing a small newsboy. "Ye would, hey?"
sneered the lad, as he gave his nose a wipe.
"D'ye think I'd go for a big boy and get all
pounded up?"

A FRENCH butcher who was on his death
bed said to his wife: "If I die, Francoise,
you must marry our shop boy. He is a
good young man, and the business cannot
be carried on without a man to look after
it." "I have been thinking about that al-
ready," said his wife.

"WHERE are you stopping, Bill?" inquir-
ed one seedy man of another. "Stopping
at the Russell House," was the reply. "Rus-
sell House? Where is the Russell House?"
"O, you see, I sleep in a dry goods box and
rustle around like blazes to get something
to eat."

SEVERAL passengers on the lower Missis-
sippi were attracted by the alligators bask-
ing in the sunshine. "Are they amphibi-
ous, captain?" asked a looker-on. "Am-
phibious, thunder!" answered the enthu-
siastic officer, "they'll eat a hog a minute."

CANNY SCOT—"D'ye sell whuskey here,
mon?" Barman—"Yes." Canny Scott—"Hoo
much is't a jar?" Barman—"Two
pounds." Scot (after much consideration)
"Well, then, it's unco' gude, awl hae twa
pennyworth, het, wi' sugar ant lemon, and
a long pipe."

A GOOD deacon on an official visit to a
dying neighbor, who was a very churlish
and universally unpopular man, put the
usual question: "Are you willing to go, my
friend?" "O, yes," said the sick man, "I
am." "Well," said the simple-minded dea-
con, "I am glad you are, for all the neigh-
bors are willing."

A PIOUS elder of the Scottish kirk on his
way to service of a Sabbath morning, saw
a little boy and girl playing marbles. He
wrathfully inquired: "Boy, do you know
where children go to who play marbles on
Sunday?" "Ay, ay," answered the boy,
"they gang down to the field by the brig,"
(bridge.) "No!" roared the elder, "they go
to hell and are burned." The little fellow
looked shocked and frightened, called to
his sister: "Come awa, Jennie, come awa,
here's a mon swearing awfully."

THE advent of spring bonnets and hats
has brought forth the following gush, re-
cently noticed on an Express parcel:

Expressmen, beware!
And take extra care
Of this duck of a hat.
It's for Miss Ettie Patton,
And if it is sat on,
'Twould be smashed much too flat.
Its destination a Northern town
Of some renown,
South Summerfield, Conn.

MUCH has been said of late of kissing and
the different kinds. They have several vari-
eties in Brooklyn. An anonymous Scotch
poet expresses himself in this style:

Some say that kissing's a sin,
But I think it's nae ava;
For kissing has wonn'd in this world,
Since ever that there was twa,

Oh, if it wasna lawful,
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna take it;
If it wasna planty,
Puir folk wadna get it,

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Vol. 2. No. 19. { D. M. BENNETT,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. }

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Notes and Clippings.

LITERARY women are long lived. So are actors and actresses.

THE Japanese have celebrated their two thousand five hundred and thirty-fifth anniversary.

BET root sugar can be made in California at seven cents a pound, including every expense.

BEING asked what made him so dirty, an unwashed street Arab's reply was: "I was made, as they tell me, of dust, and I suppose it works out."

INTENSE heat prevailed on April 19 in the north of Scotland. Eighty degrees were registered at mid-day in the sun, and sixty-five in the shade. Two deaths from sun-stroke are reported.

THE Rev. Thos. Beecher of Elmira, N. Y., opened a dancing party with prayer the other evening, after which he said, "Now, boys, form on and I'll see you dance once, and then go home."

ORRIN SHIPMAN wants Victoria Woodhull to come and start a community "of the right stamp" on his Valcour Island property, where the free lovers' recent experiment failed.

"MAY I leave a few tracts?" asked a pious missionary of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracts? Certainly you may," said she, looking at him benignly over her specs. "Leave them with the heels towards the house, if you please."

It is reported that Mr. Beecher has taken an office in the Tribune building. That will be a fine trio, Jay Gould, the young editor, and Beecher—financial genius, editorial profundity, and exalted piety and purity.—N. Y. Sun.

A CLERGYMAN'S SUICIDE.—Middleboro', Mass., May 20.—The Rev. Charles S. Macready, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Society here, committed suicide this morning by cutting his throat with a razor. Family trouble, causing depression of spirits, prompted the act.

"You are all going to Hell," shouted an Arkansas camp-meeting preacher. "That's a d—d lie. I am going to New Orleans," said a butternut on a rear seat; but he took it all back when the preacher marched down toward him, pulling an eighteen-inch bowie knife from his boot leg as he advanced.

It is strange that while Jay Gould makes no secret of his ownership of the controlling interest in the Tribune and his plans with reference to the future of that paper, his young editor is very shy of the subject. We advise the young editor to carefully study the wishes of the master.—N. Y. Sun.

If Beecher is guiltless, what a crowd of hitherto respectable people will go down while he ascends to grasp the crown of triumphant martyrdom! If he is guilty, what a crowd of friends, brethren and confidants he is trying to crush to save himself, not even sparing the woman he seduced.—N. Y. Sun.

OLIVER Wendell Holmes says a kiss is "the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet—the love-labial which it takes two to speak plainly." This is the kiss alphabetical, and it is odd that Mr. Beecher hasn't mentioned it.

REVIVALIST Hammond has met out in California at least one father who don't like to have his little daughter frightened into spasms by pictures of hell fire. "You're an ecclesiastical idiot," said the irate parent, and the preacher didn't deny it.

OLD Deacon Roberts was worked up to a high state of enthusiasm in a revival. He was exhorting the unconverted to flee from the wrath to come before it was too late; for, said he, "the Lord is here now, and he may not be here again for twenty years."

FROTHINGHAM very truly says there is nothing in which men are so dishonest, so insincere, as in matters of religion. Thousands profess creeds they do not believe, patronize Sunday charlatans, and go through a service of chanting and bowing, when in their hearts is nothing.

THE Church has banked for eighteen hundred years on the vicarious salvation of Christ, and has issued millions of certificates of deposit on this bank, not one of which can ever be redeemed, or is worth a cent to the holder either in this world or the next.—Earlville Transcript.

STILL ANOTHER.—The Rev. John M. Porter, of Bethlehem, N. J., has just been deposed from the ministry and their fellowship by an ecclesiastical council for gross immorality connected with certain females of the church. John M. will have to change his religion, join another church, take another field and try it again.

THE treatment of Mrs. Tilton is the blackest of the many black things that this trial has brought out. The conduct of Mr. Beecher toward her, on the theory of innocence, is little short of dishonorable. On the theory of his guilt, it is base beyond measure; base in his seduction of her, villainous in his subsequent attempt to escape the consequences of his crime at her expense.—N. Y. Sun.

REV. T. M. DAWSON, late of the Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, Cal., has resigned, and gone to Nevada, leaving a number of other clerical gentlemen losers to the tune of thousands of dollars, invested for them by Dawson in mining stock which have declined in value. The Rev. Dawson was divorced from his wife some months since, on the grounds of desertion, she refusing to go to California with him from this State.

DURING the revival service at Valejo, California, a gentleman observed that one of Mr. Hammond's most energetic lady assistants was being vigorously hugged by a young man while the singing was going on. When the inquiry meeting was commenced, the young lady approached the gentleman who had been watching her, and asked in a meek, plaintive voice: "Do you love Jesus?" "I fear I don't love Jesus half, as much as you do the boys," responded the gentleman. The fair damsel was not disconcerted a bit, and she curled up her pretty mouth and said, "Don't you wish you were one of the boys?"

THE PROBABLE RESULT.—A member of Dr. Storrs' church in Brooklyn, attempted the solution of this problem yesterday by saying that "Plymouth church will run along just as ever, even if Mr. Beecher be found guilty, for about three or four months. By that time the recoil of public sentiment will have begun to make itself felt. All the other Congregational churches of the country will have disfellowshipped it. It will stand alone, a pariah among the Christian churches of the land. Then one or two men like Claflin or Storrs or Sage will drop away from it. Examples of this kind are always contagious. Other reputable men will follow. The women will stick longest to Beecher. It is women mostly who have lately joined his church. But Beecher will not be extinguished all of a sudden. Our country cousins, when they come to town, will flock to hear him still. He will continue to be reported in the newspapers. But that his congregation, as now constituted, will finally break up, is not to be doubted. Beecher, as a power, will wane. As a curiosity he will continue to draw as long as he lives."—Herald.

MORE FOOLS.—Joseph Curry, who says he is Christ, and not long ago was driven out of Georgia for forming a free-love colony, has started a new religious society in Springfield, Mass. A negress is worshiped by him and his few followers as queen of earth and heaven. He and this woman now represent themselves as fasting forty days and forty nights, and they have nearly starved themselves in a rigorous observance of the right. They are terribly emaciated, and so weak they can hardly walk. Curry says that at the end of forty days they will be transported to heaven in a chariot of fire. We hope they'll go.

A RUMOR prevails that Henry Ward Beecher will take up his residence in Florida when the great trial which now convulses himself and the country is ended. He has bought an orange plantation in Florida, adjoining his sister Harriet's place, and he has an agent there arranging things in the very best Beecher order for his reception. There he expects to catch the delicious scent of orange and lemon groves on the balmy breezes, recuperate his worried mind, and select for the future wiser and better companions. It is thought Henry's financier, the amiable Mrs. Beecher, will see that Elizabeth does not go along.

ALL HEARSAY EVIDENCE.—"I say Mr. Smithers," said Mrs. Smithers to her husband: "didn't I hear you down in the kitchen kissing the cook?" "My dear," replied Smithers, blandly, "permit me to insist upon my right to be reasonably ignorant, I really cannot say what you may have heard." "But wasn't you down there kissing the cook?" "My dear, I really cannot recollect, I only remember going into the kitchen and coming out again. I may have been there, and from what you say, I infer I was. But I cannot recollect just what occurred." "But," persisted the ruthless cross-examiner, "what did Jane mean when she said, 'Oh! Smithers, don't kiss so loud, or the old she-dragon up stairs will hear us?'" "Well," said Smithers, in his blandest tones, "I cannot remember what interpretation I did put on the words at the time. They are not my words, you must remember."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE TWENTIETH WEEK of the Brooklyn Clerical Adultery Trial has, as we go to press, reached its close. The testimony is all in, and the lawyers have commenced summing up. Ex-Judge Porter has for three days been making herculean efforts to earn the \$10,000 he is said to have for the part he takes in the trial. That he is a man of eloquence, cannot be denied; and that, like most other lawyers, he is able to make the worse appear the better side, is also true. He paints Beecher the greatest saint alive, and Tilton the most depraved villain. He argues that, because Beecher is an eminent divine, a talented Christian preacher, that it is very improbable he could have committed adultery with a ewe lamb of his fold. There is a peculiar coolness in this argument. If there has been one such case in this country there has been five thousand. The poor innocent shepherds to be sure! In speaking of Tilton, Judge Porter says: "If there be a beast upon earth capable of holding a conversation about the parentage of his own boy with the paramour of his own adulterous wife, he has lived too long upon earth; it is time for him to die." There is of course, two sides to this question. In the language of the Sun it may be stated thus: If there be a beast on earth capable of debauching the wife of his friend and disciple, under pretense of praying with her and fortifying her soul with pious admonition; then, to save himself, accusing her of falling in love with him, and lying, when she called their intercourse adultery; afterwards defaming her husband for the same cowardly purpose; and again, charging with perjury the friend and the friend's wife to whom he confided, with tears and agony of pretended repentance, the secret of his infamous crime—all in order that he might himself escape due punishment and infamy at their expense; if such a beast exists, he has lived too long; it is time for him to die." The cruelest feature in this whole Beecher business is, that the reputation of so many good people must be blackened; that Henry Ward Beecher should shine with a false whiteness. "Even this shall pass away." By the time our next number issues, the trial will probably be completed.

The Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion; or,

An Answer to the Question: Have We a Supernaturally Revealed, Infallibly Inspired and Miraculously Attested Religion in the World?

BY E. E. GUILD.

PREFACE.—Whenever an opinion or institution which has long been held to be sacred, is attacked, the prejudices of their adherents will of course be shocked. This proves nothing either for or against the opinion or institution. The same shock is experienced by the Egyptian when he hears the sacredness of leeks and onions, cats and other animals questioned. Also by the Hindoo, when the divinity of his idols is disputed. And by the Mohammedans, when the authority of the Koran is denied. For ages mankind have revered, venerated and held sacred three great idols—the Priesthood, the Bible and the Church. The first has been regarded as the authorized instructor of the people in knowledge, wisdom and virtue; the second as the ultimate standard of appeal to settle all differences of opinion; the last as a secure shelter from the wrath of an incensed Deity and the evil influence of a semi-omnipotent Devil, who disputes with the Almighty the supremacy of the Universe. These are monstrous errors, degrading and pernicious in their influence. One design of this work is to expose them.

Although the Priesthood of the present day profess to be the friends of education, they are so only in so far as they can control it. There is a certain kind of information which, to the extent of their ability, they keep from the knowledge of the people. This work is intended to impart to them that very knowledge. The writer does not believe that ignorance is the mother of true devotion, nor that it is a good soil for the growth of true religion. Nor does he believe with Eusebius that falsehood is good as a medicine for the mind, nor that in order to benefit the people it is necessary to deceive them. He does not endorse the sentiment of Gregory, surnamed "The Divine," who says, "a little jargon is all that is necessary to impose on the people," nor that of Synecius, a bishop of the Church, whose opinion was that "the people are desirous of being deceived." And although he said that "to himself he should always be a philosopher, but, in dealing with the mass of mankind, he should be a priest," we say it is the duty of every man who assumes the office of a public instructor, to be not only a philosopher to himself, but to the people also, and to make philosophers of them too if he can. We do not believe that there is anything true about religion that the people ought not to know, nor anything false that it is expedient for them to believe. If the people are perishing at all, it is for the lack of knowledge and for proper direction of the faculties and powers which the God of Nature has bestowed upon them.

The present inhabitants of the world number 1,288,000,000 souls; one-quarter of these are nominal Christians. If we allow that one in four of these are actual professors, the number will be 80,500,000. Can the idea be entertained for a moment that for a period of near 6,000 years God has been endeavoring, by the most stupendous miracles, to establish a religion in the world, on the belief of which hang suspended the eternal interests of mankind, and that belief in it is confined to only a small remnant of our race? Is it not a much better, broader, more charitable view, one more honoring to God, and more satisfactory to believe, that all forms of religion contain some truth and some error, and that it is a perfectly lawful and legitimate business to separate the one from the other?

To this work these pages are dedicated as an assistant. May they be effectual in accomplishing this design. The position defended by the author is, that there is no true religion except what is perfectly natural to man; and that whatever else is so called, is a delusion and a snare. The great objection urged against this view is, that "without supernatural revelation, we could know nothing about God, or our relations to him, nor of our duty to him and our fellow-men." This comes with an ill grace from those who accept as infallible an authority which flatly contradicts them. The Bible teaches that "the heavens declare the glory of God, that the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." Paul quoted the testimony of a heathen poet to prove that mankind are the children of God, and he asserted that the Gentiles who had not the law, but were a law unto themselves, did by nature the things contained in the law, their consciences accusing or excusing one another. Jesus, addressing the multitude, says, "why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" implying an ability on their part to distinguish between right and wrong. But what can be expected of men who have been educated to think that investigation and the use of their reason are wrong, and put in jeopardy their eternal interest? What men need is to have the mental crutches on which they have been leaning removed; to be taught to rely on themselves, and "stand up and show themselves men." No greater evil exists in human society than a superstition which makes mental and moral slaves of men, drowning reason in fanaticism, and making men fear to use legitimately

the powers and faculties which the God of Nature has bestowed upon them.

This work is designed to impress the minds of men, not by addressing their love of the mysterious and wonderful, but by appeals to those powers of the mind with whose dictates the views herein presented are in perfect harmony. The religious world is in a state of transition, consequent on which there is great commotion and apparent confusion. The same state of things existed soon after the breaking out of the Protestant Reformation, in view of which some timid men like Melancthon and Erasmus, threatened to abandon the cause and go back to the Mother Church. We have the same class of timid souls now. They fear that free investigation will unsettle the very foundations of religious belief, and leave men without any religion at all. But men of strong faith know better. The number of brave, free-born minds is very greatly on the increase. They do not fail to lay the axe at the root of the tree, to strike at the very foundation of superstition, bigotry and intolerance. They realize that the present commotion cannot always continue; that the storm will ultimately settle into a calm; and that when the strife is over, on surveying the situation, it will be found a very great advance has been made in religious thought and ideas.

PART I.

A brief history of the four great Religions claiming a Supernatural Origin—Paganism, Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism.

Is Religion a special revelation from God to man? This is an important question. If the affirmative is true, it ought to be known and believed by all men. If the negative answer is the true one, the sooner the fact is made known to the world the better. In answer to the question, millions of voices will loudly exclaim *Yes!* On the other hand millions of men with equal confidence and emphasis will answer *No!* Both cannot be right. Both are ready to adduce arguments to justify their respective opinions. I propose at this time to array the arguments of the contending parties before you. I will give them an open field and fair play, and allow you to judge which comes off victor in the contest. Nearly all great battles are preceded by skirmishes—by the skirmish lines of the respective armies. And so, before I bring on the onset between the opposing arguments of the affirmative and negative, it will be necessary in order that you may have a clear view of the battle to clear the field by stating a few preliminaries.

By *supernatural* we understand an event, occurrence, or phenomenon, produced by a special, direct and miraculous act of Divine power.

By *Nature*, we mean the Universe, with all its varied physical, intellectual, and moral phenomena.

The four principal religions in the world claiming a supernatural origin are, the Pagan, Jewish, Christian and Mohammedan. *Paganism* was the religion of all the nations of the earth previous to the establishment of Judaism, and is now the religion of more than one half of mankind. We can trace its history backward into the darkness of remote ages when no human records were made. It is the most ancient, the most wide spread and has endured the longest of any religion in the world. Dr. Justin observes, that, "It was the religion of the greatest, the wisest, and the politest nations, of the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Phoenicians, the parents of civil government, and of arts and sciences." It held its power over the minds of men until a century of the time of Christ, at which period it began to wane. At the time of the appearance of Christ universal skepticism prevailed throughout all Greece and Rome, among all their poets, philosophers, statesmen, and priests. The forms however were kept up, and the common people who were sunk in ignorance still continued to adhere to it. In this they were encouraged by their educated men and priests, among whom it was a maxim, that, there were many things true in religion which it was not convenient for the vulgar to know; and some things, which, though false, it was expedient for them to believe. Those who should have been the instructors of the people were their deceivers. Hence, two kinds of philosophy and religion were taught by them; the Esoteric and Exoteric, the first to be taught to the educated, the other to the masses of the uneducated people.

Judaism has existed over three thousand years. It was the religion of one nation only, and that comparatively small and inhabiting only a small portion of the earth. It is a very prevalent opinion in our day that the Jews throughout their whole history have maintained a steady and uniform faith in their religion. This is a very great mistake. Unbelievers were by no means uncommon among them. They had their Paines and Voltaires as well as we. At a very early period after the establishment of their religion by Moses, Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, "and two hundred and fifty princes of the assembly, famous in the congregation, men of renown," rose up in rebellion against him, and disputed his right to exercise authority over them. It is impossible to account for this fact only on the supposition that these men had no faith in the Divine appointment and authority of Moses. Reason asserted itself in the minds of these dissenters; but its voice was silenced by the popular clamor, and Korah and his com-

pany were sacrificed to the fury of their more credulous and practical countrymen. Aaron, a brother of Moses, and the first priest of the new religion, and his wife Miriam, rebelled against Moses, claiming that he had no superiority over them as a teacher of the Lord.

The frequent murmurings and rebellions of the Jews against Moses, shows that their confidence in his divine authority was often shaken and sometimes well nigh abandoned. Absalom, too, rebelled against his own father David, and sought to supplant him on the throne, and he had many adherents. Solomon apostatized from the religion of his fathers, and adopted that of the Pagans. After the death of Solomon, ten of the Hebrew tribe set up a kingdom of their own, renounced Judaism and embraced and practiced Paganism. This continued for a period of two hundred and fifty years. In the mean time, the kingdom of Judah vascilated between the two religions, sometimes practicing the one, then the other. During the reigns of Hezekiah, and Josiah, Judaism was revived and flourished for a short time, but soon sank again with the fall of the nation. It is now well nigh extinct; a great majority of the Jews of the present day no longer regard it as a supernatural religion. At that time, and long before the appearance of Christ, the Jews were divided into different sects, much skepticism prevailed, and some of it was tolerated. The Essenes discarded all forms and ceremonies, and utterly denied the authority of the letter of the Jewish sacred books. The Samaritans and Sadducees denied the inspiration of all the books of the Old Testament, except the Pentateuch; and the latter had no faith in a future state of existence. And yet, Sadducees, and Pharisees, alike sat in Moses' seat and filled the office of the great High Priest of the Jewish religion.

Christianity, has existed over eighteen and a half centuries. It is intimately connected with Judaism, but has been made to supersede it. Judaism, however, might be true even although Christianity should be proved false. But if Judaism is proved false it would shake Christianity to its very center. The first converts to Christianity were from the "common people." To this class Christ chiefly confined his teaching, and with them he mainly associated. He exposed the rottenness and corruption of the Jewish Church, and the hypocrisy of its priesthood and other Church dignitaries and members. This was very pleasing to a class of people who were treated with scorn and contempt by the Church, and made him an acceptable teacher among them. The new religion was accepted in Greece, and Rome, for a similar reason. It exposed the frauds and impositions of the Pagan priests, and inculcated the exercise of a spirit of good will even to those who were in the lower ranks of life. The Pagan philosophers, seeing in it a system of pure Theism, which was then the prevalent belief among them, and, admiring its beautiful system of moral ethics did not discourage its reception, but rather encouraged it, and some of them embraced it. Some of these converts, however, denied its supernatural origin, and wrote against it. Porphyry, a Platonist, who lived in the very midst of Christians of the second century, and who accepted the moral teachings of Christianity, nevertheless wrote a book to disprove its miraculous origin. So also, did Celsus, and Julian, one of the Roman Emperors, who once professed it, afterwards renounced it. For this, these men were branded as apostates and Infidels. Under Constantine, Christianity became the religion of the Roman empire, established by law. It soon became corrupted, and in this corrupted form held sway over the public mind of Europe and other countries all through the Dark Ages. On the revival of learning, skepticism began to make its appearance again. It increased more and more in proportion as the arts and sciences flourished, and as progress was made in education and civilization. As the science of the laws and phenomena of Nature were made known to men, they became sceptical in regard to the supernatural and miraculous, and that skepticism they applied to Christianity. At the present time a wide spread unbelief in all supernatural occurrences and events pervades the minds of all ranks, classes, and conditions of men. It has gained an entrance into the Church itself, and many of its clergymen and laymen join with men of literature, learning and science, in utterly repudiating the idea that there ever was, is now, or ever will be any interruption of, or interference with the steady, uniform, and uninterrupted operation of Nature and her laws; and also, in the belief that we must have a religious system based on scientific facts, and not on the mere dreams and visions of visionary men.

Mohammedanism, originated in the seventh century of the Christian era. It was designed not to supersede Christianity, nor Judaism, but to supplement both. According to Mahomet, Christ undertook to make men religious by preaching a doctrine of love, and failed. He was commissioned of God to propagate religion by fire and sword, to convert men by force of arms. Mohammedanism spread with astonishing rapidity. It was established in Arabia, Turkey, Persia, and among several nations in Africa and India. It was planted in the sacred land trodden by the feet of Christ and his Apostles, and supplanted Christianity on its own soil. Mahomet had as many,

if not more followers than Christ, and although his religion is six hundred years younger than Christianity, yet there are more real Mohammedans than there are real Christians.

All four of these religions claim a heavenly origin in a special and direct sense. They do not mutually exclude each other. Judaism, it is true, denies the claims of all the rest, Christianity admits the claims of Judaism, but denies the pretence of the other two; whereas Paganism admits the supernatural origin of them all, and claims only that it is the purest and best of them all.

In this country the popular opinion is that the religions of Paganism, and Mohammedanism, are spurious and false; but that the claims of Judaism, and Christianity, are based on an impregnable foundation of truth. On the other hand a large and respectable minority of our citizens deny the claims of each one of them. It is only with the assumption of Judaism, and Christianity, that we have now to do. Those who accept these religions as supernatural revelations from God, do so on the authority of the Hebrew, and Christian Bibles, which they claim constitute an infallible standard of religious truth. Everything here, then, depends on the truth or falsity of the assumption in regard to that book. The question is: Is the Bible a special, direct, supernatural, and infallible revelation? The skirmish is now over, and the battle of opposing arguments begins. Let us examine with carefulness and candor what the disputants have to offer.

PART II.

Reviews of the Arguments in favor of Supernatural Religion.

1. On the affirmative it is urged that "a revelation from God is possible." This we do not dispute. What we deny is that the fact of a thing being possible with God proves that the thing has been or will be done. God has power to do many things that he does not do. If I were to say that God has power to make all his creatures happy, therefore, all are, or will be happy, many of the advocates of the Bible would see the fallacy of such reasoning. But the argument is just as good as this for the Bible.

2. "A revelation from God is desirable." To this we reply. First, that the fact of a thing being desirable is no proof that the desire will be gratified. Men have a thousand desires that are not granted. There are no desires more universal among men than the desire to live and be happy; and yet men die and are not perfectly happy. The argument in favor of universal salvation, founded on the universal desire of happiness, is just as good as this for the Bible. Second, however desirable it may be to have a revelation from God, that fact does not prove that the revelation would be in book form, nor that the Bible is that book. We have a number of books claiming to be revelations, and the argument is just as good in favor of each one of them as it is for the Bible. Besides, a book revelation would not be adapted to satisfy the desires of only a small portion of those who have lived in the past, inasmuch, as not more than one quarter of them could read it.

3. "A revelation from God is necessary." Necessary for what? "To teach us the existence of God, of a future state of being, and the principles of morality and virtue," we are told. But all these were known and taught by men who never saw or heard of the Bible. If a revelation was necessary at all, it was just as necessary for one man as another, for one nation as another. But nearly all knowledge of the Bible was for thousands of years confined to a very small minority of the human race. The believers in several books claiming to be revelations, may plead in favor of each the necessity of it, with as much propriety and force as that plea is made for the Bible.

4. "The truths contained in the Bible prove it to be a revelation." So think the believers in other books called revelations, and the argument is equally conclusive for each. But is every book a revelation that contains truth? Then the world is full of revelations. Common sense teaches us that a book that teaches truth is not necessarily a revelation, else Daboll's arithmetic is as perfect a revelation as God ever made.

5. "The wonderful Prophecies contained in the Bible are conclusive in proof of its divine origin." Most of the biblical prophecies are general in their nature, based on the idea of retribution, and consisting of promises to the Jews, of prosperity if they were obedient, and warnings of calamity in case of disobedience. It is the easiest thing in the world to make predictions in this way, and to have them verified to the very letter. True prophecies, also, may be based on our knowledge of the history of the past, of the laws of nature, and the law of cause and effect. If I were to predict that one hundred years from this time there would be wars and rumors of wars, that mankind would marry and be given in marriage, that murders would be committed, that there would be storms, tempests and earthquakes, the prediction would undoubtedly be verified in due time. Many of the so-called prophecies are couched in vague, indefinite and obscure language. So much is this the case, that they are susceptible of a great variety of interpretations and applications, and have actually been applied in a hundred different ways. Nothing is more obscure in the Bible than its supposed prophecies. No argument

based on them is therefore of any force. Besides, we have outside of the Bible many prophecies more definite, positive, unmistakable and better authenticated than any in it. It is generally supposed that the Old Testament contains a number of prophecies which relate to Jesus Christ. I hesitate not to say that there is not one that can be proved to have any relation to him whatever.

6. "The extraordinary miracles recorded in the Bible prove its divinity." Is every book that contains a record of miracles a divine book? If so, then the Koran, the sacred book of the Hindoos, Gulliver's Travels, the Arabian Nights Entertainment, and Jack the Giant-Killer must be divine. If these alleged miracles could be proved, the argument based on them would have force. But they have never been proved. The authenticity of the historical portions of the Bible has not been proved, and to undertake to prove the miracles by the Bible, and then the Bible by the miracles, is only reasoning in a circle, a mode of reasoning which no honest, intelligent man will adopt.

7. "The good influence of the Bible in the world shows that it came from God." That the influence of the Bible, both for good and evil, has been very great is true. Its good influence we attribute to the good that we admit it contains. Its bad effects we charge not so much to its errors as to the belief in its infallibility. Were it not for this belief, its errors would long since have been discarded and all its good retained, without being to a great extent neutralized by its errors and this pernicious belief. Besides, the fact that a book has exerted a powerful influence in the world, is very far from proving that it is a book of God. The influence of the Bible has scarcely been greater than that of the Koran, the Veda, or the Shaster, but none of these are God's book. The Bible alone is not a successful civilizer nor moralizer of men. We have been trying the experiment for years. We have sent our Bibles and missionaries into every barbarous and semi-barbarous nation. We have given them a surfeit of each. At last the discovery has been made that the arts are as efficacious civilizers as the Bible. It is true the Bible and civilization in modern times have accompanied each other. But in ancient times civilization existed in places where the Bible was unknown, and, indeed, before it had an existence. It is also true that in countries the most civilized, there we find the greatest number of unbelievers in the infallibility of the Bible. Civilization is to a great extent a matter of climate, race, circumstances and condition. The inferior races of men, and the inhabitants of the torrid and frigid zones never attain to the same degree of civilization as those who live in more temperate climates.

8. "The character of the men who wrote the Bible proves it to be an inspired book. They were evidently honest men, and they claim to have been inspired. If we say they were not, we accuse honest men of attempting to deceive." We answer, 1. Only a few of the writers claim to have been inspired as writers. None of the writers of the New Testament make this claim except the author of the book of Revelations. Neither Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Peter, James, nor Paul claimed any authority from God or Christ to write what they did. 2. It is quite possible for honest men to suppose themselves to be inspired when they are not. Past history furnishes numerous examples of this kind. To question their inspiration is not to question their honesty. 3. We know nothing about the character of the biblical writers, for we do not know who they were. This we shall show in the proper place.

9. "The numerous persons who have laid down their lives and become martyrs in the cause of the Bible, is an evidence in its favor." If all the men in the world should lay down their lives to defend a falsehood, it would not make the falsehood true. Every form of religion has had its martyrs, and almost every sect in Christendom has had them too. If the argument from martyrdom proves anything, it proves that all forms of religion are true, and that every sect in the world is right. The argument proves too much, and is, therefore, good for nothing. Martyrdom proves only the honesty of the martyr, and honest men are often mistaken.

10. "The fact that the Bible is accepted by so many learned, wise and good men is much in its favor." This argument, like the preceding, proves too much. Many as good men as any have accepted the Bibles of other religions. Some as good as the best have rejected the claims to a supernatural origin of them all. Of course they could not all be right, therefore their respective beliefs prove nothing in regard to the truth or falsity of their belief.

11. "The steady and tenacious belief of the Jews in the Old Testament, and of Christians in both the Old and New Testaments, cannot be accounted for except on the supposition that the events recorded in them actually occurred." 1. Here again the argument proves too much. How came the Greeks and Romans and other Pagan nations to believe in the wonders and prodigies recorded in their mythology? or the Hindoos to believe in the Veda, and the Mohammedans in the Koran? It is just as easy to account for the belief of one as the other. 2. We have seen that there never was a uniform and universal belief among the Jews, in the divine origin of their sacred books. Throughout the whole period of their history unbelievers were found

among them, and at times a majority of the nation were so. The same is true of the belief in the New Testament. At a very early period after the compilation of that book, its authority was questioned, has been questioned ever since, and is being questioned more and more.

12. "The fact that a belief in the Bible enables its possessor to die in peace, and in the comforting assurance of a blissful immortality evinces its divine origin." 1. The argument proves too much again. How dies the moral man of every form of religion and of every sect? Is it not with the same calmness and peace, and the same comforting hopes? Does this prove that they are all right in their belief? Certainly not, but only that they are honest in their belief. The manner of one's death is no test of the truth or falsity of his opinions, but only of the sincerity of the dying man, and the strength of his convictions. Some of the greatest skeptics have met death with as much courage, calmness and peace as was ever manifested by the strongest believers in the Bible. 2. Nor is it true that believers in the Bible always die in peace. Instances are not wanting of their dying in the agonies of utter despair. The manner of one's death depends very much on the temperament, disposition and organization of the individual, the nature of his disease, and whether he is naturally courageous and hopeful or timid and fearful.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Even This shall Pass Away."

[The following exquisite lines have been before published, but will be new to most of our readers. They were written, as will be seen, by one whose name has been much before the public of late, but we trust, nevertheless, due credit will be rendered for the truthfulness and beauty of expression here so perceptible:]

THE KING'S RING.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

Once in Persia reigned a king,
Who upon his signet-ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel, at a glance,
Fit for every change and chance;
Solemn words, and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away!"

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these.
But he counted not as gain
Treasures of the mine or main;
"What is wealth?" the king would say,
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests,
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried, "O, loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay:
'Even this shall pass away.'

Lady fairest ever seen
Chose he for his bride and queen.
Couched upon the marriage bed,
Whispering to his soul, he said,
"Though a bridegroom never pressed
Dearer bosom to his breast,
Mortal flesh must come to clay:
'Even this shall pass away.'

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers with a loud lament,
Bore him bleeding to his tent.
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried;
"But with patience, day by day,
'Even this shall pass away.'

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly, "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay:
'Even this shall pass away.'

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the gates of Gold,
Spoke he with his dying breath,
"Life is done; but what is death?"
Then in answer to the king
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray—
"Even this shall pass away."

A new source of caoutchouc has been discovered in Burmah, in a creeping plant whose botanical name is *Chavamesia esculenta*. The plant is very common in Burmese forests, and is cultivated by the natives for the sake of its fruit, which is said to have an agreeable acid taste, and to mature at a season when tamarinds are scarce.

The Truth Seeker,

A JOURNAL
OF REFORM AND FREE THOUGHT.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.
No. 335 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE WITCH OF THE WINE MARK, the pleasing story of witchcraft times in New England, was completed in our last number. We trust our readers were edified and amused with its perusal. In its place we commence in this number THE PRO AND CON OF SUPERNATURAL RELIGION, (a work of medium proportions,) by E. E. GUILD, an ex-clergyman. The arguments he uses are sound, cogent, conclusive and well expressed. We bespeak for them the careful perusal of all our readers.

Another Blast from Elder Shelton.

This doughty defender of the old flood story has favored us with another of his luminous epistles. We hesitated some before cumbering our columns with such senseless twaddle, fearing our readers will not thank us for intellectual pabulum of so low a grade; but the Elder, doubtless, likes to be heard, and we will humor him this once more.

If regrets were availing, we would indulge in sorrow that this man of great faith should be so deficient in civility and common courtesy, and should employ expressions gentlemen never use. We do not care very much about his calling us "a dirty fellow;" his calling us so does not make us so; nor we cannot see with what propriety he gives us such an appellation. We bathe pretty often, and do not grovel in filth or dirt. Does the good Elder think we are "dirty" because we cannot come to the same absurd conclusions he does? We imagine he and his foul names are hardly worth minding. We remember, when a boy, of passing through a farm-yard, when an old gander pursued us, and hissed at us fearfully. We, of course, felt insulted, and wished to be revenged. We soon, however, regained our equanimity and remarked to ourselves, "don't mind him, he is only a goose." The same remark is appropriate in this case. Since our boyhood we have met more than one insolent goose, but we try not to be annoyed at their hissing.

Now listen to what our amiable and intellectual Elder has to say. We render him *verbatim et literatim et spellatim*:

BROOKSVILLE, BLOUNT CO., ALA., May 7th, 1875.

MR. D. M. BENNETT, Sir:—I received one of your so-called Truth seekers, or more properly, one of your, Falsehood Depositorys, in which you have in vain, tried to answer the flood question.

First you complain of my bad grammar, I will say to you that it is good enough for Infidels to read, and no Christian will complain against it. You have also accused us of 'lieing,' but the beauty of it is you have not shown that it is so. The fact of the thing is, Mr. Editor you are a kind of a dirty fellow any how, and you are not the first dirty fellow I ever got hold of. I come in contact with one of your sort a few years back, and in our debate which lasted two days, he got so mad he swore by the seven Stars and every thing else he could think of. He showed his Ignorance and want of truth and veracity to the whole audience. But Sir, he did not go so far in folly, and madness, as you have gone, in trying to answer my truths which is founded on the Bible, Science, and Philosophy. I thought at the start; you would get mad, but did not think that you would betray your Ignorance so far as to Blaspheme against the Holy Gohst, in comparing poor old Beecher to the Holy Gohst, and accusing the God of Heaven of Whoredoms. Sir, by this you have brought upon yourself the Contempt of all Christians who read it, and even the Just Censure of all moderate Infidels that read your Paper. This shows at once the Viper blood, that is in you, and shows too, the deep seated malice, and hatred, you have against the Christian, and that you are not actuated by the love of Truth as you hypocritically contend. And my private opinion, is, Mr. Editor that you have been a Preacher in your young days among some of the Orthodox Christian denominations, and probably have been turned out for some unchristian act, and then turned around with a malicious heart, and try to wage a war of extermination against the poor Christians. If it is not so in your case, it has been so in many cases.

Second, we called on the Editor in our last Article to prove by indubitable witness, or evidences, that there has been upheavals in the Earth on the continent of America, since the flood. The Editors pitiful excuse is, that the

man is dead that knew about it. 'yes' and the next time you hear a puffing Infidel talking about those upheavals in the Earth, the Witnesses will be dead again. The fact is if the Editor would receive the Bible declaration, about the great deep being broken up he would understand how it is that the different Stratas of Sandstone and Lime, are mixed up together in a conglomerated mass in certain Localities, and if he could believe that it rained 40 days and nights as the Bible states he could have told how that ridge which H. Scott, lives on in Blount Co., was formed some 40 feet above a Strata of Soil, Timber &c he could see that the 40 days rain would make a flood sufficient to wash the dirt and gravel from a high ridge, close by and from this small ridge, above this soil and timber, but he has entirely failed to give us any thing, but his bare assertions and when called on to prove them stated that the witnesses are dead. The fact is the Editor is driven to his last shifts, and to the wall, so much so that he became extremely absent minded in trying to answer our last Article, and got entirely out of soap and Tallow too, and went to planting Cucumber Seeds, and turning bed bugs into frogs. I laughed; when I saw the poor old grey headed Editor engaged in turning bedbugs into frogs, but from what I see of the Truth Seeker he had as well go on with the Bedbug business, and if the Editor lacks a supply of the little Pesky Creatures, we will send him some from Alabama by Express clear of freight charges. The People of Alabama would not care if he would turn all their bedbugs into frogs. Thirdly, after the frog matter, he tries to gass us Considerably, he is silly enough to try to make us believe that the Rocky and other Large Mountains, have been upheaved or formed from the force of Gass beneath. Now a man that would resort to such pitiful Subterfuges, in order to get rid of Bible truths, the Devil ought to get him, and then he would get Gass enough, but it would be Sulphuric Gass. Now Sir, as little as you think of it I have read Volumes of illustrious scientific works from noble minded and generous hearted Philosophers and Scientists, but none of them will agree with you in your Gass Theory. There is none but a few poisoned hearted Infidel writers that Claim Such a Theory. I wish Sir you would give me one hundred Dollars for every acknowledged Scientific man that will say that the Bible and Science is in Harmony with each other, and go hand in hand. I would be willing to give you a hundred Dollars for every one to The Contrary. The Bible itself is full of Science; for instance, David in one of his Psalms calls the world the round world and bids it to rejoice. Job says he maketh the weight for the wind Job was Scientific, and understood that the air had weight, and again he says, He stretcheth out the North over the Empty place, and hangeth the Earth upon nothing.

Solomon Says, all the Rivers run into the Sea; yet the Sea is not full; unto the place from whence the Rivers come, thither they return again. Then Sir there is a grander and more Sublime Science taught in the Bible, and that is the Science of mans Salvation. You told us a great tale about a traveller from Japan and China, how honest they were and how fine they were getting along in Infidelity; you will have to prove to me, that man was a truthful man, before I will have it. But in order to prove to you that he Lied, I will take you to some Large Seaport Town, and I will Show you a Japann or Chinaman Water Craft, or trading vessel, I will bring it along side of an American or European Ship of trade, and draw the contrast and say here is Infidel or heathen, and here is Christian, here is Bible, here is Science, and the blessings of civil and religious Institutions, it would compare about as favorable as a small Bird Trap, set up by the side of a fine mansion. Then go with one to the interior of Africa where they eat Snails and Bugs and also among the tribes of Indians and then turn to the Bible and Christian lands, and see the difference. Sir all the elevation and refinement you have about you, you owe it all to the Bible. Sir we do not displace the God of the Universe as you say about us, for a Jewish God, but we worship the great Jehovah or Creator of the Universe, who rules and governs all things, he is the first great Cause of all things, we prove this from Revelation, but you have no Revelation to back your blind Ideas, and in your blindness suppose an impossible thing, and that is that the Universe was always in existence. Sir I thought I had an opponent when I commenced correspondence with you, but unless you give me something better than Gass, Cucumbers, Bedbugs, and Frogs, you had better turn the matter over to some of your brother Infidels. I have written this Article as short and condensed as the subject will allow. You Can answer it if you see proper, if you do, dont waste so much Ink and Paper in trying to answer it, but I suppose the Ink and Paper is your own property and the Columns of your paper had as well be filled with that as anything Else.

ELD. J. C. SHELTON.

REMARKS. We have heard of people who knew so little that they did not know when they were whipped, and we think Elder Shelton is one of them. After we pointed out explicitly a baker's dozen of his falsehoods, uttered in his last article, and proved them to be positively false, he now exultingly says, "the beauty of it is you have not shown it is so." He reminds us of the fellow that stole a sheep, and after he and his family had eaten the flesh, the pelt, or hide, was found at his house and identified. When arrested for sheep

stealing he chuckled and said: "Aha! you found the pelt, but the beauty of it is you didn't find the mut-ton!"

The Elder informs us he met a man in debate a few years since. He fails to tell us what the subject was, but we are left to infer the other fellow came off second best, for the Elder made him swear by the seven stars and a good many other things. The Elder ought to have told us what the fellow got mad at. Possibly it was at the Elder's suavity and good-breeding. We fear the unfortunate man did not have our early experience with the goose. If this man was the equal of Elder Shelton what a pair of intellectual giants they must have been! We would willingly perform a "Sabbath day's journey" to see such brave knights measure their steel. Just think of it! For two whole days these mental gladiators astonished and electrified their audience. Great as this unknown man must have been to go through what he did, it is perhaps not strange that his mind gave way at last, and he swore by the seven stars. Possibly he thought the Elder was seven giants in one. We are pleased that while this opponent must have been great, the Elder thinks he did not equal us in some points.

We are more pleased with this compliment than with the following one, that he thinks we have at some time been a preacher in an orthodox church. We really can't take that as much of a compliment; and notice how he puts it. After calling us a "dirty fellow," after accusing us of blasphemy, hypocrisy, and falsehood, he comes to the conclusion that we were once a preacher. It seems, then, the Elder thinks these qualities go together. If it is so we deem him more correct in this than in most of his other positions.

We wish to disabuse the Elder's mind, as well as to vindicate our character. We may have had our faults; we may have erred on the right hand and on the left; we are poor, and have some poor relations, but thanks to our stars, or some other good influence, we have never yet got so low as to be a preacher. We have never taken money from simple-minded and mistaken people under the pretense of dispensing to them the bread of life, of interceding for them at the throne of Deity and pretending to know more about God and the Devil and the future world than they did. No, no, we have never been a preacher! We have been a son of toil. The little money we have been able to get possessed of has been honestly procured. We have been conscientiously opposed to taking something for nothing, and have meant to tell the truth; hence we could not have been an orthodox preacher, and would not be one, were we to live a dozen lives. Neither have we ever been expelled from any church, society or association. The Elder will have to try again.

Equally at fault is the Elder when he sees us a "poor, grey-headed old man." We are not poor in flesh, and have as much on our bones as we find convenient or useful. We do not know that we have a grey hair in our head, but if it was all grey, it would be no disgrace. Neither are we quite as old as Methuselah was said to be. While we are fully as old as we ever were, we have seen the time when we were as young as anybody. We mention these small points to show the Elder how easy it is for him to be mistaken. In fact, we think him mistaken in nearly every instance.

The Elder seems rather pleased with our allusion to the bed-bug and frog, and just for his pleasure we are perfectly willing they should be incorporated into the flood story, so he can have the satisfaction of referring to them often, thinking about them, and believing in them. He suggests that we change all the bed-bugs into frogs. We beg to be excused. It is not in our line. We cheerfully refer him to his God and to Moses. They are said at one time to have been very extensively engaged in the frog making business; literally filling a large country with them, including the fields, houses, chambers, beds, ovens and kneading troughs. As the Elder is a man of prayer, and as he wishes the bed-bugs to be changed to frogs, if he will just ask his God to do the little job for him, possibly he may be gratified. Perhaps he would not like quite as many frogs as were produced on the occasion referred to, for it will be recollected old Pharaoh became very much annoyed with them and importuned Moses to kill them off, and that caused a

terrible stench in the whole land. We think upon the whole, it will be better for the Elder to try and make out with what frogs he has down in Alabama, and if he is overrun with bed-bugs, to wash his bedsteads with soap-suds, and apply a solution of *corrosive sublimate*, mixed with spirits turpentine or kerosene. We assure him it is effectual, if thoroughly applied.

The Elder asserts we are "driven to our last shift." He is greatly mistaken; he is not half so powerful as he imagines he is. In the first place, we do not wear shifts, and have not for several years. If he means shirts, he is still wrong, for we are happy in assuring him we have half a dozen clean ones ahead. It has not always been so with us, but happens to be just now. He says, also, we are "entirely out of soap and tallow." We don't know how he should be so well informed about our soap and tallow, unless he has been prying around our premises. So far as soap is concerned, he is mistaken; we have several pieces on hand, and never allow ourselves to get entirely out. Tallow we have very little use for, and keep no supply by us. By the elegant metaphors the Elder uses, we are led to infer that, in addition to preaching, he is engaged in the soap manufacture. If this is so, we think he ought to succeed in making large quantities if he can only procure the tallow, as he has *lie* enough to fill all emergencies.

The pious Elder seems a little horrified at our allusion to the third part of his deity or the third member of the firm—the trinity—and which it is, the world will never know), and says we have thereby brought upon ourselves the contempt of all Christians. That may be so, and it may not. If it is, it is wholly immaterial, for their contempt is so much beneath ours that no harm at all is done. We did not say anything about the God of Heaven committing whoredoms. We briefly alluded to a circumstance imperfectly described by Matthew and Luke, the only authorities we have upon the extraordinary subject. The former merely says, Mary "was found with child of the Holy Ghost," without telling us who found it, or describing the process by which the business was accomplished. Joseph is said to have dreamed it, and as the whole story rests upon what somebody dreamed, it is hardly worth while for the world to attach much importance to it, or for the Elder to be very much shocked if we briefly allude to it.

Luke does not inform us how the remarkable operation was performed, nor does he even say it was performed at all, but says that an angel appeared to Mary and told her the Holy Ghost should *come upon her* and the power of the Highest should overshadow her, but he fails to tell us whether this wonderful event ever did occur, so all that the Christian world has to build their stupendous edifice upon, of their human deity being begotten by God or the Holy Ghost rests upon what a man said Joseph dreamed, and a vision another man said a Jewish maiden had. Weak authority indeed! When an unmarried girl gives birth to a child in these days, it cannot be explained upon any such theory. Nobody would think a dream or a vision a sufficient basis for such an event. And even if the girl should claim she had been overshadowed by God, or that the Holy Ghost had "come upon her," nobody would believe her. They would sooner think some priest, with real body and organs like Parson Beecher or Elder Shelton had called upon her to administer comfort and consolation.

We have no reason to suppose Mary ever claimed anything so absurd, but that a century or two afterward, when the story and the system were fixed up, some unknown person wrote the tale about Mary's vision, and it has been attributed to Luke, and his book at the Nicene Council came near being rejected as uncanonical, being retained by a single vote. If the vote of that one priest had been cast the other way, or he had been absent, the book called Luke would not have formed a part of the Bible; the world would have known very little about the *overshadowing* business, and we would not necessarily have shocked Elder Shelton or the Christian world by referring to it.

There is an indefiniteness about this overshadowing business which is rather unsatisfactory to a person of an enquiring turn of mind, who wants to know what he believes and *why* he believes it. Physiologists and

most well-informed persons understand that human beings, and animals too, are begotten through the agency of sexual organs, and they cannot conceive how the result can be produced in any other way. Is there any sense in supposing Jesus was begotten by a process entirely different from all other persons who have come into the world? If a natural father was needless in his case, why not a mother also? If the sexual organs were not employed, why would it not have answered just as well for the Holy Ghost to have overshadowed a wash-tub or a meal-bag? There is a mystery about this overshadowing matter, that believers and all others are entitled to have better explained.

The Elder certainly has no occasion to be horrified at our brief allusion to it. The idea is not originally *Christian*. It was borrowed entirely from the Pagans. The belief that God had sexual intercourse with women prevailed in the world many centuries before Christianity was invented. The idea was common in many nations, and Mary was by no means the first virgin said to be made pregnant by Deity. *Christna* was said to be begotten by God, and born of the virgin Devanagay a thousand years earlier than the story was revamped in reference to Mary and Jesus. Nearly in the same age of the world, Buddha was believed to have been divinely begotten of the virgin Mahamia. Alankee, the Genkiskan's grandmother, was held to have been impregnated when a virgin by divine influence, by a ray from heaven. The Greek mythology is also full of the stories of Gods and females cohabiting together, thus producing demi-gods. Mercury was the son of Jupiter and Maia, (almost Mary); Apollo, the son of Jupiter and Latona; Hercules, the son of Jupiter and Alcmena; Bacchus, the son of Jupiter and Semele; Proserpine, the offspring of Jupiter and Ceres, and she was afterwards carried off by Pluto, and gave birth to Vulcan. Juno was the daughter of Saturn and Ops and became the wife of Jupiter; Pallas was the daughter of Jupiter and Metis, though the monstrous fable has it that as soon as he discovered Metis was pregnant, he ate her up, and in consequence he conceived, and Pallas came forth ready armed from his brain. That she and all the rest of these offspring of gods came from somebody's brain, is very apparent. All these fables were believed in many centuries before Jesus or his Holy Ghost-father was thought of. It is needless to multiply these instances in heathen mythology of the gods cohabiting with females and producing offspring. The Titans, the Cyclops, the Heroes and the Giants were all descendents of the gods and women. It would be too tedious to mention them all, but the fact is fully assured and positive, that Christians have no patent for the sublime idea of a god holding sexual intercourse with a woman. They borrowed it, as we have seen, from the Pagans, as they did all others of their dogmas and creeds; and now such men as Elder Shelton are shocked if we allude to it, and they imagine we are sacrilegious and blasphemous to speak of such absurdities. They are not offended if we doubt the story of Christna, and Buddha, and Apollo, and Mercury, and Bacchus, and Æsculapius, and Hercules, and all those other cases which are much older, more original and more reasonable than their story, but are immensely shocked if we doubt their inspired tale about Mary and the Holy Ghost. We cannot, however, see much difference in the sanctity of these different deities and fables, and we speak of one with the same freedom we do of the other, and we have no fear of being smitten or punished in consequence. If Elder Shelton thinks he can influence any of these gods to visit us in their dire wrath for our temerity, let him go ahead and do his worst. If this is "viper blood," let it be so. It is only the truth. Vipers and snakes, however, have much to do with his religious belief and nothing with ours; so he probably has quite as much of the "viper blood" as we have.

The same veneration which the Christian feels towards his system, the Mahometan feels towards his, the Persian towards his, the Buddhist towards his, the Jew towards his and the Brahmin towards his. Even the deluded wretch who bows down to a crocodile, feels an amount of awe and veneration, and, like Elder Shelton, thinks a doubter or scoffer of his god ought to be smitten with vengeance most terrible. These devotees are all equally in the wrong—all de-

luded and mistaken, all equally superstitious; and we trust the light of science and truth will ere long shine in upon them and convince them of their darkness and error.

Apropos of the Holy Ghost, what does Elder Shelton know of him? We apprehend nothing. He does not even know how to spell his name correctly. He persists in spelling it G-o-l-i-s-t instead of G-h-o-s-t. If there is such a person, and Elder Shelton should be fortunate enough to ever come into his presence, we fancy the Ghost will serve a writ of ejectment upon him for bad orthography, and tell him to go back and attend spelling matches until he can learn to spell ghost correctly.

The Elder, by the by, has a "bad spell" upon him as to several words. He has made improvements upon Webster—at all events Webster disagrees with him. We notice he uses one more "s" in spelling gas than Webster uses, but that is nothing. He probably has the right to two or three esses in gas if he wishes to use them, and to put a capital at one or both ends if he pleases. He also has a right to suppose there is such a gas as *sulphuric* gas, and he may have found an account of it in some of the elaborate scientific volumes he boasts of having read; but ordinary scientists know nothing of such a gas. There is a sulphuric acid and a sulphurous acid, but they are different compounds. The first contains three equivalents of oxygen to one of sulphur, while the latter has but two of oxygen to one of sulphur. In the form of gas oxygen and sulphur do not combine in the proportions of three to one, but of two equivalents of oxygen to one of sulphur, and hence is *sulphurous* gas, and not *sulphuric* gas. In the nomenclature of chemistry the prefixes and suffixes have much to do in designating the exact constituency of the numerous compounds in existence. Of this Elder Shelton seems totally ignorant. Why should he not be?—there is nothing of it in the Bible. Let him remember the gas which he superstitiously supposes prevails in hell, and which he devoutly hopes we may some day have to breathe, is spelt with one "s"—not two nor three—and that a small "g" is usually thought to be big enough when writing it. We really hope before Elder Shelton is called upon to take that gas for a regular diet he will learn how to spell it and how to write it. So much for the Elder's gas.

We are not a little amused to hear the Elder quoting the Bible-scientists. He tries to make us think David knew the world was round because in Psalms lxxxviii in speaking of the terrors of God, it says: "They came round me daily like water, they encompassed me about together." This passage has reference to troubles and afflictions, and not the slightest allusion to the shape and form of the earth; and there is not the least certainty that David ever wrote a word of it. There is no authority for asserting he did. When King James' translators rendered the compilation of wild strains and extravagant invectives and cursings into English they labeled them the "Psalms of David," but, as we said, nobody knows that he wrote a word of them. Possibly he wrote some of them, where he wants his enemies cursed; but no Bible scholar thinks he wrote them all. In our opinion this "man after God's own heart" knew better how to be a brigand, and how to slaughter, rob and despoil neighboring nations, and how to obtain a poor man's wife with whom he had become enamored and wished for his own sensual gratification, by having her husband placed in the front of battle where he would be almost sure to be killed—we say he knew better how to do this, than to write psalms, or that the earth was a round ball. The ends of the world are often spoken of in the Bible, but never its rotundity. Abraham did not know the earth was round, Moses did not know it, David did not know it, Solomon did not know it, and Jesus did not know it. None of the apostles, none of the Christian Fathers, none of the martyrs, none of the saints, none of the popes, bishops, nor priests knew it till the sixteenth century. A ten years old child of this day knows more of this great truth than all those distinguished men combined.

Copernicus was the great mind who first made the grand discovery that the earth is round and revolves upon its own axis, and for giving utterance to this scientific truth the Christian Church persecuted him

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Slipped Up Again!

Another Grand Fizzle—a Wreck of Matter and Crush of Worlds that didn't take place—the Lord failed to come to time!—and Adventism gone to seed.

BY JOHN SYPHERS.

Yes, Millerism and Adventism are dead at last. They died of a broken heart because the thing wouldn't work. They have set now four different times for Gabriel to blow! For the crack of doom to smash things, and introduce a little phenomena in the way of a wreck of matter and crush of worlds!

April 19th at midnight they had prepared themselves at Chicago, to go forth to meet the bridegroom. But the wedding did not come off. The bride, the lamb's wife did not appear. Gabe did toot his horn. Now I tell you that horn is no fool of a horn! Let's reason a little. If all the horns in the world was made into one horn, and all the men in the world was one man, and all the breath in the world was drawn into the lungs of that one man, he would not have enough to give that horn one toot—loud enough that all the world could hear it. They base all their reasoning and chronological figuring upon Daniel and the revelations of John. I guess that now they will begin to look upon these two great lights with open eyes, and declare that the light which they saw in them was all darkness, and oh how great that darkness! I myself, individually, discovered long ago that Daniel had the nightmare, and John the delirium tremens! They now begin to think as I do, that the man is a fool, who will throw his whole weight on, or risk a single cent on any old religious prophecy that has come down to us from the dark ages when those scriptures were written. These repeated failures and humiliations will all have their use. They will help each one a little to open the eyes of an ignorant world who have made an idol of an old religious book, and a God out of a Jewish house carpenter who once shoved the jack-plane in Judea.

These Adventists have worked themselves up into the silly belief that God has no better things in store for the souls of the dead, than to sleep in a nasty mud-hole called the grave, with the body, until Gabriel shall blow! I suppose when the body rots in the ground the soul will rot with it. What an idea, to think that the souls of spirits of all the nations of the dead, are at this moment *down in the ground*. They say they sleep there till the resurrection! I tell you they *don't* sleep, nor anything analogous to it. When a man sleeps, he is still alive, and draws his breath. Are they still alive in the grave? Have all the departed nations of the earth been buried alive? What fools men can make of themselves and never suspect it. But say they, we can quote lots of scripture to prove these things—the scriptures establish nothing. They never did establish anything but the sublime ignorance of those who wrote them, and the equal ignorance of those who have proclaimed them the very infallible words of a God. That book of books, as they call their idol, had much more properly be called the book of spooks! It is full of spooks and ghost stories from end to end. How much scripture did they quote in favor of American slavery?—yet scripture could not save it. It must stand or fall upon its merits, and not upon scripture. The more scripture you can bring to bear upon any subject, as a general rule, the less truth there is in it. The man who has no more sense than to teach that the salvation of a world in any way hinges upon that old Jewish book is not aware of just exactly how big a fool he is, nor of what an injury he is doing to himself and the people who listen to him. How much better for the world if John, or Daniel, had never lived or written. I would like to see the man who was ever benefited one particle by those writings.

But on the other side look what evil they have done. Look at the regiments of victims they have sent to the lunatic asylums. Look at those lunatics in Chicago. A congregation of *Advents* waiting for *events*! They ate the last supper and made ready on general principles. *They washed each others feet!* This was the most sensible thing they did; it showed that they were going to glory with *clean feet*! If they had extended the washing to the whole body with plenty of good soap and soft water, it would have greatly enhanced the chances of glory, as nothing that is unclean or defiled can enter there. Those lunatics had all faith in old books, made by men but very little or none at all in the laws of Nature—the only Bible, book and laws that God ever issued, or that he knows or cares one cent about. If men had spent the brains and money upon the Bible of Nature that they have upon the Bible of priests—this world would be a paradise, and filled with a race of philosophers to-day. Light, knowledge, happiness and civilization would cover the earth as the waters cover the great deep. But now look at the ignorance, blindness, whiskey, tobacco, superstition, dirt, filth, and general damnation and abomination of nastiness that rests upon the race! I think when John saw those vials of wrath poured out upon the world, he was only depicting the effects of his own writings. The world might have stood his *vials*, but when his writings were combined with other men's writings, then the vials became barrels, and even hogsheds of soap and filth, and wrath, that in the name of religion has deluged our world in blood, and piled up moun-

tains of human bones. When the storm came swooping down on the city of Chicago on the eve of the 19th, the faithful felt sure that the preliminaries of the great final bursting up of the affairs of this planet had commenced. You should have seen their eyes bug out; poor creatures—how I pity any people who are the victims of a religious superstition. But as a general thing, there is no curing them, unless you can break their faith in their idol—that old book. When the hour and minute hand on the clock both cut the figure 12 at midnight and no disturbances were heard or seen in any direction, then it became apparent to the Adventists that—which the world's sinner knew very well all the time—the thing was a "*grand fizzle*!"

Revelations, as a book, has done our world a great deal of harm. It used to make my eyes bug out to read them when I was a boy. I asked my mother if the throne of God was a big cage full of animals, for John said that they were in the midst of his throne. This seemed to settle the question whether there were animals in the spirit world. John saw whole droves of them both sitting and capering right close around the very throne of God. But some of John's animals were monsters; they had eyes before and behind. Some of them had three pair of wings, and then they could talk and speak the English language, for they continued both day and night to cry, "holy, holy, holy art thou, Lord God Almighty." And God seemed to have nothing to do but to sit there and listen to those animals praise him both day and night. If I should ever get to heaven, and they come bellowing around me after that fashion, I will hand off and let into them with a double-barreled shot gun that will give them something to howl for. If God made all things, both in the earth, under the earth and above the earth, then he made those animals. Now what did he make so many wings for, especially as they never fly, but sit still all the time? Why did God give so many wings to animals in heaven, where they never use them, but down here on the earth, where wings are of some account, he never was known to give an animal more than one pair of wings. If that is wisdom, then I don't know what the word means. On the earth wings mean "fly," but in heaven they mean "sit still." The more wings they have there, the stiller they sit. John saw a far better menagerie of show animals in heaven than Barnum ever had in his hippodrome. I wonder if they don't have animal shows in heaven, anyhow? I have an idea that John's vision was but a clairvoyant squint into a heavenly menagerie. But I really do think that God could greatly improve his mansions on high, if he would set some of his idle angels—who seem to be lying around loose and out of a job—to work, and let them clean out those animals and drive them out of heaven. I would rather have fourteen thousand wolves, lions and jackasses howling, roaring and braying around me than to listen to the eternal din and clatter of what John says he heard in heaven. We would all look funny if it should turn out after all that John was only trying to amuse us with big stories, and that he never dreamed that anybody would believe them to be literally true.

I was once passing along the streets of Knoxville, Illinois, and looking up, I saw a great symbolic canvass stretched across the street. It was full of the pictures of all the strange and unearthly looking animals that ever danced through the imagination of a man wild with delirium tremens. Said I, "when is this show of animals coming to town?" An advent preacher standing near by stepped forward and said: "Young man, the Lord from heaven will exhibit these things to your astonished eyes before long." "Very well," said I, "it don't matter who. If it is P. T. Barnum, the Lord, or any other man. I'll take stock in that concern. Please save me half a dozen tickets for me and my friends. I can't afford to miss as good a show as that; only look at your animals for instance, some with 7 heads and 10 horns, others with 3 or 4 pair of wings, and full of eyes within and without, before and behind! Bears, sheep, lambs, and huge old rams. One animal, I see, has two horns; one a big horn, and the other a little horn. The one was long, but the other was short!" I said to the preacher, "You are bill-poster to the Lord, I presume. How do you like the show business anyhow? Does your Lord make this show business pay pretty well?" He put on a very long and solemn face, and replied:

"Young man, I perceive that you are yet in the gall of bitterness and the bands of iniquity. These things represent the purposes and will of God concerning the destiny of this world and the inhabitants thereof. Come and hear me preach to-night, and I will give you a proper interpretation of this chart."

"But see here now, Mr.," said I, unto him, "if all these animals that you have got on your show bill live in heaven, then I would rather not go there. I always was naturally a little skittish and afraid of wild animals, especially of such, or if they looked like those on your bills. But then I suppose if we ever should be so lucky as to go to heaven we will have to make up our minds to stand it, for I have always believed that heaven was full of not only animals, but also of snakes and creeping things. You recollect that Peter saw all those in that great drag net that was let down from heaven; that net was drawn up into heaven again, you recollect, animals, snakes and all, and as a matter of course they are there yet, and if they have been breeding and multiplying according to

the laws of their being, then heaven by this time must be a perfect den of ferocious animals, snakes and crocodiles!" I went to hear the brother hold forth, and for nearly two long hours he swayed and staggered to and fro, back and forth, up and down among the prophecies. He trotted out his animals and made them cut all kinds of capers. Every one had a prophetic meaning. Bears and lions, and rams and goats, all were symbols—just as if God had not sense enough to speak in plain language, and throw mystifying symbols to the dogs, especially in a book, upon a proper interpretation and belief of which, eternal issues hang. A book, as they preach, in which the salvation or eternal damnation of a whole world is written. But great and marvelous, oh Lord, are the mysteries of *humbug*! This weak brother had the entire Old and New Testament scriptures at his tongue's end. I never saw the fact more clearly demonstrated to my mind than on that occasion—that the more scripture a man can quote, the more ignorant he is. He stirred up his animals and made them howl—each one declaring that the day of judgment was close at hand, even at our doors, and that Gabriel was actually getting ready to sound his big horn, and wake up the sleeping nations. (Advent in a horn!)

After the lecture the brother asked me how I felt. I told him first-rate. I now felt more certain than ever, if it was possible, that there was nothing in the humbug at all, and that his blind eyes would yet be opened to see what a darned fool he was, and what an ass he was making of himself. I told him that the prophecies of John or of Daniel would fool the oldest man living, if he had no more sense than to study and believe them in the literal sense, as he had done. I know that God had no intention of firing the fuse that was to ignite the bomb that was to burst up this world generally. It was a libel upon the Almighty, and if his animals, or even the prophets, said anything to the contrary, they *lied*, and the truth was not in them. But so it goes. The world has always had outstanding bids for gods and demi-gods all the way down through its history.

Once there was a Messiah expected; this was a bid for some one to come along and declare "*I am he*." Considering the great demand for gods, anyone might have seen, if he was the least bit sharp, that a man like Christ, the Jewish carpenter, who could, because of his mediumship, perform a few things which seemed out of the ordinary course of things, would be seized upon by an ignorant world and made a god of. They could see in him plainly an answer to one of their outstanding bids, and they of course would not let the opportunity slip. They declared that there was no mistake. He was the very one of whom Isaiah, Moses and all the prophets did write. And thousands and tens of thousands still fool themselves with that idea, and declare stoutly that Jesus was a God, and the son of a god, and that in his blood alone there is salvation. Yes, great is the influence of humbug!

At the present day there is a bid before the world for some one to appear, and he will come, too, declaring that he is the second coming of Christ. If he has control of a few phenomena outside of the people's narrow conception of natural law, they will declare their miracles, and accept them as direct proofs of his Godship or Messiahship. *There will yet come an answer to this now outstanding bid*. The people are ready and waiting to be fooled again as they were of old about the coming of a Messiah. The meeting of fanatics in Chicago and at many other points on the night of the 19th of April, is one proof of the truth of my statement. Yes, great is the influence of humbug! But let it come, oh Lord let it come, for nothing can cure the desire of the human mind for humbug but *humbug itself*! Nothing can cure hunger or a desire for food but food itself.

The people are hungry for a God—one manifest in the flesh—human flesh, one that they can see, and hear, and talk to, one tangible to their senses. They have had demi-gods, heroes and saints enough, they are sick of them, and nothing will satisfy but a real, genuine first-class God; but of course they will call him the second coming of Jesus, as that is the nature of the bid they have now standing out in the great god-market of the world!

Crow NOT TOO SOON.—Charles J. Simpson of Keithsburg, Ill., whom the Christian papers were making much ado about, as the converted Infidel, is not likely to add much peace to their souls. Thirty years ago he was a licensed Methodist preacher, and but few in the West could excel him in eloquence or power of converting souls at revivals. Poor pay drove him from the ministry, and he commenced to earn his bread in an honest way, and for ten or fifteen years worked steadily at the shoemaker's bench. He then abandoned the work and began lecturing on Veterinary surgery. He is a great joker, and delights in playing pranks on the Church. A few years ago he was at a town in Iowa, where a protracted meeting was in progression, and as he wished a good time, he introduced himself as a minister and offered his services, which were accepted, and he assisted until the close of the meeting, when the congregation, who were so well pleased with his services, raised a collection and presented him with a \$50 American watch, which he is still wearing. He is a Materialist in every sense of the word, and the "Convention at Memphis" was only one of his practical jokes at the expense of the clergy.

The Sacrament.

BY LIZZIE DOTEN.

The aged pastor broke the bread—
 With trembling hands he poured the wine—
 "Eat—drink"—in earnest tones he said—
 "These emblems of a life divine—
 His body broken for your sins;
 His blood for your salvation shed,
 The priceless sacrifice that wins!
 Life and redemption from the dead."

"See how with tender love he stands,
 And calls you to his faithful heart;
 Lo! from his wounded side and hands
 Again the crimson life drops start.
 O sinner! wherefore will you stay,
 Regardless of your lost estate;
 Come at your Savior's call to-day,
 Before alas! it is too late."

Forth from his lonely seat apart,
 A dark-brow'd Ethiopian came,
 As if new life had stired the heart,
 That beat within his manly frame.
 "O! give to me" he meekly said,
 "A portion of that heavenly food;
 I too would eat the living bread,
 And find salvation through his blood."

The pastor turned with wondering eyes;
 But when he saw the dusky brow,
 He answered with a quick surprise,
 "Ho! bold intruder! Who art thou?
 The master's table is not free
 To give the low-born servant place—
 Such privilege can only be
 For his accepted sons of grace."

Upon the dusky brow there glowed
 A flush that was not wrath nor pride,
 As forward he majestic strode,
 And stood close by the altar side,
 The broken bread his left hand spurned
 With sudden movement to the floor,
 While with his right he quickly turned
 The consecrated chalice o'er.

One instant; for the tempest-cloud
 To gather on each pallid face.
 And then uprose the angry crowd,
 To thrust him from the sacred place.
 With conscious might he raised his hand—
 A being of resistless will—
 And uttered the sublime command
 That hushed the tempest—"Peace, be still!"

The wave of wrath and human pride,
 Rolled back without the power to harm,
 The angry murmurs surged and died,
 And lo! there was a breathless calm.
 The dusky brow to dazzling white
 Had in one fleeting instant turned,
 And round his head a halo bright
 Of heaven's resplendent glory burned.

"I do reject," he calmly said,
 "These outward forms—this bread, this wine;
 Lo! at my table all are fed,
 Made welcome by a love divine.
 The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
 The black, the white, the bond, the free,
 The sinful soul, the heart impure—
 Forbid them not to come to me."

"Too long, too long have faithless creeds,
 Shut out the sunshine from above,
 While human hearts and human needs,
 Have perished for the lack of love.
 O, break for them the living bread;
 Let love like mine unhindered flow;
 Thus would I have the hungry fed,
 And let those outward emblems go."

Then from the altar-side there rose
 A cloud with matchless glory bright,
 As when, at evening's calm repose,
 The sun withdrew her radiant light.
 But though so far removed from all,
 He seemed in presence to depart.
 The seed of living truth let fall
 Took root in many a thoughtless heart.

A Wish.

BY OUR DEVIL.

A fairy bright in summer morning shower,
 When all my soul was hushed to gentlest thoughts,
 Appeared, and promised me to grant a wish,
 Which from my heart in broken murmurs came.
 Oh for a perfect man, whose thought and deed
 Like two matched horses shall keep equal step;
 Whose brightest thought shall fly like arrow swift,
 To do the bidding of his noblest soul!
 Or falling this, let me at least repose
 Where the soft voice of gentlest pity comes
 From woman's lips, and where the poisoned sting
 Of disappointment melts away in love.

Eminent Piety.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage of Brooklyn, recently offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the name of any person of eminent piety who advocates the theatre. The *Independent* intimated its purpose to claim that reward, but it appears that one of our liberal friends from Worcester, Mass., put in the first appearance as claimant, as the following letter received by Mr. Talmage, and his answer to it will show:

WORCESTER, MASS., Jan. 25th, 1875.

MY DEAR BROTHER TALMAGE:—I learn from a reliable source—the newspapers—that you have offered a reward of "five hundred dollars for the name of any person of eminent piety who advocates the American theatre."

Presuming that your sense of justice would lead you to prefer that the person whose piety deserves reward, should be the recipient of your favor, rather than an impecunious third party, who may be only an informer, I beg you to consider me the rightful claimant of your generous favor.

As evidence in part of my public services in behalf of the truth, I present you the enclosed tract, entitled, "Sacred Animals, Reptiles, and Books."

I trust I have by the publication and gratuitous circulation of thirty thousand copies of this tract, led many, who have hitherto walked in the darkness of error, to discern the true gospel, obedience to the high behests of which will secure the sure reward of good behavior. There is, my dear brother, a wealth of wisdom in the following remark of an eminent divine:

"Be virtuous and you will have a soft thing of it."
 —Mark Twain.

As evidence, in part, of my piety in private life, I refer you to my dear wife and children who are certainly most familiar with my daily walk. If, peradventure, my piety be not of that type called "eminent," it is from no fault of mine, and I pray you to allow no such unavoidable disability to prejudice my claim. Sincerely and cordially your brother in the truth.

T. M. LAMB.

To this claim Mr. Talmage responds through his paper as follows:

"And now a gentleman writes us from Worcester, Mass., claiming the reward we offered for any one who is eminent in piety; and at the same time advocates and frequents the theatre. We would be glad to pay that gentleman the above reward, but as we have supposed humility to be one of the prominent characteristics of eminent piety, the fact of his holding himself so highly seems to prove him to be not as eminent in piety as our offer calls for. We have no doubt that he frequents the theatre and so meets the second qualification. We are sorry he doesn't meet the first condition. Next?—*Christian at Work*."

The following is the tract alluded to.

SACRED ANIMALS, REPTILES, AND BOOKS.

The cow is a sacred animal among a portion of the Hindoos, and recently a serious riot was occasioned by the English residents killing that animal for food. It was useless to reason with the natives upon the propriety of considering the cow or other animals sacred; they would have no argument with those who disbelieved in the sacred character of the cow.

By other equally ignorant peoples, other animals, and certain reptiles, are considered sacred, and all argument with them to the contrary equally useless; they refer triumphantly to the long time during which their ancestors have regarded such animals or reptiles as sacred, and therefore for that and other reasons they know they are sacred, and will have no argument with you, except you acknowledge their sacred character.

With other and more intelligent peoples, instead of animals and reptiles, certain books are regarded as sacred, and therefore entitled to an authoritative control over the judgment. With such it is equally useless to argue, except you first admit the sacred and authoritative character of the book.

The three most prominent sacred books or writings are the Shasters, the Koran, and the English Bible.

The believers in the sacred character of the Shasters are the most numerous, a less number accept the Koran as divine, while our Bible is third in the list, having by far the least number who regard it as sacred and authoritative.

Persons born in a Mahometan country are taught from early infancy to believe the Koran a divine book, and Mahomet a divinely inspired teacher; they therefore believe, undoubtingly, that their divine teacher performed the most wonderful miracles. He smote the earth, and fountains of pure water gushed forth at his bidding; he healed the sick, restored sight to the blind, and raised the dead. They admit that such miracles are not performed to-day, but they know that the divine Mahomet performed them, because tradition affirms it, and he who disbelieves is an infidel dog—the Koran is their sacred cow.

Persons born in a Christian country are in like manner taught from infancy that the Bible is a sacred book, and Jesus and the Prophets divinely inspired teachers; therefore they accept, without questioning, the absurd statements of wonderful miracles performed by the Bible Mahomet. They believed that Jesus paid his taxes with money obtained by sending one of his disciples to catch a

fish, and from its mouth extracted the money with which to satisfy the tax-gatherer's claim; that he walked on the sea, turned water into wine, and raised the dead. The equally absurd and more silly Munchausen stories found in the traditions of the older prophets are piously swallowed, but with less relish. Jacob, wrestling with an angel, puts his thigh out of joint; Jonah is swallowed by a fish, and after remaining three days in the fish's stomach, comes safely to land; the sun and moon stand still at the bidding of Joshua; a clumsy box, or ark, contains representatives of every living thing upon the earth, with an ample supply of subsistence during a storm that in forty days covered the whole earth with an average depth of four miles of water; a south wind deposits dead quails in such immense numbers that they cover the ground two feet deep over an area eighteen miles in diameter.

All this, and much more of similar nonsense as well as teachings yet more pernicious, we are taught to believe as divinely revealed truth because the Bible affirms it, and to disbelieve the Bible is to be an infidel. All attempts to apply common sense or reason to this subject, with a majority of Bible believers, is met with the response, "If you don't believe the Bible, I will have no argument with you"—the Bible is their sacred cow.

We do not expect to reach those whose minds are settled by deep-seated religious prejudices; such are incapable of candid investigation; but a large and rapidly increasing class, especially among the rising generation, will catch the spirit of inquiry, and secure the joy which comes from a more rational view of our moral relations. To such the spirit of the age is speaking.

Our most popular lecturers, writers, and teachers of science and philosophy utterly repudiate a belief in the authority of the Bible. They believe it reflects the sentiments of its individual writers, and not the mind or purpose of God. They believe it to be a mixture of error and truth, legend, tradition and history. The truth they accept for its own sake; it has authority of its own—shines with no borrowed light. The errors and nonsense of the Bible they reject because they are such, and are errors and nonsense no less because found in the Bible.

But perhaps you say that a wonderful plan of salvation is revealed in the Bible, and refer triumphantly to your religious experience and the joy you feel when engaged in your devotions; these, you say, prove the divinity of the Bible, and your plan of salvation. Stop a moment, my Christian brother, and let us examine this important point.

Go with me to a Mahometan country. See that poor mendicant, traveling for many a weary mile, on hands and knees, to reach holy Mecca, that he may at Mahomet's holy shrine receive forgiveness of sins and the soul's perfect joy. As he beholds the holy city his countenance beams with the inexpressible joy which fills his soul, and he shouts, "Allah, Father, and the holy Mahomet!" Do not intrude upon his happiest hours—you have seen his plan of salvation.

Go to India. See that poor mother with her infant in her arms, pursuing her penitential pilgrimage towards the sacred Ganges. Arriving at its bank, her cup of joy is full, and in her religious ecstasy she casts her darling child into the open jaws of the sacred alligator. Now witness the frenzy of her religious happiness; hear her thanksgiving that she has been permitted to make the great sacrifice, and gain a heavenly joy—it is her plan of salvation. Now, my Christian brother, does the joy which fills the souls of the pious devotees of other religions prove the divinity of their plan of salvation? How, then, can you claim that the joy which you experience during a "revival" proves the divinity of your plan of salvation?

Your joy differs not in kind or degree from theirs. Whence its source, and what does it prove? It proves the existence in the human soul of a longing for a higher and better life—a more perfect character. Your joy springs from a concentration of all the human emotions upon what you have been taught to believe is your plan of salvation. This is the experience of the devotees of every religion.

Your joy is as fleeting as are all human emotions. To-day you experience a heaven of joy, to-morrow comes the "coldness" and feeling of self-degradation.

Are there no rational means of seeking this higher life and perfection of character? Yes; base it not upon fleeting emotions, but rationally consider the relation you sustain to your brother man, and the laws governing your moral growth. Crystallize your emotions into a fixed purpose to obey the intuitions of your moral sense. Learn from your own and others experience, that you can no more violate a law of your moral nature and escape the natural penalty, than you can violate the laws of your physical being with impunity. Distrust all efforts which have exclusive reference to a future life, and every plan of salvation which provides for the remission of the penalty of wrong doing. Such a plan of salvation would rob us of the most beneficent provision for our moral development.

All your fears and soul-groanings with reference to a future life, are born of an irrational and superstitious religion, which pretends, without the least authority for its claim, to teach man's condition in a future life—a life of which we know absolutely nothing, and can learn nothing here, unless we recognize the return of some traveler from that bourne, capable of imparting to us personally the desired information.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

and sought his life. He was driven from friends and home, and was compelled to seek safety in a foreign country. Even Martin Luther, the great Reformer, called Copernicus "an old fool" for asserting the earth is round. The fact of the rotundity of the earth contradicted all the old Bible philosophy, and the Church did its best to suppress it.

After the death of Copernicus, his disciple, Galileo, again gave utterance to the truth that the earth is round, that it revolves every day upon its own axis, and makes a revolution once a year round the sun. The Church again refused to suffer such dangerous doctrines to be taught, and the noble martyr to science was seized by the Church officials—was thrown into that infernal Christian torture-house called the "Holy Inquisition," and here the brave man was subjected to cruel torture for enunciating one of the most palpable truths of the Universe; and to save his life, as he was feeble and old, was compelled to deny his firm and honest convictions, and to admit the earth stood still. He lived but a short time after his release, but he died exulting in the truth that "the earth still moves."

Solomon is another of Elder Shelton's Bible-scientists and credits him with discovering that the rivers all run into the sea. Did it take "the wisest man" that ever lived to find out that fact? And is that the reason why he was called the *wisest* man? It might be supposed Solomon's seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines would have kept him so busy that he could hardly find time to study geography or prosecute science. We conjecture the *woman science* was the science he understood the best of any.

Job is another of the Elder's Bible-scientists and he quotes him as speaking of the "weight of the wind," "stretching out the North," and "hanging the East." These ideas are perhaps sublime enough, but are not correctly expressed as modern scientists state them. It is thought Job investigated the subject of boils pretty thoroughly, for between God and Satan, he had a pretty hard time of it. Had he written a scientific treatise on "boils" we think he would have been accepted as good authority. The book of Job contains much beautiful language and many grand ideas. We have often thought it the most sensible book in the Bible. He makes nowhere any allusion to any character or event mentioned in other parts of the Bible. There is no date given by which its chronology can be even guessed at, though it is doubtless older than any part of the Jewish scriptures. The person who wrote it evidently knew something of astronomy, and talked freely about the stars, Arcturus, the Pleiades, and Orion, whereas these names are used nowhere else in the Bible, nor did its writers have any knowledge of astronomy. The book of Job is probably a drama or poem from the Chaldean language, and was borrowed or adopted by the Jews. The best scholars, Hebrew and others, agree that it is not Hebrew in character, that it was not written by a Jew, hence its divine origin and inspiration fall to the ground, for even Elder Shelton will hardly claim that anybody in olden times could have been inspired except a Jew.

After the Elder enumerates the delectable sciences of the great book, he says, "there is a grander and more sublime science taught in the Bible, and that is the science of man's salvation." This shows the Elder does not know what science is. Is what he refers to, science? Let us see how much science it contains. The theory is about in this wise: God made the world according to a plan he had cogitated upon for thousands of years; he also made a nice garden, and in it planted a tree which bore inviting fruit: he made man of the dust and placed him in the garden, but finding he was lonely, he put him to sleep and took out one of his ribs, out of which he fashioned a young, plump, blooming, fascinating female. The man and woman probably would have got along very well had it not been for the fruit just mentioned and a big snake that God had also made, and which afterwards became the big, roaring Devil, the adversary of God, who has since successfully opposed God in every instance and defeated him in every encounter. God told the man he must not eat that fruit, although he had placed it there before him; but while the man was away in some other part of the garden the snake

came along and got into conversation with the woman and persuaded her to taste of the fruit. She found it pleasant and induced her "old man" to try some when he came back. This little affair made God very angry and he turned them out of the garden he had prepared for them, cursing them severely, and placed a watchman at the gate.

The man and woman however went into the business of raising children, and in a short time the earth became well populated. It seems the people did not do so well as they ought, and God became very sorry that he had ever made the world, or such a race of troublesome beings. He concluded the best thing he could do would be to drown them out, and begin anew; so, after talking the matter over with Noah, and telling him how to get up a boat that would preserve himself and family, and a pair each of all the animals, birds, and insects, he opened the windows of heaven and let the rain fall down at such a rapid rate that in forty days and nights the whole earth was covered to the tops of the highest mountains, or five and a half miles deep, and everything was drowned except the fishes and the Noah family in the ark.

More than a year passed from the commencement of the rain before Noah and his family could disembark to begin again the business of life; and the whole thing seems to have been another failure; for the people after the flood were just as bad as before it, and nothing was gained by the great freshet. God next felt as though he wanted a small portion of the human race to attach himself to, and who should share his special favors, so he entered into a contract with one Abraham, the son of an idolator; that his children should be his peculiar people, and that they should have more of his care and attention than any other portion of the human race. He agreed to stick to them forever, and that they should become as numerous as the sands of the sea-shore; but he had a great amount of trouble with this chosen tribe of his, and often got vexed with them almost beyond his powers of endurance, and he frequently threatened to wipe them off the face of the earth. In fact he did several times, for trifling offenses slay twenty, and forty, and fifty, and seventy thousand at a time. He also sold them into slavery, and then emancipated them; then led them forty years through a desert wilderness to the land of Canaan, where he caused them to wage most cruel and exterminating wars upon the nations who occupied the country, and after a while they got to fighting among themselves, and ten-twelfths of them wandered away and got lost, and have never been heard of since. The two-twelfths continued to make him great trouble, absolutely destroying his peace of mind. He finally permitted their best city to be taken, and the magnificent temple they had built, to worship and honor him in, to be utterly destroyed, and let them go several times into slavery to be treated like beasts of burden. He finally seems to have given them up as a bad lot, and for two thousand years they have had to shift for themselves, having no more of God's special care than other folks.

Though God met with these repeated failures and disappointments he resolved to carry out the grand plan he had for thousands of years meditated upon, and in a most sublime and god-like manner to rescue from eternal destruction the miserable race he had created. So he came down out of heaven, and was born of a little Jew girl who had never had any sexual connection with any person of the male gender, except one Ghost. After he was born and grew up, he worked at the carpenter trade till he was about thirty years of age, when he began to preach about the country, and had a dozen fishermen who followed him about from place to place something less than two years, when his peculiar and chosen people—the people too, he had come specially to save—put him to death in the most ignominious manner. He did not, however, remain dead; after thirty-six hours he came to life again, and in forty days he ascended up into heaven where he stays now most of the time.

This beautiful doctrine did not spread very fast for two hundred years, and the believers had to live part of the time in caves and other hiding-places; but at last a great heathen emperor named Constantine who had murdered his wife, his brother-in-law, his nephew, his eldest son and his father-in-law, and who was re-

fused absolution for his crimes by the pagan priests, but finding the Christian priests would grant it, and seeing he could use the new sect to his advantage he became a Christian, and though it never has had but about one-twentieth part as many followers as the older systems of religion in Asia, from that day it soon became the most fashionable and aristocratic religion in the southern part of Europe, and at the same time the most cruel and bloody in the whole world. Over fifty millions of unfortunate people have been put to death in its name, and millions of priests have been fed and pampered in idleness, simply to dole out dogmas to the ignorant, superstitious masses, assuring them that those who bow in submission to their dictation shall go to heaven and wear a crown, and a white robe, and bow eternally before a white throne singing a song which has no end; while those who do not thus bow in submission, or cannot believe the story, will be cast into outer darkness and roast for millions of years in the eternal flames of fire and brimstone, with nothing to breathe but "sulphuric gas." Is it not a pretty picture? If it is a true one, it is indeed a great pity that God ever experimented in making a world of human beings. Non-existence would have been infinitely better than such a fate. This is Elder Shelton's grand, beautiful "science of salvation." If it is a science, he, and such as he are welcome to the whole of it! We want no part in it. We much prefer the article of science taught by Galileo, Humboldt, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley and Draper. Their teachings possess so much more of truth and consistency, so much less of superstition, absurdity and falsehood that we altogether prefer them.

A very noticeable trait in Elder Shelton is his demand for living and reliable witnesses. We spoke of the upheavals that have occurred upon the earth, and he demands a living witness. Probably some of these upheavals took place tens of thousands of years ago and perhaps millions of years ago; yet he says, "I want a living witness." We gave as authority Prof. Draper of this city, a man now alive and who is second in scientific attainments and reliability to no man in this country, in proof that upheavals have recently taken place in Europe, that half of Norway was elevated two feet or more, and that parts of the Alps were raised three hundred feet; but as the Bible says nothing about it, Elder Shelton won't believe a word of it. The same when we told him of information we received from an intelligent, honorable gentleman, an officer of the navy and a son of a respected patron of ours. Yes, when we, a man of veracity and a Truth Seeker, narrated a correct account of the happy and peaceful condition of the people of Japan, and which is corroborated by many writers, he hoots at it and calls the gentleman "a liar." While he is so incredulous about events and occurrences of modern times, which, too, are entirely authentic and probable, it is amusing to see how easy it is for him to accept without the slightest difficulty the most absurd tales that unknown persons said occurred 5000 or 6000 years ago, and of an impossible character, written nobody knows when, nobody knows where, and nobody knows by whom; but because they are bound up in a book and called the *Bible*, and priests affirm it is the "word of God," he can swallow every word of it without a grimace, and look up for more. How would his Bible fare if living witnesses, or known witnesses, even, were required to sustain it? It would certainly go down! But Elder Shelton and all like him are so full of faith, and are so ready to accept every absurd tale marked "Divine," that they care not who the writer was, or whether the story is impossible or absurd. So it purports to be Jewish or Christian, "it is all right"—"it is the word of God."

The Elder talks about producing scientists that sustain the Bible story, and wants us to pay one hundred dollars a piece for them. We happen not to have a very large amount of money to spare, but we hesitate not to guarantee him \$100 each for every first-class scientist that will say he believes the Universe was made in six days from nothing, less than 6000 years ago; that the earth is older than the sun, and brought forth trees, and plants, and vegetables, perfecting seeds and fruits before the sun existed to impart light and heat; that it ever rained to the depth of 30,000 feet in forty days over the entire earth, or seven hundred and fifty feet per day, over thirty-one feet an hour, or

six inches a minute for six weeks, without intermission; that such a vast body of water could evaporate and be held up by the atmosphere, or otherwise disposed of; that a man could cause the sun and moon to stand still merely by speaking to them; that there ever was a time when neither rain nor dew fell upon the earth for three and a half years; that three men should be thrown into a fiery furnace, made seven times hotter than usual, without their being burned at all, or a thread of their garments scorched; We say, that for every eminent scientist that will affirm he believes all these absurdities, and scores more of similar ones with which the Bible is filled, we will hold ourselves in readiness to pay the Elder his price. But remember they must be *Scientists*, not Elders, Sunday-school teachers, bigots nor fools. We do not believe a single sound scientist can be found who, for a moment believes any such nonsense; and the men of ordinary common sense are getting very scarce who longer accept such idle tales. Sensible clergymen, even, are fast disavowing such silly stories and are trying to modify these statements, or make the language mean something else. The Rev. O. A. Burgess, Professor in the Theological Seminary of Indianapolis, a man who, in natural and acquired ability, would, in any community, rank several degrees higher than Elder Shelton, in a recent debate with B. F. Underwood admitted that Noah's flood was only local in character, and probably did not extend beyond Asia Minor. But Elder Shelton will have it that it extended to the opposite side of the globe, even to Alabama, and covered the ridge on which Mr. H. Scott lives, in Blount county, with poplar trees, and all with gravel forty feet deep. We presume it requires an ignoramus like the Elder, to believe such an event possible; and it is probably useless to make much effort to get good, hard sense into the heads of such. They have so much *faith* there is not much room for *sense* and *reason*.

As the Elder calls for a living witness to convince him of the truth of upheavals on this continent, we will, before dropping him, humor him in this respect. The witness is one who stands as high as any living man, one who is extensively known over the entire civilized world, and while though his philosophy may not in all cases be accepted, his facts always are. The name of this witness is Professor Charles Darwin A.M., F.R.S., of London. In 1831 and '32 the British Government sent out the ship *Beagle* to South America on a voyage for scientific purposes. Prof. Darwin was commissioned to accompany the expedition to make observations in Natural History, Geology, etc. While in South America he had excellent opportunities to witness the effects of earthquakes and volcanoes, as well as upheavals which in various places occurred. In describing a severe earthquake which took place in South America, Feb. 20th, 1832, while he was in the country, and which comprised in all, some three hundred separate shocks of greater or lesser magnitude, the effects of which extended over one thousand miles, he mentions the towns that were destroyed; numberless buildings that were utterly demolished; the frightful fissures that were made in the earth, and goes on to say: "The most remarkable effect of this earthquake was the permanent elevation of the land. There can be no doubt that the land around the Bay of Concepcion was upraised two or three feet, at the Island of St. Maria (about thirty miles distant) the elevation was still greater: on one part Capt. Fitz Roy found beds of putrid mussel shells still adhering to the rocks ten feet above high water mark: the inhabitants had formerly dived at low water spring tides for these shells." [This proves the upheaval must have been twenty or thirty feet.] "The elevation in this province is particularly interesting from its having been the theatre of several other violent earthquakes; and from the vast number of sea-shells scattered over the land up to the height of 600, and I believe, 1000 feet. At Valparaiso similar shells are found at the height of 1300 feet. It is hardly possible to doubt that this elevation has been effected by successive small uprisings such as that which accompanied or caused the earthquakes of this year; and likewise by an insensibly slow rise which is certainly in progress in some parts of this coast."

After narrating the powerful effects of the earthquake seven hundred and fifty miles in one direction and

four hundred miles in another, he takes occasion to say, "we may confidently come to the conclusion that the forces which slowly and by little starts uplift continents, and those which at successive periods pour forth volcanic matter from open orifices are identical. From many reasons I believe the frequent quakings of the earth, on this line of coast, are caused by the rending of the strata necessarily consequent on the tension of the land when upraised and then injection by fluidified rock. This rending and injection would, if repeated often enough (and we know earthquakes repeatedly effect the same areas in the same manner) form a chain of hills; and the linear island of St. Mary, which was upraised thrice the height of the surrounding country seems to be undergoing this process. I believe the solid axis of a mountain differs in its manner from a volcanic hill only in the molten stone having been repeatedly injected instead of having been repeatedly ejected." In this way he believed the vast mountain ranges were gradually thrown up from time to time as these exterior earthquakes occur, and he also believed the surface of the earth was as variable from the accretions and explosions of internal gasses, as the surface of the water, in a comparative degree.

In speaking of his observations on the northern coast of Chili, he uses this language: "I have convincing proofs that this part of the continent has been elevated near the coast four hundred to five hundred, and in some parts from one thousand to thirteen hundred feet since the epoch of existing shells; and further inland the rise has probably been greater." "At Lima a sea-beach has certainly been upheaved eighty to ninety feet within the Indian-human period."

Mr. Darwin narrates finding sea shells and other washings of the ocean in many places hundreds of feet above the surface of the water, showing at some time or times great upheavals have taken place. He also speaks of a pyramidal island in the ocean, around whose borders soundings are seventeen hundred feet, showing at some time it was thrown up by the internal forces. He also gives an account of a new island coming to the surface by the effects of an earthquake. He also believed in England, France, Switzerland, and many other countries, the same condition of internal commotion had at some age of the world taken place; by which the mountain ranges had been produced, and that quietness had succeeded the spending of their internal forces. But we cannot quote him further now. These interesting statements may be found in his *Journal of Researches in Natural History and Geology, during the voyage of H. M. S. Beagle*; two volumes; published by Harper & Brothers.

Prof. Darwin is one of the men Elder Shelton thinks resorts to "pitiful subterfuges" in order to get rid of Bible truths, and one whom the Devil ought to get, and immerse in the flames of hell forever, for presuming to bring any facts to light that clash with the Bible story.

We are not sure such ponderous minds as Elder Shelton's can accept such obscure testimony as Prof. Darwin's, and he, doubtless, will still insist that there have been no upheavals on this continent because the Bible says nothing about it, and will still claim that all the mountain ranges were caused by Noah's flood, when the "foundations of the great deep were broken up"; and that no changes have taken place in the earth except what are mentioned in the Bible. Is it not a little curious that the flood which was sent to cover the tops of the highest mountains should at the same time have brought these very mountains into existence? This is a specimen of Elder Shelton's logic. What a great mind!

We will not object, however, should the Elder still believe in the flood and all the other monstrous Bible stories, if he finds they suit his grade of intellect. We are convinced, nevertheless, that people of good sense are ceasing to believe them, and fast turning their attention to scientific authors, and informing themselves upon subjects of which the ignorant writers of the Bible had not the slightest conception.

We will be content to let the Elder continue to imagine in his simple heart that the world is indebted to the Bible for the advances that have been made in knowledge, education, civilization, law, and the arts and sciences; though there is not a word of truth in

it. It has given the world none of these; but has been the source of incomparable error, mental blindness, superstition, carnage and bloodshed—which can be easily shown. But if the great Alabamian derives pleasure from the follies and absurdities he fondly clasps to his bosom, it is not in our heart to tear them from him, and thus render him unhappy. Let him be "joined to his idols," let him still dream on about miracles and floods, and ghosts and gods and devils and Bibles and revelations, until he has lived out his days and gives place to those who will exercise their thought, their reason and their common sense.

We must follow Elder Shelton no longer; we have, we fear, already given him more attention than his mental calibre and his low estimate of good-breeding would seem to justify.

[We shall issue the entire discussion between Elder Shelton and ourselves, in a small pamphlet, and those who wish it, can be supplied in any quantity.]

IN OUR LAST we inadvertently failed to notice the marked improvements in our old contemporary, *The Investigator*, since it entered upon its forty-fifth volume and into its new home in Paine Hall. It is as pleasing, as sprightly, and as vivacious as a young bride. May it retain its charms for many a year to come, and continue its effective labors to make the world better and happier.

KIDDER'S SECRETS OF BEE-KEEPING.—We were in error as to the price of this valuable, practical work as given in this number for May 1st. The corrected prices are 50 cents in paper and 75 cents in boards. The work possesses much value and should be in the hands of every person keeping bees.

In a certain Rensselaer county Sunday-school they offer a chromo to every scholar who shall experience religion and join the church before August first.

M. Altman & Co.

We are in receipt of numerous letters complimentary of the fair dealing and integrity of the above well-known House, and refer with pleasure to those sent us by readers of our own paper, who are induced to purchase of them, and who report satisfaction both in prices of goods and quality.

Our friend Altman can always be seen at his establishments, which are located on 6th Avenue and 19th street, and although being constantly crowded with customers, and having every moment of his time engrossed superintending all the vast details of his business, has always an open hand to welcome his Liberal friends, and finds sufficient time to have a friendly chat with them in his private office.

An idea of his immense place may be had by the fact that he has over 200 salesmen and saleswomen employed, which, together with the vast number of porters, errand-men, entry-clerks, delivery-clerks, cashiers, book-keepers, assistant floor-walkers, ushers, managers, etc., and that the retail sales alone amount to over two million dollars.

Mr. B. F. Underwood, our favorite lecturer, has undertaken to write a graphic and detailed account of his last visit to this establishment, giving the minutiae of the working, and conveying some notion to the Liberal admirers of Mr. Altman of the complete organization controlling every small trifling operation, from the receiving of three pennies for a paper of pins to the taking of an order for a \$500 silk costume. This will shortly be published. The house of M. Altman & Co. is as well known in this city as A. T. Stewart, and quite as favorable for prices and grades of goods, and what finds most favor in our eyes with Morris Altman is, that he has been the *first* and *only* extensive merchant that had the independence to advertise in the Liberal papers and to openly avow his Liberalism.

His advertisements for the last five years in our well known Liberal papers attest this fact; and although he has spent over \$40,000 in advertising with secular papers, confines his advertising now to Liberal papers.

We recommend him and his house to all our readers.

He sends his circulars and price list free of cost. Send for it and try him.

[From *The Daily State Journal*, Lincoln, Neb., April, 25th, 1875.]

B. F. Underwood.

We had the pleasure last night of listening to this famous lecturer, and we may say the most noted freethinker of the age. To say the least, this gentleman is in our opinion, as well as in the opinion of every other sound-minded individual who has had the pleasure of listening to him, the best lecturer and soundest talker that ever graced the stage before an appreciative audience.

EVOLUTION.

From the Homogeneous to the Heterogeneous.

Evolution affirms that the Universe did not come into existence as we now know it, by a creative fiat, but that its present condition is the final term in an immense series of changes, which have occurred in the course of immense periods of time. These changes have been from the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. The theory advanced by Kant, and afterwards elaborated by Laplace, and now accepted generally by scientific men, known as the nebular hypothesis, is an illustration of astronomical evolution. Our solar system was once a fire-mist; the condition was homogeneous; the progressive condensation and differentiation of this nebulous mass, through successive stages, to more and more concrete and specialized bodies, have given us our solar system, with its one hundred and fifty orbs moving and revolving according to one grand method. The fire-mist became first, immense globes of gas, gradually condensing into featureless balls of fire, the bodies cooling and vapors condensing, oceans appeared. In course of time, when the crust was formed and by escape of heat condensation took place; mountains and rivers, and finally all those diversities of surface we now observe characterized it.

THE BEGINNING OF LIFE.

Life appeared in the same way, mere specks of albumen floating on the oceans of antiquity. It is often asked how life could have been evolved from a mere nebulous mass of fire-mist. Modern science shows that life is a form of force, a mode of motion. There are no elements in the egg that are not found in the inorganic world. There are no forces in the egg that are not in the rocks, the seas, and clouds. But just as heat is converted to light, light into electricity, electricity into magnetism, and reconverted back, so are the unconscious forces of the egg converted into the life of a chicken. How it is done we pretend not to explain. The fact is indisputable. The grand discovery of the convertibility and persistence of force and researches into biology, have dissipated the old notions that life is essentially distinct from other forms of force. We know that life is simply one of the forms or manifestations of that same force, which under other circumstances, and with molecular arrangement, appears as electricity, heat, magnetism, etc. The experiments of Hæckel and Justin make it probable that life has appeared in liquids, heated to between 300 and 400 deg. Fahrenheit, and under conditions excluding the possibility of germs. When the fluid first begins to grow clouded it is seen with a powerful microscope swarming with multitudes of moving specks, varying from one twenty-thousandth to one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch in diameter. These are regarded by Dr. Bastian as primordial particles of living matter. They are mere specks of albumen-like organic matter with irregular external form, continually changing, without any trace of internal structure or of formation from dissimilar parts. The whole body consists of a homogeneous protoplasm that does not reach the importance of even the simplest cell. Prof. Hæckel says these monera are neither animals nor plants. Indeed it is certain that, as the animal kingdom runs into the vegetable, forming what Huxley calls the biological "No Mans," so the organic runs into the inorganic world, and it is impossible to say where the former begins and the latter ends.

ALL SPECIES RELATED TO ONE ANOTHER.

Evolution shows that there is a genetic relationship, a primordial kinship between all the animals of the globe. In the first place among all the multitude of animals that present such a variety of appearances, there are but five, at most seven distinct types. The wing of the bat, the flipper of the seal, the fore legs of a horse, the arm of a man, are but modifications of the same part. The farther back we go, the less difference there is between the species, and in those the most widely divergent we can discover unmistakable trace of a common starting point.

Looking at the facts of embryology—every animal in its embryological development passes through different stages representing every animal below it. The consecutive changes which a human passes through in its anti-natal progress until its birth corresponds exactly with our zoological classification of animals. Why does a man commence to develop as though he were to become a fish, then as though he were to become a reptile and then pass through and represent the condition of the bird and the quadruped before assuming the human form, forming an epitome of the whole animal world? The answer is evident: Because man himself is an evolution from these lower forms. The development of a human being, from a speck of albumen, epitomizes the development of the various species of animal from the homogeneous

condition we have mentioned as the beginning of organic life.

The facts of rudimentary structure are no less convincing. The Guinea-pig has teeth which it sheds before it is born. The female Dugong has tusks that never cut the gum. Some birds have teeth in their beaks during the embryonic condition. Snakes have hind legs beneath the integuments of the skin. Seals have nails inside the flesh at the end of their toes. Some species of whales have teeth that they lose before birth, and which are superseded by a filtering apparatus through which the food passes. Let the theologian explain these facts on the hypothesis that species were created as we see them. These rudimentary structures are recollections of a former condition. They show that animals having changed their surroundings, and lost the need for, and use of certain organs, those parts have become abated, or reduced to mere rudiments. All animals are full of rudimentary parts, that point back to the time when they belonged to different species just as clearly as the minute dangling horns in hornless breeds of cattle point back to the time when those cattle had horns. Man is no exception as Darwin shows; he has even rudimentary muscles in the ears, by which his ancient progenitor moved those parts, and by which occasionally, a man is now found to do the same, by mere act of volition. The human body is full of these indications of a low and humble origin. Were they thoroughly comprehended says Hæckel, the opponents of development would be overwhelmed with despair.

OUR APE-LIKE ANCESTORS

It has often been said that it is impossible that a Shakespeare or Newton could have jumped up from the condition of a monkey—of course. But when we consider some of the lower men in Africa, who live chiefly in trees, gesticulate like apes, that have not sufficient language to converse in the language of humans, that live on toads and serpents, and mice, have no tribal property, no love, no idea of religion, that meet and propagate like beasts, that have been given up by the missionaries as mere two-handed apes, and then think of some higher apes that ascend trees with stones in their hands with which they pelt travelers, that take their young to the brook and wash their faces (which some civilized mothers neglect to do), the difference between men and animals is very much lessened. And then the theory of Darwin forbids the supposition that man is an evolution from any existing species of monkeys. There has been a survival of the fittest. Man's ancestors must necessarily have perished—we must not look for links between man and existing monkeys. Man we hold, came from an ape-like ancestor. When we shall have had opportunities to examine the crust of the earth, in those regions where man first appeared, we shall undoubtedly find all the "links" required by the Darwinian theory.

PRIMITIVE MAN.

We know early man was a savage. Pre-historic archaeology demonstrates this. The caves of Amiens and Abbeville show us that man existed when the river Somme was running 110 feet higher than it now is; when the woolly rhinoceros, the cave bear, and the mammoth roamed the earth. Their bones are found mingled with the remains of our savage ancestors. Every-where man has existed, the rude unpolished stone age is found first, then the middle stone age, the polished stone age, afterwards the age of bronze, the age of iron, the age of steam, electricity and printing.

HUMANITY A DEVELOPMENT.

Man, originally a savage, without culture or civilization, has become an enlightened, educated being. He once made known his rudest, coarsest wants by a few guttural sounds. Some of the savages now indicate the approach of the lion by imitating the roar of that beast. Language was originally chiefly gesture. The old languages, Hebrew, Sanscrit, etc., can be traced back to a few, about 500 root words. Could we trace those words to their origin, a low, coarse, hideous growl would be found, the origin of the homogeneous beginning of the language of Cicero, Webster and Longfellow. Prof. Max Muller, one of the greatest living philologists, is an evolutionist.

MARRIAGE AN EVOLUTION.

Among low tribes, marriage is communal; men go from their own tribe to other tribes and capture females and make them their mistresses and slaves. Here is the beginning of marriage, brutal capture on the part of man, unwilling submission on the part of woman—finally, men wishing additional slaves or mistresses, made additional captures—hence polygamy, and finally, the relation becoming refined and elevated, assumed the form of monogamic marriage. Until within twenty-five years it was customary in Wales whenever there was a marriage, for the intended bride to start out at full gallop accompanied by her friends, and for the intended husband to follow in pursuit. This was simply a symbol that pointed back to the time when the woman did not ride gracefully away, hoping soon to be overtaken by her lord, but when she knew that if overtaken, she would be treated with brutality, and torn forever from her friends.

RELIGION NO EXCEPTION.

Religion is an evolution. Man in his lowest state has no religion. He looks on the Universe like an ox.

He believes everything and disbelieves nothing. Soon the wonders of the Universe force themselves upon his attention, the sun shines with genial warmth, the stars like the eyes of time look down on him, and the beauties of nature impress him with admiration. But the lightning destroys his hut, the thunder terrifies him, the pestilence fills him with fear, the fire burns, the water drowns, his own qualities are reflected in nature. He declares there is a good God and an evil God. He prays to one in gratitude, to the other in fear, hoping to avert anticipated calamities. The habit of worship is evolved through countless generations. It has become stereotyped in man's nature. A man acquiring the habit of intemperance may cause his son to have an instinctive tendency to become a drunkard. This can be done in two generations. Given a hundred thousand years, would not the habits of our ancestors become stereotyped in our natures, so that men and women would be born with religious tendencies? Hence the difficulty with which the Freethinker has to contend. He may show the unreasonableness of a religion or dogma, but the tendency to believe and to worship resists all argument and all logic. From the simple worship of the savage have been evolved the complicated systems of Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Christianity. Art, and commerce, government, and every other condition and enterprise have been evolved in the same way from the homogeneous. The method we can ascertain, and some of the principles we can positively assert. Selection being hereditary, the survival of the fittest is a principle no longer questioned by intelligent minds.

Mr. Underwood closed his lecture by an eloquent appeal for the elevation of the human race by living harmonious lives. Referring to the care taken by men in improving stock, he thought the propagation of the human species deserved the attention of men. Diseased and degenerating persons should not become the parents of offspring. He did not believe in any redemption of man from the consequences of his own condition. If people were born right the first time, they would not need to be born again.

The Inquisition still at Work.

MR. EDITOR:—The caption of this communication is suggested by some recent occurrences in which the writer unwillingly played the part of "heretic, and as all means of redress is denied me here, I appeal to your columns, not so much to publish my private wrongs as to ascertain whether a church calling itself Christian, and boasting of the "liberty of Christ wherewith he hath made us free," can in this year of grace, 1875, re-enact the scenes of the Spanish Inquisition, or the "Star Chamber" with impunity? I live in the town of L—c, Pa., am a mechanic, and work to earn an honest living for myself and family. Am (or was) a member of the United Presbyterian Church, and tried to discharge my duty to God and man. But I made a fatal mistake. I was innocent enough to suppose that all the "glittering generalities" about the right of "private interpretation," "liberty of conscience," "liberty of the gospel," etc., heard in Protestant churches from the time of Martin Luther to the present time was genuine; was intended to be useful as well as ornamental, and being anxious to learn as much as possible of my relation to my surroundings, that I had a right to think for myself while a member of church, I infiduously or otherwise did so; and the simplest exercise of reason soon showed me that if astronomy, geology and chemistry were to be relied upon at all, then some of the principal dogmas of my church, such as the creation, the fall of man, total depravity, eternal punishment, etc., could not be true. I strove to resist the conviction, but the more I studied Nature, the more did I lose confidence in a pretended revelation. Feeling that I could no longer profess to believe doctrines which I did not believe, and wishing to do as I would be done by, I went before the church, and frankly stated the fact, and desired to withdraw my membership. I received no satisfactory reply, but deeming my allegiance dissolved I paid up my dues and ceased to attend church. This was near a year ago. On the 25th of March last, I received a written notice to appear before the session April 3, and answer to the following charges: "Absenting himself from the ordinances of Lord's supper, and non-attendance on the preaching of the gospel when opportunity presented."

Somewhat surprised at this, I repaired at the appointed time to the church, inquired for my accusers, and demanded a hearing. Instead of proceeding to try me "decently and in order," I was assailed by a torrent of abuse; the language more befitting a pot-house politician than a minister of the gospel of peace. Threats were freely bandied, and seeing that I could not remain and retain my self-respect, I arose, remarking that "it was quite plain that I had been called up, not for trial, but condemnation," and left the house. On the 5th of April following, I received the following precious document which I quote verbatim: "Where, J. L—, a member has been convicted by the session L—c congregation and wherease, the session by one of its members endeavour without effect to reclaim the offending brother and wherease, his continuing in his sin and refusing to listen to the admonitions of his brethren, render it necessary for the honour of Christ Jesus for the purity of his religion

for a warning to others, and for his own good to inflict on him a public censure of the Lords house, the session did and hereby do in the name of the Lord Jesus as a court constituted in his name suspend and exclude the said J. L. from the privileges of the church until he gives good evidence of unfeigned repentance for the neglect of sealing and public ordinances. Done at L. C. this 3d day of April A. D. 1875 R. C. H. (S. C.)

The gist of this fine specimen of shoddy Vatican thunder is found in the phrase "for a warning to others," and it only needs a little correction in orthography, and the usual closing sentence "let him be anathema," for one to imagine that he hears the genuine bellowing of a veritable Pope's "bull." It has been evident for some time that they had given up all idea of scaring me into a confession of guilt I did not feel, and a profession of faith I did not entertain, and were determined to make of me a "terrible example" to other members who might be foolish enough to suppose for an instant that religion was a reasonable thing, and would bear investigation in the light of science.

I am now a "marked man." My good name is to be systematically blackened; my character traduced; my business injured, and my family reduced to want; all because I could not believe impossible dogmas, and would not act the hypocrite. And yet this holy Inquisitor-General, the Rev. G., has the unblushing effrontery to tell me that it is "for the honor of Christ, and the purity of his religion." If that is "Christian religion" I would infinitely prefer being decently damned with human heathen to being housed in heaven with such Christians.

I did not go to church on Sunday to hear myself "publicly censured," but am told that the Rev. gentleman showed his "good will to men" by imitating (as far as his ability permitted,) Pope Alexander III. when he cursed the Albigenses.

When the Spanish physician, Michael Servetus, was so unfortunate as to differ in opinion from the saintly Calvin, he was "admonished" by being burnt alive. The degeneracy of the present times does not permit clergymen to burn those who differ from them, or whose arguments they cannot answer, and they are obliged to content themselves with fulminating ecclesiastical lightning and sheet-iron thunder from the pulpit. But there is hope ahead; "there is a good time coming, it is almost here."

Not long since this same Rev. G. preached a sermon noted equally for its violence of language and its logical weakness, wherein he vehemently advocated the "God in the Constitution" dodge, by which the clergy expect to regain their lost prestige and re-enslave the minds of men. They confidently expect to attain their ends in 1876, and when that is accomplished, "the Bible made the supreme law of the land," instead of the Constitution of the United States; the clergy the *interpreters* of that law, instead of the supreme court; if we may judge the future by the past, we may naturally expect to see such scenes enacted as will "make angels weep and devils blush." The little petty persecutions that we suffer now are but "a foretaste of the joys" (?) held in reservation for us "poor, miserable sinners" when these blood-hounds of Zion acquire unlimited power. Yours for the right of private judgment, J. W. L.

Lumber City, Pa., April 26th, 1875.

New-York Liberal Club.

MAY 7TH, 1875.

[TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-SECOND MEETING.]

A paper was read by the Vice-President, W. J. OUNSBY, entitled *Educational Problems*.

In this stage of the world's progress, there is no necessity for an argument in favor of Education. We may state it as an axiom, that education is generally believed to be a necessity. The great problem is, then, not one of the results to be obtained, but it is a problem of methods, of means, of how best to achieve a desired object. Now there are to be observed at the outset two distinctly marked and diverse theories of education. One of them, and the one that seems to have attained the widest sanction, is based on the idea of force. The broad theory of it, is that only a part of the world duly appreciates the value of education—that it is the duty of this part of the world to compel the other part of the world to be educated, and that human progress can best be secured by such compulsion.

The other theory—the one held by the fewest numbers—is that education is really appreciated by the mass, and is in itself sufficiently attractive to be voluntarily sought and obtained.

The question, therefore, to be argued is one of methods. How best to educate? It is the object of this paper to advocate the attractive method of education, opposing the compulsory, and to show that in education, as in religion, the free method is the best. That we can dispense with the soldier and the policeman and entrust the future welfare of the race to the ever-triumphant principles of liberty.

How strange it seems in this "land of the free," to see the many tendencies to follow despotic examples,

to witness the stealthy steps by which the educational methods of the most tyrannical government of the world are being engrafted upon our American educational system. It is indeed too true that under the pretense of progress, we have been slowly following in the footsteps of Prussia, Austria and China—year by year placing more of the control of education in the hands of the government.

It is true that in this country there has been a pretense of avoiding the objections that have characterized despotic governments in the control of education, and in theory our education is unsectarian, completely divorced from religion; but a close examination will expose the falsity of this pretense. There have been complaints on many hands and from many citizens that the unsectarian character of the schools has not been preserved, in many insidious, indirect as well as direct ways, religious tenets have been inculcated and the public fund misappropriated for the advancement of sects.

Take for illustration the schools of New York city. No one at all familiar with them can deny that nearly all of them, in one way and another are made the avenues of religious instruction. By the reading of the Bible, by the adoption of text books with religious peculiarities, by the singing of religious hymns, by the frequent speeches of ministers a religious character is given to the schools which has awakened the indignant protests of large bodies of citizens. Not only have the Jews and the Catholics found cause for complaint, but especially have the champions of free-thought and liberal ideas have had good cause to protest that the public funds were used to teach ideas worthy only an age of ignorance and superstition, instead of unfolding to the young the various arguments that are advanced for conflicting theories of creation and the Universe, which would be the only fair method. If anything was to be taught on the subject, the public public schools countenance an exploded and superstitious theology.

An appropriate illustration of the non-progressive character of government education as seen in the extraordinary efforts made by Prof. Doremus, in the New York College, is reconciled literally to the Mosaic account of the creation with the undisputed revelations of modern science, and this, too, at a time when the scientific world almost *en masse* is of the opinion that the Mosaic account is more poetic and imaginative than literally true. Prof. Doremus seems animated by a conviction that it is his duty to brave the decision of the scientific world, and to endeavor to inculcate in the minds of his people a theory of the creation which the weight of scientific wisdom most unquestionably condemns. There are *even pulpits* now where the Mosaic account is not taught as literally true, and it is enough questioned by modern research to make any course of education incomplete which does not fairly state both sides of the question. It is undoubtedly most unfair for such partisan and one-sided views as those taught by Prof. Doremus to be imparted at the public expense, and to be taught with the sanction of government endorsement.

Look at the books of the schools, and you will see how large a proportion of them are productions of "Reverends" and D.D.'s, who audaciously and pertinaciously obtrude their antiquated superstitions at the public expense—a proceeding, in fact, when analyzed, will be found to be merely an ingenious form of theft. Every dollar of the public money expended for this method of instruction is forcibly taken from the taxpayers, on the false pretense of secular education.

Of course it is agreed in palliation of these outrages that they are matters of detail, that they are purely personal offenses. But it may justly be replied that these things make their appearance in all systems of public education, and may properly be attributed to such systems of which they are the natural result. The temptation of public officials to advance their own peculiar ideas at the public expense is irresistible, and the school officer will invariably introduce his pastor or his priest into the schools, so that in some localities we have the Protestant Bible and the parson, and in another the Duay Bible and the priest impudently obtruded in schools paid for by the taxes wrung from those who have no reverence for either Bible, parson or priest.

The theory of our government is the entire separation of Church and State. We have a constitution without God in it, and the laws of the State forbid the further appropriation of the public funds for religious purposes, common justice requires that in further particulars the letter of the law is to be observed, and we are to have public schools that shall be in fact as well as in theory, purely secular.

It is a common thing when anything is said against the public school system to raise the cry of "Catholic" and "popery," and to declare that the opposition to the public school system arise from Catholic antipathy to all education whatever, and a Catholic desire to keep the people in ignorance. Such a cry comes with an ill grace in a community like this, where the Catholics in addition to the burden of taxation for public schools have borne the burden of private schools, which in the city of New York alone, have taught annually 50,000 scholars. True, a part of the expenses of this has heretofore been taken from the public purse. True, the enactment of recent laws rendering such an appropriation of public funds impossible has caused the Catholics to desire the merging

of their schools with the public schools. But the broad fact remains that the Catholics in common with the Jews and the Freethinkers have had just cause of complaint at the administration of the public school system.

And here may be noticed a very great misapprehension of the pending project for the absorption of the Catholic parochial schools with the public school system of New York. The plan is regarded by many as a Jesuitical attempt to evade the law and to secure the surreptitious use of the public funds for the purpose of advancing the interest of the Catholic Church. If this charge could be substantiated, and a plan of union should be adopted that should give any reasonable ground for the belief that such an object was intended none could oppose and denounce it more than myself. Such a course would be entirely foreign to the spirit of our government, and should be opposed by all lovers of liberty and progress. But I don't so regard it. I look upon the abolition of Catholic schools as a step in advance. I cannot think that those 50,000 Catholic children could be taken out of the influence of a distinctively Catholic tuition and placed under a pure secular method of instruction it would be a step forward. It would be an improvement upon the religious education they have heretofore had; and instead of opposing it, I should think Protestants would hail it as a measure of progress. It is lessening the power of the priest, and weakening the power of the Catholic Church. No more convincing proof of the fact that such would be the result is needed than the violent opposition to the measure that is manifested in the Catholic Church itself.

It is true, that this opposition is believed to be insincere, and many clear-headed, sensible people are of the opinion that the plan is only a subterfuge to make the public pay for Catholic education. But I must say I regard such fears as groundless, and I have no dread that our public officers would dare to so palpably betray their trust, or fly in the face of common sense, common justice and the unmistakably expressed will of the people of this State, as expressed in the recent Constitutional Amendment.

Indeed, the plan has already been tried in Poughkeepsie, with marked success. The Catholic schools there were placed in the charge of public school officers and conducted by them. Permission was given to the Catholics to conduct religious service in school buildings outside of school hours, the attendance of pupils being voluntary. The result was that very few pupils remained, and the priests mumbled their mockeries to a beggarly account of empty benches. The practical result in the case being that fewer children have received Catholic religious teaching every day. I see no reason why the same result would not occur here. So far as we are advised of the union of the Catholic parochial schools with the public schools, I can see in it only a confession of the weakness on the part of the Catholics. But it must be borne in mind, that my approval of the plan is based solely on the supposition that it can be accomplished by making them so far as the public administration of them is concerned, purely secular, according to law.

But, if the public school could be made purely secular, if the course of education in them could be made such that its considerable class of citizens could take offense on the ground of their religious bias, I should still claim that the public school system is not the best system, because it is not the attractive system, nor consistent with the most advanced ideas of liberty and progress. I do not believe that education is the business of the State at all. There is no more sense in having the government attend to education, than it is for the government to attend to food and clothing and amusements, for all these are equally as indispensable as education; indeed they are a very large part of education. There is no argument in favor of a government school that does not equally point to the justification for a government shoe-shop, or a government lodging-house, or a government theatre. All these things are equally necessary for civilized society, and to the promotion of good citizens.

It is now a received axiom by the most advanced authorities upon the subject of government that anything which can best be done by the individual had better be done by the individual.

The question then is simply this: Can education be best promoted by the government, or by individual effort? Which is the best method? Let us not lose sight of that. We are discussing simply a question of method. What is the best plan for securing the utmost education? Is it best that government should take charge of this important matter? Let us see. So far as I am able to judge, the government system fails in every essential requisite of education.

No more signal proof of the utter failure of government education could be offered than the startling fact that we see every-where the movement for compulsory education. It is thus admitted that the very class for which, above all others, the public system is maintained, are not now attracted to it, but must be forcibly brought in by the use of the policeman's club! Has it, indeed, come to this? Is there in fact so little dependence to be placed upon the natural affection of parents, that the brute force of the policeman can be made to take its place? Can we place any reliance on the education and progress which is to be thus secured? Have we any reasonable hope of making good citizens by this summary and tyrannical

method? Why Prussia and Austria, and even China, have tried it for generations. Is there anything in their success that the free American citizen should envy? If there is, then is our centennial a mockery, and the sooner we get a tyranny the better?

Suppose, for an instant, that you can drag into the public schools the children of the very poor, who are now assisting to support their parents? Suppose you can drag in the scum and offscourings of the cities, what then? Where does the government duty end? Will not the same train of reasoning that has justified the bringing of these classes into the public schools also justify the clothing and feeding of them, so that they can take the benefit of public education? Where is the line to be drawn? Will the child be less likely to steal when it has learned the multiplication table? Must the State furnish subsistence until the pupil has passed through a college course?

Why, the fact that there are so many neglected children, is one of the natural outcomings of this infernal theory, that it is the duty of the State to perform the duties of the parent. The whole system of public education has a pernicious effect for this very reason, that it weakens parental responsibility, and offers a premium to bring children into the world for others to take care of. While the children are being educated by the State, the parents are being educated in neglecting their parental duties, and quieting their consciences by the monstrous assumption that it is the business of society to do their work for them.

What is the reason why so many children now, as in Shakespeare's time, are creeping like snails unwillingly to school? Why, it is simply because the pretense of the necessity for the public school is entirely lost sight of in the administration of the school. Instead of the very poor and ragged and mischievous being welcomed and specially cared for and attracted, they find that it is the children of the rich and the politicians who are petted and cared for; that the pupils who have the best natural capacity are put forward and held up as the results of the teacher's skill, while the dull-brained and backward, for whom, on the same principle the teacher ought to take discredit, are discouraged and dispirited.

Is there any pretense that our public school teachers are selected for the fitness to teach, or is it not rather notorious that too many of them are merely the creatures of political favoritism.

Look at our school boards! Are they generally composed of educated, upright, moral citizens, or are they not too often scheming politicians who are anxious to get their relatives into good positions, or to get commissions for the introduction of school books, or to profit by the purchase of school sites and school buildings? The history of private efforts in teaching is replete with instances of the successful education of ragged urchins and street waifs by the intelligent use of attractive methods. Have we seen anything like it in the public system? Not much. The failure is confessed by this insane outcry for a compulsory education.

Did I say insane outcry for public education? Why insanity is too distinguished an appellation for that presumes the pre-existence of more intellect. I should rather say it is idiotic. It is idiotic to suppose that government control of a child for six hours out of the twenty-four is enough to make good citizens—even though the six hours were judiciously employed. If government ought to take care of the child during these six hours of the day, there is so much the more reason why government ought to take care of the child the other eighteen hours. Let the advocates of the public system be consistent, then, and establish the government nursery at once.

The government system is a confessed failure because the best schools and colleges are private institutions, which have quietly but securely been established in accordance with the natural laws of supply and demand, and were the all-powerful forces of competition allowed free play, there is every reason to suppose that, in the eager strife to secure the cheapest and best that has done so much for us in other departments of social life, would give us the cheapest and best education by private effort.

The government system is a system of stagnation; it is essentially non-progressive, and unequal to the demands of the times. Witness the wonderful growth of commercial schools in all parts of the country, supplying a want that would be supplied above all others by the public system, if there was the slightest spark of common sense in it.

Suppose it admitted that it is the duty of the government to educate the street Arabs, would it not be common sense to teach them how to get a living honestly, first and foremost? But does the government do that? It makes soldiers at West Point, and sailors at Annapolis, and is going to make sailors in New York, but as yet finds no warrant for instruction in the peaceful arts.

O, yes, they do teach short-hand in the New York college. But mark the idiotic plan of it; if a student takes the advanced course, he is not permitted to learn short-hand, while if he stays only a year and learns minor branches, they teach him short-hand. The very reverse should be the case, as a good short-hand writer must be a person of advanced education. But I shall be told this is a matter of detail. I tell you it is a straw which shows the way the wind blows,

and is illustrative of the idiotic way of doing things by government.

This idea of the necessity of government doing so much for the individual, is an old and absurd notion. It belongs to the time when government regulated the style of clothing, the quality of diet, the hour of going to bed, or the standard of religious truth. It is totally at variance with all true ideas of progress. We are in a sad way, indeed, if the best we can do is to have our hot-house politicians attend to education for us. Why, there is hardly one of the school boards that does not suggest the "Rogue's Gallery." They are so proverbially ignorant that one of the illustrated papers made a palpable hit by a picture representing a scholar at a spelling-match saying to a member of the school board: "Now, sir, let us give you some words."

Nothing could be more preposterous than the absurd notion that public school education prevents crime. The advocates of education by government are never tired of compiling statistics to show that education prevents crime. But the statistics, as usual in cases where anything is to be proved, are not all on one side. The fact is, that reliable statistics are available to show that education does not prevent crime. Mr. Spencer has cited a number of them in his work on "Social Statics." The New York *School Journal* some time since had a curious article to the same purport, based on the police statistics of New York city. But the most striking article on the subject appeared in the New York *Daily Times* of Sunday before last, (May 2d, 1875,) reviewing the joint reports of the Register-General for England and the Register-General for Ireland for the year 1872. I will not recapitulate the figures, which are full of interest. But the *Times*, in commenting upon them, uses this extraordinary language:

"As it stands, the report shows the Irish to be the worst educated, but the most virtuous and the most healthy, despite all that has been said about their miseries. It shows the Scotch to be the best educated, but the most given to immorality."

The total number of arrests in New York city in the year 1871-2, according to the report of the Board of Police, was 84,514, and out of this number only 3,423 were unable to read and write, and 3,423 were unable to write, but could read. Thus, in round numbers, 77,000 out of 84,000 persons arrested, possessed the rudiments of knowledge.

We are apt to place undue value upon the knowledge of books, upon the mere acquisition of facts, to make the mistake of supposing the mind to be a vessel to be filled, rather than an organism to be improved by exercise and nutrition to inform the mind rather than to reform it, to instruct rather than to educate. There is a vast amount of purposeless, aimless, objectless teaching and learning in the public schools necessarily resulting from such a wholesale system.

But, the idea that the public school system is the cheapest is fallacious. Whatever is gained by purchasing at wholesale, is lost by extravagant, unnecessary and injudicious purchases by the same jobbery, speculation and corruption that characterizes other departments of government. The most that the government can do is to return to the people what they take away in taxes—minus the cost of administration. How could it be economical when all the tendencies are due to extravagance? Think of the vast political machines that the department of education can be made with its appointment of 200,000 teachers, and the expenditure of \$70,000,000 annually. Is it possible that the public schools shall progress and improve when they have to go through the dirty medium of politics? There can be no question, that if the matter of education were left open to free competition a much more efficient and cheaper method would naturally result.

Do you think the poor would not be provided for under a free voluntary system? You need have no fear that human sympathy is to be extinguished, that benevolence will cease. The very public sentiment that now sustains the public school system would see to it, that the needful education was supplied to all. Only this would result, that instead of having their charity done for them by government, people would, by the exercise of it themselves learn to be more truly charitable and benevolent. There is no danger that human sympathy can be extinguished by act of the Legislature. But there is danger that by the too free use of government charity, a premium shall be offered to laziness, and men be encouraged to expend on rum, tobacco and dissipation the money that should be devoted to the education of their children. Do you say that without the public school system there would be less education? I declare that there would be more and better, because no act of the Legislature can either make or diminish parental solicitude. Neither is there any ground for the belief that there is a sufficient excess of parental forethought and discrimination in politicians to make up for the want of it in parents. If the seed is bad, there is no hope of making a sound plant grow by government aid. If the seed is good—not even government prohibition will prevent its growing and fructifying—the very birds shall carry it to congenial soil, and the birds carry it to the mountain top.

There is the same warrant for a public school that there is for a public almshouse, and no more. The principle of the two is the same, and the time will

yet come when people will have the same chance for sending their children to the public school that they could have for sending them to the almshouse. There is no sense in pursuing the same plan with the children who are willing and anxious to attend school, and those who are reluctant and unappreciating. The public sentiment that sustains free schools is erroneous. If education is worth having, it is worth paying for. Of course it is paid for, and more than paid for by the majority of those who attend; and as to them the name "free school" is a misnomer. There is no reason why it should not be just as discreditable to attend a public school as a public almshouse; the discredit arising not from an undervaluation of education, but rather from a full appreciation of it.

To say that the state can manufacture good citizens by the mere process of intellectual education is to confess a total misconception of the process by which good citizens are made. If the state is to go into the business of making good citizens it must begin earlier than the schools, and continue the work longer. It must see to it that children are born only of healthy parents, that they have the best of clothes and food; that they have healthy sleeping rooms; that they are surrounded by good associations; harmless recreations, stimulants to the acquisition of knowledge; that their natural powers are noted and developed; that they waste no time in the vain endeavor to do what they have no natural capacity to perform; that they are provided with some honest means of obtaining a livelihood; that they are judiciously and happily married. All of these matters are essential in the formation of good moral citizens. And any argument that it is the duty of the state to attend to any one of these matters will equally apply to any of the rest. But, for the State to attend to any of them is too do for the individual, what the individual can best do for himself—an interference with the order of nature that merely retards instead of accelerating progress.

Why the bees that were imported to Barbadoes, instead of making honey went to loafing around the sugar houses, because they found their honey ready-made. The English sparrows in New York city have been pampered and fed until they have no stomach for the angle worms, and prefer to loaf in their comfortable houses. Even our horses have become demoralized so that they take cold and have to be doctored. So universal is the law, that the more you do for people, the less will they be likely to do for themselves.

Our Reformers have got things twisted. The fact is, that instead of the government making the people, it is the people who make the government. According to the census of 1870, in a total population of thirty-eight millions, over ten millions are set down as illiterate, and over a million and a half of them vote. The problem is: what shall we do with them? There they are in their ignorance. Here are we with our knowledge—What shall we do with them? Can it be possible that the sum of our intelligence can only determine upon sending forth the policeman with his club to compel them to be educated? Oh shame upon the 19th century if this is the best that we can do. Oh lame and impotent conclusion that compulsory education is our only refuge!

No, Americans, it is not true. But rather it is true that our only hope is in making education attractive, in presenting its advantages so that year by year the masses shall see more and more that it is to their interest, in the broadest sense of the term, to be educated, in separating the great business of education from the dirty routine of politics, in stimulating an honorable competition that shall secure the very best system of education, in encouraging parents to pay for the education of their own children, with a firm reliance upon the never-failing fountain of human sympathy to render sufficient aid to the unfortunate.

Dr. R. T. HALLOCK followed the lecture in defense of the public school system and of compulsory education.

Mr. JOHNSON followed in the same vein, and defended teachers from the criticisms that had been made upon them. He knew many who were self-denying and devoted to their avocation.

Mr. DAWSON dissented entirely from the lecturer, and had heard but little he could approve. He eulogized our public school system in glowing language.

Mr. DUGDALE, Dr. GUNN, Mrs. HALLOCK, Dr. LAMBERT and another gentleman continued the debate, some for and some against our common school system, and for and against compulsory education.

Mr. ORMSBY closed, advocating that children be taught habits of useful industry, as well as other branches of education, to the exclusion of the moral cesspools of antiquated theologies and pernicious sectarianism now taught in our schools, at the cost of the general public.

MAY 14th, 1875.

[TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-THIRD MEETING]

Mr. J. B. HODGSKIN read a very interesting paper on "Darwinism!"

but for want of room we can only give detached parts of it.

Among the feeblest and most ignorant of human races now existing, knowledge has barely reached to a consciousness of the most simple wants, and to the means of satisfying them. They have no thought of

their origin, or of their present existence, or of their future. They are so ignorant that they have not discovered the Unknowable. They know of no Creator, no Deity, no future life. But as their knowledge grows, they learn that there are other powers besides their own. They notice that they do not control their own health or their own sickness, that they cannot influence the growth of their crops or the straying of their cattle. Their first knowledge of their impotence is their first lesson in the Unknowable, is the first feeble growth of their religion. But what a religion! To them the Unknowable finds a lodgement in a stone, a stick, a tree, a bunch of leaves, the withered ear of a dead animal. "The negro of Guinea beats his fetish if his prayers are not complied with, and hides it in his waist-cloth if about to do anything of which he is ashamed."

But as knowledge progresses, men learn that the sun and moon and stars exert over them and their affairs an influence which they do not understand; or they are driven into abject terror by the superior power of savage animals; or they perceive that other animals are beneficial to them by destroying their enemies; or they are struck with wonder at the light and warmth of fire, which consumes the hardest substances and then vanishes itself; and thus to them the sun and moon and stars become objects of wonder, before which they prostrate themselves in humiliation and submission, and do worship. Thus men worship fire and the elements, the serpent or the crocodile, the ibis or the ox.

And as, age after age, men learn that beyond the powers they once worshiped there are other powers stronger than the first, and as in each step of progress the powers they learn to recognize are higher and more mysterious than those they have abandoned, so with each step of progress in knowledge, man's sense of humility and dependence increases, his religion becomes ennobled, his worship refined, his theology more impressive, his morality more practical, his life more virtuous. Regard it, as we will, whether we look amongst the lowest type of savages or amongst the most civilized races of men, increased knowledge ever means increased recognition of the Unknowable, increased humility and greater virtue.

Yet the theologians of our day would teach us that there is a conflict between science and religion! There is a conflict! But it is not a conflict between science and religion. It is a conflict between science and *their* religion; a conflict between science and a false dogma of their religion; a dogma which they have set up without warrant, without humility, but in ignorance and unconscious selfishness and undiscovered pride; the dogma that the boundaries between science and religion are fixed, and that they are the divinely appointed guardians to see that the boundaries are not transgressed. In their blindness, they fail to see that every growth of knowledge is a growth of faith; that the farther we extend the sphere of the known the farther do we extend the unknowable; that all progress in religion is based upon progress in knowledge; and that in barring out science they are setting a limit to the growth of true religion.

Science during the last few years has made great strides. It has lifted a veil from some few parts of the unknowable; has brought within the sphere of knowledge a wide field that, but a few years since, lay within the realms of faith. Within the last twenty years science has uncovered, revealed more of the impenetrable mystery of man's existence than has been revealed in all the ages of the past. It has revealed to us mysteries that have for thousands of years been objects of man's worship; and from out of its revelations the mystery of the Unknowable rises afresh a million-fold greater magnitude, man sinks afresh in humility, more deep and more sincere, and recognizes a "sway and sovereign empire" more just, more powerful, more benevolent, more conceivable than has yet been taught by any religion upon earth.

Take a tiny drop of water. Examine it under the microscope. It is a world within itself. Full of life, animal life; things that are born and die; that breathe and eat and live, quarrel and fight; that prey upon one another and devour one another, that have offspring like unto themselves, who in their turn breathe and eat and live and die and perish and decay—all within that tiny globule of water. And of such drops of water millions fall upon a space no bigger than your hand, and a million of your hands would not cover half an acre of ground. And what is half an acre of ground compared to the size of this city, this State, this continent—and this continent is but a small portion of the surface of our globe. Yet upon every hand's breadth, every half acre, every city, every State, over the whole continent, over the entire surface of our globe rain falls nearly every day, millions upon millions of drops upon every hand's breadth, and every drop full of life, full of beings that live and eat and struggle and die and perish and decay.

Watch the motes dancing in a sunbeam. Let a ray of sunlight fall athwart a darkened room through a tiny opening in the shutter. Watch it. It seems at first but a spray of light. Look more closely and you will see it move; it is full of life. So closely packed with moving particles, you wonder how they all find room; you think you can grasp them with your hand. You have, perhaps, been told that what you see are particles of dust afloat. But closely examined you will find that mingled with the particles of dust are innumerable, countless organisms, which, like the organisms in the water-drop, though different, have life and growth and motion, and breed and increase and die, passing into our lungs at every breath, passing out as we exhale, sometimes the same, sometimes changed, sometimes harmless, sometimes bringing discomfort or disease, sometimes death. And as that little ray of sunlight which you see through the crevice in the shutter is filled with life, as is every particle of air, within the whole room, throughout the house, the streets, the fields, over the broad prairie, the seemingly limitless expanse of the wide ocean, the whole globe, and for miles up into the spheres, as far as our atmosphere extends—life everywhere, life inconceivable, life omnipresent!

A grain of sand is but a dead, lifeless thing. It seems so, but it is not. The smallest grain of sand that is visible to the eye, or that even the microscope can scarcely reveal in its infinitesimal insignificance, is full of life—life like the light in the sunbeam, life like the life in the water-drop, different, but still full of life. Each grain of sand, though never so still to our imperfect eye, is yet ever in motion. Each grain is incessantly struggling to unite with every other grain of its own kind, or to commingle with other grains of different kinds, and so lose its own identity, or its struggles to come into contact with air, with the oxygen of the air, to breathe it, to absorb it, to burn in it, and thus to change its life. And all these various tendencies or struggles constitute the life of the grain of sand, and such life is in each of them and in all the varied elements that constitute the solid portion of the earth. And this life is incessantly moving them upon the earth in myriads of various ways—in one place untold billions of grains growing faster to one another, growing together into close, compact masses and forming immense layers of stone and rock beneath, and in the course of ages forcing them all into different shape and forms and pressing them hither and thither, at one time raising continents from beneath the sea, and again submerging them until the waters overflow; at one time forcing out the molten fires from below into fierce outbursts of volcanic fury; or again raising up by the irresistible force of their silent pressure gigantic mountain ranges reaching to the skies. And every grain of sand at the bottom of the sea, and every particle of earth upon the plain and boulder upon the hill-side, every mountain towering into the heavens is thus full of such life, ever in motion, full of tendencies as irresistible as the desires and tendencies of the living beings in the water and in the air.

How small is a drop of water compared with a little stream, a river, a lake, the ocean that covers more than half the globe! How infinitely small the ray of sunlight in your room compared to the miles of atmosphere that envelop the entire earth! How small the grain of sand compared to the bed of the sea, the vast desert, the snow-clad mountain ranges, the deeps upon deeps that fill the bowels of the earth! Yet, as the drop of water or the grain of sand compared to our entire globe, so our entire globe itself is but as a drop of water, or grain of sand, compared with the magnitude of the visible Universe. Millions of globes like our own move around the heavens, career with a rapidity inconceivable to us around our sun, millions of miles distant; while our sun itself, with all its countless millions of earth surrounding it, itself careers as but one of other millions around some other still more distant sun, of such infinite magnitude, such unfathomable distance, that our miserable, puny thought is palsied in the mere effort to conceive it. Yet this distant sun, around which our sun careers through space, and all the millions of earths and stars that career with it, and each globule of air on each, each grain of sand on each, each drop of water on each, is full to overflowing with life, and all this life obeys one law, the law of our Creator. Where, in all the teachings of revealed religion do you find an illustration more sublime of the omnipotence of the Creator, of the insignificance of man than in this lesson taught by science?

Not, however, for the sole purpose of presenting to you this illustration, striking as it is, of the religious picture of science, have I sought to bring before you this teaching of the endless wealth of life that pervades the universe. I have at the same time been introducing you unawares to the first principles of Darwinism, the theory of science that has done more to excite the conflict between Science and Religion than all the scientific discoveries of the last three centuries. The first principle, the first assertion, the first fact or corner stone of Darwinism is this: that the whole universe is full of life, not full only in the ordinary sense of the word, as holding *much* life, but full in the absolute sense of the word, so full that it can hold no more. This, idea of the earth being so full of life that it can hold no more is probably startling to many of you. It seems especially striking here, where we are surrounded by so much vacant land—but it is nevertheless true, and is the starting point of Darwin's theory. Let me illustrate. And here allow me to state that I do not propose to enter into a scientific discussion of Darwinism, but merely to offer you a popular and intelligible explanation of its essential principles. To illustrate, then, the fullness of the earth with life:

We speak of our vast, uncultivated Western prairies, that might afford a home for countless millions. To settle these with populous towns, and raise upon them immense crops of grain and vast herds of cattle, certainly seems like adding an immensity of life to what before was lifeless. But it is in truth not so. Before the white man can live upon the plains, he must first drive out the Indian; before our same cattle can graze there, the deer, antelope and buffalo must first die out; before our grain can thrive, the rich grass of the prairie must be destroyed as a weed, the flight of prairie chickens and quail, and the swarms of hares and pheasants and locusts and the thousands of beasts and birds and insects must be exterminated; *the existing forms of life must give way first before other forms of life can have their being.* All change is but the extermination of what was, and the substitution of what is; all progress is but the removal of the old, the upgrowth of the new. No infusion is born within the water-drop, but deprives some other of a portion of its life; no leaf of grass grows but what dooms some other leaf to droop and die; no animal draws its first breath but what it takes from some other mouth a portion of its accustomed food; no man is born to life but what some other life—not necessarily a human life—must yield to give it place. Where the numbers of men increase, trees must decrease; wherever man makes his home, wild animals must die out; wherever man raises a crop, all other flowers, and shrubs and herbs, and grasses of the field are doomed as weeds. There is no room for new life, except where old life makes room by death. It is in this sense that the earth is full of life, so full that it can hold no more.

Yet the increase of life is almost more startling than the fullness of it. If there were but one pair of fish in the ocean, and all their progeny reached the term of their natural life, in a few hundred years they would fill the sea and overflow to the land. If there were but one pair of pigeons in the air, and all their young should reach maturity, in a few centuries they would be numerous enough to shut out the sunlight. If there were but one pair of man, and all their children lived and grew, and lived out man's allotted term, in four or five thousand years neither earth nor sea would afford them standing-room. "There is no exception to this rule, that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate, that if not destroyed the earth would soon be covered with the offspring of a single pair."

The earth is full of life. Yet in every instant of time new millions are born into life, but few of which could live were they even born into a world unoccupied. It is evident that of these countless millions born, but few survive. Yet all are gifted alike with the *desire* to live, the *love* of life, which is the very essence of existence. All enter, the very moment of their birth, into what Darwin calls "the struggle for existence," the race for life. The essential fact is, that more are born than can live. The essential question is: *Who shall survive?*

Have you ever seen two grains of corn exactly alike? Have you ever seen two leaves of a tree that did not somewhat differ? Have you ever known two animals, horses, dogs, cats, so much alike, that you could not tell them apart? Did you ever see two persons who resembled one another so much that you could not distinguish them when you saw them together? Never! neither you have, nor has anyone else. No two animals, or plants, or human beings are precisely alike in outward appearance and the difference in the outward appearance are only another expression of similar differences of character and disposition. Of the organisms born each instant into life, no two of any one kind are ever precisely alike. No matter how slight the difference, it will be there, a difference of some kind or other and it is this difference which determines who of them shall survive. Let me illustrate: The largest number of all new born organisms is destroyed by being devoured as food by other larger organisms. If any animal differs from others of its species ever so slightly in a manner that helps it to escape from its persecutors, its chances of life are thereby increased.

The young of the fox, for example, are preyed upon by a great variety of carnivorous birds. It is well known that most birds of prey discover their food by sight. Now the young of the fox are of all shades of dark grey, almost black, to light grey and nearly perfect white. It is evident that those among the young foxes, all other things being equal, whose color is most easily seen, will be most readily caught, will have the least chance to survive. If it is a northern region, where the ground is covered with snow nine months of the year, the black or dark grey fox will be seen from a great distance, will be easily followed, pursued and taken; while the light grey or white fox, almost the same color as the snow, will be less readily seen, will have a better chance to hide, to elude his pursuers, to escape and live.

After the lecture a spirited discussion was participated in by Mr. WILCOX, DR. HALLOCK, PROF. VANDERWEYDE and Mr. HODGSKIN. The whole was particularly interesting to the full audience in attendance.

THE Rev. J. L. Howell, a Presbyterian pastor in Minneapolis, Minn., hung himself a few days ago. Within a year his wife had been found dead in her bed, one daughter had been drowned, and another had been thrown from a horse and killed. These afflictions had greatly depressed him. It is to be feared Providence did not pay much attention to that family.

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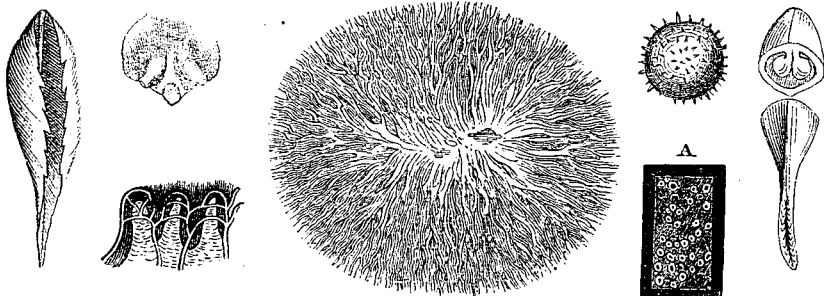
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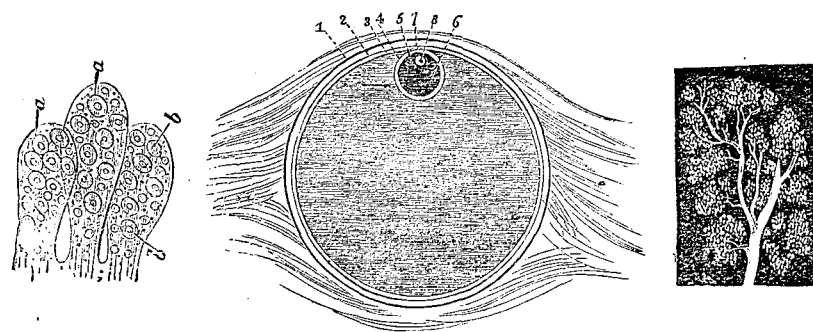
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The translator accompanied the work with copious notes, which are doubtless of more or less value, as explanatory of the text, but the reader will take them for just what they are worth—nothing more is expected.

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A VIRGINIA photographer can take photographs in the night. He took 150 from a brother artist, and was then taken to jail.

"THE prisoner has a very smooth countenance." "Yes; he was ironed just before he was brought in. That accounts for it."

A CRUSTY old bachelor says that love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying and a deal of lying.

"Sinful sectarianism" is what a Unitarian theological student called it because a Methodist girl refused to let him hug her in a camp-meeting tent.

MRS. PARDINGTON writes that she doesn't see what fun there can be in spelling matches, about which all the papers are full. She always spells them m-a-t-c-h-e-s.

"EVERY tree is subject to disease," said a speaker in a fruit-grower's convention. "What ailment can you find on an oak?" asked the chairman. "A-corn," was the triumphant reply.

THIS conundrum is respectfully submitted to the best speller: If s-i-o-u-x spells su, and e-y-e spells i, and s-i-g-h-e-d spells side, why doesn't s-i-o-u-x-e-y-e-s-i-g-h-e-d spell suicide?

We saw a young lady this morning wearing a pretty badge lettered "Press." But we didn't.—*Biddeford Times*.

We would have been a better man in his place.—*Boston News*.

A MAN recently arrested for being the husband of four wives, says he has no recollection of having married so many times, and thinks it must have happened while he was away from home.

PHYSICIAN—"Why don't you set a bound to your drinking, and not exceed it?" Patient—"So I do, old fellow, so I do; but then, you see, it's so far off, that I always get drunk before I reach it."

OLD lady to her niece—"Goodness gracious, Matilda! but it's cold. My teeth are actually chattering." Loving niece—"Well, don't let them chatter too much, or they may tell where you bought 'em."

AN ingenious observer has discovered that there is a remarkable resemblance between a baby and wheat, since it is first cradled, then "thrashed," and finally becomes the "flour" of the family.

OVER the shop door of a pork butcher in an English village in an eastern country may be seen a sign-board representing a man in a black coat brandishing a hatchet, with the inscription, "John Smith kills pigs like his father."

A TEACHER in one of the Port Jervis public school was last week explaining to the children that usually all words ending with "let" meant something small, as streamlet, rivulet, hamlet, etc. Whereupon a smart boy wanted to know if hamlet meant a small ham!

"My dear," said an affectionate husband, "I'm surprised that you will consent to the degradation of wearing another woman's hair on your head." "Is that any worse than your wearing another sheep's wool on your back?" retorted the affectionate wife.

"Ah!" said a teacher, "ah, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?" "I suppose, mam," said Caroline, who was very much struck with the soft appeal, "I suppose, mam, as I should have been a orphan."

WE regret to hear that the New Haven girls are breaking off their marriage engagements with theological students, and looking around for "heaven" husbands. They seem to have an idea that theology in these later days is a trifle too much leavened with "true inwardness."

AN Arkansas youth came to his father and said: "Dad, they ain't knives enuff to sot the table." Dad—"Whar's big butch, little butch, the case, cob-handle, granny's knife, and the one I handled yesterday? That's enuff to sot any gentleman's table, without you've lost um."

INSPECTOR (who notices a backwardness in history)—Who signed Magna Charta? (No answer.) Inspector (more urgently)—Who signed Magna Charta? (No answer.) Inspector (angrily)—Who signed Magna Charta? Scapegrace (thinking matters are beginning to look serious)—Please, sir, 'twasn't me, sir!—*Punch*.

A RED haired lady, who was ambitious of literary distinction, found but a poor sale for her book. A gentleman, in speaking of her disappointment, said: "She is red [read] if her book is not." An auditor, in attempting to relate the joke elsewhere, said: "She has red hair, if her book hasn't."

THREE Saginaw girls of the Methodist persuasion having met together, concluded to pray for the welfare of their lovers, but the first one had not got very far along in her petition when it was discovered that they were all engaged to the same man. The religious exercises were at once terminated.

A FELLOW on a race course was staggering about with more liquor than he could carry. "Hello, what's the matter now?" said a chap whom the inebriated individual had just run against. "Why—hic—why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they got me to hold the stakes."

BLIFKINS was in Chicago the other day when he received a letter from his young wife, saying to him that "on this spring morning a bird is singing in my heart," and old Blif. just looked wild a minute and then took a freight train for home, muttering to himself, "Them's Beecher's sentiments, old man keep yer eye peeled."

JULIA—"O, Carrie, I've got a new feller; perfectly splendid! The other was too miserable for anything." Bings overhears this extraordinary language of his beloved Julia, and thinks it is all over with him, and that the world is hollow. Poor "feller!" how was he to know that the dear girl is only talking about the sewing-machine?

"ARE you an Odd Fellow?" "No, sir; I've been married for a week." "I mean, do you belong to the order of Odd Fellows?" "No, no; I belong to the order of married men." "Mercy, how dumb! Are you a Mason?" "No, I'm a carpenter by trade." "Worse and worse! Are you a Son of Temperance?" "Bother you! no; I'm a son of Mr. John Goslings."

"I HAVE come for my umbrella," said a benevolent party on a rainy day to a friend. "Can't help that," said the borrower; "don't you see that I am going out with it?" "Well, yes," replied the lender, astonished at such outrageous impudence; "yes, but—but—what am I to do?" "Do!" said the other, as he opened the umbrella and walked off; "do as I did—borrow one."

"ARRAH, medarlint," cried Jamie O'Flannigan to his loquacious sweetheart, who had not given him the opportunity to "get in a word even edgewise," during a two hours' ride behind the little bay nags in his oyster wagon, "are ye ather knowin' who your cheeks are like my ponies there?" "Shure and it's because they're red, is it?" quoth the blushing Bridget. "Faith, and a better reason than that, mavourneen. Because there is one o' them aich side of a waggin' tongue."

JIMMY BROWN came running into Mrs. Jones' house the other day, saying: "On, dear, Mrs. Jones! Such an accident has happened. Your son John got under a four-horse wagon load of pig iron down at the river, and it ran right over his head. 'Oh, dear!' Poor Mrs. Jones screamed and nearly fainted, when the little rascal added: 'Don't cry, Mrs. Jones, he wasn't hurt a bit.' 'Why, what do you mean?' Run over by a four-horse wagon load of pig iron and not hurt?" "Well, you see, the wagon was passing over the bridge and he was setting under it fishing," replied the little rascal, shooting out at the open door.

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Notes and Clippings.

UPON the authority of Mr. Axon, an English Statistician, in the year 2000 the British Isles will have a population of 91,000,000, and the United States 546,000,000.

A BAPTIST congregation in Brownville, Tenn., quarreled about the control of its church. One faction got possession after a long contest, and on the same night the building was set on fire and destroyed.

A NEGRO, expounding the Beecher Scandal, said he believed Mr. Beecher was innocent, but yet he was afraid that when Beecher wrote the "ragged-edge letter," he was himself under the delusion that he was guilty.

ANOTHER FALLEN PASTOR.—Rev. Samuel R. Wilson, of the First Presbyterian church of Louisville, Ky., has been by the Presbytery deposed from further services in his clerical capacity upon the grounds of certain immoral conduct.

THIS year the southern counties of California sent to San Francisco 5,380,000 oranges, 720,000 lemons, and 80,000 limes. The consumption of California is about 10,000,000 oranges a year, and 5,000,000 are brought from Mexico and the Pacific Isles.

HAMMOND the Pacific coast revivalist, having boasted that he had converted over a dozen Jews to Christianity, the San Francisco Hebrew Observer offers him a thousand dollars if he will produce one acknowledged Israelite that has been converted.

A COUNTRY divine of Georgia thus condoled with the widow of a deceased member of the Legislature: "I cannot tell how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again."

THE Secretary of the Presbyterian board of Foreign Missions says, that if money contributions continue to fall off, the question will soon be, "Has not the mission work of the Church outrun the giving disposition of the Church?" The general answer will be, Yes!

M. LEVAN argues before the French Academy of Medicine, that the intestines are the chief apparatus of digestion, the stomach being of minor consequence. According to his theory the stomach only begins the digestion of nitrogenous substances, and does not affect fatty or starchy matters.

T. L. STRANGE, Esq., formerly Judge in Madras, India, author of "The Bible, is it the Word of God?" "Legends of the Old Testament," and who for many years labored to convert the East Indians to Christianity, has himself become a convert to Buddhism, and openly accepted it as a true system.

THE MASONIC DEDICATION of their new Temple on 6th Avenue and 23rd street, on the 2d inst., was a magnificent affair. Over 15,000 masons formed the procession, which was two hours passing a given point. The speeches made in the Temple were said to be very fine. Many persons were here from a distance.

MR. EVARTS lashes Tilton with irony because he calls his wife a pure, white-souled woman even after he said he found her to be an adulteress. How about BEECHER, who thought her a shining example of spiritual mindedness even after she had according to his testimony, falsely accused him of adultery or improper solicitations?—*N. Y. Sun.*

A PARODY OF MOTHER GOOSE, as rendered by one of our principal New York periodicals:

Hush a by Beecher, On the Church top,
If Tracy bends, Poor Beecher will drop,
If Evarts breaks, Poor Beecher will fall,
Down will come Halliday, Plymouth and all.

SOLIDIFIED carbonic acid gas dissolved in ether reduces the temperature to 140° below zero. By evaporating the mixture *in vacuo* the temperature falls to 160°. Solid carbonic acid mixed with nitrous oxide and ether reduces it to 200°. By adding bi-sulphate of carbon to this mixture and evaporating *in vacuo*, the temperature falls to 220°, which is the greatest degree of cold yet attained.—*Pharm. Gazette.*

THE *N. Y. Sun* in closing a pungent article on the scandal case, puts this conundrum: "Which theory is the more probable, that the husband concocted the adultery, and made the wife confess it to him, and when away from him to women friends, or that the pastor debauched her person and then ruined her soul that he might escape earthly punishment for offenses against which the Divine Justice has thundered out his most terrible anathemas?"

EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS ON ACCOUNT.—Where does the money come from to carry on the Beecher trial? That is almost as great a puzzle as anything connected with the case. On the Tilton side there cannot be a great deal of the "needful" to spare, but there seems to be a gold mine at the command of the defense. The counsel are probably rather an expensive set, and then a good deal is said to have been paid out in one way and another to the newspapers.

MRS. CORA TAPPAN and Mrs. Conant are Spiritual mediums who profess to speak inspirationally. Almost simultaneously Mrs. Tappan in London and Mrs. Conant in Boston, delivered addresses purporting to come from the late Judge Edmonds, and so conflicting in substance that the *Spiritual Scientist* declares "The conclusion is inevitable that a spirit speaking through one of these mediums, wilfully falsifies when he declares himself as Judge Edmonds." It is certainly very culpable in those mischievous spirits to thus impose upon these the two most reliable of all our mediums.

THE EIGHT ANNUAL MEETING of the Free Religious Association which was held at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the 27th ult. passed off very pleasantly. The previous officers were re-elected, with the exception of two new Vice-Presidents, Hon. N. G. Holmes and Hon. R. G. Hazard in place of Gerrit Smith, and E. B. Ward deceased. The principal paper read was by W. C. Gannett, and speeches were also made by Mr. Frothingham, Col. Higginson, B. F. Underwood, S. P. Putnam, Prof. Morse, Mr. Ames, Lucretia Mott and others. At a meeting held in Parker Memorial Hall, D. H. Clark delivered a fine address.

A FINE NEW JERSEY PREACHER.—Rev. John W. Porter had until recently charge of a church at Van Syck's Corners, Hunterdon Co., N. J. In addition to preaching, he also taught school. It turns out the villain had basely seduced one of his young pupils, Selinda Stires, youngest daughter of Peter W. Stires, a well-to-do farmer, and the girl but a mere child, yet is about to become a mother. She told her parents what lessons the Reverend teacher had given her, and upon being arraigned before the injured father, he confessed his sin, gave up his horse and buggy, and, with his wife, left on the first train for another field of labor. He still wishes to bring souls to Jesus.

ANOTHER SINFUL CLERGYMAN.—Elder Sands, of the Baptist church in Hoosick, N. Y., and formerly insurance agent in this city, has been "acting naughty." The authorities of his church have been investigating charges of immoral conduct on his part—of being criminally in-

timate with a young ewe lamb of his flock. It was proved he visited her very often, and was in a room alone with her. The girl's brother stated he heard his sister cry out on an occasion, and going suddenly into the room, found the Elder in a very improper connection with his sister. The girl, upon being visited by a committee of three sisters of the church, was entirely mum. Unlike Elizabeth, she confessed nothing. Elder Sands admitted he had his hand under the young lady's clothes, but further than this he had nothing to say. He has been quite a gay Lothario with several young ladies in the vicinity. Who can doubt our clergymen are an excellent class of people, and do a vast amount of good? How could the young and inexperienced get along without them?

THE TERRIBLE CALAMITY by fire which happened at a Catholic Church in Holyoke, Mass., on the evening of May 27th, by which some seventy-five worshippers were quickly hurried into eternity, reminds one of the still more fearful calamity, which, in a similar manner, a few years ago occurred in a Church in a South American town, by which hundreds lost their lives. These occurrences are calculated to shake the general confidence in the kind care of a watchful providence, and to lead them to think there is no more immunity from danger within the walls of a Church than in any other place of amusement. Such lessons teach us Nature's laws are unvarying, and that they neither regard location, creed or sentiment. It is frequently proven at such events, that the efforts of one cool, self-possessed man, though a sinner, are more effective for good than the prayers and entreaties of scores of priests and pious devotees.

"FOR thirteen days the jury and the public have been half deafened by the denunciations of Theodore Tilton, and they have become very tired of hearing them, and wonder how it is that the 'ablest lawyers of the day' could find so little to say in defense of Mr. Beecher's letters and behavior. But the sentiment of fair play has been aroused—the solitary figure of a man who has been stripped of wife, home and employment contrasts strangely with the arrogant crowds which surround the popular defendant. When, therefore, the advocate for the plaintiff gets up to speak for him, there is an outburst of applause, for the people like fairness and justice, and do not care to see any man crushed by mere wealth and numbers, especially when he has gone into a court of law to sue for justice. When the friends of the defendant go a step further, and boast that they have 'fixed' the jury, and know perfectly well what the verdict will be, they commit a still more grave offense, and one which will not be lost sight of when the trial is over."—*N. Y. Times.*

THE GREAT BEECHER ADULTERY TRIAL is still in existence, but evidently rapidly drawing to a close. Messrs. Porter and Evarts occupied thirteen days in endeavors to make the jury believe Theodore Tilton one of the worst men that ever lived, and Henry Ward Beecher one of the purest, grandest and best. As we go to press Mr. Beach on the side of the plaintiff is making a very effective speech. He throws a very different light upon the subject from his opponents, and draws very different conclusions. That he will succeed in convincing all the jury of the correctness of his convictions is hardly to be expected. There is too much money in Plymouth church ready to be lavishly poured out, to expect that strict, stern justice will be executed in this suit. Men can be bought. Among the mournful features of the case are the persistent efforts on the part of leading members of Plymouth church to conceal the truth. Developments are showing they were fully aware of their pastor's guilt long ago. When Mr. Richards testified before their Committee last summer, they knew his sister, Mrs. Tilton, had acknowledged to himself and wife her guilt with Mr. Beecher, and the questions were so put to him as not to draw out this truth. It is a saddening fact that the first Christian Church in the land should purposely suppress truth and uphold falsehood, and that the leading lawyers of our country should, in opposition to positive facts, labor hard to make the false appear true—an adulterer and perjurer a saint! What will not men do for self-interest and for money?

The Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion; or,

An Answer to the Question: Have We a Supernaturally Revealed, Infinitely Inspired and Miraculously Attested Religion in the World?

BY E. E. GUILD.

(Continued.)

13. "The fact that so many unbelievers renounce their opinions, and become believers when they come to die, is proof that unbelief is wrong." If by this is meant that renunciation of unbelief is a common thing among unbelievers, we deny the alleged fact. That some nominal unbelievers may have been induced, through undue influences brought to bear upon them, when protracted in body and mind, to renounce opinions which they professed, but never possessed, is undoubtedly true. But in all such cases it is more than probable that the individuals could not tell the difference between belief and unbelief. Besides, is a dying hour the proper time to investigate and decide on a question which requires years to properly investigate and make up an opinion upon? Seldom do intelligent men change opinions which are well defined and understood in their own mind, on a dying bed. The ignorant and superstitious often seem to do so; but, even in their case, it is not true as relates to the subject before us, because, on that subject they have no opinions that are worthy of the name. Much sectarian capital has been sought to be made out of these death-bed renunciations and conversions, by sectarian propagandists and proselyters. It is well known that early impressions on the mind are apt to be the most lasting, and to be uppermost in the case of weak-minded persons, in the time of sickness and death. Only a comparative few among men can rise above the influence of early education. Priests, knowing this, take advantage of this weakness, go to the sick and dying, and, by appeals to their superstitious fears, representing to them that their eternal welfare depends on their embracing a particular creed, easily gain their assent to it. In this way Catholic converts to Protestantism are often converted back again, and Heathen proselytes to Christianity recovered back to Paganism. Could anything be more disreputable, more beneath the dignity of sensible men, or more deserving of the scorn of mankind?

14. "The style and language of the Bible is so beautiful, its sentiments so sublime, its picture of the life and character of Christ so much transcends the efforts of human genius, and the loftiest flights of any man's ideal, as to prove that it must have had a divine origin." This is precisely what is said by Hindoos and Mohammedans about their Bibles. The Mohammedan can find in no book so much beauty and sublimity, both of style and sentiment, as in the Koran. He bases an argument on this for its divine inspiration, and with as much sincerity as it is urged in favor of the Bible. Now what are the facts? The style of the Koran is miserably poor and mean, so is that of much of the Bible. The Koran contains some correct and grand ideas about God and religion, as are found anywhere in the Bible. So does the Veda of the Hindoos. If the sublime passages in the Bible prove its divinity, what do its low, mean passages prove? There is more or less of imagination connected with the belief in Bibles, as is evinced by the fact that the believers in each one of them claim that the one which they possess is by far the superior of all the rest. The followers of the great founders of religious systems in the world are infected with the same imagination. Mankind are prone to hero worship. They invest their heroes with every quality and attribute that they have power to conceive of. Just as the young lover invests the lady of his love with the attributes of an angel, and supposes her to be something more than human. For hundreds of years the greatest genius of man has been employed in picturing to the mind an ideal Christ. This ideal has been impressed on the minds of men. They go to the New Testament expecting to find it there, and they find what they seek for. Henry Ward Beecher has written a "Life of Christ," but it is not his life as recorded in the New Testament: it is Beecher's ideal of his life. Aside from the miracles attributed to Christ in the New Testament, we can see nothing that involves the idea of the supernatural in his history.

15. "The Bible is rejected only by bad men, and all opposition to it proceeds from hatred to God, to religion and to truth." This argument, if it is deserving of that name, is scarcely entitled to a reply. It impeaches the character of every man who denies the divine origin of the Bible, and is therefore a direct insult to them. Were it not that it is contained in so many books, and put forward in so many thousands of pulpits, I should treat it with the silence and scorn that it deserves. The fact that such an argument should be used by those who employ it, may be made the basis of a scathing objection to the belief it is adduced to sustain, and will be in the proper place. Let it suffice for the present for me to say, that the alleged fact on which it rests we utterly deny. That there are some bad men who reject the popular belief concerning the Bible, we admit. So there are bad men who are staunch believers in the authority of the Bible. The

most ignorant portion of community, the criminals of the country, the inmates of our jails and prisons are generally professed believers in supernaturalism and the Bible. Attempts have been made to blacken the character of some prominent men who have been found in the ranks of the unbelievers. The memory of Thomas Paine and Voltaire has been assailed with all sorts of misrepresentation, vituperation and abuse. And for what? Why, simply because they did not believe in the divine authority of priest or book, and had the courage to openly avow their opinions. We do not claim that these men were saints. But we do claim that, whatever their character can be proved to have been, we can point to worse ones in the ranks of those who held exactly opposite opinions. Voltaire saw in the degradation of the French people, the effect of the influence of a corrupt Church and Priesthood, which claimed divine authority for their existence, and appealed to the Bible to prove it. He sought to emancipate the people from this cruel mental bondage by striking at the cause which produced it. Thomas Paine was a lover of liberty. To this noble cause he devoted up his labors and his talents. After having assisted materially in establishing liberty in America, he sought to effect a revolution in England. He found the whole power of the Church and Clergy arrayed against liberty. He saw that what gave the clergy their influence over the people was the belief of the people in the authority of the Bible. To remove this obstacle to human progress out of the way, he struck at what he believed to be the root of this tree of evil. His celebrated work, "The Age of Reason," was a perfect bomb-shell in the camp of the Clergy; it gave them serious alarm, they have never forgiven him; from that day till now, he has been one of the best abused men that ever appeared in the world. The strong common sense and keen wit of Paine, and the caustic, biting sarcasm and irony of Voltaire was seriously annoying to the defenders of the faith; and as they could not spike their guns, they sought to destroy their influence by ruining their reputation. But what had the character of these men to do with the truth or falsity of their opinions? Even bad men may tell the truth, and the best of men are liable to be mistaken.

16. "The remarkable conversion of Paul cannot be accounted for only on the supposition that the supernaturalism of the Bible is true." Paul was a Jew. He was thoroughly educated in the faith of Judaism. He belonged to the strictest of the Jewish sects, and was a strong believer in the marvelous and supernatural. He possessed an ardent, excitable temperament, and was a Jewish zealot. He was violently opposed to the new Christian sect, and went forth armed with authority from the ecclesiastical power in Jerusalem to hunt the Christians to prison and to death. On becoming better acquainted with them, he found they were peaceable, quiet, well disposed and harmless. He began to relent; all the conscientiousness and kindness of his noble nature was roused into action. He began to have serious doubts in regard to the propriety of the course he was pursuing, and as is often the case with men when under the influence of powerful excitement, they run to an extreme in one direction, when the rebound comes, they go to an extreme the other way; so Paul, from being a mad zealot of Judaism, became an enthusiastic Christian. He first endeavored the Christians, then pitied them, and then embraced their cause. On his way to Damascus, some natural phenomenon occurred—probably a flash of lightning and clap of thunder, which struck him to the ground, gave him a shock, and threw him into a trance. In this condition he had a vision, but his vision was made up of such material as dreams are made of. He thought he saw Christ, and heard him speak to him, just as we see our friends and converse with them in our dreams. Paul interpreted the phenomenon subjectively, and in accordance with his preconceived opinions in regard to supernaturalism. He believed it was a special interposition of Providence—a very innocent mistake, and one that has been made by thousands of men. The conversion of Paul, then, is no more remarkable than those which are occurring every day, of Catholics to Protestantism, and vice versa, and of men from one sect to another.

17. "The great cloud of living witnesses by whose testimony the Bible is sustained, is proof of its claims." Who are those witnesses, and what are they? "The sixty thousand clergymen of this country, and the hundreds of thousands in all parts of the civilized world, together with the multitude of laymen belonging to the numerous Christian sects," you may say. But the clergy, are they competent witnesses? Are they disinterested? Have they no interest at stake, no sectarian, no personal, selfish ends to serve? Every one of them is pledged by solemn covenant to maintain the validity of the Bible, and on doing so, his living depends. Not to do so, is to incur the penalty of ecclesiastical and social ostracism, and the censure and condemnation of the entire Christian world. Would we believe witnesses in a court of justice, who had such interests as these staked on the issue of the trial? And the laymen, what do they know about the origin and history of the Bible, and the validity of its claims? Not one in fifty can give an intelligible account of what he believes or why he believes it. Are the results of calm inquiry, of deliberate investigation, of disinterested criticism to be set aside on such testimony as this? I leave you to answer.

18. "The remarkable preservation of the Bible, especially of the Old Testament, through all the vicissitudes of the history of the Jewish people, proves that a special providential care was exercised over it, and this implies the divine authorship of it." The Jewish Scriptures could be read only by a very few of the common people. They were in the hands of the priests, to whom the care of them was committed. On them they relied for their authority as priests of the Jewish religion. What more natural then that they should preserve them with the utmost care, and transmit them to their successors? But notwithstanding all that has been claimed in regard to the scrupulousness of the Jews in preserving their sacred books, and in preventing any corruption of them, it is a fact well known to all Biblical students, that some of their books were lost, and that the inviolability of the text of those now in existence, has not been preserved. The manuscripts now remaining do not agree, they contain additions, omissions, alterations and mistakes.

19. "The fact that there is so much in the Bible that corresponds with the religious experience of all religious persons, is proof of its divine origin." Human nature is the same in all men in all ages and countries. The religious experience of all men who are intensely religious, is essentially the same. It is no marvel, then, that there should be found in the religious books of the Jews expressions of feelings, sentiments and ideas corresponding to those which are experienced and expressed at the present day. It is just what we would naturally expect, and if it were not so, it would indeed be a wonder.

20. "The believer in the Bible has the 'witness of the Spirit,' a special revelation from God, assuring him that the Bible is infallible in its teachings." Allowing this to be so, such proof can be evidence only to those who have it, and involves the absurdity of supposing that a revelation from God is not sufficient without another revelation to confirm it. To the unbeliever such an assertion is proof only of delusion or deception on the part of him who makes it. It is much easier to believe that he is deluded or means to deceive, than it is to believe that God has sanctioned a book as infallible which he knows, by incontrovertible proof, to contain mistakes, errors and untruths. Besides, some of the adherents of all the different Bibles and creeds under heaven claim to have the same evidence in favor of their respective books and creeds. Can it be believed that God reveals to the Mahomedan that the Koran is infallible, to the Hindoo that the Veda is so, to the Parsee that the Shaster is, and to the Christian that the Bible is so too? Is it reasonable to believe that God makes a special revelation to the Calvinist to convince him that Calvinism is true, to the Arminian to convict him of the truth of Arminianism, and the Universalist to persuade him of the truth of Universalism? Is it not possible that the strong conviction of the believers in the Bible in the truth of religion is mistaken by them for a strong conviction of the infallibility of the book in which the principles of religion are taught? But religion is taught in many books, but this does not prove them to be divine books in the sense that the Bible is supposed to be a divine book.

21. "The divine authority and infallibility of the Bible is attested by miracles." But how are we to know that the alleged miracles were wrought? "Because the Bible says so," we are told. Here is an attempt to prove the Bible true by miracles, and the miracles by the Bible. If a man were to assert that he had wrought a miracle, and when asked for the proof, should say it was true because he said it, would we accept that as proof? If not, then why should we do it in the other case? Is not this argument just as good for the Catholic as it is for the Protestant? The Catholic attempts to prove the infallibility of the Church by miracles and the miracles by the Church. Such reasoning is futile and childish, such as full-grown men ought to be ashamed of, and yet many theologians employ it seemingly without ever seeing its utter futility and inconclusiveness. The ancient miracles could not be a witness for the Old Testament, for, before the canon of that book was settled, miracles had ceased in the Jewish Church. The Christian miracles could not attest the New Testament, for, long before the canon of that book was settled, miracles had ceased in the Christian Church.

PART III.

Statement of the Arguments against Supernatural Religion.

Let us now look at the arguments on the negative side of this question. But first we will state our position, showing what it is not, and also what it is.

Our position is not, that the Bible is a tissue of falsehoods, and, therefore, ought to be suppressed. It is not that it does not contain much valuable instruction. We regard it as we regard all other natural gifts of God, as useful, if properly used, as destructive if misused. There is no gift of God that is not liable to be perverted and abused. Even the religious faculties of man may be misdirected and perverted, as they often are. Our position is not against the Bible, as a book, but against the belief in it as an authoritative book, by which our religious opinions are to be tested and tried.

The believers in the divine origin of the Bible assert that it is a special revelation from God, the de-

sign of which is to impart to mankind a knowledge of true religion, and also of God's plan and method of saving men from sin, and securing their happiness in a future state of being. From all this we dissent.

1. *Our first argument on the negative is, that the idea of such a revelation is contrary to all analogy.* On all other subjects pertaining to the interest and happiness of man, God has left them to the guidance and direction of their natural powers. He has given us no revelation to teach us the arts or the truths of science. No revelations on the subject of agriculture, medicine, diet, laws of life and health, anatomy, physiology, astronomy, etc. Why then should it be supposed necessary on the subject of religion?

2. *Such a revelation is not desirable, because it would not be beneficial.* The mind, like the body, requires exercise. On it both depend for health, activity and strength. If God had provided a great store-house of food and clothing all ready for our use whenever our wants required, and we had nothing to do but to go to the fountain and get our supplies, the effect would be to completely demoralize the human race. We should soon become lazy, idle and indolent. No improvement or progress would be made. In like manner, if God had provided a book, containing all the religious and moral truth necessary for us to know, and we had only to go there and find it, the same disastrous effects would be produced on the minds of men. All inquiry and investigation would be useless, we should sink into apathy, inactivity and ultimate imbecility.

3. *The Bible has not accomplished what its believers suppose it was designed to effect. It does not impart to the minds of those who accept it, uniform information.* Instead of uniting men in opinion, it has driven them farther apart. Instead of lessening the number of conflicting opinions, it has increased them. It has increased rather than diminished the number of warring sects. It has not made men more tolerant toward each other, but more intolerant; no more charitable, but less so. It has not diminished wars in the earth, but very greatly added to the number. It has not made men less cruel, but more savage, sanguinary and inhuman.

4. *The effect that the belief in the authority of the Bible has, on those who believe it, shows that it is erroneous.* Many of them suppose that, as the Bible is a finality, God's last word to man, no more truth is needed, no further progress is to be made, no further discoveries are desirable. Hence they sink down into utter inactivity and stupidity of mind. This belief, too, engenders a spirit the very opposite of that of religion. It makes men bigoted, uncharitable, conceited, dogmatic, dictatorial and tyrannical. They assume that they are certainly right, and that all who do not agree with them are as certainly in the wrong. They cannot be mistaken, for, do they not believe just what God has spoken, and is not what he has spoken true? They seem to imbibe a spirit of enmity against all who do not agree with them in opinion. Nothing offends them so much as to have the correctness of their opinions questioned; and whoever does so, they are ready to pronounce an unregenerate sinner, a hater of God and religion. We do not say that it has this effect upon all; we cheerfully admit that even many are too good by nature, to be materially injured by it. But we do say that this has been, and is its general tendency in the world. And this fact we urge as an evidence that the belief is wrong.

5. *The fact that the Bible is very obscure in its teachings, is an evidence against it.* We know that it is often claimed that it is perfectly clear and plain in its inculcations, so much so as that "even a fool need not err therein." Every man thoroughly acquainted with it, knows better. Even the book itself admits that there are some things in it "hard to understand." Bishop Watson, when asked what the doctrines of Christianity were, replied, "it is much easier to tell where they are, than what they are." This was a candid confession, remarkable as coming from a defender of the faith. If we ask the believers in the Bible, what is Christianity, we shall get a thousand different answers, and each one who answers will confidently appeal to the Bible to prove that he is right. These conflicting opinions, too, are held by men of equal learning, talents and piety. How obscure must be the teachings of a book from which such conflicting systems of theology can be deduced, as Calvinism, Arminianism and Universalism? The Bible has been invoked to prove an astonishing variety and number of opposite opinions, such as no other book has since the world began. Among them are the following: That God is a being of love, and that he is a God of vengeance; that man is by nature totally depraved, and that his nature is divine; that there is a personal Devil, and that there is not; that Christ was God, and that he was no more than man; that he was a super-angelic being, and was not; that he existed before his appearance on earth, and that he did not; that Christ died to appease God's wrath toward his creatures, and that he died to commend his love to them; that Christ made an atonement for the sins of men, and that no sin can go unpunished; that only a few of mankind will be saved, and that all will be. These, to be sure, are mainly doctrinal points, but even on the subject of practical morality and religion, the believers in the Bible are no better agreed than other men. They appeal to the book to prove that slavery is right, and that it is wrong; that to use intoxicating

drinks is right, and that to do so is a crime; that polygamy and concubinage are no sins, and that they are exceedingly sinful; that it is the duty of Christians to observe one day in seven as peculiarly sacred, and that it is not; that all Christians ought to be baptized, and that none should be; that a part of religion consists in the observance of forms, ceremonies and ordinances, and that it is perfectly form-free, and enjoins the observance of no set forms whatever. Now to say that such a book constitutes an infallible guide for the children of men, is as preposterous as to assert that the sun shines at midnight.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Clerical Supervision.

The young Rev. Mr. Ayers of New Brunswick, dictates to the people of Rocky Hill what papers they should not read.

It is a good divine that follows his own teachings. Ayers reads THE TRUTH SEEKER and warns his hearers not to read it. Glendenning practices seduction and preaches against it. Beecher is charged with adultery and preaches against it; and we could go on and name many more of the Rev. gentlemen of the same stripe that practice one thing and preach another. Yet these are the very men that denounce the Freethinkers and THE TRUTH SEEKER, and cry "wolves in sheep's clothing," and brand with infamy every one that dare think for himself.

Why is it these Rev. gentlemen are so afraid of error when truth is free to combat it? Well, I think I can give you a little light on this subject. They are afraid we shall penetrate the veil of holy deception, that they have thrown over the masses, and that we shall discover the fact that their dogmas and creeds had their origin in Indian mythology, and Heathen fables, and that their pious frauds will be exposed. They are like the man that was arraigned before the court for some misdemeanor; he appeared to be in great distress and made a great ado. The Judge told him he must not give himself any uneasiness, for he should have justice done him. He said, in reply to the Judge, that that was just what he was afraid of; and that is just their case.

I have lived over a half a century, and I speak from experience; I joined the church when I was fourteen years old, which was very natural under the circumstances. My father and mother were members of the Methodist church; my grandfather was a Methodist preacher, and it was at a time when my mother was sick, nigh unto death, and there was a revival meeting going on in the neighborhood. It was a time when my sympathies were at high tide; and that is the secret of their success in making converts; they work upon the passions and sympathies by constantly parading before the mind the miraculous and marvelous joys of Heaven and the miseries of hell, and when firmly secured in the church to be fed upon the delicious food of faith and hope. But that kind of food did not possess a sufficient quantity of nourishment for me—it was too milk and watery, and more water than milk—so you see I got starved out in the course of ten years. I stuck to them just as long as I could in conscience; I was not built right, neither was I constituted to feed on that kind of food; it was necessary that I should have something more permanent; I discovered that this world, instead of being governed by supernatural Providence, powers, and agencies, was governed by fixed principles or laws in Nature, that are self-existent, immutable and eternal.

It was at that time that I exchanged the Supernatural and Providential for the Natural and Substantial, and ever since that time death has had no terror, as far as the future is concerned, for I discovered that it is just as natural for people to die as it is to be born, and whatever is composed is subject to the laws of decomposition; also, that if I violate Nature's laws, her penalties follow close upon the heel of transgression, and that repentance will not shield us from one single iota of the penalty, for

"Eternal justice poises every deed
In joy or sorrow, as we sow the seed."

I thoroughly investigated the doctrine of repentance and made up my mind that it was a glorious institution for pious villains, for all they have to do is to get down upon one knee, and repent; and it don't make any difference how gross the crime, murder and treason not excepted. The priests place the murderer upon the stool of repentance, after he has been convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged, and bring him forth to the gallows a saint, and send him directly to Heaven to sing redeeming grace and dying love, and bask in the sunshine of eternal blessedness and glory while eternal ages shall roll. Notwithstanding, according to their doctrine, this very man sent a soul unconverted into eternity, and directly to hell, there to suffer endless torments. That is the consistency or inconsistency of the doctrine of repentance.

Now I would not recommend my friend, Ayers, to practice all that some of the clergy practice, but I would advise him to return from his journeyings, in his gilded chariot of Faith, in the beautiful land of imagination, Indian mythology, Heathen fables, and superstition, and study THE TRUTH SEEKER for the express purpose of finding the truth.

My friend, your fancy flies too far,
The "world of man" lies round our feet;
Here its unceasing conflicts are,
And here its varied forces meet.
Pray, curb the thoughts that vaguely rise
Above life's real and stubborn facts,
Give o'er wild flights to distant skies,
And do some good to human acts.

The Rev. Mr. Ayers brought some half dozen men with him from New Brunswick, to help him carry on a revival meeting in Rocky Hill, and I do not wonder that the people felt imposed upon, and did not take any more interest in the meetings. I will guarantee, so far as natural and acquired abilities, and general appearance are concerned, that you may go out into our streets, and take the first six men you meet, regardless of nationality, and you will find them more than their equal. It was quite amusing as well as disgusting to see and hear them. Mr. Ayers tells us that hell is paved with excusers and unbelievers. Now will the gentleman inform us how he knows that fact? has he been there? has he seen any one that has been there? Well, I suppose he can give as good an answer to that question as he did to the man that asked him to describe the devil that is said to be going round like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour; he said he told the man that he stood close by him, as much as to say the man was the devil himself; and he said the man had no more to say.

This little incident he related in his sermon in the morning, on Sunday. It was interesting to see those self-satisfied airs that he put on, when he related this story. I have no doubt that he thought he had put to rest eternally, all question and criticism, so far as the devil and devilism are concerned. Thank fortune, instead of a Spanish inquisition, we have truth seekers, free thinkers, free speech, free criticism, and a free press, and we are bound to have a country free from priestcraft and superstition. W.

Rocky Hill, N. J.

At Sixty.

This world's a cheat!
Could I but meet one honest man,
In whom his words and deeds were uniform,
I then could hope this wearied waste of life
Was not that dreary waste at last
Which demonstration goes to show.
But when I turn me from the man,
And lo behold, the woman sear,
'Tis there I find a kindlier heart
In truth and hope.
To make this wearied waste of world,
A gift of pleasure yet untold.

BARITZA.

After Death—What?

A contributor to a late number of THE TRUTH SEEKER considers at some length, and with no little gravity, the much mooted question, "After Death—What?" without, however, arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, and it may, perhaps, be well to call the attention of your many readers to the fact that this great conundrum, which so long has puzzled the savants of the religious and scientific world, has, at last, been solved—a painter of considerable eminence in this city having unconsciously but truthfully answered it a few days ago.

The artist referred to was unfortunate enough to be prostrated not long since by illness, and it was thought advisable to remove him to a private hospital, in order to ensure him the best of medical treatment. A number of those well-interested and unselfish individuals, who ever seem to be more concerned about the spiritual condition and future salvation of their neighbors than about their own, hearing of his severe indisposition, thought it their Christian duty to endeavor to awaken within the breast of the suffering sinner a proper realization of the brevity and uncertainty of human life, and remind him that it was highly probable he was tottering on the brink of eternity. Unable, however, to gain personal admission to his room, they showered upon the unhappy man a multitude of the most soul-harrowing tracts, as though, instead of being one of the most generous and humane of men, he was one of the vilest of the vile.

One afternoon a friend called on him and found him in a terrible condition. There was cold sweat on his forehead, agony in his eyes, and indignation in his voice.

"What have I done?" said he, "that I should be thus persecuted? Look there! why, they are trying to swamp me with these infernal tracts! I am paralyzed from my hips down, and these people want to paralyze my brain with their drivel! Here's a new one, 'After Death—What?' How do I know? Do they expect I can answer their conundrums? Nonsense! rubbish! after death—what? B-r-r-at!"

JOSEPH BRASS, JR.

THE custom of eating fish on Fridays and in Lent is derived from the old Pagan notion that fish were sacred to Aphrodite, the foam-born goddess, and to the Roman Venus. Hence the custom grew of eating fish on Friday, the day of Friga, and in Spring, the season of the goddess of love.

THE Providence Press says it never heard in funeral oration or sermon, and seldom in private conversation the opinion expressed that a man with \$10,000 income had gone to hell.

The Truth Seeker,

A JOURNAL

OF REFORM AND FREE THOUGHT.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

No 335 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Honest Questions and Honest Answers.

The following interrogatories were sent us by a friend in quest of truth and they are entitled to our respectful consideration. We claim to know no more of "the unknowable" than common mortals, but we will cheerfully answer these questions according to the best light we have.

MR. EDITOR:—Having read a few articles in your paper with regard to the conflict between Orthodox Christianity and Naturalism, I would like to ask a few questions suggested thereby.

1. Do you not think that a universal disbelief in the Bible and its sacred teachings, will eventually lead to the universal demoralization of the human race?
2. Do you believe in a great first cause, the author of nature and yet its superior, whose character and attributes are infinite and eternal?
3. If there is no God but nature, in what part of material creation shall we look for intelligence?
4. Do you not think it more reasonable and truthful to suppose that the inferior races of men are evidence of the result of degeneracy, rather than of natural development from a still inferior race?
5. How can an inferior animal produce its superior on strictly natural principles?
6. If the laws of nature are fixed, who can turn them aside?
7. If plants grew into animals, and animals into human beings, in the long ago, why is it not so now?
8. Do you believe in the infinite progression and development of good and evil?
9. Will the present ungodly state of society eventually result in the reformation and happiness of the human race, independent of divine agency?
10. Does it not require more faith to be a sceptic than to be a Christian?
11. Is it easier to believe in nature than in God?
12. Do you know everything that you believe?
13. Please give us the name and articles of your faith, and oblige

A TRUTH SEEKER.

REPLY.—We confess to a partiality for the pseudonym our correspondent uses; and, without stopping to enquire whether his interrogatories might not be better stated, we proceed to reply to his questions:

ABOUT THE BIBLE.

1. This we must answer in the negative. We do not think a general disbelief in the inspired character of the Bible will lead to universal demoralization of the human race. We believe the Bible to be a human production, in every sense of the word, the same as every other book that has been written or printed, including the ancient Puranas and Vedas of India, the Shaster of Persia, the Pyramider of Egypt, the Koran of Arabia, and the book of Mormon of our own country. If this is true, we think not the slightest injury will result from its being universally accepted. Truth will not produce demoralization, locally nor generally.

In point of language, correct composition, fine sentiment, beautiful imagery, or pure morality we fail to see that the Bible is at all superior to very many other books which men have written, while we find much in it that is crude, coarse, indecent, absurd, extravagant, improbable and impossible. In short, we cannot find a passage in the whole book that a man of fair intelligence could not easily write, and that has not been equaled many times and very often surpassed.

It seems to be a compilation of writings, differing widely in character, by different persons, written in very different eras, and with different objects and motives. It may have been well designed for the wants of mankind in the ages in which it was written, but it appears very imperfectly fitted to our times and the present intellectual condition of the world.

There is very little authority for asserting it to be the "word of God." Very few of the writers of the book claimed they wrote at the command of God, or that they even were inspired. And the parts of the Bible which are more especially pronounced inspired, among which may be named the prophecies and the Book of Revelations are more unmeaning, more incoherent, more unreliable and more like the

ravings of a lunatic than the other parts. No one can reasonably claim it is necessary for a person to be inspired to write a historical account of the generations of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, or the incidents, adventures, successions of kings, wars, battles and reprisals of the Jews, any more than of the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Britons or the roving, barbarous hordes of the north of Europe, called "Goths and Vandals." If it is not necessary for a historian of the Gauls or the Russians to be inspired, why any more a historian of the Jews?

It also would appear no more necessary for a biographer of Jesus to be inspired in relating the incidents of his life and the events connected with it, than of Mahomet, Alexander, George Fox or Joseph Smith. Why is it any more probable that Matthew and Luke were inspired to write the life of Jesus than Strauss, Renan, Scott, Beardsley, Henry Ward Beecher and scores of others who have essayed to write his life, and all upon very insufficient data?

When a man has written a book or a pamphlet, and says at the beginning or end that God inspired him to write it, we have the perfect liberty to believe him or disbelieve him according to the evidence presented to our minds; but when books are presented to us whose authors' names even, are unknown to us, are not given in the books, whom nobody has any means of knowing, and which make no claim to being inspired by the Creator of the worlds, we cannot understand how any man, or any number of men, priests or laymen have the authority to declare to us we must believe it is absolutely the word of God, or be damned forever. Until we meet a person who has better facilities for knowing the origin of the books of the Bible than ourselves, and has superior authority to enforce his opinions upon our minds, we shall continue to exercise our own best judgment upon this, the same as all other subjects.

We are aware many people believe the Bible has wielded a moral influence in the world vastly superior to that of any other book. We are compelled to dissent from this view. We find not in the book any better or purer morals than are found in other books, nor do we discover that the nations and peoples who have accepted it as the word of God, have lived more morally or peacefully than those who did not so accept it. The reverse is the truth. In the first place, the greater portion of the morals of the Bible are of a very questionable character. It treats largely of carnage, bloodshed, unjust wars and oppressions which the God of the Jews and the Christians often incited, and in which he fondly participated; and aside from the foul books which the police authorities of our country, under the class *obscene literature*, prevent from being circulated or sold, there is no book to-day in the English language which contains so much that is indecent and unfit for the rising generation to read, or which is so much an apology and authority for incest, bigamy, polygamy and excessive sexual intercourse as the *Holy Bible*. In these regards the Puranas, the Vedas, the Bhagavad-Gita, the Shaster, the Koran, the Talmud and thousands of other books are superior to it.

As an illustration of the immoral character of the Bible, we have only to state the case of George Francis Train, who was imprisoned six months in a damp, gloomy, noisome prison in this city, called the Tombs, for no other offense than publishing a few quotations, without a word of comment, from that book. What other book is there in existence, which is recognized by decent people, for quoting which a man in this nineteenth century would be confined six months in a foul, unhealthy prison, to the great injury to health, comfort and business?

Were a book to-day, introduced to the people of this country, containing all the indecencies, all the extravagance, all the contradictions and all the imperfections of the Bible, and no claim were set up that it was inspired or God-given, it would not be tolerated among decent people, and would be unceremoniously tabooed from all cultured society.

It is a well-known truth that the nations who have accepted the Bible as the word of God, have been vastly more murderous, bloodthirsty, warlike, oppressive, unjust and otherwise immoral than many other nations who were not governed by it at all, and that there are many nations now in existence

who know nothing of the Bible, who, in point of morality, sobriety and honesty are far ahead of nations who acknowledge it as their guide. Volumes of proof can be given to sustain these propositions.

The Bible is, by its adorers, converted into an idol. They fall down before it, look up to it, worship it and revere it for imaginary excellences it does not possess, as is nearly always the case in idol-worship. It is also used as an engine by priests to elevate themselves into power, and is by them wielded like a sceptre over the heads of the people in the way to perpetuate their own authority and to cause the people to be subservient to them. Everything they demand or command is with a "thus saith the Lord."

We do not say there is no good in the Bible, that it contains no beautiful language, no elevated sentiments; on the contrary, we cheerfully admit it does, but we do assert it contains nothing truer, nothing better, nothing more beautiful than is found in other books which lay no claim to having God as author. The Bible having been written by persons who knew little or nothing of the truths and discoveries of modern science, philosophy and art, it almost necessarily teaches much that is untrue, much that is worthless, and much that is pernicious.

The claim so persistently urged by Bible-idolators, that the sacred book of the Jewish nation has been the grand cause of the civilization of modern times, is absurd and unjust. Theological ideas doubtless have had much to do in moulding the character of civilization, but to it only rightfully belongs, a fractional part. Natural and physical causes have much to do in determining the civilization of any portion of the earth's surface. The soil has very much to do with civilization. When this is rich and encourages agriculture, civilization advances rapidly, bringing in wealth, literature and refinement. In sterile or barren countries, where the inhabitants are compelled to pursue a wandering, nomadic life, and cities are very sparse, barbarism long holds sway and civilization advances slowly. The civilization of mountainous regions differs from that of level countries, and the inhabitants show marked differences in habits and characteristics. Climate has also much to do with civilization. The temperate zones are far more favorable for advanced civilization and an enlightened intellect than the torrid or the frigid zones. Every belt of the earth's surface exerts a varied influence in the process of mental advancement.

Prof. Draper, in his incomparable work, "The History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," gives us much light upon this subject. In speaking of the basic causes of civilization, he says, it "depends upon climate and agriculture," and teaches that the meteorological condition of different countries has much to do with intellectual advancement. Very rainy countries are unfavorable to the most rapid mental progress, and he argues that the rainless condition of Egypt had greatly to do in the early civilization of that country. He shows that the gulf stream had much to do in determining the civilization of Europe. Buckle, in his "History of Civilization in England," corroborates much that Draper teaches and accords to literature and knowledge prominent places in the causes of civilization. The purer the literature of a country, and the more unmingled it is with myths, superstition, legends, fallacies and absurdities, the more rapid is the advance in civilization. These are the characteristics in the Bible which have retarded civilization and for centuries kept a mistaken theology in the front, when, of course, a rational mentality was forced into the back-ground. It is doubtless true, the Bible has retarded civilization on the earth, and had it had no existence, mankind to-day would be farther progressed in intelligence, happiness, civilization and truth than they now are.

Believing all this to be indisputable, we have no apprehensions of any bad effects that will arise from the Bible being substituted in the world by rational truth, knowledge, science, benevolence, morality and purity vastly superior to that which it contains.

GOD AND THE UNIVERSE.

2. We have also to answer this interrogatory in the negative. The subject is beyond the reach of man's vision, and probably we will never fully know the character of the moving, controlling forces of the Universe. We can only come to such conclusions as

our best reason points out. We believe strongly in the Universe, in its infinity, its immensity and its eternity; but we do not believe it had an inventor, author or creator. It contains and comprises all the material, all the forces and powers that exist, and outside of it there is nothing. It is itself the cause of all results and all existences. As we find it is utterly impossible to create one atom of matter from nothing, or to reduce one atom to a state of non-existence, we can have a fair idea of the eternity of the entire Universe, and the absurdity of the supposition that it was a few thousand years ago, by a power outside of itself made from nothing.

The earth—the solar system—the entire Universe may once have been in a nebular state—a gaseous condition—so rare and attenuated that our atmosphere may be regarded as solid compared with it; so rare indeed that several cubic miles would hardly contain a single grain of solid matter. We say, the Universe may have evolved from this condition by gradual condensations and aggregations into systems and suns and worlds, and thus have existed myriads of ages to again resolve into a nebular condition. The Universe, we assert, may have repeated this process millions of times, but it never had a beginning; it never was made. There never was a time when it did not exist, nor will there ever be a time when it will cease to exist. It has no supporter and needs none. It is permeated by all the forces that have an existence, and these are a part of it. The Universe is composed of matter and all the powers that pertain to it. Tyndall had this fact in view when he said, he “found in matter all the forms and potency of life;” and a more rational observation was never made.

The idea of the infinity and eternity of the Universe is hard for some minds to comprehend. They think anything so vast and boundless as the Universe must necessarily have required a creator. But ask them whence came this creator, which must needs be superior to the Universe created, and they will answer you at once, “oh, he always was, he never was made.” They seem not to realize the logical conclusion, that if the Universe, being so extensive, required a creator, that this superior creator himself still more required a creator. In this way we may go on imagining creators of creators until bewildered and lost.

It is easy for a common capacity to understand that space or *expanse* is necessarily infinite, eternal, limitless, without beginning or end. No one will argue for a moment, that a given amount of space was ever made, or that there was ever a time when it was not. It requires then but another step to realize that it is the same with all space and with all the matter contained in it, and that it is necessarily infinite and eternal.

We assume not to say what God is, or whether there is a God; but of this we feel fully assured, that he is totally unlike the being theology has pictured to us. The Deity that *is*, *is in* the Universe and part of it. He exists just as much in the most distant sun the mind can imagine in the farthest remove of space, whose light travelling at a velocity of 200,000 miles a second requires trillions of ages to reach our globe—as in this solar system, as on this globe or in this special portion of it. Hence he cannot be a person, he cannot be a being, he cannot be an individual, he cannot be a local intelligence, he can hardly be a general intelligence. It is possible for no man to say just what he is. But the fable that he once made man from clay; woman from a rib bone; that an apple cursed the whole world and peoples hell for millions of years; that God was born of a young girl; that his creatures put him to death to appease his own anger, or to satisfy his own sense of justice; that he has his eye constantly upon the 150,000,000,000 of individuals that exist on this globe; that he has the hairs of their heads all numbered as well as the quintillions of beings who preceded them, and that this is the Deity who reigns in, rules and controls countless millions of other worlds, is an idea too preposterous to claim the credence of a sensible person for a moment.

It is vastly easier, it strikes us, to conceive of the *eternality* of a self-existent Universe filling the great *limitless expanse* which ever was and ever will be, than to believe in a local, personal God in the form of a man, with his passions and foibles, whom no one has

ever seen or known; who less than six thousand years ago, made from nothing all that exists; who found it necessary to employ a few score of ignorant, unreliable persons, living at different times and in different localities to write a book for him, giving an account of himself and declaring his will to his creatures, and which book has required a few scores of other persons to translate, hundreds of thousands of ignorant priests to interpret, explain and expound to the more ignorant multitudes, but in explaining which they have never agreed, some asserting with immense authority “the meaning is *this way*,” and others with equal positiveness declaring it is “*that way*,” but each affirming that unless we take their particular version and acknowledge them as the mouth-pieces and agents of God we are doomed to endless torture.

We are conscious that the Universe exists: we can see it, feel it and *know* it. We are in it, and are parts of it; we can understand it is eternal and indestructible. We can comprehend that all parts of it are equally divine; but of a creator of this Universe we know nothing, except what priests and Bible writers tell us, and they know not a particle more about it all than we do.

We acknowledge with profound reverence the great source of life, motion, intelligence and individual existences. These arise from light, heat, magnetism, attraction, chemical affinity and cognate forces yet imperfectly understood, but which are inherent in the Universe and cannot be separated from it.

WHERE SHALL WE LOOK FOR INTELLIGENCE?

3. Our friend's third question is, “If there is no God but Nature, in what part of the material creation shall we look for intelligence?” We answer, in any part where we can find organizations and conditions that produce intelligence. We know of no intelligence that is not the result of organization any more than we know of sight without the optic nerves and organs of vision, or of hearing without the tympanum and organs of the ear, or of muscular strength without the muscles and connecting apparatus to produce it. Intellect, thought, or mind, is not a promiscuous substance floating through space; it is not a primitive element, a separate entity, independent of the forces and materials of the Universe, but is, as we said, the result of organization—an outgrowth of matter—a motion, so to speak, of an organ and its connected nervous system.

We find intellect existing in all grades and degrees, from the lowest to the highest form, and in all varieties as regards quality and quantity, but nowhere without a suitable organization to give it existence. In the vegetable kingdom we perceive the lowest indications of intellect, though that there is not a measure of it in simple substances when brought into contact, as in the cases of acids and alkalies, metals and oxygen, hydrogen and oxygen, and an infinite number of similar chemical combinations, we will not pretend to say. That there is intelligence in the vegetable kingdom cannot be doubted. It is indicated in the general reaching towards light, as with the potato sprout in a dark cellar in the spring of the year. If a little sunlight steal through a hole or crevice how the delicate shoot reaches towards it! How constantly many flowers keep their faces towards the sun. Who has not witnessed the tendrils of a vine reaching for a limb or cord, or something to cling to and support the growing plant? If there is a support within reach it will find it. This appears to be a low order of intelligence, but commensurate with the conditions calling it forth.

In the animal kingdom we find varying degrees of intelligence, but always in keeping with organs and conditions. An oyster has some intelligence, a fly more, an ant more, a honey-bee more, a hog still more, a dog still more, a horse still more, an elephant more still, and man more than all. He is truly said to be an epitome of all animal existences below him, and the highest expression of divinity in the Universe. In these and numerous other gradations of intellect, or mind, the difference arises from the varied organizations, from the quantity and quality of brain and the character of the nervous system, a part of the connecting apparatus for producing and conveying thought and sensation.

In man great diversity of intellect exists. If each individuality is a spark from the great central intel-

lect it would hardly be so; but when we realize the interminable differences in organizations, conditions, quality and quantity of brain, together with the ever-varying character of nervous systems, the reason for the great variety of intellects can be partially understood.

The production of intellect depends on several conditions. In the first place a healthy body is most essential. A good brain, a good nervous system, a good stomach, a good digestive apparatus, circulation of good blood are all indispensable in the production of mind. Proper food, pure air and pure water are of the highest importance in this intricate process, and without them mind cannot exist. As the fuel and water are to the engine; as hay and oats are to the muscular strength of the horse, so is meat, bread and potatoes to the intellect of man. The combustion of the fuel converts the water into steam, whose confined force acting upon the piston causes the engine to move rapidly, and convey with it hundreds of tons in weight. The digestion of the hay and oats imparts to the horse muscular strength sufficient to move bodies ten times his own weight and what also of intellect he possesses. So the meat, bread and potatoes which man eats and assimilates imparts to him the powers and forces he possesses, including the intellect or mind. Deprive the engine of fuel, and it must stop; deny the horse his hay and oats and he cannot haul heavy loads, he must stop; deprive man of his necessary food and he soon becomes exhausted. Starve him and he has no muscular strength and equally no mind; before the spark of life flickers out his mind is gone, he is an idiot or a maniac; he has no intellect. It is well known the labors of the mind are as exhaustive as physical labor, and equally necessitate material food and repose.

Thus we see food produces mind in the same way it produces muscular strength, and that one is the product of matter and organization as really as the other, and that we must look for the best intellect where we find the best organizations and the best conditions.

As we seem rather prolix in our replies, we will have to defer a further consideration of these interrogatories until our next.

MOURNFUL.—With much regret we announce to our readers that our friends, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Henderson have been so unfortunate as to lose their youngest child, their “little pet,” their lively, interesting and sweet COSETTE, a beautiful little girl, between five and six years of age, who died on the 5th inst., of diphtheria, after a brief sickness of a few days. It is indeed hard for parents to part with affectionate, intelligent, darling children—buds of promise, and blossoms of hope and usefulness, but it is the order of Nature, and we have to submit. Many die young while a few only live to be old. How to increase the span of life, how to prevent and remove the causes of death, how to augment the happiness and usefulness of sojourners in time, is the work of the coming generations of men and women.

On the 6th the funeral was held at the residence of Mr. Henderson, friends of the family gathering in. A beautiful funeral service was read by Brother H. B. Brown, prepared by him for such occasions, and which, in due time, with other forms, will be published for the use of others. A few friends present made remarks suited to the occasion. It was distinctively an “Infidel funeral,” and to our mind seemed as appropriate as any we ever attended.

It is about time Liberals and unbelievers of this country should be able to manage the events of birth, marriage, sickness and death without the assistance of the white cravated gentlemen, who are so fond of proffering their paid services on such occasions. When our time comes to take the quiet sleep of death, we want no reverend gentleman, no professional priest to pray or talk over us. We find ourselves able to live without their services, and we trust we will be able to die without them.

THE Universalists of Troy are building a fine church. A passing traveler inquired recently of a hod-carrier what kind of building it was. The man didn't answer. “Is it a church or a hall, or what?” “Faith I think it's a church.” What kind of a church? “Can't tell the name sir, but it's for them folks as is trying to knock the bottom out of hell.”

Darwinism.

What it is and the Proofs in Favor of it.

SYNOPSIS OF A LECTURE AT CITY HALL, OSKALOOSA,
IOWA, SUNDAY, APRIL 18TH, 1875,

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

I am glad to see a much larger audience assembled here than could have been expected under the circumstances. So I can say I am happily disappointed.

The subject, "Darwinism," is one in which the crowd is interested, and yet the crowd does not know what "Darwinism" is. When they hear the name they associate it with absurd notions. They have no distinct conception of anything that has been written by Darwin concerning it. I like occasionally to take up a theme like this, that is so significant and remarkable for the cultivated and thinking mind.

Darwin has written a number of voluminous works. He has given us a large number of facts, but he has presented them in a manner that is not methodical, and as a writer he cannot lay claim to anything like a complete system for the presentation of his subject: but he has given us the facts, and we have the right to use these, and present them in a systematic manner. Therefore, I am to correct some mistaken conceptions and give an outline of the subject, so that any person who is disposed to think, shall see at once what Darwinism is.

It is especially in the common mind that this notion prevails, that man came from the tadpole, or some other low creature which crawls or walks upon the earth; and he contrasts man with those low forms of life, and regards Darwinism as a foolish theory. Darwinism and Evolution are sometimes confounded. Evolution is not implied by Darwinism, nor is Darwinism a necessary part of evolution; or rather, Darwinism may be untrue in its distinct principles, yet Evolution is true. The theory that man has been differentiated in the world would be true, though Darwinism was to be disproven.

While in St. Louis a gentleman came up to me and said: "I have been through all that" referring to Darwinism. I told him I was glad to hear that, as I found few that knew anything about it. He said:

"I have known all about it for the last twenty-five years."

Do you mean to say you understood Darwinism twenty-five years ago?—I began to have some doubts of his understanding it even then. Do you mean to tell me that you understood the theory of Natural Selection twenty-five years ago?

"What do you mean by Selection?"

This was sufficient evidence that he knew nothing about it. Perhaps he had some idea of Evolution. I remember when I was a boy I heard of this theory of development, though I never had an idea of it. I had an indistinct idea of the different species coming up one from another, but everything implied in Darwinism was absent from my mind. When a person says he understood Darwinism twenty-five years ago, it is plain that he does not understand it.

It is my aim this afternoon to offer the present fundamental principles of Darwinism. Some men's particular objection to Darwinism is this. That Darwin holds that the species are all mixed up, that there is no regularity about it. For instance, you may expect at any time for one species to be derived from another. This is not true. We do not see for instance, an ox come from a horse, or any one species to be derived directly from another. Therefore it has no foundation in fact. This shows how much ignorance there is concerning it now.

The law of heredity, the first principle of Darwinism, is, that like produces like. Not only in regard to species; but in all its peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. Not only that the horse will come from the horse, but that all its peculiarities will be transmitted to its offspring. Mr. Darwin maintains that every species is derived from a like species. You do not expect the robin to come from the sparrow, or that a pig will come from a sheep. No one acquainted with the facts will expect this. According to the first principles of Darwinism, everything pertaining to the structure of the man will be transmitted to the child. If in marriage the father be very tall, the child will be tall also; if the father be very short, the child will correspond to him; if the mother be small and delicate, the child will be a medium between them. There are exceptions to this. For instance, an individual may resemble another of three or four generations back. Not only are the physical peculiarities transmitted, but also a tendency to live long or to longevity; or, perhaps, if the father is not long-lived, the child will inherit a tendency to die while young. No man can live to the age of one hundred whose ancestors never reached the age of sixty. I can tell within respectable limits the age a man will attain when I have known the age of his ancestors. There is nothing wonderful about it. It is not a matter of health. Healthy people often die young, while sickly people often live to old age. Many people are strong and healthy while young, and we predict a long life; when they get to be twenty-five years old, we begin to see signs of decay, a lack of physical power and when they are fifty years old they are ready for the grave. Other persons, sick from infancy do not appear as though they would live to be thirty, but in many cases they

live to be ninety or a hundred years of age. In the one case, we have long lived stock, and in the other, we have short lived stock.

Suppose we take two beans, one the common bunch-bean, and the other, the pole-bean, and drop them in the ground together, the common bean will grow about one foot high, while the pole-bean will clamber up as high as twenty feet. In this case the one is no more healthy than the other. It is the same way with people. One comes from healthy stock, thus having the capacity to be long-lived. Another one may have no more capacity to live long than a dog has, while an elephant or an eagle will attain to five times that longevity.

I will refer you to Switzerland, where people living in different cantons, having nothing to do with the health have very different degrees of longevity.

It often occurs that a smart, intellectual man has a child that is almost idiotic. Well we have to make some allowance for the interlacing influence. It is not uncommon for a great man to marry a stupid woman, or for a smart woman to marry a weak, and stupid man. Now if we expect the transmission of these qualities of mind, when there is so much to pull it down, we are going contrary to the first principles of heredity. There is also another consideration. Most great men have given a greater share of their time to the cultivation of their minds, thereby greatly weakening the physical system. By confinement and mental exertion, their brains absorb their vitality, and they become physically debilitated. It is a fact, that among the great men of all times, there has generally been a lack of offspring. The reason is obvious. We consider that a weakly parent has not the capacity to transmit health to the offspring. But notwithstanding we find that mental strength is transmissible. When we see intelligent parents, we most generally find intelligent offspring. Sometimes, however, there is an exception.

This is according to the law of heredity, or the first principle of Darwinism. There is a certain family known in New-England, of which it is said that the boys, almost from early infancy will catch chickens, disjoint their bones, and re-set them. They are called bone-setters. If in a family the same trade is followed for several generations, there is a strong tendency in the succeeding generations to take it up and follow it. And they will be more skillful, and will show more readiness than they would if their fathers had not been brought up to it.

Why is the Indian boy so much more skillful than the Caucasian, in the use of the bow? No person who has been out on the plains, but has seen Indian boys almost as soon as they were able to walk, that could shoot with a bow. Indian boys as a general thing, can shoot better than the Caucasian could if he should practice a life time. This is another proof of the law of heredity, or the first principle of Darwinism. The second principle of Darwinism is called the law of variation.

The question may be asked, What is meant by variation? I see before me many faces, all having the same general outline, but there is so much dissimilarity that I can distinguish them. If mankind started from Adam and Eve, who lived about six thousand years ago, it seems to me there must have been a wonderful change taken place in the features of individuals, to give such a variety as we see on earth to-day.

Suppose we place here upon the stage, a representation of each of the distinct races of mankind; here would be the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Malay, the African, and the Indian, all of whose features present a striking difference. For instance, contrast the Negro with the Caucasian, and see what a marked difference of appearance. This is an illustration of what we mean by variation. But I ask: What has produced this wonderful difference in the human features? Such a difference of features as we see in the low brute-like Negro and the highly developed Caucasian, such as a Longfellow or a Webster, could never have taken place in the course of six thousand years. This great difference is something that men do not realize unless we present the extreme. But some change must have been in operation for a long time to have produced such a wonderful difference.

Well, the Christian will say: This resulted from God having cursed Cain, or perhaps he will adduce some other trivial reason for it. That the human race has undergone various changes by the influence of different climates, and that its present state has been brought about in six thousand years, is about the way he reasons. On the contrary it has taken many thousands of years to bring about such a wonderful change in the human race and produce the results which we now look upon.

Sometimes we say we do not see any change going on, we may look all our lives, and we do not see that there has been any change whatever. So also we may look at the dial of a clock, and the hands do not appear to move at all, but if we should leave the clock and not return until an hour had elapsed, we will find that the minute hand had made a whole revolution. The perpetual change that mankind is undergoing cannot be noticed in the lifetime of any one man. But if we could look at it after a period of a thousand years, we could distinctly see its results. This is what Darwin calls variation. We see a great number of faces, but no two exactly alike. The child is sometimes like the father, and sometimes resembles the mother; but

never is the precise image of either, always having some features or characteristics that are not found in either of his parents. Do not be impressed that there is anything wonderful connected with this.

There is what is called "spontaneous variation." If we say "spontaneous" generation we can understand it. But in reality there is no such thing as "spontaneity in nature." When I was in Washington, I met a man whose son had six fingers on each hand, and six toes on each foot. I was not aware that such a peculiarity had ever appeared before in the family.

We call this spontaneous, because it is something we do not understand. But every individual that lives has some little variation that never appeared before in the family. It is this that distinguishes every one from some other one of the family. Detectives make use of this in finding criminals. A description of the criminal is sent around to the detectives all over the country. This comes under the law of variation, or the second principle of Darwinism. If one of these variations had been shown in the family in some preceding generation, it would not come under the law of variation, but under the first principle of Darwinism. It often happens that a peculiarity can be seen in the child which has not been shown in the family for two or three generations. I found by making inquiry concerning the boy who had six fingers and toes, that the same peculiarity had been shown by one of his forefathers, two or three generations back. When one of these little peculiarities makes its appearance for the first time it comes under the law of variation.

On the island of Malta there lived a man who had a son by the name of Graceo. This boy had six fingers and six toes. He grew up to manhood, and married such a girl as he could find—he could not find one like himself in that respect. Here we see nature determined to perpetuate this peculiarity. And it made its appearance, but not until generations had passed.

Mr. Huxley says: Suppose all his children and all his children's children had shown the same peculiarity, we would now have on earth a race of men and women having six fingers and toes. Here we see an example of variation which comes under the law of heredity. Nature was so determined to perpetuate that peculiarity, that it appeared in the fifth generation. This shows that the variation comes under the law of heredity, the same as any other peculiarity of body or mind. From this we see that if any peculiarity is inherited it comes under the law of heredity, but if the peculiarity has never before been manifested in the family—for every one has some peculiarity original with himself—it comes under the law of variation. There are two kinds of domestic pigeons, the pouter, and the fantail. The first has the form suggested by the name which has been given to it. So, also you may know the fantail by its name. There is more difference between these two kinds of pigeons than there is between many different species.

We will examine the third principle of Darwinism, the law of selection: This is the greatest principle of Darwinism. There is also what is called selection of the sexes, this we will not touch upon. What is meant by selection is nothing more than discrimination. For example, suppose there were a great variety of plants and flowers exposed to the cold. A person, though he may understand the nature of the different kinds of flowers and plants, in attempting to discriminate between the tender and hardy ones will make many mistakes, but the frost will always destroy the tenderest first. The frost will discriminate between the tender and hardy plants with far more discrimination than any human being: but how is he enabled to do this? It has no knowledge of the various degrees of tenderness in the different plants by which it would be enabled to select and destroy the tender ones. As another example, suppose there were a great number of sheep in a place where the weather was very cold, those who had the thickest wool would live while the others would perish. The cold would exercise more discrimination in this case than any man could. This is an illustration of what is called unconscious selection. There is also what is called conscious selection. For example, suppose we should have all the fine men and women unite in marriage, in order to have a race of beings more beautiful than any other, this is called conscious selection. In a certain place in Prussia are living a large number of tall people. They are all tall, with scarcely an exception. This is an example of conscious selection, which can be seen everywhere. Some of you may have heard how the Saxons used to do in order to produce the particular kind of sheep desired. They marked out the kind of sheep they wanted, and then would bring it into existence. They have even brought into existence, sheep of the exact size and shape as best suited their fancy. They would mark out a model and then make a sheep to correspond with it. The Merino sheep, one of the finest kind of sheep known, were started in a similar way. At one time there appeared in the flock of a man, by the name of Wright a sheep with long body and short legs. This man had good commonsense. He wanted to produce a race of sheep like that one—they would be profitable to him. Now he had to build a tall stone wall to enclose the others, which was a great deal of trouble. So he determined to bring into existence a race of sheep like the one described. He let this sheep run with the flock, and by keeping all the others that were just like it, in twenty-five years he had a race of

sheep having long bodies and short legs. It is this same principle our farmers make use of in improving their stock. This notion of getting fast trotters is comparatively late. The fastest racer can be traced back only about one hundred years, and now we have very fast horses. The best horses are taken, and by pairing them, always having in view the quality of speed, they have at last brought about the results we see to-day. Some have tried to prove by a mathematical calculation that it is impossible for a horse to trot any faster than he trots to-day. I believe the time is coming when a horse will trot twice as fast as he does to-day. These things are brought about under the law of conscious selection. Such a thing is not known among the lower grades of animals. There is, however, what is called "The struggle for life." This is the last principle of Darwinism.

Mr. Darwin found that there was a principle behind these others, which accounts for all these wonderful changes. This is called the "Struggle for life." Many suppose that nature is a great economist, that nothing is lost. But the reverse is true. Nature is a great prodigal. Demonstrations of this can be seen every day. A codfish will lay at least five millions of eggs in one year. If all these eggs produce fish, in a few years the ocean would be crowded with them. But what would become of all these fish, if that excellent idea of nature's economy were carried out? I think that the result would be, that we would have a good many more fish than we would care about eating. Suppose we drop a seed in the ground, it comes up and produces fifty more, and these fifty seed fall into the ground, and the next year each would produce fifty more just like it. If it should continue in this course for a short time this particular kind of plant would cover the whole earth. There are but few of these seeds that can ever amount to anything.

There must be a struggle for life among these seed; and those that are perfect will live, while the others will perish. Out of fifty, there are but very few that ever amount to anything, and those are the best of all. Those that are adapted to the soil and climate are the ones that will survive. In the next generation there must be a struggle for life in the same manner. And as before, the plants that are best adapted to the soil and climate will live while the others will die. In this case we see the plants struggling for life, and in so doing they adapt themselves to their conditions. Here we see adaptation, not economy. It is something that results from the necessity of the case. Now I can illustrate this by referring to the sheep again. In cold climates the sheep which have thick wool are the ones that live while the others perish. Suppose there should be a cold spell every year, the sheep having the thickest wool will survive, while the others having nothing to protect them will perish.

Then the theologian will say: "See how wise God is in clothing the sheep with the thick wool that they may not perish with cold." They will then go to the warm countries and say, see how God has arranged everything so that it may be most comfortable. In the cold countries he has given the sheep thick wool; in the warm countries he has given them wool. Everything is so fortunately arranged. Nothing came by chance. God made everything to suit its condition. If you take the sheep having thin wool to a cold climate they will perish with the cold. If the sheep having thick wool be taken to a warm climate they will perish with the heat.

But I say to you if you take a sheep with thick clothing to a warm climate their wool will diminish every generation in weight and quantity. And it will grow light in quality. Perhaps you have seen the Mexican dogs, which have no hair on their backs. If you should take some of these to a cold climate, in a generation there would be considerable of hair seen on their backs. If you should let them stay there a thousand years they would have as much hair on their backs as the Newfoundland dog has to-day. But carry a newfoundland dog to a warm climate, and in the same time it will become destitute of hair. Now what is true of the covering is true of everything else. Suppose you should place a large number of rabbits here in a grove, some dark colored, and some white. Then suppose you should come back in about twenty-five years from now, which kind do you suppose would be found in the greatest abundance, the dark colored or the white ones? Why, I can tell at once. Those rabbits which are white, being exposed to their enemies, would be very scarce; while the dark colored rabbits, which cannot be seen so easily, would be in abundance. If we go into cold regions among the icebergs and snowbanks we will find the animals have a color much like the snow and ice. According to Darwinism, there existed in those regions in times past, animals of a great variety of colors. But those which were adapted to their condition survived, while the others were destroyed. The animals whose color rendered them easy to be seen were the first to be killed. It is for the same reason that we have mice of an uncommonly dark color. But why dark instead of white? If they were of a light color they could be seen more easily by their enemies, and therefore would be destroyed. The dark colored mice are the ones that survive. All species are concerned in the struggle for life, or adaptation. What is true of color is necessarily true of the other qualities. Those animals which have an acute sense of hearing, those which

have the best sight, and most supple limbs are the ones who survive the longest.

There is another principle called Correlation. If there is a change in any particular, by this principle, other changes are necessitated.

The giraffe is supposed to have come from the deer. Mr. Darwin supposes that there were deer in a country where there was a drouth, and the animals that had the longest necks would live by getting leaves from the trees. In this way, part would live, while the rest would perish. Now suppose that the drouth had been repeated. Mr. Darwin supposes that in a few hundred or a thousand years, there would be produced a race of animals having long necks. Now if the neck underwent such a change, the body necessarily must have undergone considerable change. Also there must have been a general change in the formation of the animal. There are many changes that can be accounted for in no other way. All changes that do not come under the law of selection, must necessarily come under the principle of correlation. Some may say does this prove that the species have been changed? I say, no. Then I ask could the race have undergone such a change as we see to-day in six thousand years? I ask could such a variety of appearances as we see in the several races to-day have been brought about in six thousand years? I say it would have taken nearer six millions of years to have accomplished such a change as this. Again I ask what is meant by "species?" Animals having a common species, or the same species are not recognized. The word species does not imply that some certain class of animals, in its chief characteristics is distinct from any other. Many animals of the same species are more different in their chief characteristics than others of different species. The greyhound and the Newfoundland dog are more unlike in their anatomical structure than many species that can be named. It is not denied that both kinds came from the same pair. There is no limit that can be given to the dissimilarity that can be brought about under the principles of heredity, variation, selection, the struggle for life, and correlation.

If a person would understand these principles he must study them. Let him study the facts of embryology. Let him study the animals that are in the fossil state. Then let him study the animals that are in the living state. Let him go through all these departments of the theory, and it seems to me he must be driven to the conclusion that Darwinism is true. There are some objections offered. Most of these arise from a superficial acquaintance with the subject.

Mr. Darwin has himself presented the only objections that are worthy of notice, and he has examined these and answered them like a philosopher. Most of these objections are of the most frivolous kind, and are only calculated to influence popular ignorance.

Letters to a Preacher.

NO. VIII.

"I wish to say a word more about Pagan virtue. Plutarch, Seneca, and Epicurus commended a great many moral maxims as highly as we do; but alas! they lacked the motive to overcome the flesh and deny themselves what seemed to them present good. John Stuart Mill says, 'The whole Pagan world were liars!'" [C. B.]

And do Christians of the Nineteenth Century always have a motive strong enough to overcome the flesh and deny themselves so that they are able to live fully in accordance with the "moral maxims they advocate?" I am really afraid some of them live in glass houses and ought not to risk throwing "rocks" at those old philosophers. And if any of those said Pagans succeeded in lying more persistently and successfully than the first Christians did they must have been almost equal to the father of all liars—if such a personage could exist. A noted apostolic father said, "lying was the easily-besetting sin of a Christian." You who are Reverends must know that the Bible is full of forgeries committed during the early days of Christendom, and that "for a good end they made no scruple to forge whole books." Mosheim says, that "in the fourth century it was an almost universally adopted maxim, that it was an act of virtue to lie, when by such means the interest of the Church might be promoted." And judging from appearances, there are some Christians even at this day who hold to the same belief thinking that the "end justifies the means."

You say to me "you will admit with the same brain and the same motive we have acted differently at different times and have condemned ourselves for improper actions." This disproves your position that innocence is virtue. Neither an infant nor a lamb is virtuous." Now I admit no such thing, for we never have the same brain at different times. The brain grows and changes in quality with each new impression that is made upon it, and we never can act from the "same motive at different times," for all motives are modified by other motives, and the same set of motives can never occur in the same order twice!

One motive never causes any single action, nor can one cause produce an effect; but a certain combination of motives produce each action, as a certain train of causes produce certain consequent effects, all of which causes and effects are inseparably linked to-

gether, extending back throughout all time. As to innocence and virtue, all words are arbitrary. When a man is not guilty, we call him innocent. Those who do no wrong we call virtuous, so in a certain sense the words are synonymous. If an infant is innocent because it cannot commit sin, at what age is it liable to have outgrown innocence? A young girl who has been carefully trained all her life in perfect purity and goodness would be so shocked at the base idea of stealing, robbery or murder, and cursing, swearing or using foul language, that it would be an impossibility for her to commit these acts, and at no age would she be apt to do so. This being impossible is she innocent or virtuous? And one trained at St. Giles would do all of these without compunction. Are the girls to blame for this difference? Or is the society at large responsible, or is any one at all responsible?

We are not free agents in this respect if we are in any at all. What we are and shall become, depends so much upon circumstances over which we have no control, that it is a difficult matter to judge of innocence or virtue, because these depend so much upon pre-existing causes and the natural bias of the organization. What is evident to us all, is the fact that we shall be able to increase in goodness and innocence only by perpetually striving after the highest and best.

ELMINA D. SLEEKER.

A New Dictionary.

In this fast age words are produced by spontaneous combustion, or spontaneous something—words lying around loose in all directions. How are we to know their import without a dictionary?

A boy, walking the street in apparent agony, being asked, what was the matter? replied, "I suspect I have a touch of *true inwardness*."

Now how, in the name of goodness, are we to know what kind of disease this *true inwardness* is? Whether it be contagious, or if vaccination be a preventative?

I've searched "Webster's Unabridged," and nary an *inwardness* do I find. A new Dictionary is one of the necessities of the age.

Inwardness! Is it a new disease? or an old one by a new name?

Seventy years ago this blessed Summer, I had the whooping-cough, and what the old people called the belly-ache. Some *inwardness* there, you bet.

If the *inwardness* we hear tell of in the newspapers be like whooping-cough or belly ache, I'll say of *inwardness*, as the Dutch dominie said of 'te plaky parcel of lawyers, 'turnies ant pompalifs, who rop te people ant keep tare estates ant money all temselves, ant pry into efry nook ant poke for afry trop of cood trunk. Cot confout tem all, ant from tem Libranus Tomine—tat is to say, Lort, teliver us."

If, by *true inwardness*, we are to understand self-respect, respect for the true dignity of manhood and womanhood, as the likeness of God—inwardness, enabling us to be, not only in act, but in feeling and in thought, what we wish our associates—our most adored—to take us to be, if this be true *inwardness*—let us have *true inwardness*, for behold the day cometh—has come—wherein the covering is removed. To the discerning, whose perceptions are quickened, re-vitalized, spiritualized, souls in the body, men and women—gentleman and ladies, if you please—appear without as they are within. To character-readers, they exhale their social status. If ladies and gentlemen would smell sweet, they will please have the politeness to keep their dear selves all clean and nice, never harbor a thought that is naughty, never a thought they don't want read.

PRENTISS.

An Inquiry.

Prince Talleyrand, in his famous letters to Pius VII, purports to give an account of Jesus. I summarize it thus. He claims that the Roman Senate caused an investigation to be instituted concerning the career of this man-god in the province where all the transactions are said to have taken place. From interviews with Joseph and Mary and from affidavits procured from witnesses, it was found Jesus was the son of a Roman soldier named Panthen who belonged to the fourteenth legion; that the carpenter Joseph upon espousing his mother Mary adopted him, after the Roman custom; that he was called Anenius; and after working awhile with this Joseph at his trade, he left him; joined with vagabond companions, and wandered about the country, leading a vagrant life; became the leader of a band of robbers, and was finally apprehended and crucified, the Roman mode of death for capital crimes. This is given in a public document, in the face of all Europe by prince Talleyrand, one of the first men of the age, not only in the cabinets of kings, but in the Republic of Letters. I have never seen any comment upon this version of the story. My inquiry is, what is the opinion of the learned world to-day respecting it? Merely a question relating more to the statement of Talleyrand, than to the obscure biography of the Galilean; since whoever was his father, it is certain that no ghost, whether holy or unholy, could have been.

MORGAN R. NICHOLS.

West Winfield. May 16th.

Editors' Notes.

THE PHILOMATEAN.—We have received numbers one and two of a sprightly little weekly magazine of twelve pages by this title, devoted to Free Thought, Spiritualism and the Science of Life. Edited and published by Prof. W. H. Chaney and Mrs. Louie M. Kerns. As a pithy, outspoken periodical, we welcome it to the field where the struggle for existence takes place, and where the "survival of the fittest" is the governing principle. Price 5 cents each, or \$2 per year.

The Hand of Welcome.

We joyfully extend the right hand of fellowship to Brother S. P. Putnam, who has recently taken a step forward in the path of progress. He has for some time been officiating as clergyman of the Unitarian denomination, and has, for two years or more, been located at Omaha, Neb. It will be seen by his letter of withdrawal, which we here lay before our readers, that with the brighter light he has received, he cannot longer consistently act with any portion of the Christian sects, and herewith and forever declares his independence of creeds and dogmas. As a moral, upright, cultured, genial, Freethinker, he stands in the front rank. It does us good to take such men by the hand and give them the hearty greeting of welcome. Here is his letter of withdrawal:

BOSTON, June 4th, 1875.

To S. W. FOX, Asst. Sec. A. U. A.,

DEAR SIR:—I find that my intellectual convictions are of such a nature that I cannot work freely or to advantage with the Unitarian body; and that Christianity, as almost universally understood, is something which I not only do not accept, but believe injurious to the best interests of man; I therefore wish to have my name removed from the year-book of the Unitarian Association, and to be no longer called a Unitarian or Christian minister,

Very truly yours,

S. P. PUTNAM.

Brother Putnam proposes to enter the Liberal lecture field, and we bespeak for him a cordial reception on the part of our friends wherever he may visit. He is able, earnest, and fully devoted to the cause of human progress. He makes no compromise with the effete systems of former ages, and accepts to the fullest extent the unmistakable teachings of science, reason and truth. Give him a hearing, good friends, whenever he visits you.

We know of others occupying a similar position to Bro. Putnam, who are about ready to throw away the empty and objectionable prefix of Reverend, and to step boldly forward and embrace the positive truths of nature and reason, and fearlessly to proclaim them through the land. To all such, in the cordiality of sympathy and fraternity, we say, *Come on, Brethren*, stand not upon the order of your coming, but come at once. Your untrammelled efforts are needed in the field of free thought and free discussion. Gross darkness covers the land. The people of the earth are groaning and groping in the mists and fogs which have long overshadowed them. Many are searching for the truth and the right, and need the guiding hand to point out the way. "The harvest truly is great and the laborers are few."

The Liberal element is still unpopular; we are yet comparatively few in numbers. The churches are populous, rich, and powerful, and their members still affect to turn up their noses and contemptuously scorn those who dare think for themselves. It costs something yet to be an Infidel. If an individual has the temerity to avow himself an unbeliever in the Pagan dogmas of the Church, he is still frowned upon, discountenanced and shunned. It will not always be so. The lovers of mental liberty are becoming too numerous. The sun of science and truth is rising in the Eastern horizon. The long night of mental darkness and gloom is well nigh spent and the bright morning of hope and promise is already here.

So it has ever been in all reforms and all innovations; at first tabooed, then listened to, then embraced. We well remember when but few opponents of slavery could be found. Ninety-nine persons in a hundred were ready to defend the constitutional and moral rights of human bondage. Those who espoused the cause of the oppressed were despised and scorned. *But even this passed away.* The vile institu-

tion was doomed. Inexorable fate placed its hands upon it; it was forced to go down, and went with a crash. Now an advocate for human slavery can hardly be found—none so low as to do it reverence.

So it will be with the mental slavery which has so long cursed the earth. Its days are numbered. The grand edifice which has been reared by its devotees already begins to lean; soon it will totter, and ere long, like bodily slavery it will also go down with a crash. When free thought becomes popular and is respectable, thousands who are now timid, and vacillating will no longer be moral cowards, but will openly avow their honest convictions. We hopefully bide our time.

Truth Seeker Tracts.

We call the attention of our readers to our advertisement on the last page, of TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS, the first instalment of which we now have ready for friends and opponents. We propose publishing two series—one, *Truth Seeker Tracts, proper*, treating upon theological subjects, errors and superstitions, to act as "Eye-openers" and truth dispensers. The other a *Scientific Series*, embracing all scientific subjects, and giving in a cheap condensed form the best scientific information to be had. The idea of *scientific tracts* is somewhat new, and we trust will be appreciated.

These tracts contain from four to seventy-five pages, and sell from one ct. to ten cts. each, with a heavy discount when purchased in quantities. From one to one hundred of any kind may be ordered, as desired. The purpose is not so much to *make* money upon these tracts as to afford a cheap, effective means of presenting to enquiring minds the truths of Nature and Reason. Many persons will read a tract if handed them, who would not undertake a regular volume; a little seed sown in this way will often lead to excellent results.

Our opponents have found *tracts* very effective in spreading error and superstition, and we see not why we should not make them equally useful in dispelling falsehood and increasing light.

The prices of these tracts are made so low, when purchased in quantities, that liberal-minded individuals, associations, societies and leagues can well afford to buy them for gratuitous distribution, and in no way probably can a few dollars be so effectively used in stimulating free thought, free enquiry and a taste for truth.

We offer our friends, now, some thirty of these tracts, but we propose, if due encouragement is extended, to add from time to time to both series until they reach hundreds.

It is time the Liberal element of America should become more active and positive; that it be aggressive in fact, and feel willing to do something to effectively dispel mental darkness and diffuse the light of reason, science and truth. Let us not settle down in a lifeless, indolent satisfaction because we have ourselves escaped from the tyranny of priestcraft, mental bondage and the fear of hell, but let us be willing to do something to help our fellow-beings, still in bonds, into light and freedom. Let us vigorously storm the strongholds and castles of error, superstition and lies, and continue the conflict until these are dispelled from our fair land, and the reign of true knowledge, reason and science is fully inaugurated.

Send for some TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS; read them and pass them around. Let us sow the good seed of knowledge, happiness and truth, and we will surely reap a satisfactory harvest.

A Welcome Letter.

DUNLEITH, May 20th, 1875.

DEAR FRIEND:—Enclosed I send you the subscription for the second volume of your paper for two of our citizens, Mr. Rice and Mr. Clark. I also take the liberty of enclosing twenty-five dollars as a free gift offering upon the altar of Truth and the Seeker thereof, to aid in carrying that gem to a priest ridden and suffering world. I am highly pleased to be able to congratulate you upon the success of your paper and its growing patronage. To encourage you and to lighten the many burdens and difficulties necessarily encountered in such an enterprise—substituting truth for error—I freely make you this contribution, your mission is a noble one, and if the lovers of truth will stand up nobly and help you maintain it, I am confident your efforts will be crowned with satisfacto-

ry results. I am respectfully and fraternally your Friend and Brother.

D. R. BURT.

REMARKS.—With sincere gratitude we warmly thank our much esteemed friend and brother for his generosity—and take this occasion to assure him that every dime of the amount shall be used in the diffusion of truth and not a cent for our personal comforts. We have not received such remembrancers in such numbers nor with such frequency as to make them tiresome or monotonous. We have even sometimes feared our friends did not realize the sacrifices we are making and the efforts we are using to keep this sheet alive and blooming.

It is indeed comforting to know that there is once in a while a generous soul who thinks we may possibly feel the prevailing hard times and that we in this expensive city find some need for money in causing the TRUTH SEEKER to put in its regular appearance. It is likely when everybody is afflicted with *hard times* that we also find it out, and if a considerable number of our patrons holds back and comes not forward with their renewals it brings the pinch directly upon us. Economy, of course, is a good thing to study, but we object to its being brought to bear entirely upon the TRUTH SEEKER. If too many withhold their support, it may seem all right to them, but it is death to us. We have many bills to meet and when there is no funds to pay them, our trouble knows no bounds.

We are sorry to say there are a large number still on our list who have not renewed for the volume which is now five sixths completed. If they would come to our aid it would afford us very essential help. We are loth to believe that they think we ought to furnish the paper for nothing and pay the postage besides. Will they not now promptly remit us the small sum of \$1.75 and thus lessen our anxieties? This is probably one of the hardest years for the publication of young papers that has ever been known, and it is only with the material aid of friends and patrons that they can survive. We hope the Liberals of America feel interest enough in THE TRUTH SEEKER to make a slight effort to sustain it.

Some of our Patrons write us their papers do extensive neighborhood duty and are read by numerous persons. This is right, to a certain extent. It is well that the papers are widely read, but we wish to say in the carefullest manner, if those who borrow to read, would open their hearts and send us \$1.75 and have a paper of their own, it would be better for them and decidedly better for us.

In this connection we wish also to return our thanks to Brother Abram Bronson, formerly of Hiko, Nevada, who recently sent us a five dollar gold piece, as a present, from San Francisco. Such notices enlarge our estimate of human nature.

REMOVAL.—Our liberal friends and co-workers, G. L. Henderson and Company have removed from our office 335 Broadway, where they were but temporarily located, to No. 18 Clinton Place, this city, which they design to make a centre for radical thought, and a Home for Liberals who may visit the city; and where also in addition to their regular Real Estate and Western Loan Business, they will continue their Purchasing agency which was temporarily interrupted by the severe illness of G. L. Henderson, from which he has, we are happy to say, entirely recovered.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to their advertisement on another page.

We take this occasion to say that our friend G. L. H. while active in the pursuit of business is not wholly absorbed by it. His principal reason for removing from the West to this city, was not so much to establish a business as to develop and set in motion certain designs for the organization and utilization of the growing elements of free thought, of which our readers have had some intimations from his late series of articles in the TRUTH SEEKER, and which will be more fully elaborated in these columns and elsewhere.

THE Rev. T. M. Dawson emphatically denies the charges of lack of moral rectitude and monetary mismanagement brought against him in certain California papers and republished here. They are not very apt to "own up." The rule is to deny every charge made. There are only two or three cases on record where accused clergymen have acknowledged the fault with which they were charged.

The Cairo-Canton Letter.

MR. EDITOR:—For some months Prof. O. A. Burgess has sought to make the public believe that after the Cairo debate a prominent Freethinker of that city wrote to another at Canton, O., discouraging a debate between Burgess and myself at the latter place, for the reason that Burgess was my superior in ability and scholarship. He has been writing communications for the *Christian Standard*, and other papers, for months, alluding to that "Cairo-Canton letter" in a manner calculated to conceal the facts, deceive the public as to the contents of the letter, and produce a false impression. I have asked him to publish the letter, or to give me the name of the writer, or that of the person who received it. No information have I been able to get from him in regard to it; but he has continued his allusions to it in private letters and public communications.

This week I received the letter, and send you herewith a copy for publication. Burgess and his friends will see that, although he has not dared to publish it, I do so cheerfully.

But first let me state how Burgess obtained the letter. Rev. Mr. Ingram, of Canton, O., wrote a note, couched in language calculated to convey the impression that the writer was an Infidel, then had it copied, signed by one Frank Taft, and sent to Dr. Brigham of Cairo. This was done probably by the advice of Burgess, from whom it is likely Dr. Brigham's name was obtained. Dr. Brigham is a Spiritualist (but none the less a radical Infidel), and as Burgess, during the Cairo debate, lauded Spiritualism, or at least spoke favorably of it, and fiercely denounced Materialism, he hoped, no doubt, to get a letter favorable to himself, and denunciatory of me. But the letter that he received was not what he desired, and so he has kept it from the public; and, thinking I would never see it, has made most unfair and unscrupulous use of it, in violation of all the rules of honorable controversy.

The "Cairo-Canton letter" has been sent me, with permission to publish, by Mr. Taft, of whom I knew nothing, but who, probably from a sense of honor, is unwilling any longer to be a party to the Indian warfare which, for months, has been waged against me by O. A. Burgess, in the *Standard* and other papers.

In addition to this letter, I give another from Dr. Brigham, written several weeks ago, and one from Mrs. Jacob Martin, one of the most talented ladies in Southern Illinois, a Spiritualist, and Secretary of the Cairo Liberal Religion Association. Although private letters, I have permission to publish them.

I will add that the Liberal Religion Association, a few weeks after the Cairo debate, challenged Burgess to meet me again in that city, and asked that the debate be reported and published. Up to this date Burgess has not accepted the challenge. Not only at Cairo, but at several other places in the United States and Canada, Freethinkers are ready to do their part toward arranging for a debate between Burgess and myself, but he declines to meet me at any of these places, unless I agree that "no reporters shall be present" to report the speeches. And yet this *Christian gentleman*, and President of a Christian College, is mean and shameless enough, not only to declare I was defeated in the Cairo debate, and to appeal in proof to the "Cairo-Canton letter," but to say in the *Christian Standard*, and to write in private letters, that I am afraid to meet him again in debate.

Respectfully,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

CAIRO, ILL., Jan. 21, 1875.

F. C. TAFT, Canton, O. Dear Sir: Your favor of the 14th inst. came to hand to-day, and as you request an immediate reply I will answer this evening. Mr. Underwood is a most courteous gentleman, and a very logical speaker, but not so well calculated to impress a popular audience; while Burgess is a very unscrupulous, spread-eagle style of an orator, and while he does not meet the incisive logic of Underwood, he has a way with him that is so pretehtious and pompous that, for the time being, he leaves an impression with the unthinking, common orthodox, that he has knocked the spots all off from his opponent. Burgess debates in the same spirit that a tricky lawyer pleads a case, therefore be very particular as to statement of your questions, and if you conclude to get Underwood consult him in the statement: "Resolved, that the Bible is of human origin," or something of that kind. Underwood would be very safe for you, yet Denton, Prof. Wm. Denton, of Wellesley, Mass., would be the best man, as he is a very impressive speaker, and very ready off-hand debater, and can use sarcasm as well as Burgess. You can rest your cause safely in Denton's hands, either for a present or future triumph. Our leading orthodox clergyman here admitted that Underwood's logic was avoided by Burgess, and yet Burgess most impressed the rabble. But Denton or Robert G. Ingersoll would make Burgess think himself small potatoes. Burgess is a good stumper for the uneducated, poor logicians.

I am yours for the triumph of Freethought,
(Signed) R. S. BRIGHAM.

Dr. Brigham, in a letter dated Mar. 1, 1875, writes: "It is the united opinion of the Liberals of Cairo and vicinity that a *verbatim* report of the debate would have been very advantageous to our cause, and would aid the spread of Liberal thought. Many of the most

cultivated Christians have admitted the same. Rev. Thayer of the Presbyterian church said to me that Underwood was far superior to Burgess in logic, and that his (Underwood's) speeches would read far more advantageously for his side than Burgess' would for his. Among the cultivated here Burgess was regarded as a sort of stump orator, who plead his case like a conscienceless lawyer. His style was impressive with the rabble, while in point of argument his speeches failed to meet the issue of the case. I think it would be greatly to your advantage to have your speeches reported *verbatim*, because your style is calm and dignified, and not calculated to impress the rabble, while Burgess is a regular ranter of the 'Jesus and him crucified' style."

Mrs. Martin writes, in Mar. 1875. "So far as I can hear from Liberals, they are strong in the belief that you fully sustained your propositions. It is the opinion of Liberals here that if the debate were reported it would be an advantage to Freethought, inasmuch as your honest reasoning, sound logic, and close discussion of the questions at issue, would be instructive and useful in published form, while Prof. Burgess' arguments, shorn of the flourish and pomposity that heralded his very ordinary reasoning, would, of itself, be ruinous to the questions he advocates. It is the opinion of Liberals here that in the eloquence of gesture, in the noise and sound of language, in untimely personalities, Prof. Burgess is eminently your superior, and that his part of the discussion was largely composed of these accomplishments. I am sure I represent a large element here in giving expression to these sentiments."

God in a Nutshell.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

1. Something (substance) must have *always been*, or anything could not now be.

2. Then this something was eternal, and hence self-existent.

3. Since self-existent and eternal, it must have been infinite, and hence was everything existing everywhere.

4. Therefore all that is, has always been; that is, everything has eternally existed everywhere.

There, reader, these four simple propositions send your God higher than Beecher's "Life of Christ." They knock down all the gods of the theologians as fast as they can be set up. Read them again, carefully study each one, close one eye and think hard. Each is so simply self-evident as to admit of no cavil; the four logically demonstrate to every thinking mind the non-existence of God. But will you say that this something, this self-existent, eternal everything, is God? Very well. Then nothing but God could be. Then he must be the all of everything existing everywhere. Then where is your Universe? You see you cannot have a Universe if you have a God. We have the Universe, hence you cannot have a God.

"But he created the Universe," you say. Very well; from what did he create it? *Nothing?* Bear in mind your God must be everything, necessarily existing everywhere. You see there was no unoccupied premises upon which the nothing might have been found lying around loose. Omnipresent God alone extending on, and on, and forever on through all the everywhere, cramming all the immensities full of his essential self. He could not have created the Universe beyond himself, since there was no beyond. There could have been no place in which to put it outside of himself when created, since there was no Outside. If created, it must have been from his own essence, and then it would not have been a creation of anything, but a changing of himself into something different; and that was not possible, since he was self-existent, and must necessarily exist the same forever; since he was eternal, and must exist unchangeable. So the Universe could not have been made from nothing, since all the spaces everywhere were crammed completely full of everything, and hence there were no vacant places where the raw material could have been stored away. It could not have been created from God-substance, since that already was; it could not have been formed from God's pre-existing self, since that would have been to change the eternally unchangeable into something else—to annihilate himself as God by working himself over into the Universe. There is no escape for you. You see that there can be but one Eternal All. You cannot have both—a God and the Universe. And since we have the Universe, that is, everything eternally existing everywhere, we need no God, there is no room for a God, and there has never been anything for a God to do. Therefore, *there is no God.*

Dr. R. P. Fellows.

This distinguished magnetic physician is treating the sick in various parts of the country by his magnetized powders with a success which is truly remarkable. P. Blair, Woodstock, Ill., writes: "After being bed-ridden, I am now up and around, and can sleep and eat better than I have for years. M. Heasley, Wheeling, W. Va., writes: "I can now hear the clock tick distinctly. After using the ear trumpet for three years." M. A. Charlton, Alleghany, Pa.,

writes: "My bronchitis and catarrh difficulty is perfectly relieved." The doctor is permanently located at his beautiful residence in Vineland, N. J., where the powders can be had at \$1.00 per box.

Lectures of T. A. Bland, M.D.,

1. The Age of the Brain; 2. The Lessons of History; 3. The Science of Society; 4. Diet and Destiny; 5. The Philosophy of Marriage; 6. Success and Failure; 7. The Victories of Science; 8. Plato and Epicurus; 9. Poets and Poetry; 10. Self-made Men.

Correspondence invited from lecture committees, proprietors of halls, etc. Terms reasonable.

Address

T. A. BLAND,

Hygienic Hotel,

13 Light Street, N. Y.

Deacon Walker and the Indian.

Some thirty years ago there was a man by the name of Walker opened a store in a small settlement out West, they called him Deacon Walker because he either was, or pretended to be a very pious man, and true it is that he labored hard to introduce Christianity amongst a few scattered Indians that still lingered around the burying ground of their fathers. Amongst these was a petty chief that answered to the name of Foxey, and said Foxey was one of Deacon Walker's most promising pupils. He soon learned the principles of Christianity, or at least to the Deacon's satisfaction, and Walker was in the habit of quoting Foxey's piety and devotion to the new settlers with some degree of pride. He said that he, by the grace of God had been instrumental in bringing this wild child of the forest to the knowledge of truth and righteousness. Now the Summer was fast waning and the trees of the forest were clad in beautiful colors, and the hunting season had commenced, and Deacon Walker requested Foxey to bring him two or three good fat deer and proposed to give him one dollar and a half each. In a few days Foxey brought one buck and left it at the Deacon's residence. Mrs. Walker told him to go down to the store and the Deacon would pay him. So the Deacon asked Foxey how many he had brought, he said "three." The Deacon accordingly paid him four dollars and a half out of the store in ammunition, whiskey and a few trinkets. But judge of Walker's surprise when he went home and found but one buck instead of three. He thought there must be some mistake. In a few days he saw Foxey and charged him with the fraud and lies, but Foxey said "all right; deer, the Father deer, the Son, deer the Holy Ghost, three in one and one in three." The Deacon said there was no Holy Ghost about a deer; but Foxey told him there was, "but that he got out at the bullet hole, he could not catch him spirit." The Deacon gave a groan at human depravity, but his troubles were not yet ended, for he had trusted another of his converts ten dollars worth of outfits, and was to have his pay in furs on the Indian's return, but the poor Deacon was again deceived; for the Indian sold the furs to another trader, and when the Deacon charged him with the debt and fraud the poor Indian said, "me Christian, me been baptized, me love Jesus, Jesus pay debt for me, me great sinner, Jesus love me, he pay my debt." After that the Deacon was very shy of teaching religion to the Indians, seeming to think it rather dangerous.

COMMODORE COBB.

Orthodoxy Triumphant, Liberalism Vanquished.

A scandal case has just occurred in the Groton Union school, where they have a Bible-reading chapel exercise every morning—a model institution controlled by a board of education, elected avowedly in the interest of orthodoxy. The young man in the case declared in a recent revival meeting that he "believed in the power of God," &c., and has been the subject of special public prayer during said revival, thus affording an illustration of the prayer test theory. The lady in the case was at the time a teacher in the school and a member of the Church where she continued her devotions and discharged her duties as member of the Sunday school, after having furnished lodging and entertainment to the young man aforesaid. Thus the Bible and efficacy of prayer, and influence of Christian teaching are vindicated, for really, the clergy who are so keen-scented that they trace out with microscopic vision, any, and all good, however remote, to have been derived wholly from the Bible; hence I observe, that celebrated as they are for cheek and misrepresentation, they can hardly have the hardihood to deny the blossoms on their own vines, or the ripe fruit in their own vineyards, especially when the act referred to, bears so close a resemblance to the example of famous Bible worthies; but seriously we do not think any sane person would hold orthodoxy responsible for the scandal in question, yet one might do so with ten times the reason and logic that ministers use in sustaining their absurd doctrines.

Groton, N. Y. May 1, 1875.

New-York Liberal Club.

MAY 21st, 1875.

[TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-FOURTH MEETING.]

An able and exhaustive paper was read by MR. RICHARD L. DUGDALE, on

"The Preventable Causes of Pauperism."

He dealt largely in statistics bearing upon intemperance, crime, idleness, ignorance, etc. He assigned what he believed to be the most prolific causes of Pauperism, among which were over-population of our cities, insufficient employment, intemperance, etc. Among the remedies proposed were remunerative labor, abolition of almshouses and the better education of children.

The subject was ably discussed by MESSRS. WILCOX, NASH, DR. HALLOCK, DAWSON, ORMSBY, HENDERSON and the lecturer of the evening.

MAY 28th, 1875.

TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIFTH MEETING.

MR. CHARLES SOTHERAN, co-Editor of "*The American Biblioplist*," author of an essay on "*American Genealogy*," "*Genealogical Memoranda*," &c, read a lengthy paper on

Alessandro di Cagliostro,

Impostor or Martyr?

[For want of room, we are compelled to greatly abbreviate Mr. Sotheran's lecture, and give merely the leading incidents in the life of Cagliostro, thus depriving our readers of very many of his grand passages and interesting recitals.—ED. T. S.]

"To doubt and to be astonished is to recognize our ignorance. Hence it is that the lover of wisdom is in a certain sort a lover of mythi; for the subject of mythi is the astonishing and marvellous."—*Sir Wm. Hamilton.*

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The pages of history when perused by the light of searching and impartial investigation very frequently narrate an entirely different account to that popularly taught. Take for example the History of England, until late years Richard the Third was accredited in addition to the crime of murder with having been a man of most repulsive aspect—in body crook-backed, palsied, of horrid visage—a satyr. Queen Mary the First has been likewise, until recently, considered the worst and most bloodthirsty monarch who ever sat on the English throne; while her half sister, Queen Elizabeth, the most exemplary, and during whose reign no blood was spilt on behalf of religion. What are the facts? "Crook-backed Richard" was no hunchback, but as Walpole in his "*Historic Doubts*," and Jesse in his "*Life of Richard the Third*," both quoting the old Countess of Desmond, and other authorities show was really a man of fair, stately and gentle presence, and very far from the monster painted by the glowing pen of Shakespeare, who, in acting the courtier for dynastic reasons, knowingly altered the circumstances that the enemy of the grandfather of his royal mistress, should be described in the most hideous terms to assist in excusing Henry Tudor in his usurpation, as if mere personal appearance must of necessity indicate crime. Similar reasons can be found for giving the title of "bloody" to Queen Mary, a woman of naturally kind and gentle character, who personally was not responsible for the persecutions of Protestants during her reign, and many of which, so styled, were founded on the political treason of the victims; but it is far different with Elizabeth, "Good Queen Bess," during whose tenure of the throne more persons were tortured, disembowelled and executed for the sake of religion than in any other reign. Those who doubt these statements should carefully study the works of Froude, Strickland, Lingard, Cobbett and other later historians, when they will readily comprehend the bloody legacy left to the British nation and continued by her successors, until the "black laws" were repealed in the reign of George the Fourth, while all the time Protestant parsons and historians have been zealously lying and concealing the truth in the interests of theology, and howling down their fellow-Christians, the Catholics. As in England, so in Europe, so the world over. No wonder, therefore, that in disgust, the late Charles Kingsley threw up his University Professorship of history and gave as his reason that "history was seven-eighths falsehood, with a residuum of garbled truth."

As with many other historical characters, so with the subject of this evening's lecture. Cagliostro the philanthropist, the republican, the man of science, the philosopher and whose misunderstood career was sealed with martyrdom by the thrice accursed Inquisition of Rome. To future generations when the Vatican archives are opened to public scrutiny, must the entire clearing of his character be left, and then, perhaps, gibes and lies started by false priests, zealous physicians and revengeful aristocrats will be heard no more re-echoed by ignorant rabble and lazy compilers taking their material second-hand without going to the foundation for information.

I speak thus confidently, having made the life of this man a study for some time back. During a residence in Paris where the most eventful portions of Cagliostro's life occurred, through the friendship of an auditor of State to the late Emperor Napoleon, a son of Senator Amedee Thierry and nephew of Augustin Thierry, the historian of the Norman conquest, I had access to many manuscripts and historical documents not hitherto made public. I have also through my connection with various European secret societies of which Cagliostro was a member obtained other information.

One of the greatest difficulties to the biography of Count Alessandro di Cagliostro are the absurd and differing statements on the score of his birth. By a French Royalist newspaper, the *Courier de l'Europe* it was asserted he was the son of a coachman at Naples named Cicho, in the employ of Signor Christupli, and that before commencing his career he was successively hair-dresser, valet-de-chambre and mountebank. Another report states, his father was one Balsamo, a man of humble position, a resident of Palermo in Sicily, where his son Joseph, the *soi-disant* Cagliostro was born in 1743, that he was educated in a monastery till his fifteenth year when he became a chevalier d'industrie; that after having several times been imprisoned at his stated place of nativity, his villainies culminated in the robbery under the most ridiculous circumstances of one Marano, a silver-smith, on account of which he was obliged to leave Palermo forever. This rignarole proceeded from the familiars of the Inquisition, and was only too greedily taken hold of by the before-named paper, which, after an attempt at blackmail, had previously set agog the former story, and in almost the same breath had given him credit for being a Sicilian and Neapolitan, as I have shown and elsewhere a Calabrian. A different account makes him out the heir of a former monarch of Trebizond, who was dethroned and massacred by his subjects. In consequence of these untruthful statements, the birth and birth-place of Cagliostro have been shrouded in great obscurity. Of one thing, there can be little doubt; he was brought up in Asia, and there is every reason, from established facts, to believe he was born in 1748, and was the offspring of Emanuel de Rohan, Sixty-eighth Grand Master of Malta, by a lady of Turkish extraction, who was captured by a Maltese galley.

The early years of the count were passed under the name of Acharat, at the historical city of Medina in Arabia, and were spent in the palace of the Mufti Salahayn, chief of the Mahometans, under the care of his tutor, and second father, Althotas, an erudite Greek, learned in Oriental lore and science, but especially in the hidden Eastern mysteries of Theurgic Magic (magnetism and clairvoyance,) Medicine and Chemistry (alchemy), who poured into the attentive ear of his willing pupil his store of learning and knowledge of the Asiatic tongues. The semi-parental care of the tutor did not stop there; he was anxious to have his pupil well versed in metaphysics, and imparted to him the doctrines of the Eastern Illuminati and other philosophical fraternities, spread all over Oriental countries.

While a resident of Medina, he attended the esoteric services of the Mahometan faith, it being the aim of his instructor to instil into his mind the respect due to the form of worship and laws of every country in which he might happen to be resident; "and yet," says Cagliostro, in the *Memorials* of his life, published in 1786, "the true religion was imprinted on our heart," a religion before whose shrines the Hindoo, Parsee, Jew, Trinitarian or Unitarian, Christian, Mahometan or the member of any faith might worship without prejudice to their separate beliefs, and which inculcated the immortality of the soul and endless happiness of the good brother.

Upon the completion of his studies, and feeling desirous of seeing various parts of the world, he set out, accompanied by his tutor, to visit the opulent cities of which he had read. At Mecca he remained three years, where he became acquainted with the Scheriff or Sovereign, and between them a close friendship was perfected.

Up to the year 1766, Cagliostro visited all that remained of the principal ancient cities of Asia and Africa, Palmyra the melancholy and memorable, Thebes, now Luxor, with its hundred palaces, the ruins of Babylon, Nineveh—where Layard has since summoned her kings and people, after 3,000 years to give their testimony; Baalbec and her temples; Persepolis the magnificent; Tyre and Sidon, famed for their fabrics; Memphis, where the white-robed priests taught a faith not yet extinct, and those other ruins where the philosopher can contemplate on the mutability and decay of tyrannies, religious and political, till the mind, bursting its tension, can rove fancy free amid the treasures of the past.

In Egypt he was permitted entrance to temples and palaces into which ordinary travelers had not been allowed, and here he was initiated into that mysterious rite of which he afterwards was one of the principal disseminators in Europe. It may, perhaps, be well to state that the religion and mysteries of the ancient Egyptians have been greatly misinterpreted, owing to early Christian falsehoods and the pretended excesses of those Greek followers who introduced the worship of Isis into Rome, and where the secret and philosophical teachings, like those of Ceres, Mithras

and Eleusis were but known to the few; their esoteric faith handed down to these times, like most of the early Monotheistic religions revel in lofty aspirations and their sacred writings, equally with the Vedas, Zendavesta, Talmud and other books breathe a spirit of the purest aspiration to the Preserver of all, whether worshiped as Osiris, the Egyptian Savior, Creator or male generative Phallic principle, and elsewhere as the Sun or Baal, Ceres, Adonai, etc. To this glorious Being, figuratively clothed in human shape, when life was over they departed on that mysterious voyage, "to that bourne from whence no traveler returns," and in him they hoped for final justification; to attain to a sufficient knowledge of him was the ultimate end of all their mysteries, and a nearly abject purification, if anything can be abject performed in reference to the Most High, was obligated upon all seekers of the one great God, Kneph, Intelligence or efficient cause of the Universe. It is not to be wondered at, then, that with every Egyptian, even the most miserable, was buried a fragment of the Book of the dead, or holy writings which were composed during the earliest ages of Egyptian history 20,000 years ago. Those whose means allowed it, had it sculptured on their Sarcophagi before their departure, as it was termed, "into Amenti."

Upon the termination of his Asiatic and African travels, Cagliostro and his tutor, in 1766, repaired to the Isle of Malta, where the Knights of Malta then held supreme sway, until their dispersion with their sixty-ninth Grand Master, Ferdinand de Hompesch who handed his rights over to the Emperor Paul of Russia in 1798. The Templars, Knights of St John and other military and Gnostic fraternities had like the ancient religious associations and later fraternities of Illuminati the same peculiar system of ethics known but to duly sworn brethren. The first named, the Knights Templar, through their Grand Master Jacques de Molay, having refused, certain concessions desired by the infamous Pope Clement the Fifth, who aided by Philip of France suborned witnesses, brought forward the most unfounded and damnable accusations respecting the Templar mysteries, whereupon the Pope dissolved the Order and burnt their venerable Grand Master at the stake. The property of the Order in France being confiscated by the king—notwithstanding, the members scattered, uniting with the masonic and Rosicrucian brotherhoods with which legitimate branches of the Knights of Malta, Rhodes, and St. John of Jerusalem also amalgamated and have continued in unison till the present time, their ritual being incorporated in the higher degrees of Free Masonry, and thus perpetuated a direct succession with the ancient mysteries. I have thus gone out of my way to describe this, as much of the mystery of Cagliostro's life would otherwise be enveloped in obscurity.

Immediately on reaching Malta via Rhodes, Cagliostro and his tutor were hospitably furnished with rooms in the palace of Pinto da Fonesca the then Grand Master and a famous Illuminati, and who treated Cagliostro with the greatest distinction and after a further acquaintance ennobled him with the title of Count, on receiving which, he assumed as usual in those cases the territorial affix "Di Cagliostro" in similar way that plain Monsieur Arouet became M. Arouet de Voltaire on taking possession of his paternal estate of Voltaire, by which name he was afterwards only known.

Da Fonesca being aware of the extraction of the Count always treated him with the greatest friendliness and together they essayed in the laboratory some of those astonishing alchemic experiments which were afterwards magnified to an incredible extent by the ignorant who are ever ready to affirm a supernatural origin to what passes their vulgar comprehension. Here Cagliostro had the misfortune to lose his tutor and early friend. They had been so long and so warmly associated together that the loss was most keenly felt by our hero. Together they had prosecuted their studies and together brought out valuable discoveries in chemistry, one of which was an ingredient for improving the manufacture of flax, imparting to goods of that material a gloss and softness almost equal to silk, and by which they netted considerable profit in Alexandria and other towns they visited. It was the venerable Althotas whose character is portrayed in such glowing colors by the late head of the Rosicrucian Order in England, Lord Lytton in that remarkable mystical work, *Zanoni*, under which pseudonym Cagliostro will be readily recognized; but it is not on fiction, but facts, that history must be written, and although Bulwer Lytton's "*Zanoni*," Schiller's "*Gersesker*," Goethe's "*Gross Kophta*," and some of Dumas' novels have presented the almost kaleidoscopic acts and history of Cagliostro with remarkable force, one must throw them aside as worthless, notwithstanding their extraordinary conceptions.

After the death of Althotas, the Count felt dispirited, and soon left Malta, and with a companion visited the islands of the Archipelago, and then crossing the Mediterranean to Naples, when he alone proceeded to the city of Rome. His letters from Fonesca brought him into immediate acquaintance with leading citizens and dignitaries of the Church, among whom were several cardinals, one or two of which afterwards became popes. The great cures of diseases he performed here gave him also a wide fame.

It was at Rome in 1770, in the twenty-second year

of his age, he became acquainted with the lovely Seraphina Feliciano, daughter of one of the first Italian families, and one of the most beautiful and brilliant maidens of Rome, and who became his wife. Through changing fortunes, in evil and in good report she remained a true and faithful wife. His confidence in her was unbounded, and he shared with her his secrets in Alchemy and other scientific departments, and he had her initiated into the rites of adopted Masonry, of which order he was a conspicuous and enthusiastic member.

In company with the Countess, the Count visited St. Germain, a warm friend of Louis XV., and who was a member of the same secret order he belonged to, and by whom he was initiated into the European branch of the Illuminati at a secret temple near Frankfurt on the Main. He was there also introduced to Swedenborg, the Swedish philosopher and the representative of that nation.

He there also met Lord Fairfax of America, Lavater of France and other distinguished personages. He was instructed by these assembled delegates to operate against the oppressive political tyrannies of the times, and funds for the prosecution of the work, (of which the order had large sums) were placed in his hands or deposited in banks at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Basle, Lyons, London, Venice, Philadelphia, &c. It was agreed by the secret leaders that the first blows should be struck in America, where the way had been prepared by the suicidal folly of George the Third, and in France where the mass of the people were in a state of semi-serfdom, ground down under a fearful tyranny. To Washington and Franklin, well-known brothers in Masonry was the secret task of organization confided by their friend Fairfax and to Cagliostro were the destinies of France confided. How well Washington and Franklin succeeded need not be mentioned, and the history of France shows how Cagliostro's task was performed. If France was deluged with an ocean of blood, what else could have been expected? It was the reaction—the lion turning on its betrayer and from which the French rescued from fourteen centuries of feudalism and religious despotism arose baptized, aye, St. Bartholomew like, in human blood, a nobler and free people.

What happened in France in the Eighteenth century has occurred again to-day; the Carbonari or Illuminati fiat went forth and the petty Italian tyrannies are destroyed. Italy is free, Rome is liberated, and the renegade Pio Nono the perjured Masonic brother in answer to his futile excommunications, has his compliments returned with an expulsion from his Lodge and the Masonic body signed by Victor Emmanuel, Grand Master of the Orient in Italy, and counter-signed by Giuseppe Garibaldi, ex-Grand Master of the same.

The Count and Countess traveled through Germany with much pomp, and were cordially received by Frederick the Great, mason and philosopher. Many lodges of Egyptian masonry were established. They afterwards visited Spain and Portugal. In 1776 he visited England, taking with him much wealth in plate, jewels and specie. In London he applied himself ardently to his favorite study of chemistry and in acquiring a knowledge of the English language. He had trouble in London with a *soi-disant* Lord Scot, Vitellini and his accomplices who became incensed because he would not reveal to them the art of foretelling the drawing of lucky numbers and how to transmute base metals into gold. They forced an entrance into his apartments and stole his private manuscripts and considerable wealth. They were brought before a justice, but by perjury escaped. In revenge they brought false charges against Cagliostro and subjected him to heavy expense. About the same time a leading French paper, because they could not succeed in obtaining money by blackmail from the Count, put in circulation base calumnies concerning him, many of which, however, were proved to be untrue.

After leaving England he traveled on the continent, stopping for some time at Conland where he made warm acquaintances, delivered lectures and established lodges of masonry. He afterwards visited St. Petersburg and had interviews with the celebrated Empress Catherine. Having a difficulty with her Scotch physician who was jealous of him and who took occasion to poison the mind of the Empress against the Count, he did not remain long in St. Petersburg, and via Warsaw returned to France where he attended an important meeting of the French Illuminati. Among those in attendance were the Duc d'Orleans, Grand Master of Masons in France, Mirabeau, Lafayette, Prince Talleyrand and others. Measures were agreed upon that he should for a season make Strasburg his residence, at which place he took a magnificent hotel, to which he invited to an open table many residents of the city. Here the Count and Countess occupied their time in works of benevolence and labors of generosity, curing the sick and administering to the necessities of the indigent without price. His reputation here became very wide, and people of the highest distinction became his warmest friends. His extensive knowledge of alchemy, his intimacy with the principles of Mesmer, then becoming gradually known in Europe and which had been practised in the East for centuries; his familiarity with natural magic, magnetism and Spiritualism,

brought many to visit and consult him. His munificence was extraordinary; he never made any charges for his cures or other services, and he lavished money freely in every direction. Many believed him to be a divine personage and looked upon him with the greatest veneration. The King of France and his Government wrote about this period to the officials at Strasburg ordering every attention should be paid him.

Among his distinguished acquaintances at this period was Cardinal Louis Rene Edouard de Rohan, a prominent dignitary of the Catholic Church, Prince of Hildersheim, and Landgrave of Alsace, and Grand Almoner of France, etc. This dignitary transmitted the remarkable testimony to writing, that he saw the Count manufacture gold and diamonds in his crucible in very considerable quantities.

He was called to attend a friend lying very sick at Naples, whither he hastened, but where he arrived only in time to receive the last farewell of his expiring breath. He next repaired to Bordeaux, France, in November, 1783, where he caused as great a sensation as in Strasburg by the extraordinary services he performed. The sick were amazed at his charity and benevolence, and the poor and suffering made happy by the wonderful cures he performed. The salons of his wife were crowded with the wealthy to whom she gave most magnificent parties. The eleven months spent here, however, served to arouse the animosity of his enemies, who put in circulation many calumnies concerning him. The magistrates of Bordeaux had placed day and night before his house a military guard to do him honor.

He found both in Strasburg and Bordeaux that the regular practitioners of those places, jealous of his great popularity and the favor accorded him by the Cardinal Prince of Strasburg, had spread among the superstitious populace many absurd libels. One was that he was "antichrist," another "the Wandering Jew," and others equally false, and which in their internal stupidity destroyed themselves. To an audience like this before me I am not going to argue for or against these terrible imputations, thinking it would be futile to demolish an antichrist for the satisfaction of a body of thinkers not recognizing the theory of the divinity of Jesus Christ; also that of the Wandering Jew, who has of late been relegated to the domain of Fiction, where I trust another gentleman who does not trouble us with his presence in these days will also be consigned ere long by believers; I mean his Satanic Majesty, who, if he exist, seems only in these parts apparently to have his good friends and admirers, the "ministers of the gospel," under his especial charge, for I need not remind you that both in Brooklyn and New Jersey they have "the Devil to pay." Those amiable animals, roaring and wandering lions, we ordinarily confine in Central Parks, with their friends the serpents, who now-a-days have most curiously lost the power of speech.

Upon leaving Bordeaux, he spent a month at Lyons then he repaired at once to the French Capital. Here, through the kindness of his friend, Cardinal de Rohan, he was at once introduced into the most distinguished society, even holding frequent interviews with the King and Queen. On a certain occasion, when in the presence of many prominent characters, among whom were Richelieu, the King of Sweden, Count de Launay, the Countess Dubarry, Marquis de Condorcet, M. de La Perouse the navigator, Marquis de Favras and others, he is said to have foretold the destiny of all present, and gave a clear account of the taking of the Bastille and the execution of Louis XVI. Not stopping to say how he was able to do this, I will only affirm this was written before the events occurred, and in this respect unlike some of the Bible prophecies which were not written until after the events transpired. Prince Talleyrand was in the habit of narrating very extraordinary incidents which he knew in connection with Cagliostro's wonderful performances.

In this, the hey-day of Cagliostro's glory and fame, a most unfortunate event occurred, which was the abstraction of a diamond necklace valued at \$400,000. Connected with the necklace was the Queen Maria Antoinette and her particular friend, the Countess Valois de la Motte, a lineal descendant of Henry II of France. The latter was also a confidante of Cardinal de Rohan, with whom Cagliostro had visited the Countess. It is known Countess Valois de la Motte was the party who purloined the necklace, and that her husband decamped with it to England. Cardinal de Rohan, Count and Countess Cagliostro, Countess de la Motte and others were arrested for the theft and consigned to the Bastille. The residence of Cagliostro was pillaged by the police, and among the articles taken from his possessions were 100,000 francs, a pocket-book containing forty-seven bank notes, of 1,000 francs each, much gold and silver in Louisdors, Spanish coin, besides plate, jewels, diamonds, etc.

After six months imprisonment, the trial came off, when Cagliostro and the Cardinal eloquently defended themselves. The result of the trial was that Madame de la Motte, the descendant of the Capets and the worthy bosom friend of the Queen of France, was found guilty and sentenced to have her head shaved, to be publicly whipped, branded between the shoulders with a hot iron and imprisoned for life. The Cardinal de Rohan and the Count and Countess Cag-

liostro were declared innocent and honorably discharged; not the slightest proof of any guilt upon their part was adduced. The verdict was received by the people of Paris with loud acclamations of joy. The Count, together with the Cardinal, clothed in the royal purple, were taken in triumph through the streets in returning to the Bastille, at least ten thousand being in attendance, manifesting their pleasure and frequently rushing forward to kiss the hands and touch the garments of those they loved. The crowds that gathered contained men of letters, financiers, abbés, avocats, police agents, soldiers and others.

The Count having made charges of robbery against the agents of the Governor of the Bastille, was detained some time longer. At the end of nine months from his arrest he received his final discharge. His joy was great upon obtaining his liberty. The confinement in the Bastille had been exceedingly unpleasant to him. His own words were these: "Were I left to choose between an ignominious death and six months in the Bastille, I would, without hesitation, say, lead me to the scaffold."

The ovation attending his discharge was participated in by thousands, and his return to his home was more like the triumphant march of a Roman Emperor than the release of one charged with crime. In describing the event, he says: "My doors were forced open—the yard, the staircase, apartments—every place was full, and I was carried into the very arms of my wife."

Notwithstanding the false charges brought against Cagliostro had been utterly broken down, and public manifestations had been extended to him, yet the agents of the police, fearing for good order in Paris, and perhaps alarmed at the charges made against some of their own body, did not relish his presence in the city. At all events, within twelve hours from the time of his release from the Bastille, an official appeared before him, and in the name of the King, ordered him to leave Paris within twenty-four hours and the kingdom within three weeks, and forbidding his return. On the 3d of June he left Paris. Crowds of his friends met him on the road, and expressed their great grief at his departure, unmistakably indicating that they regarded the Count's private misfortunes to be really a public calamity.

He took up a temporary residence in the Parisian suburb Passy, and on the 16th of the month he embarked at Bologne for England amid the blessings, the regrets, and "farewells" of a large crowd of citizens, who lined the shores of France at the time of his departure. He repaired at once to London, and speedily gathered around him numerous influential friends. His acquirements as a physician, and his general benevolence were again soon made manifest.

While in London he published a letter reflecting on the state of French law, the French Ministers of State, and the Queen of France, to whom he attributed many of the sufferings he had undergone. On the 20th of August, 1786, an attempt was made by the Secretary of the French Embassy in London to entrap him back to France. He was informed that the Ambassador had received instructions to acquaint the Count he might return to France at pleasure, and desired him to call at the Embassy. It appears that at this interview his personal friend, the Count de Frouville, and Lord George Gordon happened to be present on a visit, and, as treachery was feared, insisted upon accompanying him the next day to the Embassy, which they did to the great astonishment of M. de Bartholomew, who had charge of French interests in Great Britain. The Ambassador blankly refused to discuss matters in the presence of strangers, and as Lord George Gordon was extremely insulted by this conduct to a man of his rank, he published in *The Gazette* a very powerfully worded letter, in which he stigmatized Marie Antoinette with complicity in the theft of the Diamond necklace and also with improper criminality with the Cardinal de Rohan. For this warm espousal of the Count's cause, Lord Gordon was prosecuted by desire of the French Government, was found guilty of libel, and suffered a heavy fine and long imprisonment in Newgate. During the remainder of Cagliostro's stay in London, nothing further of special importance occurred. He continued his systematized benevolent efforts in dispensing gratuitously his medical services and other charities by which he earned the gratitude of large numbers of British people, as testified in the great popularity of the Bartolozzi Portrait.

We have now traced the life of Cagliostro to 1787. His public career of usefulness was rapidly drawing to a close. His hatred of religious and political tyranny had made him a marked character; the meshes of the secret societies were gradually ravelling; Europe from end to end was convulsed in throes of impending internal agony; and in France the days of monarchy were almost closing, for the down trodden and starving people had lifted up its head and asserted its rights; the conflict between royalty and the sovereign people had begun. The harvest was ripe and the sickle ready for the work. Despotism became alarmed at even shadows, Cagliostro flying, petrel like where the storm of revolution was about to break appeared an object of terror to European governments. He visits Roveredo, and the Kaiser Joseph banishes him Austria. He journeys to Turin and the king of Sardinia is afraid of his presence. He passes through Germany, Switzerland and Savoy with

like results—all fear him. In May 1789, boldly planting himself in the very patrimony of St. Peter he defies the papal chair and the very hierarchy of religious and political despotism, as did in later days the intrepid Mazzini. His martyrdom, his crucifixion was about to commence. With the certainty of death before his eyes, not fearing, but looking *Mors Pallida* straight in the face, he has the temerity to hold masonic meetings. The infallible "representative of omnipotence," poor good old man is sadly frightened. The revolutionary party in France are using its claws. Omniscience has been caught napping, and Cagliostro denounced as chief of the society of Illuminati. On the 29th of December the Papal government discover him founding a lodge of Egyptian Freemasonry; he is arrested and thrown by the holy Inquisition into the castle of St. Angelo. For eighteen long weary months he and his beautiful wife are incarcerated there. The Inquisition clamors *Ad Leones!* and his Infallible Holiness, the Ambassador of the Prince of Peace, who sent not peace but a sword, the successor of Alexander Borgia and Pope Joan, in his justice, in his mercy, in his charity, condemns an innocent man to death! For what? For the crime of being, sad to say, a sorcerer, worse—a heretic, and wickedness of all—a Freemason. Yes, the apostle of freemasonry is condemned to die, and his wife, for the crime of being a wife, to a life of religious seclusion in the convent of St. Apolline, where ere long she is hounded to death by the pious paterers of *Ave Marias* and *Pater Nosters*. But theology has forgotten her prayers, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." It is wrong to take life—"Thou shalt do no murder," so terrible irony, Cagliostro's sentence is commuted to imprisonment for life. The torture, the rack, are brought into requisition, for has not the criminal appealed to the French Constituent Assembly? but all in vain? Starvation and manacling must be called into play; and one eventful morning in 1795 his murderers find in a dark and loathsome cell in his Holiness' castle of St. Leon, in the Duchy of Urbino the stiff and stark body of Alessandro di Cagliostro—another martyr to Christianity.

I have endeavored in this humble essay to narrate the principal facts in the life of Cagliostro; my task has not been done as I altogether would wish, for if I had used all the materials I have at my command, I could easily fill a large volume. Having taken a different view from the ordinarily accepted biographies I expect and court a considerable share of criticism, but whatever may be urged to the contrary, I trust it will not be founded on the works of second-hand compilers. As to the various contemporary biographies, even Thomas Carlyle who wrote a rather hostile one over thirty years ago for *Fraser's Magazine*, after throwing aside as worthless the five or six at his disposal, in regard to the one which he accepts as most reliable, that officially published by the Inquisition to do penance for practicing "killing, no murder," he observes: "It is on this *Vie de Joseph Balsamo connu sous le nom de comte Cagliostro* that our main dependence must be placed. Of which work, meanwhile, whether it is wholly or half genuine the reader may judge by one fact, that it comes to us through the medium of the Roman Inquisition, and the proofs to substantiate it (?) lie in the holy office there. Alas, this reporting familiar of the Inquisition was probably something of a liar."

I should remark that the Balsamo theory on which much of the opposition is based, is in my view untenable. It had its rise in the mendacity of a Jesuitical writer whose aim was to extenuate the Church. In the name of goodness if Cagliostro had been guilty of the various crimes and not least the robbery imputed to him at Palermo, why was he not handed over to the Sicilian civil authorities who would probably have meted out a just reward on proof of his rascality? It is an utterly unreliable theory, and simply on a par with the other impostures of Christianity. To aid the theory of the Divinity of Jesus Christ a forged passage is interpolated into the writings of Josephus. To prove a supposed early belief in certain untenable doctrines "the infallibility of the Pontiff," the "immaculate conception," and I could go on *ad infinitum* decretals, catacomb inscriptions and the like are manufactured.

Cagliostro is charged with Charlatanism, quackery, imposture and the use of jargon. Are these charges proven? What was alchemy? The mother of chemistry, or the chemical science of medieval and later ages? Nobody can dispute that if it had not been for their scientific, or if you will, the alchemical studies, that searching for the "philosophers' stone," Roger Bacon discovered gun powder, and Van Helmont the properties of gas. Nor is this all we owe, alchemy conserved for the scientists of to-day all the bases of knowledge possessed for the pursuit of further discoveries and inventions. Alchemy still exists in the East, and when frequently brought in contact with modern science the exponents of the latter are powerless to explain, results easily practicable to oriental chemists.

How are you certain that the "transmutation of metals" and the Rosicrucian search for the *Elixir Vitæ* are myths? But a few days ago I read that a European chemist had discovered the secret of the manufacture of diamonds, yet this appears by witnesses as I have shown to have been known to Cagliostro. Science to-day is only in her swaddling

clothes—it is true a *rather* big baby, and who can tell that she will alter her front on main principles as Lyell and Murchison had to do that of geology? The jargon of the Rosicrucians and alchemists is perfectly explicable to their disciples of to-day. I have no doubt that if you were to bring together a modern Greek and an Irishman from the wilds of Connemara, both would fancy the other was talking jargon, and yet Celtic and Greek we know are nothing of the kind. Is not the astronomy of to-day based on the astrology of the past? Is astrology too, all untrue? It would seem not; for last year in the action brought by Lieut. Morrison, R. N. "Zadkiel," against Admiral Sir Edward Belcher, I find that numbers of English noblemen, scientists and men of letters came forward, and in the broad daylight of the Nineteenth Century swore in open court to an unswerving belief in the astrology of the past.

Are the Spiritualists, Magnetists and Mesmerists too, all charlatans, impostors and quacks? If I had the temerity to make such a statement in this Club, you would, I doubt not, hear men of science throwing back the assertion in my teeth with as great fervency as Cagliostro himself would have done. How is it your Dialectical societies and Colonel Olcotts are confounded and obliged to confess an utter incapacity to solve the problems by aid of the knowledge they have of the wondrous ramifications of nature and science?

Next Wednesday we shall have a phalanx of some 20,000 citizens all actuated with the divine instincts of brotherly love, relief and truth, marching in solemn procession through the streets of this city, avowedly to open a structure for their use, but actually to testify their conviction in the rights and equality of man, the immortality of the soul and a belief in the Deity. Clad in Mephistophelian livery, blood red, so emblematic of his faith, I doubt not a certain high personage gazing perchance from a lofty eminence and actuated with Torquemada sentiment would joyfully sacrifice each of those masonic brothers as his predecessors did Cagliostro. Aye, and if he did not fear reprisals perhaps give the order to his Irish myrmidons to re-enact a second St. Bartholomew in the streets and avenues of New York city. The tiger's claws are clipped now, as Pernambuco testifies, and so masonic imposters, pah! are only excommunicated and treated to curses which come duly home like chickens to roost.

The philanthropy of Cagliostro should entitle him to a pedestal beside John Howard or Wilberforce; this man whose benevolence filled hospitals of his own creation, where his great medical knowledge was given without stint to those who needed it, and who, when cured, were sent away not empty handed. His acquaintance with geology and the learned and abstruse sciences should place him in the ranks of the Eighteenth Century pioneers of Nineteenth Century discoveries, notwithstanding the fact that his disciples in their unhesitating reverence, yet ignorance attributed miraculous cures and effects, to-day quite explicable, but then exaggerated to lengths as absurd as the miracles we read of in Buddhist and Christian hagiologies. The assistance he gave to free-thought and his aid towards political regeneration, his hatred of the two co-eval evil principles, kingcraft and priestcraft, testified in the dissemination of the principles of "Liberte Egalite Fraternite," should receive our gratitude equally with those other patriots to whom the people of America and Europe owe the blessings enjoyed to-day.

If we have as his inventive calumniators a blackmailing editor and a Jesuit biographer, have we not on his record with others in his favor the names of Lavater, Cardinal de Rohan, Mirabeau, Lord George Gordon, Talleyrand, Lord Lytton, Swedenborg, Lafayette, the jurats of Bordeaux, the masonic brotherhood, and last but not least, Louis XVI, the government of France and the Parliament of Paris?

The life and death of Cagliostro is but another example of the long continued fight—a fight almost as old as the hills—the battle of the Church *contra* free-thought—theology *versus* science. It was the spirit of sacerdotalism which forced Socrates to take the fatal hemlock and which offered him up as a victim for endeavoring to teach a purer and nobler morality than evolved by Greek priests. It was that spirit which actuated the Jewish Priests to crucify Jesus Christ, I refer to the Christ of history, the disciple of Philo, the Essenes and Platonists, not the Christ of theology. Was it not this spirit which made Shelley cry out in his agony, and, be it said, to his regret in after years?

"There is no God!
Nature confirms the faith his death groan sealed,
Let heaven and earth, let man's revolving race,
His ceaseless generations tell their tale;
Let every part depending on the chain
That links it to the whole, point to the hand
That grasps its term! Let every seed that falls
In silent eloquence unfold its store
Of arguments. Infinity within,
Infinity without, belie creation;
The exterminable spirit it contains
Is nature's only God; but human pride
Is skilful to invent most serious names
To hide its ignorance.

The name of God
Has fenced about all crime with holiness;

Himself the creature of his worshippers;
Whose names and attributes and passions change—
Seeva, Buddha, Foh, Jehovah, God or Lord."

And is it not this spirit which unable either to crush or answer Paine, Voltaire, Rousseau and the encyclopaedists make the priests of Christianity, Sunday after Sunday with closed platform attack with scurrilous abuse the dead lions and charge their antagonists with leading immoral lives, having fearful deaths, and, forsooth, with Atheism the very authors in whose writings are to be found the most beautiful and admirable arguments in favor of the existence of God which the brain of genius ever conceived.

For ourselves, this spirit would, had it the power, close our Science Congresses and our Liberal Clubs; force on bended knees our geologists, chemists and scientists, as the theologians did of old Galileo; burn or murder our Huxleys, Tyndalls, and Darwins, as they did Giordano Bruno—

"The dark-robed priests were met around the pile;
The multitude was gazing silently;
And, as the culprit passed with dauntless mien,
Tempered disdain in his unaltering eye.
Mixed with a quiet smile, shone calmly forth:
The thirsty fire crept round his manly limbs;
His resolute eyes were scorched to blindness soon;
His death prayer rent my heart! The insensate mob
Uttered a cry of triumph, and I wept."

But the avengers are nigh, Strauss and Colenso, Renan and Seeley, "Iconoclast" Bradlaugh the republican and his Grace of Somerset the aristocrat, and from repeated blows Christianity, staggering and reeling like a drunken man is about "going"—"going to go,"—and shortly—"gone" to find a place only in the mythological dictionaries of the future.

In conclusion, can I not analogise the eloquent remarks of the patriot Mazzini on Rousseau and Byron to Cagliostro—"Such is the life of Genius. Envy and persecution but on one side of the tomb, it matters little which, assured triumph. You may burn the works of Rousseau in the public market place, the Spirit of Rousseau will survive; it will appear to you years afterward in the French Constitution. You may misinterpret the spirit, and blacken at your leisure the memory of Byron—you may exile his statue from Westminster Abbey, but the people who recognize in him the victim of one epoch and the prophet of another, will read and adopt him as their own in spite of you, and posterity will end by placing his prescribed statue above the tomb where will lie forever interred the principle of aristocracy."

To your acumen and to your spirit of "fair play," members of the Liberal Club do I look for a verdict? Am I mistaken in confidently believing that in your inmost heart of hearts, you respond "Cagliostro was a martyr and no impostor."

"Finis Coronat Opus."

The paper, which took nearly two hours in reading, was one of the most learned and eloquent the members of the club have ever had the pleasure of listening to. The lecturer was warmly applauded during its progress, and at the conclusion he received long and continued applause.

A discussion took place. After thanking Mr. SOTHERAN for his remarkable lecture, the chairman, Mr. ORMSBY, said that there was one thing he was still in doubt of, and that was the reason of the extraordinary wealth of Cagliostro.

MR. EVANS followed with a remark of a similar nature, and that he doubted Cagliostro's hatred of aristocracy, for he appeared to have as his friends only noblemen and the like. The same speaker greatly ridiculed many of the practices of Masonry, although very eulogistic of the theory; he also complimented MR. SOTHERAN very highly on his paper.

A Christian gentleman then took the platform. He objected to the lecturer's assertion about Biblical prophecies; he discoursed freely of Daniel, who, he said, saw in one of his dreams a beast cut up in four quarters, all of which marched about after separation, and he also stated the book of Daniel was translated into Greek, and was well known, previous to the fulfilment of this prophecy.

MR. STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS followed with one of his usual eloquent addresses. After congratulating the Club on hearing so remarkable a lecture, and complimenting MR. SOTHERAN on its delivery, he said that he thanked the lecturer for his charity, his very broad charity, especially in the matter of Spiritualism. If five years ago, in that club, he had dared to make some of the statements the lecturer had, he would have been hissed down. He was sorry, however, that the lecturer was so antagonistic to Christianity, and said that credit should be given to that religion for the good it had done.

DR. ATKINSON avowed himself a Mason, and defended Masonry from the attack of MR. EVANS in a forcible speech. He spoke very strongly against the Pope, who, he said, having broken his obligation to the Masonic craft, deserved all the punishment he had stated on his oath he was merited to receive in the event of breaking the same.

In closing the discussion, the lecturer, MR. SOTHERAN, expressed the gratitude he felt for the warm encomiums passed upon his efforts by the various speakers, and observed that if there was one thing more than another he admired in the Liberal Club, it

was their open platform, so unlike the pulpits of the various denominations, and which gave an opportunity for the ventilation of antagonistic opinions; one great excellence in connection with this was, that no false statement could be made, or inferred, and pass unheeded. He stated that he did not come forward as the apologist of Cagliostro; it had been his wish simply to narrate facts, and their unavoidable conclusions. Touching the question of the wealth of Cagliostro, he had distinctly stated that the great secret of his incomprehensible expenditure was, that the funds of the secret societies were placed at his disposal. It should also not be forgotten that he was a member, on his father's side, of one of the wealthiest houses in Europe. As to his friendship with the nobility being incompatible with his republicanism, he would remark that the great Revolutionary characters, Mirabeau, Talleyrand, Lafayette, D'Orleans, and, in this century, Shelley, Byron, Lord John Russell, Swinburne, and many of the other leading reformers, were men of aristocratic birth.

MR. SOTHERAN coincided with DR. ATKINSON in the matter of Masonry, and acknowledged himself to be a high grade member of the Brotherhood. As to Spiritualism, he considered that if the recent developments narrated by Col. Olcott and Prof. Crookes could be substantiated, it would be one of the greatest blessings to the human race, would effectually rid us of Atheism and its attendant gloominess, and would satisfactorily dispose of Materialistic objections to the immortality of the soul. On the topic of prophecy the lecturer recommended his Christian friend to apply to a fellow-believer in the Old Testament—some pious Rabbi, who would, doubtless, be able to explain the Jewish prophecies to his comprehension: as to this wonderful beast, he thought that if such a miraculous animal could be obtained by his friend it would be a great attraction at Barnum's hippodrome, and might be put beside the lion's den. The gentleman's assertion about the four quarters of the beast smacked somewhat of butchery, and his idea seemed to be to show there was something bestial about Christianity. MR. SOTHERAN said he had never heard of the Daniel manuscript referred to: it was probably burnt in the Library of Alexandria, which that pious adulterer and murderer, the Emperor Theodosius, in his Christian fanaticism, ordered to be destroyed. Here affirmed his statement that the pretended Biblical prophecies in many instances were probably written after the occurrences took place. He said, further, that some had reference to persons then living, and quoted Isaiah and Jeremiah to show that the context of many passages supposed to refer to Christ proved they did nothing of the kind, and also that many of these prophecies never were realized, in support of which he quoted Christ's statement that he would come to judge the world in the time of those he was speaking to, and which, as it had never taken place in their generations, *probably* never would.

In answer to MR. ANDREWS' criticism the lecturer stated that his belief, so far as Christ was concerned, was, if anything, Unitarian; as to the good Christianity had done, he could not but acknowledge that even to-day Christianity was an accessory to civilization. For instance: take a Central African village in its primitive state, with its fetish worship, its debasing and disgusting ceremonies, its bloodshed and barbarism, with its inhabitants nearer the ape rather than the Caucasian—take that village, say, one hundred years after the Christian or Mohammedan missionary had been there, on the gold coast on the west or the Zanzibar coast on the east, and we find all this fearful debasement has disappeared and civilization in its place. It is thus these theologies do good, not through their religious teachings at all, but through the civilization possessed by the superior Europeans or Asiatics, and which in its primary developments and progress was, if anything, antagonistic to those beliefs. But if we acknowledge the good, what of the evil? The early persecution of the Heathen, the Arian bloodshed, the sanguinary Crusades, the massacres of Huguenots, Waldenses and Albigenses, the Protestant persecution of Catholics, and the religious wars—all evolved out of Christianity, which, after all, is but a resuscitation of the old faiths, of the Socratic and Egyptian doctrine of the immortality of the soul, the Confucian, "Do unto others as you would be done by," etc. Christ himself, that man of blameless and spotless life, has been misrepresented by men calling themselves his priests, distorted for their pecuniary gain into a god, instead of being placed, as he merited, into a position with Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Socrates, Plato, Mahomet, and the other religious reformers.

Man oft lives too long, and finds it to his cost.
In a few short years what friends has Beecher lost.
That mighty cable, late a Christian's pledge,
Now lies coiled up, and shows its "ragged edge."
Its every strand bespeaks the fearful strain,
With every fibre parting in the grain;
Tho' bright his monument on history's page,
The pile looks gloomy as it gathers age;
But how 'twill end, let's ever hope the best,
Nor tread too heavy on a man distress'd;
But here's a motto that should teach each heart:
"Man's but mortal, let not friendship part."

T. B. J.

Friendly Correspondence.

CHAS. MANNER, Lincoln, Neb., writes: I am greatly pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hope it will soon become a Weekly.

H. OELLRICK, Detroit, Mich., writes: I wonder if that Alabama Elder knows by this time that he is whipped? If he does not, somebody ought to tell him.

JOHN DIDIER, Basco, Ill., writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER is always a welcome visitor with us. I hope you are getting along prosperously.

JAMES MCDANIEL, Garrison, Iowa, writes: I think THE TRUTH SEEKER is the best paper I ever read; it is so outspoken and fearless. I would not do without it for twice its subscription price.

J. C. JOHNSON, Wine Hill, Ill., writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER is regularly received, and it seems to improve every number. I can no longer do without it, so I enclose the balance of my year's subscription.

JOHN SHAVER, Millard, Mo., writes: I like THE TRUTH SEEKER exceedingly. Enclosed find two dollars to pay for it. I am a poor man, but shall try and take it through life and as long as it continues its bold defense of truth, reason and natural sense.

S. G. GATES, East Wallingford, Vt., writes: I want to get a few copies of the Shelton discussion. I am highly pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER. You are of the right stamp—not afraid to tell the truth. Go ahead in your good work.

S. H. PRESTON, West Winfield, N. Y., writes: Let me assure you of a fact: I have the testimony of many who for years have been readers of leading Liberal prints, that they would not change THE TRUTH SEEKER for one of them. We wish it to be made a weekly as soon as practicable.

PROF. J. J. MORSE, lecturer, etc., from England, writing us from New Haven, Conn., says: I desire to express my pleasure with your brisk and lively paper, a few copies of which have recently fallen under my notice. I find the sentiments sound and first-class. Long may it live, and large may be its circulation.

J. A. RUTHERFORD, Honey Grove, Texas, writes: If you have any tracts for distribution, please send me some. "What thy hand findeth to do, do quickly." I think I soon shall lay off this mortality, and whether I shall take on immortality, I know not; but I hope I shall. I am not afraid to live forever. Goodness has been my God for many years, and I fear not to meet him.

JAMES R. VANN, Judsonia, Ark., writes: I had an opportunity of obtaining one of your papers, and am very much pleased with it. I read and re-read it until it was completely worn out. I do not think I now can do without it. Please send it to me for a year. I am proud to be considered an Infidel; one who is willing to discard old fables of the past in place of that which is true and reliable.

WM. HAYWARD, Silver Lake, Ind., writes: I am much pleased with your paper. Old theology, priestcraft and the hoary superstitions of the Christian Churches are doomed. The grand conflict is progressing. Glorious common sense and reason will yet triumph and humanity will be redeemed. May the great revolution ere long culminate, and may mental slavery follow in the wake of chattel slavery.

JAMES WARNER, East Fork, Ill., writes: I have been reading two or three numbers of your paper, and must say I like them very much. I find them very interesting, and wish you to send it to me for a year. I was once a member of the Church, but saw very little pleasure in it; my mind was full of fears and doubts. I have long since renounced it, and have adopted a more rational belief, and now am able to feel and live more like a man than before.

JOHN S. BOULTON, Jacksonville, N. J., writes: I am much pleased with your paper. I leave it round where my Christian friends can see it. I was brought up a Methodist, but I happened last Fall to get a copy of Thos. Paine's "Age of Reason," and, upon reading it, was surprised to find his views were so clear and far advanced, and that he so plainly showed the Bible to be spurious. It was the first book of the kind I had seen, and since then I have procured some of Prof. Denton's works, and I now am confirmed in the truth.

THOMAS H. DODGE, Oxford, Ohio, writes: Assuring us he has not forgotten us, he says:

Forget you? No, as soon the sun
Would cease its daily course to run,
Or fail to shed its glorious light,
And shroud us in eternal night;
As soon the moon would cease to soar—
Give back her light and shine no more;
Yes, just as soon the stars would all
In dead chaotic tumult fall.
Yes, all these things may chance be true:
But I can't cease to think of you;
I think of you when the moon is high,
When stars are twinkling in the sky,
Renew my thoughts ere morning dawns
To decorate the pleasant lawns;
I'll think of you who're dear to me,
When winter's frost has stripped the tree.
Yes, dearest B. I think of you,
When winter storms I've passed through,
When Spring returns and all is mirth,
And nature bursting into birth,
When Sol is spreading his bright hue,
Friend B. I then will think of you.
I'll not forget you, no, not I,
When midnight darkness veils the sky,
I'll not forget you night or day,
While life shall animate this clay,
Long as the tints of morn I hail,
My love for you shall never fail.
Now in return I ask of thee,
Do not forget, but think of me.

[We thank our kind friend for remembering us so fondly, and we assure him we have written his name with those whom we shall never forget.—Ed. T. S.]

J. M. COOK, Lake Village, N. H., writes: I send you one dollar to apply on THE TRUTH SEEKER for Mr. Tucker. He says it is the best, truest and most common sense paper he ever read. He is seventy-eight years old; a great reader and a first-class mechanic. I have to say of your paper, it is the plainest and truest Bible I have ever read, and I do hope thousands may be induced to peruse it, so

that the Snodes and Sheltons and the cowards that threaten your life may learn to reason from a true standpoint. Right must come uppermost at last. The clergy and church people feel as though they are on their last pins.

CHAS. JONES, Fairbury, Ill., writes: I was a few days ago conversing with an aged friend, over seventy-five years of age, when the conversation turned upon the Deity. I asked his opinion of a Creator. He replied, answering, he would quote from Dershoven's address to the Deity:

O thou eternal one, whose presence bright,
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight,
Thou only God, there is no God beside.
Being above all Beings, mighty One,
That none can comprehend, and none explore;
Thou fill'st existence with thyself alone,
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,
Being we call God, and know no more.

He informed me he read the above over thirty years ago, and was so impressed with its sublimity that he had not since forgotten it. He is now nearly blind, and he comes over to my place to hear me read THE TRUTH SEEKER to him. He and I both wish you abundant success.

HORATIO GATES, Breakabeen, N. Y., writes: Our blatant, self-styled teachers of God are hard at work trying to dupe their followers and to remove the effects of your articles in THE TRUTH SEEKER upon the Flood by denying that there was more than 250 animals to go into the ark at the time of the flood. They say the rest are crosses from those. Please give, through your paper, the facts as to the number of species the doctrine could not reach.

REPLY.—We know not what authority those divines find in the Bible that new species and varieties of animals have been produced by crossing and hybridizing. They might as well embrace the Darwinian theory at once and throw the Bible aside entirely, as to go part way and try to claim the facts which science teaches, but which the Bible does not.

Were a flood covering the entire earth to occur now, and another Noah were to take the contract of getting into one tub of a boat all the animated life that would otherwise drown, he would have to collect together 267,000 species of mammals or animals that give suck. Reptiles, 657 species; the Feathered tribe, 8,000 species; Articulates, including all the bugs, beetles, flies, fleas, bees, wasps, moths, mosquitoes, butterflies, spiders, scorpions, grasshoppers, locusts, myrapods, worms and all creeping, crawling, wriggling and flying things, 750,000 species, thus making in all over a million species of animated life which this Noah would have to gather together. Of all of them, he must have two of each, and of many kinds seven of each, making the estimated number three million animals. How long would it require an old man and his three boys to gather them all together, take care of them, feed them and prevent their perishing? These numbers are taken from the best naturalists of the world; and we repeat, the divines of Scholastic County have no authority in the Bible for saying that God at the creation made but two hundred and fifty animals. The book teaches he made every thing that has life, and nowhere says that new species were evolved or *Darwinized* one from another. The Bible and Science does not work well together. We advise these divines, if they wish to avail themselves of the teachings of science, to discard the Bible entirely.

A. R. SWARTZCOPE, Bradley, Ill., writes: Please send me a few back numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER for distribution. Some of my neighbors who have seen my paper wish one to read: they like the paper from what they have seen of it because it goes for the theopoeitical preachers. It is thus step by step—idea by idea—the world advances and the eyes of the people become opened, and that too without much effort of their own. In viewing the effects of the transition of thought, I have often been reminded of the boy who on waking up one morning found a new pair of pants in place of the old ones: and for many a day his greatest wonder was how those new trousers got there, for he had never seen his mother making them, nor the girls weaving the cloth. So it is with our benighted orthodox friends. They are waking up to a sense of the fact that some of their old ideas are replaced by new ones, and their greatest wonder is, how they, in this enlightened age, in this boasted land of freedom, free speech and free press did once believe in these monstrously absurd notions—that they once supposed truth, justice and knowledge with lies, superstition and faith. The injunction "cast thy seed upon the waters" was never more miraculously fulfilled than now. The lives, the blood the hearts and souls that have been crushed in the body by that horrible despot Superstition that freethought, truth and knowledge may prevail, are now being reincarnated. If that theory is true the prevalence of Liberalism to-day is explained; but rather let us ascribe the effect to that cause which is rather the effect of being free from the hold of priestcraft or any other form of superstition.

Brothers Genung, Hindman and myself have turned preachers. We hold meetings on Sundays, in which we discourse on the Bible, read essays and selections from THE TRUTH SEEKER. Our Reverends "Uncle Bill" and "Uncle Cale" say their pieces on one Sunday, and we show the other side on the next. It works well, and in due time I expect there will be many souls saved and converted to reason and common sense. Would it not be well to commend such a course through THE TRUTH SEEKER to other localities? All hands together, and with a hearty "Heigh O" we can launch our Ship of Truth upon the sea of human mind where none dare molest her.

REMARKS.—The course our Brother has indicated is excellent, and one we would like to see put in practice in every town and hamlet in the country where half a dozen Liberal or progressive minds can be found. In the Liberal publications may be found ample material to read to small audiences and will answer nearly as well as a good lecture. It is very needful that the Liberal element of the country should be unified and organized that we may work effectively together. By meeting together once a week to read and discuss, is a great help in this direction. Friends, it costs mere nothing. Please put it in practice where ever a little band can be found willing to work together.—[Ed. T. S.]

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when the plates were entirely destroyed in the great fire, since then we have had a very
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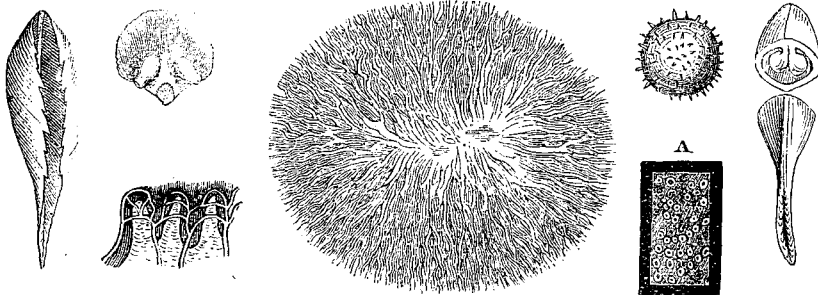
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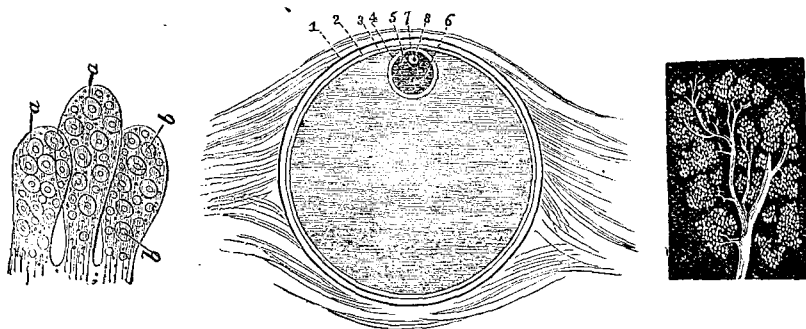
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MAN and wife, like verb and nominative, should always agree.

MACHINERY wheels are so modest they generally travel in cog.

WHY is a lady consoling a jealous lover like a poet? Because she is composing a him.

A YOUNG husband calls his wife "birdie" because he says she is always associated with a bill.

THE saying, "Excuse haste and a bad pen" has been attributed to a pig who ran away from home.

MRS. SMITH says her husband is like a tall candle because he always will smoke when he is going out.

JONES got trusted for that, and he now feels a consciousness of being in debt "over head and ears."

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day. "Right over there?" said the boy, "taint nowhere else."

WHAT is the difference between a farmer and a bottle of whiskey? One husbands the corn and the other corns the husbands.

"GRACIOUS me!" exclaimed a lady in a witness box, "how should I know anything about anything I don't know anything about?"

A CHICAGO shirt dealer has given up coaxing and bullying the public, and despairingly announces on a placard, "Buy, or I will bust."

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WESTON has won a wager of \$5,000 from Barnum, and we hope that Mr. Barnum will give him five dollars in money and \$4,995 in nitro-glycerine.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THEY attempted to give out an eight-syllable word at one of the Rhode Island spelling matches the other night, but found that there wasn't room enough for it in the State.

MILTON was one day asked by a friend of female education, if he did not intend to instruct his daughter in the different languages. "One tongue is sufficient for a woman," replied he.

WHEN a youth of ten has utilized the old man's plug hat to tan rat-skins in it requires iron nerve on the part of the parent to stroke the ruined article gently with his sleeve and murmur pleasantly: "Boys will be boys."

ACCORDING TO CIRCUMSTANCES.—*Sister:* "What are you doing, Bill?" *Bill:* "Drawing Jack the Giantkiller." *Sister:* "Do you think that is a proper Sunday amusement?" *Bill:* "O, ver' well, then; it's David 'an' the Giantgoliah."

It certainly looks a little odd when a married couple are visiting a friend's house to see the wife accidentally lay her hand on the coal shovel, and the husband as if by instinct, dodge behind the nearest object that can afford him shelter.

A MISSOURI girl on her wedding day sold her Piano and bought a sewing machine and materials enough for a suit for her husband and herself, and at once set to work to make them up. Her husband blowed it. In two weeks her four sister were married.

A YOUNG man stepped up to a lovely young lady on the steps of a church, and, crooking his elbow, said: "May I have the indescribable pleasure of accompanying you to the paternal domicile?" "Spell domicile," said she. He gave it up, and she unhesitatingly gave him the mitten.

While on her way to a leap into the river, a Minneapolis girl met a sewing machine agent who sold her a machine and finally proposed and she turned back and was happy. Almost any day now one can count four or five Minneapolis girls wandering along the river banks.

A MORAL LESSON.—*Mother:*—"My dear do you know it is very wrong for you thus to take your sister's playthings without her consent? Does not your conscience tell you this is not right?"

Daughter:—"Well, mother, since you have spoken of it, I think I have not done just right. I should have asked my sister's consent; but then I am not as guilty as Beecher."

THE pig was thus written up by a Georgia boy: "The pig is about as big as a sheep, only a pig's wool isn't good for making stockings of. Why is a pig like a tree? Because he roots; that is a conundrum. A pig washes himself in the mud. A pig has four legs, one under each corner of his body. They pickle pig's feet, but not until after the pig is done using 'em. A pig squeals awful when it rains, also when you pull its tail. A pig has got a first-rate voice for squealing, and he grunts when he feels good. You can't make a whistle of a pig's tail, 'cos it is crooked. Why is a pig like Tommy Grant? 'Cos he's got his nose in everybody's business. This is another conundrum, which is all I know about the pig."

THE HACKMAN IN COURT.—"Your name is—is—what?" asked the Court.

"Davy, sir—George Davy."

"And you work at—what?"

"Drive hack."

"Ah—ha!" smiled his honor, acquiring sudden interest; "this is worth twenty dollars to me. You are one of those men who stand on the edge of the walk at the depots and shout 'Hax!' at the people."

"I have to get passengers sir."

"Don't sass me back Mr. Davy—I know all about you! Only the other day as I returned from a May-day party in the country there were one million five hundred and sixty-five thousand three hundred and ninety-two of you on the curbstone, and every one of you yelled 'Hax!' at me. One seized my satchel, another grabbed me by the coat, and another pulled me back by the coat-tails. I believe you are that man."

"Deed sir I haint."

"Well, it's barely possible that I am mistaken; but here's a charge that you were lying on the walk drunk."

"I wasn't sir; I was sitting up along-side a house."

"That's too fine a point to argue. Were you drunk?"

"Only sprung, sir; only a little sprung."

"That's just as bad in the sight of the law and I ought to fine you \$700."

"Gracious! but I could never pay that!"

"No; My object would be to keep you in prison all your days."

"Oh let up on a fellow," pleaded the prisoner. "This is the first time, and it shall be the last. I've a large family, sir, and they need my wages to get their bread."

His Honor took a long time to think, and then replied;

"It's wrong to let you off. The citizens will condemn me, and the newspapers will blow at me but I believe I'll give you a show. Yow may go, but I shall keep watch of you. You must mend your ways right off. Instead of yelling 'Hax!' at a man, do you smile and softly whisper: 'Sir can I have the pleasure of conveying you to some designated point?' Promise me this."

The prisoner promised, and was allowed to disappear, limping sadly with a sore heel.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Boston has a tenement population of 55,000 persons, representing 13,000 families, crowded into 43,000 rooms in 2,630 houses.

THE Rev. J. G. White of Jacksonville, Ill., lectures against Romanism, and offers to bet a thousand dollars that his assertions cannot be disproved.

A LaCrosse church has two women to pass the contribution box, and it is a curious sight to see those women pass the boxes over their husbands' heads.

IN removing some bodies from the Bennington (Vt.) cemetery, the other day, that of Mrs. Bartlett, which had been buried some twelve years, was found to be petrified, weighing 500 pounds.

THE Rev. L. T. Hardy, a Baptist pastor in Shelby county, Kentucky, has had a terrible fall from decency, and has fled, with a brother of one of his female parishoners in hot pursuit.

WHEN the jury in the Beecher-Tilton trial retired from the trial room, as Foreman Carpenter passed out he was seen to nod and smile at Mr. Beecher, who nodded and smiled in return.—N. Y. Times.

THE Troy Times says one of the most learned jurists in this State, after thoroughly reviewing the Brooklyn scandal case, gives it as his opinion that the adultery Beecher committed is the only manly act he has performed in the whole business.

ONE of two things must be true; either Mr. Beecher is guilty or he is not. If he is guilty, he is a moral monster; if he is innocent he has acted the part of an idiot in such perfection that one almost wonders which is worse, the crime or the imbecility.—Golden Age.

A COLORED congregation in Dayton, Ohio, have decided to forgive their clergyman for betting on three-card monte and losing \$90 of festival money. One of the deacons remarked: "We is all human, and the game is werry exciting."

A MINISTER, about to chastise a servant, was asked, "Mister, don't you preach that God ordains whatever comes to pass? Then how could I help doing what I did? The master replies: "It was also ordained that I should chastise you for it, and how can I help doing it."

A CHURCH QUARREL.—A lively contest recently prevailed at Newbridge, L. I., N. Y., between two Methodist clergymen, Rev. K. N. Wright and Rev. Mr. Kristeller. The first had preached a year at the place, and was opposed to leaving; the second was appointed by the Conference to succeed him. The first refused to vacate, hence the quarrel. The church divided as to the two claimants, some joining one, some the other. The quarrel waxed warm at times, and some of the saints shook their fists in a most ungodly manner. At latest advices the quarrel still raged.

FATHER MCGLENN is the pastor of a Roman Catholic church in Boston, of which John Fanning is a member. Recently Fanning was married to a Protestant girl by a Protestant clergyman, contrary to the teaching of his own denomination. Father McGlenn spoke of the occurrence in the pulpit, declaring that his offending parishioner was guilty of a crime in living with a girl who, in the view of the Church, was not his wife. Fanning sued the pastor for slander, and the case is now on trial

Four doctors tackled Johnny Smith,
They blistered and they bled him,
With squills and anti-bilious pills
And ipecac they fed him.
They stirred him up with calomel,
And tried to move his liver;
But all in vain—his little soul
Was wafted o'er the river.

IN speaking of Beecher, the *Utica Observer* remarks: "After he has passed away, when his personal magnetism is destroyed by death, when the record of his busy life is written up, all other facts will be overshadowed by the central fact that he was the luckless defendant in the scandal suit." To which the *Sun* adds: "But the great question of all will remain: Was he innocent, or was he guilty? If guilty both of adultery and perjury, he will be regarded as one of the greatest of criminals and the greatest of hypocrites; if innocent, he will be esteemed as a coward without a peer, and a fool whose folly was almost idiotic. The fact that he was defendant in this trial will have little importance compared with the answer to this great question."

No man can sell anything in Brooklyn now, if he doesn't say that Beecher is a slandered angel and Tilton a black-souled horse thief. The signs on Brooklyn places of business may be supposed to read something like this: "Metropolitan Paroxysmal Osculatory Carpet Store." "Song-in-the-Heart Bird-cage Works." "Ragged-Edge Laundry." "Anxiety Machine Shop and Plow Manufactory." "J. William Brown, Plastering Done with True Inwardness." "Moral Niagara Bath Rooms." "I-even-wish Snuff Factory." "Cave of Gloom Distillery." "Conspirator's Hotel." "Anti-Tiltonian Tripe for Sale Here." "Down & Out, Brass Works."—*Courier-Journal*.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.—Counselor Beach made his ten day's able, eloquent, argumentative speech. Judge Neilson followed with a brief, but very able and fair charge to the jury, when they retired to agree or to disagree. Two days have we been waiting for the verdict and none comes. From bits of paper picked up in the room occupied by the jury on which their names were written it is conjectured seven were for Beecher and five for Tilton. This disagreement will hardly be overcome. In view of the high standing of the defendant, and the natural prejudices of a Christian jury, the peculiar influences of Plymouth Church that have brought to bear, this disagreement is very expressive and tantamount to a conviction of the reverend defendant. It is conclusive, at all events, that a portion of the jury see positive proofs of Mr. Beecher's guilt. The verdict of the great jury of the country will doubtless be decisive. Mrs. Tilton's late conduct is very noticeable. After confessing her crime to her husband, both orally and in writing; after stating Mr. Beecher's guilt in a letter to Rev. Mr. Storrs; after confessing the adultery to her mother and daughter, to her brother and sister-in-law, to Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss Susan B. Anthony, she has now seen fit, in her great anxiety to serve her pastor, to make an affidavit that Mr. Beecher never was guilty of the slightest impropriety with her. The unfortunate woman by her own conduct has placed herself entirely without the pale of public credence. Any statement of the matter she is able to make cannot be relied upon.

SUPPOSE that some time ago, when Henry C. Bowen was a widower, he became engaged to a young lady remarkable for beauty, talents, and accomplishments, and being engaged, expected to marry her. Suppose, however, that before the day set for the marriage, she confessed to

him that she had been seduced by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Suppose that Bowen went to Beecher with this revelation; and suppose that then Beecher confessed his crime likewise, went down upon his knees before Bowen, and deploring his sin, declared that he had earnestly and truly repented thereof, and adjured the injured man, for the sake of the woman he had loved, not to expose either the licentious, adulterous pastor, or his beguiled and unfortunate paramour.

Suppose, then, partly because he confided in the genuineness of Beecher's repentance, and partly because his business interests were favored by seeming to believe in Beecher's innocence, Bowen continued to uphold Beecher as the pastor of Plymouth Church, and that this went on for years with varying circumstances, but with silence on Bowen's part as to the purport of Beecher's confession, until another man accuses Beecher of seducing his wife, and the scandal of that accusation becomes loud in the land, and at last it is brought before a court of justice to be investigated and ended.

Under such circumstances would it not be safe for Beecher to defy Bowen, and for his counsel to cover Bowen all over with denunciation and with shame? Could Bowen reply by telling the truth of the acknowledgment of guilt by Beecher, and by dragging out facts which honor requires him to conceal? Can he testify and cover with infamy a woman to whom he had been engaged, and whose fatal secret had been confided to him in such a manner? Must he not maintain silence at the cost of his own reputation and at the sacrifice of every impulse of retaliation and even of justice?

Suppose all this to be true, is not the situation of Bowen really one of the most tragical and pitiable in all the complications of this unprecedented drama?—N. Y. Sun.

THE PRESS AND MR. BEECHER.—Before the decks are cleared for the newspaper verdict in the great scandal, let us dismiss once and for all the absurd assertion that the press, as a rule, is malicious in its treatment of Henry Ward Beecher, and that it desires to keep up this profitless discussion in order to create a demand for the papers.

No man fared better at the hands of journalists for twenty-five years than Mr. Beecher. His agreeable oddities were paraded in print; his bright sayings were reported and repeated; his good qualities were magnified and his popularity enhanced by the gratuitous advertisements which he got from the public journals.

His fame at best was always ephemeral. Nobody remembers anything that he said five, or three, or two years ago. He has commanded the largest hearing imaginable, but he has left no enduring monument to his reputation in the form of religious researches or literary effort. If the newspapers had not assisted in bolstering him up, his fame ere this would naturally have begun to decline.

We know of no journal in all the land that took any pleasure in laying before its readers the charges against Beecher. Fully a year before the publication of the Woodhull scandal, the *Observer*, and presumably the New York *Sun* and *Times*, the Springfield *Republican*, and the Chicago *Tribune* were in possession of statements involving Beecher's moral character. Nor were these statements mere idle rumors. They emanated from responsible parties—and from persons, too, who stand forth to-day as Beecher's ablest apologists and champions.

But by common consent the rumors were suppressed; and by common consent also no heed was paid to the Woodhull woman's recital. It was not until Theodore Tilton had made his sworn statement, and Beecher had called his Investigating Committee that the "newspaper trial" began.

When the scandal was once launched on the sea of discussion it became the duty of every decent and respectable journal to weigh the evidence, to dismiss all feeling of prejudice and passion and to judge fairly between the two sides. If nine-tenths of the public prints have reached a decision adverse to Mr. Beecher, it is not because they entertained any love for Tilton or any dislike for the Plymouth pastor, but because the preacher's own explanation of his acts and utterances is unsatisfactory.—*Utica Observer*.

The Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion; or,

An Answer to the Question: Have We a Supernaturally Revealed, Infinitely Inspired and Miraculously Attested Religion in the World?

BY E. E. GUILD.

(Continued.)

6. "The Bible may be appealed to, and often is, to sanction the worst of vices and enormities. Hatred of enemies; did not David boast that he hated his enemies with 'perfect hatred'? Did he not denounce upon them the most grievous curses? Does not God hate those who hate him, and can it be wrong to imitate his example? Plurality of wives; was not polygamy tolerated among the Jews? Keeping of mistresses; did not holy men of old have their concubines? Retaliation and revenge; does not God avenge himself on his enemies? and was not the Levitical law founded on the principle of rendering evil for evil? Slavery; was it not sanctioned by Moses? Slaughtering of prisoners taken in war, and even of women and children; did not God command his people to do it, and did not the holy prophet Samuel, set an example of this kind, by hewing Agag in pieces 'before the Lord'? Cheating; did not Jacob's father-in-law cheat him, and did not Jacob pay him off in his own coin? Lying; did not God command it on a certain day? Deception; was not Samuel directed by the Lord to practice it? Treachery; did not Rahab pretend to afford protection to a man who was fleeing from his enemies, and then betray and rob him of his life? and is she not commended for her faith? Was not Jacob treacherous to his own brother, in taking advantage of his necessities, and robbing him of his birthright? and also to his own father, in procuring from him the blessing which he designed for Esau? Intolerance; does not the Bible everywhere demand belief of men as the first and indispensable requisite, apparently, without regard to proofs and evidences? and did not Paul pronounce curses on all who did not believe his Gospel? Persecution; were not the Jews commanded to destroy all the inhabitants of Canaan who would not adopt their religion?

It may be said that most of these practices are condemned in the New Testament. So they are, but the New Testament is a part of the Bible, and the fact named only shows the conflicting nature of the teachings of that book. Many of the men who practiced the vices above named, are even in the New Testament, held up to view as exceptionally pious, holy and worthy men; how can it be expected that believers in the divine authority of the Bible can escape the contagion of their example?

7. "If it was necessary for God to make a revelation to his creatures in book form, it is but reasonable to believe that he would protect it in such a manner as that his design in giving it could not be defeated. But such is not the case with the Bible." A book containing a revelation, and designed to be transmitted to future generations throughout all time, should be accompanied with external and internal evidences so overwhelming as to command the assent of every one that examined its claims. If it was in manuscript writings, and required to be copied frequently; if it was written in one language, and translated into a number of others, the same being who communicated it at first, should superintend the copying and translation of it in such a way as to prevent all mistakes. We should know who the original writers were, when it was written, and in what place. We ought to know when it was translated, and by whom. In fine, we ought to have a well-authenticated account of its origin and history. The Bible lacks every one of these essential requisites. The history of no book in the world is involved in more obscurity than that. Except the writings of Paul, we do not know when the books of the Bible were written, the particular place where, the time when, nor the persons by whom. But there are some things we do know about it, and what we do know is very much against it as a revelation.

The Old Testament is a collection of books which the Jews during some periods of their history deemed sacred; at other times they did not so regard them. The New Testament is a collection of books which were written some time during the first and second centuries of the Christian era. They were selected from a great number of similar books in about the third century. Before their collection and after, they, and many others beside, were accepted as inspired. The Old and New Testaments were written in languages which have ceased to be spoken. The books of the Bible existed for many years in manuscripts only, and have been frequently copied. Our English translation was made, not from the original manuscripts, but from copies of them, not one of which, of the Old Testament, was older than the ninth century of the Christian era, and not one of the New older than the sixth. The different copies of these manuscripts vary considerably from each other. There has been various translations of the Bible into the English language, no two of which are exactly alike. Dr. Bellamy made a translation, which made some important passages say exactly the reverse of what they are made to say in the common English version.

It is universally admitted by the learned that the copyists did make mistakes in the copying, that the translators did make mistakes in translating, and many of them admit that the collectors of the books made mistakes in selecting. It is also admitted that the copies from which our Bible was translated contained passages which were not in the original text. Our version, then, contains interpolations, mistranslations and supplied words. The division of it into chapters and verses, the supplied words, the heading in the upper margin of the pages, and over the chapters, the copying, the collecting and translation, is all the work of fallible men, for whom no divine guidance is claimed. Is this the care God exercises over his revelation? If he thinks no more of it than this, why should we concern ourselves about it?

The belief in the Bible as a revelation, is calculated to perpetuate some of the most degrading superstitions. Most of its believers understand it to teach the existence of a Devil, with his millions of kindred and subordinate evil spirits, disputing with the Almighty the throne of the Universe, and exerting a malign influence over the hearts and minds of men. The tendency of this belief is to induce men to keep a sharp lookout for this imaginary fiend, to the entire neglect of the real Devil that every man carries about with him in his heart. The Bible, too, is understood to sanction the belief in necromancy, fortune-telling, witchcraft, sorcery, magic, special providences, and that diseases both of mind and body are produced by evil spirits. What wonder is it, then, that so many are led astray by the lying wonders of Matthias, and Joe Smiths, of the present day? What hope can there be for the improvement of men who believe that the affairs of this life, the events which take place in the world, and the phenomena of nature, are all the results of a special providence, without regard to order or the natural sequence of cause and effect? Certainly none; for, according to this view there can be no such thing as science in any department of nature; in other words, the fact that a phenomena occurred to-day, is no proof that it ever occurred before, or ever will again. Hence, those who hold this view are full of the belief in the marvelous; are continually talking about special providences either in their favor, or against them; are constantly dodging some miraculous thunderbolt from heaven, or anticipating some supernatural interposition in their behalf. It is not a real world in which they live, but one wholly ideal and imaginary. Solid truth, the facts of science, a knowledge of nature and her laws, has for them no interest, and possesses for them no charms. Until this spell on the minds of otherwise intelligent men is broken, how can they be emancipated from the bonds of superstition?

9. This belief in the authority of the Bible blinds and bewilders the minds of men. The Bible contains a record of prodigies the most astounding; of marvels the most wonderful, of miracles the most marvelous, and statements the most incredible. Hence, it conflicts with common sense, shocks our credulity, and does violence to our reason. The man who believes it is put in a mental condition to believe almost anything. All power to distinguish between things reasonable and unreasonable, credible and incredible, is overcome. He believes, not on evidence, but on authority alone; he does not dictate his own belief, but has it dictated to him. Like the young of birds, he opens his mouth and swallows whatever is given him without reference to its quality. They are in the situation of the clergyman, who, in defending the Bible, said, "the Bible says that a whale swallowed Jonah, and I believe it, and if it said that Jonah swallowed the whale I would believe that." Now, truth is the natural food of the mind, as bread is of the body; and truth must be as wisely adapted to the powers and faculties of the mind, as food is to the taste, and digestive powers of the body. Food that is distasteful and indigestible, is unwholesome, so that the mental and moral diet, that violates our reason, shocks our moral sense, and wounds the best affections of our nature, must be spurious. There are thousands of good men and women who profess to believe in things which they admit look to them unreasonable, and shocking to their feelings; but, nevertheless, they feel obligated to believe as they do, on the sole authority of the Bible. Such persons are the miserable victims of a mental and moral tyranny that demands the best efforts of the best men to overthrow.

10. "The great argument usually employed to make converts to the belief in the Bible, not only betrays a want of confidence in it, on the part of those who use it, but it constitutes a ground of objection to it." The principal argument usually relied on to propagate this belief in the world is that which is by far the most successful, and leaves us with but one alternative. It is this, "Believe, or be damned." Thousands of persons who are as ignorant of the history and origin of the Bible as the veriest heathen on earth, will go into the pulpit and proclaim to their hearers doctrines the most shocking to reason and common sense, and when asked for the evidence of their truth, will tell us that "God is the authority for their truth." When asked how we are to know that, the answer will be, "they are taught in the Bible—which is God's word—and we must accept them or be damned." Could arrogance and presumption go farther than this? Here it is assumed not only that the Bible is an infallible book, but that they correctly understand a book which

thousands have attempted to explain, no two of whom ever agreed in its interpretation. Is this the way to treat rational beings? Can such persons know anything about the science of mind? Have they the least conception of the necessary connection between evidence and belief? Do they not proceed on the supposition that rational belief can be induced by bribes and threats? Or if they are not ignorant of the fact that a sufficient amount of evidence will irresistibly produce conviction on the mind, and that to undertake to gain the assent of men to the truth of any doctrine by bribes and threats, is only to try to make them hypocrites, and mental and moral cowards and slaves; then, we ask, are they not the greatest mountebanks that ever "played fantastic tricks before high heaven," and do they not insult the understanding of man? Do the teachers of scientific truth first give their lesson, and then offer rewards to those who believe their inculcations, and threaten punishment to those who do not? Are they alarmed when the truthfulness of their teachings is questioned, and do they threaten with the judgments of God and the wrath of heaven all who doubt or disbelieve them? If not, why is it any more necessary to do so to enforce religious truth than any other kind of truth? If teachers in any other department of knowledge were to proceed in this way, they would very soon be destitute of pupils, and it is certainly a marvel how intelligent men can put themselves under the teaching of men who are constantly insulting them. If such teachers do not know any better, they are entitled to our pity; if they do know better, they are more entitled to our pity still, but the course they pursue is deserving only of the scorn and contempt of mankind. Persons who are conscious they have truth to offer, and believe they can present an abundance of evidence to sustain it, will not fool away their time by resorting to arts and tricks, nor promises, nor threats in order to commend it to their hearers. The fact, then, that religious teachers do resort to these means is proof that they have not entire confidence in the truth of their doctrines, and that having no hope of producing conviction on the minds of men by evidence, they rely on appeals to their superstitious fears. The fact, too, that there is such alarm in their ranks whenever the bulwark behind which they have entrenched themselves is assailed, is proof that they doubt the impregnability of their position. The man who is afraid of Truth, or fears that she cannot take care of herself, or that it is not for the interest of the people to know the whole truth, is a traitor to God, to truth, and to man.

As to the religious and moral truths taught in the New Testament, such as the existence of God, his fatherhood, the brotherhood of the race, the immortality of man and the golden rule, they need no confirmation from miracles, from books nor from men. They are their own authority and their own proof. They have the "witness of the spirit," and "the spirit is given to every man to profit with all." All forms of religion contain the elements of one universal religion. The dogma it is that has set man at war with man. More religion and less dogma the great want of humanity.

Reader, both sides are before you, judge ye what is right.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To the God in Constitutionists.

FRIENDS: Your defect is, you do not go far enough. There is no logic in your timid, half-way demand. Take the whole step and logical Christian men must go with you. Let me explain. As we live under laws borrowed from the heathen Romans and Greeks no wonder we are so degenerate. I propose that while we are about it we adopt the laws of God. We can find them in the Pentateuch. There we may find laws for national government fresh from Jehovah himself—the genuine, unadulterated article. Is it right for a Christian nation to live under heathen laws, or even human laws, when we may have laws direct from God? Therefore when we put God in the Constitution, let us put his laws in our statute book.

Oregon, Mo.

C. I.

A SCHOOL teacher in Mississippi uses his facility in short-hand to make a verbatim report of a negro clergyman's prayer, and he sends it to the *Educational Monthly* as follows: "O Lord God of dis Universe, wilt dou look down in de omnipresence of dy eye upon these dy collard children bowed upon the knuckle-bone dis night. Take a solemn peep upon us and let a heap o' light in. Dou knowest what dese dy poor darkies need. On every side dou knowst, O Lord, is de evidence of de dislocation and destruction of the human family. Dere be fighting among one another and natural disease. But we die to live again either as saints or evil spirits. Dere be discussions on doctrines, election, beforeordination, perfection, and sich like, confuse de intellects of both black men and white. But, good Lord, dou knowest dat dese are vain allusions, splittin' and dividin' dy creatures into sexes without mercy. Whoever will, can go to glory. Many dere will be with slick countenances, white collars and fine clothes, who will find de gates shut against them, while de blind old woman, hobbling on crutches, she go straight in. Amen."

The Freethinker to his Father.

[The following lines were written by a young man, to his father who was very ill and supposed to be on his death bed:]

Oh dear father! fear not
The dread moment at hand,
Thou shalt take up thy lot
In a far distant land.

Oh fear not the spoiler's
Cold silencing spell;
Unto those he is dreadful,
Who still fear a Hell.

For the true son of nature
In looking abroad,
Sees no dark coming torments,
No fierce, frowning God.

Father, fear not to sleep
In the bosom of earth,
For she's paid thee thy meed
Since the hour of thy birth.

So that now when she calls thee
To yield up thy clay,
Oh, do not ask ever
One moment's delay.

Yes, 'tis true that we love thee,
And sadly shall weep,
And bewail thy departure
When thou'st fallen asleep.

But, Oh father remember
That in thy past years,
Life has held some bright moments
To match with its tears.

Then remember thy children
Shall gather to thee
When their life-work is ended,
And they are set free.

No, 'tis not long to wait,
'Til we all shall come home,
E'er to dwell in that state,
Where no sorrow may come.

Do not go like the slave
Who is scourged to his cell,
For thou'st wrought thy life's labor
Ever faithful and well.

Oh, then, father regret not
Thy number of days;
For a short life well lived
Is a full hymn of praise.

Widows can't look with joy
On thy cold, ashen face,
Nor can orphans cast curses
On thy last resting-place.

Aye, thy couch shall be gorgeous
With diamonds and gold,
And around thy pale relies
Soft curtains shall fold.

For is not earth's fair bosom
Fit pillow for kings?
And is her cradle-song
Not the whistle of time's wings?

And do not the bright stars
That look down from the sky,
Lightly trip in the dance
To the grand lullaby?

Yea, the forests of India,
And Golconda's mines,
And the bright spars of Iceland,
Arabia's vines,

E'en the mosses of Greenland,
The flowers of Rome
Are all but the trimmings
Of thy narrow home.

Oh, then, cast off all fear,
For our Father divine
Has a far nobler sphere
For his human-kind.

Yes, there must be a land
Where the flowers never fade
And where pain is unknown,
And Death can't invade.

When in that land remember
That thou leavest here
A sad, small group of mourners,
Who hold thy name dear.

And will thou not watch o'er us
In dim coming years,
And still whisper soft comfort
When we stand in tears?

By Liverpool papers it appears that the visit of the Holy Ghost to that city, in the persons of Moody and Sankey, cost the city \$45,000. The same delectable pair cost the city of London not less than \$75,000. It costs money to save souls.

"Is there a God?"

The following is a portion of an address delivered before the "Peoria Free Thought Association," on March 7th, 1875, upon this question.

Priests, preachers, presses, legislators and courts, have from all time exerted their influence and power toward the proving and protecting of a God. Property valued at upwards of three hundred and fifty millions of dollars is exempted from taxation in the United States, simply because it is dedicated to a God. Thousands of divines wearing gorgeous apparel and impressive looks of sanctity, are paid enormous salaries for proving the existence of a God and peddling salvation, in the face of the fact that salvation is free. From all time the sword and the gibbet, and fagot and stake, have been used to convince unbelievers of the existence of a God. The belief in the existence of a God has always been regarded as of infinite importance to man; so much so, that those who believe in the existence of a God—or rather three or four Gods—can always find a host of friends who are willing to solemnly asseverate that they are exemplary Christians—all sufficient evidence of integrity—while the Atheists forfeit the good will of society, to say nothing about being denied the privilege of testifying in courts, and being characterized as "heretics," and "Infidels." When we consider the mighty influence popular opinion has over the minds of men; when we consider that the persuasive eloquence of the sword and gibbet, and fagot and stake have been used to convince mankind of the existence of a God, should the fact that Deism is almost universal excite our wonder, even if it has no foundation in fact? Deists tell us that the fact that Deism is almost universal is evidence of its truth; for, say they, "what everybody says must be true." If this argument is good, and will apply to the past as well as to the present, it would prove the earth perfectly flat and motionless for thousands of years, and that it did not begin to move until the people began to believe, or in other words, did not commence to revolve till its revolutions became popular. As then for thousands of years the belief in a falsehood was universal (*i. e.*, that the earth was flat), and the truth was universally disbelieved (*i. e.*, that the earth was of a globular form), we conclude that universal belief proves nothing. In other words, that belief cannot change a fact.

Deists tell us that even barbarians believe in the existence of a God, and this fact, say they, proves that man has *innate ideas* of a Deity. True, the barbarians, almost without an exception, believe in the existence of a God, and they are more zealous in serving him than are the believers among the civilized. While the barbarian will make any sacrifice for his God, even to taking the life of his dearest child, our civilized Deists do not believe in serving him under difficulties; would not attend church if they would have to soil their boots in going there—more especially if the cushions had been fortuitously removed from the pews, or if the organ was out of whack, and satan's six who furnish the "chin music" had sore throats, and the preacher was somewhat indisposed. We see, then, that the higher we rise in the intellectual scale, the weaker becomes the belief in the existence of a God, and that upon the topmost round of the intellectual ladder we will find Voltaires, Paines, Jeffersons, Franklins and Ingersolls—doubtless if not disbelievers. If, then, the fact that barbarians universally believe in a God proves anything, it proves that the belief in the existence of a God is the outgrowth of ignorance.

As to *innate ideas*, I deny that such ideas can exist. An idea cannot enter the brain except through the media of the five senses, sight, scent, touch, taste or hearing, and if those senses and the brain are perfect, the surroundings will implant ideas in the brain with almost every throb of the pulse. Those ideas are un-governable, and a sense of weakness and dependence on the part of barbarians superinduced in their minds the idea of a superior power; and that superior power, without inquiring what it was, they worshiped as a God. If in man there are innate ideas of a God, and those ideas are given him of a God, certainly, those ideas would be perfect and uniform, and one nation would not have innate ideas of a semi-God, and another nation innate ideas of a snake God, &c. Preferring sense, now, to absurdity, we say that barbarians, like ourselves, are creatures of education, association and habit, and that the genial sunshine and the angry storm taught them of the pleasure and displeasure of a God. Deists tell us that the creation proves the existence of a God. "All things, say they, that exist must have been created, and as nothing can create itself, there must be a creator." Here is a desk, the desk could not create itself, consequently it has a creator, and that creator is man. Then here is man, man could not create himself; consequently he must have a creator, and that creator is God. Well then, here is a God, and as nothing can create itself, he must have a creator, and that creator another creator, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Of necessity, then, we must stop somewhere. We see that something must be co-eternal, and therefore needs no creator, and then the question reduces itself to this: Is that *something* matter, or is it an omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, personal God? Matter is a reality, a verity, something tangible, something known to exist, but a personal God is a mere supposi-

tion. Let us now imagine if it is not as likely that matter has existed from all time, and is governed by laws inherent in itself, as that it resulted from the act of a God, unknown and unknowable. Matter is indestructible, and this fact is evidence that it could not have been created. Matter is separated and transformed; but not one atom of it has ever yet been destroyed. Put a stick of wood into the fire and the fire will separate the elements which entered into the composition of the wood (*i. e.*, earth, air, water, etc.), each returning to its original element. Each atom of matter has an affinity for or antipathy to every other atom of matter, and this affinity and antipathy constitute the laws which govern matter (*i. e.*, attraction and repulsion), the former constituting the laws of gravitation. This affinity or antipathy is not a principle of inert matter alone, but as known to exist in the *ert*. A duck gravitates as naturally towards a puddle as an unsupported brick gravitates towards the ground; and a bone has as much affinity for a yellow dog, as a magnet has for a needle. Antipathy, or the law of repulsion, is seen by uniting fire and powder. This inherent principle which governs matter is a part of it, as much so as is solidity, density or color. It does not require a God to make a stick have two ends instead of one, or to make a circle round instead of square; and it is a debatable question whether he could make two hills without having a hollow between them, or make a two year old calf in a minute. Deists tell us that intelligence and design prove the existence of a God. If the intelligence known to exist in matter requires a source, a God possessed of infinite intelligence would have still greater need of a source from which to draw. But a "design" is plainly visible to Deists. They put on their spiritual "specs" and in confusion they see harmony and design. The fact that water seeks its level convinces them of the existence of a God; but if it were to run uphill instead of down, or to stand still or spurt hither and yon in the most lawless manner, the design to them would be just and apparent. The green fields speak God's name; but if the fields were white, or black, or red, or yellow, they speak quite as eloquently. In the variegated flowers they see the hand of a God; but if the flowers were of a uniform color, could they not see the same? But let us inquire if this design is consistent with the designer. He made the heavens and the earth in six days, and rested on the seventh (tired), and commanded mankind to rest likewise. As there was no earth, sun or moon, etc., during this time by which to reckon, we will suppose he manufactured a few days just for the occasion. To proceed, he placed man, whom he created, in a garden, and also took particular pains to place therein a temptation and a tempter. Having placed the to-be-tempted, the temptation and tempter in proper order, he retreated behind a gooseberry bush to watch the result. The result is known to be "the fall of man," the manufacturer of aprons, the termination of Adam's lease, and his vacation of the premises.

If God designed man to be perfect, why did he not create him perfect, and if he did create him perfect, why did he not make that perfection perpetual? He made a heaven and planted therein a few holy angels. Why did he not make earth a heaven, and man an angel? If he was too exhausted from his exertions in creating suns, moons and stars, why did he not take his time at the job, there was no hurry, or else take a good long rest before commencing the creation of man? By so doing he would have been spared the mortification of seeing his "noblest work" become depraved and disobedient. He could then have all mankind, instead of allowing "old Nibsey" to get nine out of every ten. If he wished man to love him, why does he not so act as to merit man's love? Is visiting man with sickness, sorrow, pain and death, calculated to excite love? If he would have man believe, why does he not manifest himself? Nine of Jesus' apostles would not believe that Jesus was risen from the dead, even when told so by two of their fellow apostles, simply because they did not see him themselves (Mark xvi. 13th verse). Another apostle would not believe the statement of the other apostles, simply because they did not see Jesus; and that apostle required and received proof (John xxv. 25-27). God is no respecter of persons, then why are not we entitled to receive proof? But now, after eighteen hundred years have rolled past, whenever we call for proof, we are told to "believe or be damned."

A GREAT DISCOVERY ABOUT LIGHT.—Prof. Wm. Crookes has made one of the greatest discoveries in relation to the action of light which has come before the world since spectrum analysis was first made known. He has demonstrated that direct mechanical effect can be produced by light when luminous rays are allowed to fall upon one end of a most delicately balanced lever arm suspended in *vacuo*; the contrary has hitherto been assumed. This great discovery, fraught with unknown uses to society, may be fairly claimed as having been given to the world through Spiritualism. In endeavoring to obtain instrumental evidence of the assumed psychic force, and to test mediumistic power by causing it to move a few grains in a glass vacuum tube, he discovered a motion produced by an unknown cause, but finally traced to radiant heat, and, in working farther at the new discovery, Mr. Crookes has been able to make fresh revelations to the world relating to light.—*Spiritual Scientist*.

The Truth Seeker,

A JOURNAL OF REFORM AND FREE THOUGHT.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

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Honest Questions and Honest Answers.

[CONTINUED.]

We herewith proceed to reply further to the interrogatories of our correspondent. His fourth question is,

Do you think it more reasonable and truthful to suppose that the inferior races of men are evidence of the result of degeneracy, rather than of natural development from a still inferior race?

We do not. The law of progression and development we regard as the order of the Universe rather than retrogression and degeneracy. It is far from complimentary to an infinite, all-wise Creator to believe his works deteriorate and go backward to ignominy and decay. It is the same with the Universe; its law is progress, onward, forward, not retrogression, backwardness and deterioration. True, conditions have very much to do with the development of the human race. It is well known a particular family, tribe or nation may go backward instead of forward; they may sink in the scale of humanity instead of rising in it, but this is always dependent upon governing causes, the effects of which cannot be ignored. It is not improbable, even, that nations and races like individuals, may have their eras, their *life-time*, beginning in infancy, progressing through youth to maturity and old age, but it is evidently a law of the Universe that in the aggregate, the human race gradually progresses in intelligence, morality and in the enjoyment of happiness. Ignorance is the great obstacle to the more rapid advance, and where this is fully removed, and we learn to live naturally, rationally and sensibly in all things, according to the immutable laws which govern our existence, we may expect mankind will occupy a much more elevated position than now, be more healthful in body and mind, less troubled with diseases and afflictions, live to a greater age, be more physically strong, more intellectual, more virtuous and more happy.

5. *How can an inferior animal produce its superior on strictly natural principles?*

It can be done in no other way than upon natural principles; but that it is done it is hardly necessary to affirm. We have only to look at the improvements that have been made in the rearing of horses, cattle, sheep and swine to be fully convinced of this. The difference between the zebra and the wild horses of Tartary and South America, and the blooded horses which are the pride of Europe and the United States is very great. The same is true of cattle, sheep and hogs. Our Devonshire, Durham and Alderney cattle, reared under favorable conditions are largely in advance of the wild cattle of the forests and plains. Our Merino and other choice breeds of sheep are a great improvement upon the coarse wild sheep of olden times, the same as our Berkshire, China and Poland hogs are a great advance from the wild hogs from which they descended. The same law of development and improvement that rules in the animal kingdom prevails in the vegetable kingdom. It is well known the numerous and magnificent varieties of apples we now have were produced from the sour crab apple, as all our luscious pears, peaches, and plums were produced by the appliances of culture, art and development, from the bitter, *puckery* wild pear, the small, sour, wild peach, and the inferior wild plum. In a similar manner the hundreds of beautiful varieties of roses which florists now present us are the product of the wild rose, as the multitudinous varieties of beautiful asters, balsams, cockscombs, dahlias, gladioluses, pansies, petunias, pinks, tulips, verbenas, and other lovely flowers, are the products of the simple wild flowers from which they are the direct descendants.

All these improvements and developments are the result of natural laws, which men have learned and applied.

6. *If the laws of Nature are fixed, who can turn them aside?*

No one can change that which is unchangeable, nor turn aside that which is immovable. The laws of Nature can not be rendered inoperative nor nugatory, but they are unlimited in number, and are applicable to all conceivable conditions and circumstances. It is the proper study of mankind to become acquainted with them to the fullest extent, and to learn to apply them to all the affairs and necessities of life, and not to try to subvert them, oppose them, or live in opposition to them.

7. *If plants grew into animals, and animals into human beings, in the long ago, why is it not so now?*

We cannot say it is not so. These operations take place very slowly, and almost imperceptibly, and it is not at all unlikely some of them are taking place at the present time. The same causes under the same conditions will always produce the same results. This may be regarded as an axiom as unfailing as "twice two are four."

It is, perhaps, not easy to comprehend how one form of existence evolves into another, and how animal life may proceed from vegetable life, but it is still more difficult to understand how otherwise so many forms of existence came to be. We have come to understand the Universe contains all the forces and powers necessary to produce every result that has ever been accomplished. In the primitive condition of our planet, it was doubtless wholly unfitted to either vegetable or animal life. As it gradually condensed from a nebular condition, it required immense eras for the soil to be converted by means of oxygen and other influences from the primitive rocks, suitable for the production of vegetation, including grasses, herbs and trees. It is reasonable to suppose the first germs of vegetable life were simple and crude, and that the evolution of the thousands of succeeding varieties were a slow and natural outgrowth of the original; and without doubt these evolutions in the vegetable kingdom still continue as new varieties of plants are constantly being discovered. We have shown how man has produced new varieties of animals, fruits and flowers by making use of natural laws, and it is quite as probable nature, by the same laws, produces similar results.

When after the lapse of countless ages, the earth became adapted to the existence of animal life, all the various varieties did not come into existence at once. The simple *animalcule* and *radiata* were doubtless the first which nature produced, and these after an epoch—the length of which we are unable to judge—came the *mollusca*—shell-fish, then *articulata*—jointed insects and animals, next *vertebrata*, animals with internal skeleton, and divided into reptiles, fishes, birds, and mammals.

While the external forms of all these animals are so different, it is no less true that the whole, after all, are mere variations of a fundamental germ which can be traced as a basis through the whole, the variations being merely modifications to suit the particular variety, was fitted to live. Starting from the primitive germ, which we have seen, is the representative of a particular order of full-grown animals, we find all others to be merely advances from that type, with the extension of endowments and modifications of forms required in each particular case; each form, also, retaining a strong affinity to that which precedes it, and tending to impress its own features on that which succeeds.

This unity of structure, as it is called, becomes the more remarkable when it is remembered that the organs, which possessing a resemblance, are often put to different uses; for example, the ribs, become in the serpent, organs of locomotion, and the snout is extended in the elephant into a prehensile instrument. It is equally remarkable that analogous purposes are served in different animals by organs essentially different. Thus, the mammalia breathe by lungs; the fishes by gills. These are not modifications of one organ, but distinct organs. In mamifers, the gills exist and act at an early stage of the foetal state, but afterward go back and appear no more; while the lungs are developed. In fishes, again, the gills only are fully developed, while the lung structure either makes no advance at all, or only appears in the rudimentary form of an air-bladder. In many instances

a particular structure is found advanced to a certain point in a particular set of animals, (for instance, feet in the serpent tribe), although not there required in any degree; but the peculiarity being carried a little farther forward, is perhaps useful in the next set of animals in the scale. These are called rudimentary organs and are most conspicuous in animals which form links between the various classes.

We cannot take the space here to enumerate the many instances of similarity of organs in the different varieties of animals; but in illustration will merely state, that as various as may be the lengths of the upper part of the vertebrated column (back bone) in the mammalia, it always consists of the same parts and the same number of bones. Thus, the giraffe has in its tall neck the same number of bones as the pig, which scarcely seems to have a neck at all. Man unlike most of the mammalia has no tail, but the necessary bones for a caudal appendage exist in an undeveloped state in the *os coccygis* of the human species. The limbs of the vertebrate animals are in like manner on one plan, however various they may appear. In the hind leg of a horse, for example, the angle called the hock is the same part which in man forms the heel; and the horse and nearly all other quadrupeds walk upon what corresponds to the toes of the human race. As these parts are, in many quadrupeds shrunken or compressed into a hoof, so the tail which would otherwise attach to the human subject is shrunken up into a bony mass at the lower extremity of the back. The bat, on the other hand, has these parts largely developed. The membrane, commonly called the wing, is framed chiefly upon bones answering precisely to those of the human hand. In the paddles of the whale, and other animals of its order, are found the same bones as in the more highly developed extremities of the land animals, and even the serpent tribes which present no external appearance of such extremities, possess them in reality, though in an undeveloped or rudimental state.

It is difficult to comprehend how so many forms of life as now exist upon this planet should have evolved from one simple germ or a few simple germs, it is certainly more difficult to comprehend that so many separate creations should have been necessary. According to Humboldt and Spencer, there are scattered over our globe at the present time some 320,000 species of vegetable life, and 2,000,000 species of animal life, and if to these are added the numbers of animal and vegetable species which have existed, but have now become extinct the total number would not fall short of ten millions of species. Which is the most probable that these ten millions of species of organized life are evolutions and modifications of an original germ or germs, or that they were all separate and distinct creations? We decidedly yield our assent to the former proposition.

If it is not easy to understand that all the forms of animal life should have arisen from a single germ, or if it is not clear how the animal kingdom could have evolved from the vegetable, it certainly is not difficult to understand that in the Universe exist, perpetually, the powers and forces necessary to produce all that now is or ever has existed. As no effect was ever produced without a natural cause sufficient to produce it, so these natural causes, operating under all conceivable conditions, necessarily produce an endless variety of results. In the great Universe is inherent all the powers and potency requisite to call into existence all that is or ever was.

If it cannot be fully comprehended how vegetables can evolve into animals, it can at least be understood that the two kingdoms approach each other so closely as scarcely to be separated. There is animal life so closely bordering upon the vegetable that at first it would appear to be the latter. The *hydrozoa* and the sponge family are samples of this class. On the other hand, there are vegetables possessing the characteristics of animals to a wonderful extent; and as illustrations we have but to mention the plants recently discovered both by Professor Darwin in England, and Mary Treat in this country, which not only catch animals, but digest them and appropriate them to their sustenance and growth. It is little more wonderful that one kingdom should evolve into the other, than that each should approach the other so closely and

partake of the special province of the other to such a remarkable extent.

In connection with this subject, we will call attention to the fact that nature seems to evolve or adapt different forms of life to the varying circumstances in which it is placed. Thus certain kinds of plants growing in, and located where rain seldom falls, and requiring a store of moisture for their nourishment, are found to be provided with a cup-like vessel surrounding the stalk to retain water after a shower. This *cup* or *pitcher*, as it is sometimes called, is not a new organ, but simply an evolution or modification of a leaf of the plant. So fish, having eyes and good sight, if kept and propagated in the dark, although they retain their eyes, they become entirely useless, and the fish are "stone blind." If, however, they are brought into the light, by its magic influence their sight is gradually restored until they see again as well as ever. Indeed, we are hardly able to estimate the subtle and mysterious influence this wonderful element—*light*—exercises in the production of organs of vision. It seems to have the power to call forth organs of sight when needed, while animals who live perpetually in the dark have no eyes and no sight.

8. *Do you believe in the infinite progression and development of good and evil?*

According to our comprehension of this question, we answer, Yes. As we believe in the infinite progression and development of all material substances, we necessarily must believe in the progression of good and evil. Here it becomes necessary for us to define what we understand by "good and evil." They are simply relative terms. Every thing that exists is susceptible of becoming good or evil, according to the use that is made of it. There is nothing so good but if improperly used may it become an evil, and there is in existence nothing so bad but what is positive good if properly and legitimately used. Thus, fire, which in warming us in cold weather, and in cooking our food, is so great a good, when it is out of its proper place and burns our dwellings and destroys towns and cities, it is an evil of immense magnitude. So, water, which in floods, torrents, and devastating streams is a great evil, in the imperceptible dew, in the gentle rain, in sparkling springs, in murmuring rills, flowing rivers, and the great ocean, over which proudly float ships and steamers—in the multitudinous ways in which it refreshes thirst and sustains life, it is an indispensable good. So it is with food, alcohol, clothing, exercise, pleasure, the impulses, the passions, and every substance and every quality in existence—properly and wisely used they are all good, but when improperly used they become evil.

We believe in no personal good nor personal evil constantly warring with each other—no personal God, no personal Devil. These myths are the outgrowth of ignorance, and are, deservedly passing away as the light of truth shines upon the world, together with the belief in witches, gnomes, fairies, genii, hobgoblins and demons.

9. *Will the present ungodly state of society eventually result in the reformation and happiness of the human race independent of Divine agency?*

The word *divine* in this question is somewhat indefinite. If it means the efforts of a personal deity we answer *yes*; if it means *all* that exists, *no*. Our belief is that all that exists is, in its nature *good*, and that everything belongs to the divine system of the Universe. We believe the moral and social condition of the world will be greatly improved, until the human race is vastly healthier, better, and happier than now. The world has greatly improved within the period covered by history, but the advance made is slight compared with what we hopefully trust the future has in store for us. The race has inherently within its nature the elements of unlimited progress, and as it succeeds in dispelling the ignorance and superstition which pernicious creeds and dogmas for thousands of years have fastened upon it, it will rise permanently in worth, usefulness and happiness.

This advance may be slow; the effects of ignorance and defective education in the world are more serious and the tendency to selfishness and the indulgence of passion is strong in man; but still we have great hopes of him; he may still be considered in his in-

fancy. *Forever* is a long time, and when he gets all the knowledge he is capable of acquiring, we trust he will be vastly better and happier than now.

What our friend calls the "*ungodly* state of society" is the result of disorder and the want of due appreciation of Nature's laws and requirements. It has no connection with any invisible personality, good or bad.

As the laws of health and the science of life become better understood and applied, disease will be greatly banished from the earth. As intelligence and science become thoroughly disseminated, ignorance, vice and crime will correspondingly lessen. As the human race learn that the highest morality consists in doing good to their fellow beings, and that this course produces the most perfect happiness, so will good deeds and kind actions abound, and what is called sin and wickedness will become comparatively unfashionable and unknown.

10. *Does it not require more faith to be a skeptic than to be a Christian?*

Decidedly not. A skeptic is one who has no faith at all, but doubts everything. A Christian is one who believes whatever his priest or creed demands of him, regardless of logic, sense or reason. A skeptic takes nothing upon trust—nothing because somebody, who knows no more than he does, commands him to do so. A skeptic and a Rationalist are not necessarily the same. A skeptic is simply a doubter, while a Rationalist is one who embraces the truths of the Universe, the teachings of science and reason so far as he understands them. He is only skeptical upon such subjects of which he is ignorant and does not accept as truth that which lacks the confirmation of experience and demonstration.

11. *Is it easier to believe in nature than in God?*

We answer, *yes*, if reason is followed and myths and superstitions are discarded; though were we to judge by the numbers of the human race who believe in some kind of a God, we should think to the contrary. In the last five thousand years not less than fifty thousand gods have been manufactured by men, and these have been believed in by countless millions of our race. Where ignorance has most prevailed, there has the belief in a god or gods most abounded. Many volumes would be necessary to recount the great diversity of characteristics and monstrosities these ignorant human beings have ascribed to their gods. The more ignorant and degraded they were, the more crude and depraved their gods. The more warlike and blood-thirsty the nations who have made these gods, the more fond their gods are for bloodshed and carnage, and they have even been called "the god of battles." Bloodshed, slaughter and destruction of life seemed their highest pleasure. The Jews and their God, Jehovah are cases in point. The more peaceful and inoffensive the nation, the more quiet and undemonstrative their god, and their highest conception of happiness is *rest*. The Hindoos and their God, Brahm, illustrate this phase; they rarely engaged in war, and their god never urged them to battle and slaughter. The European nations, as well as our own, in suit, unfortunately adopted a warlike fighting god, with a religion to match, and the consequence has been these nations have indulged in the most devastating and bloody wars the world has ever known. More blood has been shed and more lives have been taken in the name of the God Jehovah, than all the thousands of other gods the world has known.

As easy as it has been for the ignorant masses to believe in the numerous gods which wily and interested priests have foisted upon them, millions of them never stopping to doubt, to investigate or even to make an enquiry, have blindly and zealously taken the gods thus given them, and have been ready to kill or be killed in their defense. As easy, we say, as it has been for ignorant nations to believe in these gods, to rational, sensible, well informed people, it would to us, seem vastly easier to believe in nature than in any God. Gods are imaginary, mythical personages which ignorant men have invented and devised, possessing as we have seen, different and antagonistic qualities and dispositions, some made of wood, some of stone, some of metal, and some totally invisible, and of which no man, absolutely, knows anything;

while nature is the great Universe containing all the suns, all the worlds, all matter, all life, all existences with all the forces and powers that are. While no reasonable person wishes a god of wood, stone or brass, while the invisible he cannot see nor comprehend, the boundless Universe is always before us, a reality, a power, a totality that for a moment cannot be doubted. To us it seems vastly easier to believe in nature than in any god.

12. *Do you know everything that you believe?*

We see no special point or pertinancy to this question. All men *know* certain things of which they have positive proof, and these they also believe. They also believe certain other things, which to them seem probable and reasonable, but which they cannot be said to absolutely know. We are no exception to the rule. Probably all men are liable to think they *know* what they really only *believe*. In this tendency we also doubtless participate. The best any of us can do is to exercise the best reason and judgment we possess, to examine and investigate whatever is presented us for our acceptance, and to believe nothing that is not founded in reason, truth, and upon the immutable laws of the Universe. The great error mankind has made, is to *believe* too much without proof, to accept the most absurd claims and the most unreasonable propositions upon the simple assertion of those who really knew no more of the matters involved than themselves. This habit, we trust is passing away.

13. *Please give us the name and articles of your faith.*

The name of our belief is known as *Rationalism* or *Liberalism*. We have never tabulated the articles of our faith, but have not the slightest objection to stating what they are. We claim to believe what appears to us as *truth*, and hold ourselves in readiness to accept whatever new truth is presented to our consciousness and comprehension. We must be our own judge as to what truth *is*, and feel ourselves under no obligation to blindly accept what somebody else may claim to be truth, no matter in what book it may be printed or what class of priests may demand it.

In addition to the points of faith already indicated, we name the following:

1. We believe the true God is the God of the Universe, and exists alike in all that is. Nothing is above him, nothing is below him, nothing is outside of him, all are parts of the great divine system which embraces all substances and all qualities. This God is just and impartial; he reveals himself to all alike, and speaks to all alike. He does not whisper privately his will to some obscure individual and commission him to proclaim the same to the world, and demand that it accept it without doubt or question.

2. We believe the highest duty of man and the purest morality consists in our good offices and kind acts to our fellow beings. God neither demands our oblations nor worship, nor does he need them. He is so far above us our actions can neither be any aid or injury to him. Humanity is the highest expression of deity of which we have any knowledge; to it are due all our service, all our devotion, all our worship. In following this course, the world will be made more intelligent, more moral and more happy than by all the creeds, all the religions and all the gods that have had an imagined existence.

3. We believe in good deeds actuated by benevolent motives produce happiness, and that our lives should be spent in cultivating the good and shunning that which is bad and hurtful. That every individual must be his own *Savior*, and can derive no real benefit from an unseen, imaginary personage.

4. It is the duty of all to endeavor to learn and understand the laws of our being, and to be controlled by the immutable laws of the Universe looking in that direction, in all cases, for guidance and information.

Without detaining our readers with a more detailed statement of what we believe, we will name some things we do not believe.

1. We do not believe the Bible account of the creation of the Universe is true.

2. We do not believe God ever delighted in, or incited wars, carnage and bloodshed.

3. We do not believe God ever created a Devil and made a hell in which to punish and torture his creatures to the latest hours of eternity.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Sketch of the Life of Rousseau.

No life was ever so romantic as Rousseau's. As related by himself it forms a volume of such subtle and exquisite charm, that the most accomplished *literati* read and re-read it with ever-increasing admiration. One of the most distinguished of his countrymen let no year pass without again enjoying the wonderful "Confessions."

Living, until past middle age, the life of a wanderer, with no ambition and no dreams of future greatness, his genius ripened by itself, and finally burst upon the world in all its splendor.

It is difficult to exaggerate the influence of Rousseau. In how many dwellings in France were the *Emilia* and the *Contrat Social* laid open upon the family altar, before which the lamp was constantly kept burning.

Born in Geneva in 1712, he was scarcely seven years old, when romances became his mental food; he and his father (his mother died at his birth,) often passing whole nights reading aloud to each other. Judge of the effect of so early and thorough an awakening of the imagination of one of the most sensitive temperaments that ever lived. After the library of novels was exhausted the two fell back on that class of fiction called history and biography; which differs from the first by being founded on fact.

We can easily understand that an apprenticeship to a brutal master was found to be unbearable, nor will it surprise us to learn that he embraced the first opportunity to run away.

Passing over the Alps into Italy, his imagination drank in at every turn the wild, the picturesque, and the beautiful, and he fondly imagined that he was entering a world where beauty and pleasure would vie with each other in making his life a dream. Forced by his poverty to accept menial situations, it was on one of these occasions that he purloined an old ribbon, which from the ado that has been made about it in Europe for a century, one might suppose it the first tifle ever stolen. Returning from Italy he found a friend and protectress in Madam de Warens, who, a recent convert to Catholicism, enjoyed a small pension from the king of Sardinia. This lady, then in the freshness of youth, and overflowing with generosity, undertook to have him educated for a priest, but upon trial it was decided that he did not possess the requisite capacity. He next essayed music, with little better success. Such was the singularity of his organization at that time, that he forgot everything as fast as he learned it. But if he could not learn from books, he could do what is still better, learn from life.

His organization, sensitive as a feather in the breeze, was swayed by every harmony and every beauty; and whether in the society of his fair patroness, who opened to him all the delights of a social life where sensibility vied with goodness; or whether in his wanderings in that delightful climate he went to sleep in the open air to the singing of the nightingale, and awoke to see the sun waking the landscape to new life and beauty, every-where he drank in the material which was to reappear in those pictures of life's possibilities, before which all Europe stood dumb with admiration.

He finally progressed in his knowledge of music far enough to enable him to invent a musical notation, which in 1749, he ventured to offer to the French Academy for their approval. While no member of this august body understood music as an expert, yet they did not hesitate to condemn the new system.* Although this attempt resulted in failure, it brought him in contact with the most brilliant men in France, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, and it was at the suggestion of the last, that, in the same year, at the age of 37, he wrote an Essay on the question, "Has the restoration of the sciences contributed to purify and correct morals?" This Essay secured the prize offered by the Academy of Dijon, and, on account both of the novelty of his views and the ability with which they were presented, placed the writer in the gaze of Europe and made him the correspondent of kings.

This was the commencement of his literary career, and was followed by *The Discourses*, *New Heloise*, *The Contrat Social* and *Emilia*, works composed with entire unanimity of purpose, and whose key-note is the boundless possibilities that exist for a life filled with beauty and happiness.

The conception of all this work dawned upon him in a moment, and he sank down on a stone by the roadside, his eyes suffused with tears, and the heavens of his imagination unrolling before him like a scroll. Nor were his the only tears shed; no works ever printed, whether we consider their immediate or their ultimate effects, are at all comparable to Rousseau's. Such was the rush for them, that a franc was paid for the use of a volume, and an hour only was allowed for its perusal; and when the General Assembly met in 1789, it was found to be saturated with the spirit of Rousseau. Mirabeau was its living embodiment, and it at times almost seemed that his rare union of genius and common sense could perform the impossible, could turn human affairs into an entirely new channel, and realize at once the reign of Liberty and Justice. That dream has passed, but Rousseau's ideals remain, nor does it matter whether he placed them in the future or in the past, the passionate wish to realize them in the

present was still the same. In the *New Heloise* we have an idealization of domestic life, and half Europe was in love with *Julia*; in *Emilia* we have a picture of the training of children of such surpassing interest that the mothers of fashionable France took their practically orphaned children literally to their bosoms again, thus giving them the sustenance that nature requires.

Rousseau was deeply indebted to Locke and Montesquieu, but what in them were cold and halting utterances, read by few and understood by fewer, fused in the fire of his genius came forth images of such life and beauty that the world paused to worship. The opening sentence of the *Contrat Social*, "Man-kind were born free, yet to-day every-where they are slaves," thrilled through two continents and commenced two Revolutions.

In Politics, while in Europe the realization of Liberty seems subject to many vicissitudes and many reactions, do we, in this happier land, know how much we are indebted to Rousseau through Jefferson, the father of the liberal side of our Constitution, who, living in France from '85 to '90 drank so deeply of his spirit, that he frequently seems to express himself in Rousseau's own words. In Sociology we trace his influence through Fourier, St Simon, Comte, Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, down to the glorious Religion of Humanity, which the Infidels of to-day are seeking to establish.

Rousseau was not, of course, free from those errors of opinion which floated in the mental atmosphere in which he lived; not a few of which the ripe knowledge and more thorough criticism of an added century have shown to be baseless; but the impulse which he lent the hopes and imparted to the consciences of mankind still live and flow in a thousand channels, which it is almost as difficult to overrate as to define. Even the project of direct trade between producers, which the Granges are seeking to establish, may be found sketched at length in the pages of the *New Heloise*.

In one of his ramblings Rousseau called at a peasant's cottage for refreshment, and was offered a bit of sour barley bread. Eyeing him narrowly, the peasant became assured that he was not a spy of the tax-gatherer, and brought forth some palatable bread and wine, which he kept concealed in a hole under the floor. Rousseau never forgot this. "What!" exclaimed he, "is not a man allowed to eat the poor moiety of that which he wrings from the earth with so much toil and sweat, without constantly trembling lest he be spoiled by law; lest his simple bread and poor, sour wine be taken from him to satisfy a rapacity which is boundless?"

While in the "Confessions" he lays bare his faults as never human being did before nor since, the judicious remember in his favor how much of life is a masquerade, that we go into society with our company faces, that biographers trick out their heroes in so many plumes that they no more resemble the naked reality than does a peacock strutting resemble a peacock plucked. Rousseau's nature was deeply earnest, no trace of the humorous was found in his composition, and no one tried harder and few more successfully to live up to their ideals. He had the rare manliness to decline all gifts from his rich friends, even refusing to be presented to the king, when such presentation would, without doubt, have resulted in the offer of a pension; and, honest man as he was, earned his own frugal living. Fashionable society was revolting to him; he could bear neither its restraints nor its frivolity, and it is no doubt owing to this deep earnestness of his nature that it was said, that, while "Voltaire made only skeptics, Rousseau made fanatics."

It should be remembered that while Diderot represented Atheism, and Voltaire Deism, or natural religion, Rousseau differed from both in feeling that religion was one of life's necessities. They were all equally under the ban of the Church, however, and alike suffered from its persecutions.

Some monks got hold of him as he was running away from his master, converted him to Catholicism, and gave him four dollars: it is likely he prized the money more than he did the religion. After a long absence he returned to his native city and was seized with a strong desire to resume his citizenship, the indispensable condition of which was, that he should join the Protestant Church. He swallowed the bitter pill, but the truce was of short duration: the *Contrat Social* appearing, it was ordered to be burned by the public hangman at Paris, and its author thrown into prison: thus he got a blow from the Catholic side, and the Marquis of Luxembourg sent her carriage for him at two in the morning, to hurry him to Geneva as a place of safety. But the Protestants of Geneva were not a whit behind the Catholics of Paris. They too ordered his books to the flames and himself to prison. He took refuge from his persecutors on a small island in a remote part of the lake, and when they hunted him from thence, he wrote them this remarkable letter, "I am weary of being hunted, I have now nowhere to go; have mercy on me and place me in one of your dungeons, I ask only to see the sun, and to be allowed to walk for an hour each day on the green grass; you have made both my life and my liberty a burden to me and I care not how soon you deprive me of either."

We cannot trace the sorrows of Rousseau's later life, imbibed as it was by persecution and ill health, both of which causes were quite sufficient to shatter nerves less delicate than his. What wonder then that he sometimes mistook his friends for his enemies, and

deemed himself the victim of conspiracies which had no other foundation than his own morbid fancies? Let him repose with our deepest gratitude as one of the great benefactors of our race. He died July 2d, 1778.

The following specimen of Rousseau's style will, we trust, prove of interest to our readers:

"Christopher de Beaumont, 'by the grace of God Archbishop of Paris, Duke of Saint Cloud, Peer of France, Commander of the order of the Holy Ghost,' had issued (Aug 20th, 1762) one of those hateful documents in which bishops, Catholic and Protestant, have been wont for the last century and a half to hide with swollen bombastic phrase their dead and decomposing ideas. The windy folly of these poor pieces is usually in proportion to the hierarchic rank of those who promulgate them, and an Archbishop owes it to himself to blaspheme against reason and freedom in superlatives of malignant unction."

Rousseau's reply to this most vindictive attack of the bishop's is a masterpiece, and vindicates well the dignity of human nature. At the very first words, the mitre, the crosier, and the ring fall into the dust: "Why, my lord, have I anything to say to you? What is there between you and me? You accuse me of temerity," he cried; "how have I earned such a name, when I only propounded difficulties, and even that with so much reserve; when I only advanced reasons, and even that with so much respect; when I attacked no one, nor even named one? And you, my lord, how do you dare to reproach with temerity a man of whom you speak with such scanty justice and so little decency, with so small respect and with so much levity? You call me impious, and of what impiety can you accuse me—me who never spoke of the Supreme Being except to pay him the honor and glory that are his due, nor of any man except to persuade all men to love one another? The impious are those who unworthily profane the cause of God by making it serve the passions of men. The impious are those who, daring to pass for interpreters of divinity, and judges between it and man, exact for themselves the honors due to it only. The impious are those who arrogate to themselves the right of exercising the power of God on earth, and insist on opening and shutting the gates of heaven at their own good will and pleasure. The impious are those who have libels read in the church. At this horrible idea my blood is enkindled, and tears of indignation fill my eyes. Priests of the God of peace, you shall render an account one day, be very sure, of the use to which you have put his house. . . . My lord you have publicly insulted me: I have now convicted you of heaping calumny upon me. If you were a private person like myself, so that I could cite you before an equitable tribunal, and we could both appear before it, I with my book, and you with your mandate, assuredly you would be declared guilty and condemned to make reparation as public as the wrong was. But you belong to a rank that relieves you from the necessity of being just, and I am nothing. Yet you who profess the gospel, you a prelate appointed to teach others their duty, you know your own in such a case. Mine I have done: I have nothing more to say to you, and I hold my peace."

The Savoyard Vicar in *Emilia*, had dwelt on the difficulty of accepting revelation as the voice of God, on account of the long distance of time between us, and the questionableness of the religious testimony. To which the Archbishop thus replied: "But is there not then an infinity of facts, even earlier than those of the Christian revelation, which it would be absurd to doubt? By what other than that of human testimony has our author himself known of Sparta, and Athens, and Rome, whose laws, manners and heroes he extols with such assurance? How many generations of men between him and the historians who have preserved the memory of these events?" "First," says Rousseau in answer, "it is in the order of things that human circumstances should be attested by human evidence, and they can be attested in no other way. I can only know that Rome and Sparta existed, because contemporaries assure me that they existed. In such a case this intermediate communication is indispensable. But why is it necessary between God and me? Is it simple or natural that God should have gone in search of Moses to speak to Jean Jacques Rousseau? Second, nobody is obliged to believe that Sparta once existed, and nobody will be cast into Hell for doubting it. Every fact of which we are not witnesses is only established by moral proofs, and moral proofs have various degrees of strength. Will the divine justice hurl me into Hell for missing the exact point at which proof becomes irresistible? If there is in the world an attested story, it is that of witchcraft; nothing is wanting for judicial proof—reports and certificates from notables, surgeons, clergy, magistrates. But who believes in witchcraft, and shall we be damned for not believing? Third, my constant experience, and that of all men is stronger in reference to prodigies, than the testimony of some men."

A NEW religious vagary in California is a sect of "Child Christians," who interpret literally the passage: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." They endeavor to feel and act like children, playing childish games and adopting an infantile manner of speech,

* It is said that the "Sol Fa" system so rapidly growing into favor in England is deeply indebted to Rousseau.

Letters to a Preacher.

NO. IX.

"Science has hardly an existence where the Bible has not been, nor is there one fact in science that contradicts anything taught in the Scriptures."—J. S.

I think thou must surely be one of those over-zealous persons "who never read anything but the Bible," else thou would not make such a wholesale assertion right in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary.

It would be safer to say science only flourishes where intelligence and culture are known, for we all know that the old Jew-book has been one of the greatest enemies to science, and in spite of the efforts of all its believers and upholders, it is impossible to make its absurd statements tally with the scientific facts. Does science prove that "Christ saw Satan fall like lightning from heaven," or that he gave "people power to tread on serpents and not be hurt" (Luke x: 18, 19), or that "the sun and moon stood still," and then "went on" at the "light of thine arrows" (Hab. iii: 2), or that because of the prayers of Elias, it "rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months," or that Lot's wife was turned into salt, or Elijah "went up like a whirlwind into heaven," or that Jonah was three days in the whale, or that three men could stand in a fiery furnace, and come forth without even a hair singed, or that any one could by any possibility see all the kingdoms of a round world by going to the top of a high mountain (Math iv: 8), or that flesh, skin and sinews could come again upon old dry bones, and a living, breathing army be made of them (Ezek. xxxvii: 1, 10), or that witches and devils ever existed, or that pure water could be made into wine, or that through faith any one could walk on water, or the story of the loaves and fishes, the tale of the quails, the myths of the ark, the plagues of Egypt, Balaam's ass, Samson's feats, or that "sycamore" trees could be plucked up by the roots and cast into the sea," by one who has faith even as a grain of mustard seed, or that any prayer ever was specially answered, or that an invisible God can have an image (Coloss. i: 15), or that rain comes from heaven, "when heaven is shut there is no rain" (Kings viii: 35), or that there *is* or *can be* any such heaven as is described in Rev., with its beasts full of eyes before and behind, as well as within? and indeed I could fill reams of paper with just such unscientific narrations as these, taken literally from this prolific volume. But I think I have given you proof enough to show that it was never inspired by a scientist. True those tales were natural enough at that day and time, for the people then thought it all the greater merit in them to be able to swallow incredible statements. "Fairy tales," "Arabian Nights," "Jack the Giant-Killer," and all those great works of imaginative idealists originated in this passion for the wonderful and the incredible. I was reading a story from the "Arabian Nights," of the "Enchanted Horse," to a group of listeners one evening, when all at once a young man spoke up, saying seriously, "I hardly believe all that!" He was one of the few "innocents" who still think that if a thing is in print it must be true. Christianity now claims to welcome science as a co-worker in its cause. Precisely so did she claim the new school of Astronomers when she found that science had fairly proved the world to be round, and she felt that it was yield or die!

So likewise did she adopt the geological researches that proved the world to be sons of ages old, and man to have inhabited it tens, if not hundreds of thousands of years, instead of the paltry "six thousand" that she once so zealously maintained; and now that science has so effectually demonstrated that the "best of books" (?) was never divinely inspired by the God of Moses or any other god or goddess, and finally that there is not, nor can there be, any such infinite beings, she will have to yield again or be totally annihilated. She may remodel, fix up, re-translate and rebuild upon continually changing foundations, and call it the "same old jack-knife yet," but it will not be the Christianity of to-day, nor that of one hundred and fifty, nor five hundred years ago, though called by the same name, as the liberal Christians of to-day call the unknown forces in nature "God" yet do not mean by that name, the old Bible Deity who was made in the image of man; though to those who do believe in this God it conveys that idea, and thence they cry "they all believe in God," yet we know they do not believe in any personal identity who specially creates, makes or unmakes worlds, systems or a Universe! or who interferes in any way, or knows or cares, or can know or care what is taking place here or anywhere.

The Liberals and Scientists, many of them, use the term God to express a far different meaning from the one that they really hold themselves, even as Christ himself is said to have spoken in parables "that seeing they might see and not perceive, and hearing they might hear and not understand." It has always been the fashion to do all that was possible to deceive the vulgar, to blind the ignorant, so that they may be kept in leading strings. Should our Liberals and Scientists come out frankly and say what they actually know—"There is no God and no use for any," it would shock the ignorant and the zealous, but would it not be far better in the end than stooping to deceive, and truckling to popular prejudices? Rev. E. A. Washburn says, speaking of God, "That this personal

Will is benevolent, and is shown to be so by the fact of the Universe, which evinces a providential care for men and other animals." This is just one of the plausibilities which passed muster before scientific method was understood, but modern science rejects it as unproved. Respectfully,

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Answer to "How is it?"

A POEM PUBLISHED IN THE TRUTH SEEKER, MAY 15, '75.

Not every one that crieth Lord—
So it is written in the word—
But he that does my Father's will,
His conscience whispers, Peace, be still.
Thus it is.

'Tis those who do profess the most
And those who vauntingly may boast
We've prophesied in his great name,
That will ensure us from all harm.
Thus it is.

They that a cup of water give,
To help the thirsty soul to live;
If in my name the gift be press'd
The giver shall be surely bless'd
Thus it is.

He is a good Samaritan
Who helps the needy all he can;
Who dresses wounds with healing oil,
And from good deeds does not recoil.
Thus it is.

Pardon me friend, there is no hell,
For Christian or for Infidel.
Love and good works if all will do
Will surely carry us safe through.
Thus it is.

The liberal mind despises creeds,
For his religion is good deeds.
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
And thus he scatters the good seed.
Thus it is.

And here you ask has he a soul?
Have you not seen the lengthy scroll
From Georgia to the State of Maine,
How men are being born again?
Thus it is.

The darkness of the dreadful past
Is brightening to the reader fast.
The poor despised had Infidel
Is rolling back the pall of hell.
Thus it is.

And Science with many golden rods
Is after all the ancient gods,
Whether of wood, or stone, or gold,
Old Orthodoxy's story's told.
Thus it is.

Saving Mankind

From the Influence of Church and Priest a Solemn Duty.

The recent atrocious murder of a little girl in Boston, in a church on Sunday in broad daylight, by one of the officers of the "holy institution"—one who had probably experienced a "change of heart"—(was it changed to adamant that it had no pity for a tender and defenseless babe?) been baptized and washed clean in the "blood of the Lamb," should certainly be an admonition to church-gogers to keep away from places that every now and then are shown to be the resort of villains of the deepest dye.

Had such an event transpired in some Infidel or Spiritualist meeting, every publication in the land would be filled with warnings; and I am not certain but the strong arm of the law would be invoked to close the doors of the building.

"Why do you not attend church?" once asked a "hard-shell Baptist" preacher of your correspondent. "To me, attending church is a silly waste of precious time," was my reply. There are many palpable reasons why people ought not to go to church. And now, it is evident that life is in peril in the sacred sanctuary. Who would go where danger lurks? Where one's life is in jeopardy? Who can have a desire to have his skull fractured, be shockingly mutilated and disfigured, and then flung into the belfry of an orthodox church steeple and there left to die, as was little Mabel Young? And lastly, there comes a tale of a burning church in Holyoke, Mass., and nearly a hundred victims crushed, mangled and swallowed up in the devouring element. *Where was God that day? Was he in his holy temple?* Was he there where men and women had come to worship "his holy name?" When such calamities strike men dumb with terror, I like to know the whereabouts of God in the trial hour; I inquire, but alas, only echo answers—where? I inquire of believers if their God is blind, deaf, dumb and helpless; if he is a mocker, and heartless in moments of peril; and they answer by calling me a blasphemer. And I would as soon be called that as be known as a believer in a stupid, insipid, lifeless God, as cold as the waxen image of the Virgin Mary.

But has it not at least become the solemn duty of

Infidels and Liberals generally to use every lawful means to induce Christians to see the error of their ways, and shun priests and churches as they would venomous serpents? Should not all be guarded, and avoid those dismal abodes of wickedness and crime, as they would a pestilence or plague? And those who have the light must be constant in spreading the good news of salvation from the Christian yoke of oppression and murder, for life is too precious and beautiful to be ruthlessly destroyed within the gloomy walls of an ill-ventilated, musty church edifice.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

Fall River, Mass.

A New Prophet.

A Prophet has arisen at Appleton, Wis. Is he the Messiah, or is he John the Baptist?

He preacheth not in temples made with hands, nor behind costly pulpits; the blue canopy of the heavens is the roof of his church, and mother earth his sacred floor. With pulpits he is, nevertheless, abundantly provided, nor is it often that he uses the same one a second time, as the materials are often used in building the abode of Christians, or in cooking the meals of a banker. When he preaches in the streets of our city Gomorrah, standing aloft on a pile of stones or cord wood, a dry goods box, or some other temporal eminence, which his young proselytes, after school hours will erect for him, he crieth forth with a loud voice, saying: "Repent, and flee the wrath of God before it is too late!" He delivers more sermons than any other follower of Christ in this God-forsaken place. He is not Elias, for I saw him preach last winter in a snow bank three feet deep, a dozen "young Americas" in his rear, who, of course, did not call him bald head, as such would not have been applicable; but when they saw he was possessed of the Holy Ghost, and was getting too hot, they pushed him occasionally into the snow in order to cool him off. I immediately started off in full run to get a gun; for sure, I thought he would now call on the she-bears; but no—this meek man of God did not even reproach them with a single word—which shows that also the prophets have improved. He arose and continued preaching, was pushed again, stumbled and fought against the snow, being so full of the spirit, that he kept preaching continually the mighty word of God. Whether he will be crucified or not, there is no telling as yet. The unbelievers—our Christians—have persecuted, and at last accused him, saying, *he is a nuisance!* Accordingly he was cast into prison by the authorities; but, as nothing could be brought against this prophet, by which they could find him guilty to deserve crucifixion, they turned him loose again. But he did not leave the country like his predecessor Jesus, when he was in danger of being caught. On the contrary, he is now preaching again in the streets, the same as before, as though nothing had happened. But the Christians will no more listen to him; as they could not hang him, they now say *he is crazy*.

O Christianity! is it thus that thou treat thy prophets in the nineteenth century? Had he been born a thousand years ago, when the Christian world knew better how to esteem those gems of the gospel, the same persons who now say he is crazy, would pray to him, "St. Brown pray for us!"

He works with the common laborer through the week, preaches in the evening, sometimes in the day; but especially on Sundays, without wages; nay, without a church, in all he is a true follower of Christ's teachings; and yet they will not listen to his words. Verily, I see, the good times for the prophets have vanished.

G. H. KRUSCHKE.

Appleton, Wis., June 1st, 1875.

CROW NOT TOO SOON.—Charles J. Simpson of Keithsburg, Ill., whom the Christian papers were making much ado about, as the converted Infidel, is not likely to add much peace to their souls. Thirty years ago he was a licensed Methodist preacher, and but few in the West could excel him in eloquence or power of converting souls at revivals. Poor pay drove him from the ministry, and he commenced to earn his bread in an honest way, and for ten or fifteen years worked steadily at the shoemaker's bench. He then abandoned the work and began lecturing on Veterinary surgery. He is a great joker, and delights in playing pranks on the Church. A few years ago he was at a town in Iowa, where a protracted meeting was in progression, and as he wished a good time, he introduced himself as a minister and offered his services, which were accepted, and he assisted until the close of the meeting, when the congregation, who were so well pleased with his services, raised a collection and presented him with a \$50 American watch, which he is still wearing. He is a Materialist in every sense of the word, and the "Convention at Memphis" was only one of his practical jokes at the expense of the clergy.

A NEAR-SIGHTED Boston man was lately riding in a street car, when a lady opposite bowed to him. He returned the bow, raised his hat, smiled sweetly, and was just wondering who she was, when she came over and whispered in his ear, "Oh! I'll fix you for this, old man! Then he knew it was his wife.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

4. We do not believe he ever established the great evils, priesthood and kingcraft in the world to oppress and curse the human race for thousands of years.

5. We do not believe God ever co-habited with a young Jewish maiden and thereby begot a son half god and half man. This idea appears so entirely a borrowed one from prior heathen mythology we give it no credence at all. If there was such a person as Jesus Christ, he had a natural father, the same as every other being who came into the world, and was no more God than any other good man.

6. We do not believe any human being is to be eternally damned for not believing that which is impossible for him to believe, as it is every man's undoubted right to believe and accept that which to him seems just, right and true.

Having now answered our friend's questions; having told him some things we do believe and some things we do not believe, we wish to ask him a few questions, and hope he will reply to them with the same fairness we have endeavored to exercise.

1. If it is necessary the Universe should have been created, is it not just as necessary its author should have been created?

2. Whence came the Jewish and Christian God, and how long has he existed?

3. How could God make the boundless Universe from nothing?

4. Is it likely a good God would make millions of creatures, and make also a wily Devil to decoy ninety-nine hundredths of them to eternal destruction?

5. Why did God make the Devil?

6. If he did not make evil, where did it come from?

7. What possible good can it do to punish forever countless millions of weak and unfortunate beings? Can keeping them in torture perpetually, really add to the glory of God?

8. If God is unchangeable, and always the same, how could he repent on one day of what he had done on another day?

9. Would it be unjust or unkind in God to rule that all men should be happy in whatever state of existence they may occupy?

10. By what principle of justice can cruelty inflicted upon an innocent person be counted as justification to the guilty?

11. Is it possible for father and son to be of the same age, or for the latter to beget the former?

12. If God raised up the priesthood to lead and guide the world, why did he not endow them with more self-denial and virtue than they seem to possess?

13. Is God so influenced by blood, whether of bullocks, rams, he-goats, or his only begotten son, as to forgive the sins of the blackest criminals, while towards countless millions of other unfortunate beings his displeasure continues forever?

We have propounded the same number of questions our friend asked us. If he will be kind enough to reply to them we will be glad to ask him a few more. Shall we hear from him?

"Common Sense."

We regret that the able, sprightly and well-conducted Liberal, Spiritualistic Journal by this name, published more than a year in San Francisco, has been compelled to succumb and go to the wall for lack of support. It certainly deserved a better fate. The cause of Liberalism and Freethought has not too many advocates, and too much is not being done to liberate the sons and daughters of America to free them from the shackles and fetters of bondage and superstition. We are truly sorry that any able advocate of mental liberty and the rights of man is obliged to "step down and out" for want of appreciation and encouragement. When a new Liberal paper starts, we fear too many stand back and withhold their support until they see whether it is going to "live" or not—to see whether it can survive, before they venture to risk a dollar upon it. This is not right. As well might the parents of a new-born babe withhold nourishment and protection from the little new-beginner until it proved itself able to live without them. How many *petite* squallers could survive under such treatment?

Within a few days we were conversing with a friend

from Baltimore, a Mr. R., who is engaged in publishing an Insurance Journal. We were comparing notes as to the effect of the hard times upon our respective journals and as to the relative assistance each received from advertising space. He showed us a page of his paper, considerably smaller than THE TRUTH SEEKER, on which were four advertisements, each occupying a quarter of the space. He asked what we thought he obtained for that one page. We feared we would not make the estimate high enough, and we said one thousand dollars for a year. He assured us he obtained three thousand dollars for it. We replied that we did not believe it was worth half that amount to the companies thus advertising, especially as the journal circulates only among insurance men who would not be the ones to patronize them. "O," said he, it is not the benefit they expect to derive from the advertisements that induces them to pay for that amount of space, as they really derive little or no benefit from them; they do it to sustain an insurance organ in which they have confidence. They are well aware it costs money to publish such a Journal, and they take that means of contributing to its support, and it is similar with the seventy-five or one hundred parties who occupy our advertising columns.

This set us to thinking. Here are four parties that cheerfully pay \$750 each per year to sustain a journal devoted to their interests, and there are three or four score more of others doing similarly. How, queried we, does the support of our Liberal friends compare with this? We fear unfavorably. Many of them do not seem to think it incumbent on them to patronize any Liberal paper. Some deign to invest 25 cents for THE TRUTH SEEKER for three months and then "haul off" for fear of too much extravagance, while others are able to get their hearts open wide enough to risk \$1.75 or \$3.00, or even \$3.50 per year.

Has not the Liberal element of this country a vital interest in the success of its organs? Is it any more than right and just that they should make a slight effort to help them stem the current of popular prejudice and priestly opposition? The Liberals of America certainly have a duty to perform in this direction. They should realize their journals are advocating their sentiments, that they ought to be promulgated throughout the land, that Christians will not support these journals, and that Liberals only can be looked to for that purpose. No one certainly ought to cripple themselves or endanger the welfare of their family for the sake of any paper, but there are thousands who are perfectly able to take a Liberal journal who do not do so.

Were it vouchsafed to us that two wishes that we might make should be accomplished, the first would be that every free-hearted Liberal may have all that is necessary for his happiness. The second would be, that such Liberals as already have the pecuniary ability to aid in spreading truth may have the disposition to use a portion of it for that purpose.

Died.

Two faithful, earnest and devoted Liberals have recently fallen asleep in death. CAPT. E. G. POTTER, of Bellevue, Iowa, died on May 29th, aged eighty-three years, seven months and twelve days. He was born in Brookfield, Mass.; he moved to Iowa in 1842 with a moderate capital, which he invested in farming lands. By industry, frugality and good management he acquired an ample fortune of some \$300,000. He was a Liberal of positive and strong convictions, but by his uniform upright character, he secured the respect of all who knew him, whether believers or unbelievers. He died calmly and placidly in the full enjoyment of the belief he had cherished scores of years. The funeral services were performed by the friends of the family, without the aid of any priest.

JOSHUA BELL, Esq., of Chicago, a very worthy citizen, was also far advanced in life. By the practice of manly, upright conduct he secured the esteem of his numerous acquaintances.

These were men of more than average intelligence and integrity, and it is a loss to the world when such pass away. We trust their mantles will fall upon worthy successors.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will still be sent three months, post paid, to trial subscribers for the small sum of twenty-five cents. Readers, can you not afford to send it to some of your friends who are needing and craving truth?

TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS. Send for a lot of these little documents to hand around among your neighbors and acquaintances. They are well calculated to do missionary work and open the eyes of those troubled with mental blindness. See list on last page.

PATENT BINDERS. We still have these on hand, of suitable size for THE TRUTH SEEKER, with the name in gold on the front. They are very convenient for keeping the papers regular, clean, and in place. We send them, postage paid, for \$1.10. Who takes another?

Studying the Bible.

We have before us 'Studying the Bible' by ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER. A more novel style of presenting questions we have never seen nor heard of. No person who has not given the subject considerable attention could compile a work of this character, and present in so strong a light its contradictions and absurdities, found in the Scriptures.—*Iconoclast*, Washington, D. C.

"A running, racy, joking, laughing, sentimental, poetical commentary—a cutting sceptical commentary—a sound sensible, useful, truthful commentary."—*Liberal*, Chicago.

"A capital book, and everybody should read it; its obvious qualities are fearless discussion, honest independence, a strong desire for truth, and a warm interest in everything that can promote the welfare of humanity."—*Investigator*, Boston.

To read it is to lose faith in the Bible.—Z. Hockett M.D., Anderson, Ind.

It opens out the Bible and shows just what it is, all its absurdities—not one of them is spared, all its trash, nonsense, folly, mischief and rascality of the old Jew-book and a little of the ignorance, depravity, conceit and villainy of the jugglers and medicine men who make it their business to impose that holy volume upon society as the word of God.—*Liberal*, Chicago.

It is seldom we find so much truth, sense and research, combined in a small compass.—J. Hazletine, Baraboo, Wis.

The original poetry, simple, yet always to the point is well worth the price.—C. M. Sautelle, Oregon.

My convictions are that this little book is doing more good alone in opening the eyes of the people to the truths than all the salaried preachers on the globe.—Sam Leonard, St. Jo. Mo.

It is one of the keenest, boldest written, and most sensible commentaries on the Bible ever written. It embodies the thoughts of a life-time and deserves to stand side by side with Paine's Age of Reason, which it fairly eclipses.—*Irenius, Jr.*, Bronson, Mich.

PLYMOUTH WILL STAND BY HIM.—From the *Buffalo Courier*:

"There came to hear Beach a good deacon of Plymouth,

As pious a man as you'd meet in a day;

He listened awhile, and then, making a wry mouth,

Looked scornfully around him and hastened away;

Saying, as he went out: 'It is really outrageous,

The language this lawyer's permitted to use;

But one thing he can't do, this Beach the rampageous,

He can't bust old Plymouth or damage the pews.

'No matter what happens we will stick to our pastor,

Let Beach and the Tiltonites talk as they will;

We ain't apprehensive of any disaster,

But let the worst come and we'll stick to him still.

We feel pretty sure of the jury-box sages,

And Henry himself ain't got nothing to fear,

For if they convict him we'll just raise his wages,

And make 'em at least thirty thousand a year.'"

MR. TILTON's counsel profess to have proof that the jury have been improperly approached, and say that evidence is almost daily proffered to them. Mr. Beach has received the following letter: "SIR: Last evening I was dining with several gentlemen in Brooklyn, among whom were two staunch supporters of Plymouth Church. The conversation turned upon the Beecher trial, in which the two gents joined. I asked one of them, 'What is the real opinion of the Plymouth Church congregation in regard to Beecher?' He replied, 'Oh, we all believe him guilty, but for the credit of the church we must get him through it at any price. It has already cost us a deal of money; the jurymen are rather high in their wants, but we have fixed five or six of them, so there is sure not to be a verdict against us. We have got the foreman all right.' This definite information, however, is represented by them as being only an indication of positive proof that they have accumulated. They say they can prove that a member of the Brooklyn Ring boasted that nine of the jurors "were sure for Beecher," some through purchase and others through other influences.

Woman's Rights and Man's Wrongs!

BY JOHN SYMPHERS.

The present age is a concentration and focalization of the light of all the ages that have gone before it. The grand accumulation of all the rays emanating from the great luminaries that have arose and set, and under whose influence we have been continually revolving.

Our world began in midnight, and progressed to twilight—from twilight to starlight—from starlight to moonlight—and from moonlight to sunlight. This being the sunlight age of the world it would naturally be supposed to be super-eminent the age of new thought and progressive ideas.

A close study of history will reveal unto us the fact that every nation has had a mission; some of them succeeded pretty well in working out their peculiar missions, others only partly succeeded, while many others failed altogether. The mission of the great American government is to solve the great problem of *universal liberty*. American slavery was one of the great hindrances to the fulfilment of our mission; but that, we have now fortunately got rid of, although at an immense sacrifice and a very narrow escape of our national life. Yet we still have another system of slavery and bondage hanging over us, which we must also get rid of.

Women, by the constitution, are citizens, and it follows then that fully one half of our American citizens have no political status; and as long as this remains the case, the great problem of our national existence is only half solved, and the end of our mission only half attained. We must solve the other half of this great problem, or we will yet be where Greece and Rome now are, and contribute our share to that great heap of ruins—the driftwood and debris of "busted nations" and empires, now scattered all along down the great highway of nations. Modern science has taught us that there is no effect without its appropriate cause. This being axiomatic, it behooves us to dig deep and search close for the cause that can produce so great an effect, as the downfall and ruin of a republic, kingdom or empire. I am almost ready to proclaim to the world, that I have discovered the key that unlocks this great secret. There are two great elements pervading the entire realms of nature—the positive and the negative—the male and the female. All things that would live, even governments themselves, must have these two elements united within them. In the union of these two elements there is life, in their separation there is death.

"Let no man put asunder what God hath joined together." A purely male government, one in which woman has no political voice, no vote, no status, will and must, according to the eternal fitness of things, soon go to the dogs. I affirm in the light of all history, that this was the great cause that wrecked so many kingdoms and "busted" so many empires. It will most surely do the same thing for us, sooner or later, unless we heed the great warning of the past, and hasten to correct this matter which looms up before us as one of the world's great mistakes. Our best statesmen and political economists declare that signs and symptoms of our political death and decay as a nation are already becoming so very apparent, that even men of the most ordinary capacity cannot help but discern them. Our politicians have become fearfully and awfully corrupt. Our American manhood, too, is rotting down. The destroying influences of beer, gin, rum, brandy, whisky and tobacco are fast doing the job for us, and I tell you that unless we reform, and that speedily too, old mortification will have us, and in fact I am not absolutely certain but it has already set in. Old *Sal-oon* and Mrs. Spittoon are the Devil's right and left bowers true indices of man's drunkenness and nastiness. A spittoon filled with nasty, stinking, poisoned saliva—old exhausted quids and gutter snipes, is enough to make hell sick and the Devil spew.

Oh! when will men learn to purify their bodies and live clean and inspired lives? We need a religion—it is absolutely the world's great desideratum. A religion which shall make the *salvation of the body* the great central idea, instead of the salvation of the soul. True morality is physiological instead of theological. The time will come when bodily conditions will be the recognized qualifications for church membership, instead of a head crammed full of myths and silly doctrines, and perhaps a mouth full of tobacco. The time will come when committees, appointed to examine applicants for church membership, will look into their mouths and *smell their breath*, instead of asking them a hundred silly questions about Gods, Christs, hells, Devils, gardens, Adams, Eves, original sins, falls, &c., &c. A tooth brush sticking out of a man's pocket, to me is a synonym of heaven; a black plug of tobacco in a man's pocket is a synonym of hell. I know many preachers who both chew and smoke, and seldom wonder why God don't answer their prayers. They pretend to know so much about God, and yet have not learned the great fact, that no prayer issuing from a dirty mouth, and enveloped in a stinking breath can ever enter into his ear. His ears are open only to prayers that issue from clean mouths and pure hearts. I once saw the President of these United States; I was listening to his talk; he looked nice and clean, and I was thinking to myself what a

pity that he is such an inveterate smoker. But you cannot imagine how my estimation and admiration of General Grant arose, when I discovered a large splendid tooth brush sticking out of his pocket. I never think of General Grant now without thinking of his tooth brush.

I will now mention a most fearful thought. Did you ever think that all those millions upon millions of money, used by this government and collected as revenue, arises from the manufacture and sales of whisky and tobacco—that which sends the bodies of tens of thousands of our fellow citizens to fill drunkards graves every year? I say nothing of their souls—which, if the popular religion be true—must weep and wail in woe, and kick the firebrands of hell in every direction; not only for a few hundred years, but for all eternity. The scriptures inform us that the wages of sin, are *death*; and unless we reform, and that quickly, we will be made to feel the awful truth of this declaration, both as a nation and as individuals. No nation whose revenues are derived from a price set upon that which destroys the souls and bodies of its citizens, can exist for any great length of time. But,

We will "bust" as sure as hell,

Will "bust,"

With an overload of sin,

For I tell you that our outer crust

Is getting mighty thin.

The salvation of our country demands that we have some new element of life and vitality infused into our great political system, and that it be done immediately. But there is no element in existence, not yet appropriated, that can be brought in, *except the female element*. Everything else, *except that* has already been brought in and used up. The chains of woman's slavery which has held her down through so long a lapse of ages, *must now be broken*. She *must* have a voice in the making of those laws, to which she is held amenable, equally with man. Taxation without representation, will in time "bust" the strongest nation that ever existed. Our politics must have some purifying element infused into them, or we will soon be called upon to assist in singing our death requiem, thus:

Farewell vain world I'm going home,

We die just like old Greece and Rome,

Our policy, it cut our throat,

We would not let the women vote.

The female element alone has that redemption in it which we must have. She alone is pure, temperate and moral.

The whisky problem of this country will never be solved or settled, until we put the ballot into her hands. The female half of humanity will go almost solid for abolishing the making and selling of intoxicating drinks, by law. She will go for imposing heavy fines, penalties and imprisonment upon all the violators of said laws. Woman is now going to those hell-holes and saloons into which her husband and sons are creeping, both day and night, and has knelt upon her knees, with tears in her eyes and prayers upon her tongue; but comparatively it has done but little good, for still the demon rages. The next place she goes to will be to the poles, with the ballot in her hand, to see what can be affected by a change of tactics.

Woman must be made to stand side by side with man, his equal and his peer in everything. The old idea that man is the head of the family, is an exploded humbug, a monstrous lie. Woman is the head of the family, and not man. Man, instead of being the head of the family is only its tail—a kind of ornamental appendage. From woman, all the nations of the earth derive their existence. She gives birth, life and being to us all. But the objectors sneeringly asks what kind of a figure would woman cut upon the battle field? I answer, give her a political status equal with man, enfranchise her, and she will soon inaugurate such reforms in this world, that very soon there will be no battles to fight. She will bring about that long prayed for time when our swords shall be beaten into sheep shears, and our shears into fish hooks. But then suppose that wars actually *should* come, we will find that women, *if needed*, can do their part as they have often done, in this world's great battles. How about Joan of Arc? Was not she something of a success in the way of commanding an army? Woman has sometimes happened to have something to do in the affairs of government, and uniformly she has proved herself competent and a great success. Queen Victoria is a woman, I believe, and has swayed the sceptre over old England with great success, and to the general satisfaction of her millions of happy subjects.

But now in conclusion, I will give a few very definite reasons for female suffrage, and arrange them in numerical order:

1st. Women have the same natural and inalienable rights, and the same common interests, as men.

2d. They have as much concern in the establishment of justice; in domestic tranquility; in providing for the common defense, the common welfare, and in the securing of the blessings of liberty for themselves and their posterity, as men have.

3d. They are naturally as capable of determining what laws and measures will be equitable and right as men are.

4th. They have as strong a love of country, and as exalted and pure patriotism, as men have.

5th. They are taxed without representation, which is plainly unjust in any government claiming to be founded upon the principles that ours is.

6th. They are made amenable to the laws, even to the extent of capital punishment, and are thus judged by laws and often condemned to death by laws in which they have no part in enacting, and to which their consent has never been asked nor given.

7th. Deprived of the ballot, they have no means of self protection against any form of legal or judicial injustice.

8th. With the ballot, they will possess an equal share of political power with men, and thus be enabled to redress their wrongs.

9th. All *class* legislation is wrong in principle, and always sure to be oppressive.

10th. A government which excludes one half of its population from a participation in its affairs, is not a government of the whole people.

11th. To make sex alone the ground of exclusion from the exercise of political rights, is as tyrannical and unjust, as it was to make the color of the skin a crown for those abuses.

12th. Woman is the head of the family, and not man, and now with his round dozen of good substantial reasons for the speedy enfranchisement of women, and a solution of the great American problem of *equal rights for all*, I bid you good-by.

A Challenge.

TO REV. L. W. CHURCH, of West Winfield, N. Y.
My Dear Brother: I address you as brother, albeit you may not clearly apprehend the sense in which the term is used by Infidels, who regard all human kind one grand brotherhood, bigots not excepted, irrespective of their being either *in* Christ or *out* of Christ. Well, brother, I have a few words to say to you right here through THE TRUTH SEEKER. I was present a few months since at a convention of Spiritualists in Winfield, where after you had offensively notified the audience of your purpose of opening a pulpit crusade against Spiritualism upon a stated Sunday, you were challenged to public debate by Dr. H. P. Fairfield, one of the speakers. Upon your absolute refusal to meet him upon any conditions whatever, either at the Public Hall or your own church, the Dr. made some remark about "skulking behind a sectarian pulpit." I afterwards listened to the reading of your pulpit tirade against Spiritualists, Infidels, Atheists, Blasphemers, and such scientists as Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, &c., all of whom you ignorantly conglomerated into one hell-deserving lump of villainy, upon which you proceeded to pour your orthodox slops without stint. Allow me to whisper here to you that your pious essay was regarded by the sensible part of your audience as merely a medley of vituperation, fulminated by an ignorant, irate priest.

It was a discourse thoroughly infused with the spirit of Romans iii. 7: "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my *lie* unto his *glory* why yet am I also judged as a sinner?" I am informed that you have read that stereotyped sermon upon two occasions since. Perhaps you imagine it will continue ever new, like the good old song of Moses and the Lamb. But you are quite as particular as the spirit mediums to have the "conditions right." Your reading seems to depend wholly upon right conditions. You would not read at Cedarville, I am told, until arrangements had been made with the trustees of the church by which any attempt at reply would be squelched. At the close of your second reading in Winfield, an esteemed fellow-townsmen of yours, who attempted some remarks, was effectually Doxologized by a choral contrivance. Rev. Brother, *Truth never seeks cover*. David, the man after God's own heart, never stood for *cover*. He just *uncovered*, did that same David. See 2d Sam. vi. 20: "How glorious was the king of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself to-day in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncoverth himself."

Now, Brother, I propose to give you an opportunity of meeting, upon a free platform, an humble youth, who is conscious he can oppose to you nothing more formidable than his modicum of common sense. I have the most implicit faith in common sense against superstition, and *I hereby challenge you* to meet me in public debate, upon any issue involving either the merits of Christianity or Infidelity. The one condition I ask is that the platform be *free*; that there shall be no chance for *clerical hide-and-seek*—no playing Paul, as per 2 Cor. xii. 16: "Being *crafty* I caught you with *guile*." None of that, you understand! And should you, as the valiant shepherd of a flock, consider a duty you owe the sheep to come out boldly and face a so-called enemy of the fold, I will undertake to provide you a fit occasion. I pause for a reply.

Yours for free and fearless investigation,

CHARLES HYDE.

Frankfort, Herkimer Co., N. Y., June 10th, 1875.

ADAM GRIMM of Jefferson, Wis., is one of the largest honey raisers in the world. His crop for last year was 25,910 pounds, and his apiary consists of 1,158 colonies.

New-York Liberal Club.

JUNE 4TH, 1875.

[TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIFTH MEETING.]

A lecture was read by FREDERIC R. MARVIN, M.D., Professor of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence in the New York Free Medical College for women, on

The Literature of the Insane.

In entering upon the study of the literature of the insane, we are venturing into new fields of thought. Little information has been obtained with regard to the subject of this lecture. Essays have appeared, it is true, wherein the writings of Swedenborg, Blake and Fox are carefully and perhaps analytically studied; but such essays are constructed on metaphysical foundations which render them useless to students of science.

To understand the pathology of mind, and correctly appreciate the literature in which it frequently manifests itself, we must set aside as comparatively worthless all unknown factors in the problem which are not directly inferable from such as are known, we must be satisfied with the discovery, classification and study of the laws of phenomena; all search for essences and primary causes is unscientific and must be fruitless. When I speak of mind, understand me to mean not an essence, but a force resulting from and liberated by nervous action. This force must be studied objectively, since studied otherwise it vitiates its own results.

The literature of the insane has received superficial attention. The remarkable eccentricities, eloquence and wit which characterize a large part of it tend to dazzle and mislead even earnest students.

When we look at the vast and imposing structure of Islamism, overshadowing one hundred and forty millions of votaries, looming like a spectral city through the mist and darkness of the middle ages, and lifting its minarets into the full blaze of the nineteenth century, and remember that its foundations rest only on the wild visions of an epileptic—when we look at the mediæval world and behold millions of men, women and children casting their lives away with joy and exultation, leaving home and country to rescue Jerusalem from the hand of the Infidel, and remember that the Crusades grew out of the heated visions and reckless eloquence of an insane hermit—when we look at the prophetic writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, who was the forerunner of modern science, and remember his madness—when we look at the profound philosophy and splendid triumphs of Auguste Comte, the man whose genius streams like a ray of light into the far future, beyond our strongest vision, ever widening till it seems to cover the whole race with its transcendent glory, and then behold the founder of the Positive Philosophy groping his way like a child with nerves all unstrung, and shattered mind through Esquirol's asylum, carrying ever in his crazed brain the seed of a wisdom which should make men wise long after the illustrious teacher should be gathered to his fathers:—

When we behold these things, we are often too dazzled and amazed to correctly or carefully contemplate them. But it is not my purpose to devote this lecture to the study of any of the world's great madmen. Men like Mahomet, Swedenborg and Fox will be frequently referred to, but more as illustrating than as forming the subject of this discourse.

The two kinds of insanity which most frequently exhibit themselves through means of literature are epileptic insanity and melancholia. Epilepsy, in itself is not insanity, but is very closely related to it; the children of epileptics being especially liable to insanity.

Rapid and excited ideation is a frequent forerunner of epilepsy, especially among the young. Brilliant and poetic fancies are suggested to the imagination and frequently find expression in language wholly beyond the patient's command when in a normal condition. There is often developed a fondness for literature which at first exhibits itself in poetry and afterwards in vision. A large portion of the literature of epileptics consists of visions, revelations and religious dreams. The prophetic mania is common among them.

Were we to judge of epilepsy only in the light of muscular convulsions, we should form an erroneous estimate both of the disease and of the morbid literature of many of its victims. Muscular convulsion has been assigned a too prominent place in the ordinary definition of epilepsy. There are forms of epilepsy unconnected with such convulsion. In nocturnal epilepsy the morbid phenomena of motion are so slight that the disease may exist for years without attracting attention. In epileptic vertigo and syncope we frequently find no convulsion. And separate from all recognized forms of epilepsy, who can doubt the existence of an epileptic neurosis which manifests itself by convulsive phenomena of a mental rather than muscular nature. This epileptic neurosis is characterized by other phenomena than those which pertain to convulsive epilepsy. The latter is accompanied by violent muscular convulsion and loss of consciousness, and followed in most cases by fainting, while the latter may never manifest itself through the muscular

system, and is frequently connected with exalted consciousness, and does not lead to fatuity, but is characterized by remarkable intellectual activity, and frequently terminates in acute, sub-acute or chronic mania.

Ordinary epilepsy is frequently connected with premonitory symptoms, which may occur several days before an attack. These premonitions assume various forms. Some appear in the shape of dreams, some in the form of illusion or hallucination, spectacle, or otherwise, and others in that of confusion of thoughts. But the most common is what is known as the *aura epileptica*, and is a sensation like that produced by a breath or gentle breeze. It is usually first experienced in the end of a finger or toe, and from that points it mounts to the epigastrium or head, on reaching which the convulsions immediately appear and the patient becomes unconscious. The nature of this sensation is a matter of dispute among physicians. Dr. Harpin considers the *aura* as the commencement of a true spasm of the muscles which precedes the loss of consciousness.

Psychical epilepsy, or that epilepsy which convulses the mind rather than the muscles, is not to be regarded as another disease than that which we have described. It sometimes has its *aura*, but more frequently it seems to be the *aura* itself unaccompanied by muscular convulsion. The premonition appears to be the attack. Dr. Winslow records the case of an epileptic "who, at the moment of invasion, perceived exclusively with the left eye, a toothed wheel, the centre of which was occupied by a hideous figure." "In another patient," continues the same author, "the fit was immediately preceded by an intense feeling of hunger." In a third, since insane, "a little blue imp perched upon the table and moped and mocked at him as he lost his consciousness." In a fourth, a guitar seemed to have been roughly grated near the ear.

When the epileptic neurosis or diathesis exists apart from true epilepsy, we find hallucinations like these, unaccompanied by muscular convulsion, but connected with exalted imagination and rapid and excited ideation. The victims of these hallucinations possess a "wonderful aptitude for conceiving things quickly and examining them under the most brilliant and poetical aspects." These conceptions usually result from pseudo-impressions referred to the termini of sensitive nerves. These impressions or sensations are carried to the cerebrum, where, instead of being challenged and detected, they are allowed to pass as faithful reporters of the outer world. As a natural result, the patient attributes to his environment impressions which originate only within himself. He outwardly forms and locates conceptions arising from them. The act of thus forming and locating these conceptions is accompanied by another act, which is that of faith in them, as so formed and located. The patient believes in them as objective realities, and here enters delusion. The first experience to recapitulate is that of morbid impressions or pseudo-sensations, the second that of hallucination, and the third that of delusion.

These personified conceptions are usually of a poetical and religious nature, and figure in the folios of epileptics as heavenly messengers, angels, fiends and spirits. Such were the hallucinations of Mahomet which preceded violent attacks of epilepsy.

Says Maudsley, in his "Responsibility in Mental Diseases," "There can be little, if any, doubt in the minds of those who do not subscribe to that (Mahometanism) faith, that an epileptic seizure was the occasion of Mahomet's first vision and revelation, and that, deceived or deceiving, he made advantage of his distemper to beget himself the reputation of a divine authority. The character of his vision was exactly of that kind which medical experience shows to be natural to epilepsy. Similar visions, which are believed in as realities and truths by those who have them, occur not unfrequently to epileptic patients confined in asylums. For my part, I would as soon believe there was deception in the trance which converted Saul the persecutor into Paul the apostle, as believe that Mahomet at first doubted the reality of the events which he saw in his vision."

Washington Irving, in his "Life of Mahomet," says: "He would be seized with a violent trembling, followed by a kind of swoon, or rather convulsion, during which perspiration would steam from his forehead in the coldest weather; he would lie with his eyes closed, foaming at the mouth, and bellowing like a young camel. Ayesha, one of his wives, and Zeid, one of his disciples, are among the persons cited as testifying to that effect. They considered him at such times as under the influence of a revelation. He had such attacks, however, in Mecca, before the Koran was revealed to him."

Were Mahomet now living, he would be confined in an asylum, and the Koran would not be revealed. We shall never know how many revelations as wonderful as any which dawned on the astonished vision of Mahomet or Swedenborg are prevented, and how many incipient religions are nipped in the bud by judicious doses of bromide of potassium, belladonna, zinc, confinement and other remedial agents. Certain it is that the wards of asylums are thickly settled with prophets, apostles, saints and media of whose visions and revelations the world is deprived;

whether wisely or unwisely, it is not our province to discuss.

Ann Lee was an epileptic, and her revelations and system of theology are the outcome of insanity. She is described as "a wild creature from birth, a prey to hysteria and convulsions, violent in her conduct, ambitious of notice, and devoured by the lust of power." While confined at Manchester, she was suddenly enveloped in light, and Jesus Christ appeared to her and identified himself with her person. Her convulsions are described as violent and protracted; her countenance was distorted, bloody foam issued from her mouth and she became unconscious.

Cæsar and Petrarch were epileptics, and the writings of the latter clearly indicate the misfortune of their author.

The literature of epileptics, since it chronicles the patient's delusion, is usually of a religious nature. The delusions grow out of visions preceding or succeeding the epileptic trance, which may be separate from or connected with muscular convulsion. The case of a boy confined for epilepsy is recorded by Dr. J. C. Howden. The doctor says: "On admission to the asylum, he spoke with an earnestness, and granting his premises, an intelligence beyond his years. He told me he was Adam, the first man, born again into the world. When questioned as to his previous life in the Garden of Eden, he replied that he had been so long dead, that he could not be expected to recall particulars, but added that it was perfectly true that he had eaten the forbidden fruit, and when asked why he had done so, replied: "'Tis all very well to blame me; but you would have done the same thing if you had been in my place." He pointed to a picture of a woman on the wall, which he said was the portrait of Eve. He says he has been in heaven, and describes what he saw there. He has a fit every two or three months, and on recovering from them he is dull and stupid, then he becomes possessed of some extravagant delusion, always of a religious nature. Sometimes he returns to his old delusion that he is Adam, sometimes he is God, and at other times Christ, and not unfrequently the Devil. When questioned as to the ground of his belief, he generally says that it has been revealed to him, and that he feels that it is true, pointing with his finger to his epigastrium."

I have cited this case because one very closely resembling it came under my observation. The patient was a woman, aged thirty-five years. When quite young she married, but forsook her husband in obedience to a vision. In early life she was connected with the Episcopal Church, but soon after marriage she forsook its communion and united with the Methodist Church, which she abandoned for the Unitarian. Not satisfied with the Unitarian, she joined a Second Adventist and finally made her home with the Spiritualists. When she came under my observation she had invented a religion of her own, which she called "Bible Spiritualism"—the nature of this religion is too impure to be here recited. Like Dr. Howden's patient, she believed she had been dead many years. She was raised from the dead that she might acquaint the world with the gospel of "Bible Spiritualism." She called herself "the Bride of the Lamb," "the Woman Referred to in the Prophecy," "the Anointed of the Lord," and "the Saviour of the World." She had been confined in an asylum because, as she expressed it, scientific men were unable to recognize the phenomenon of resurrection from the dead, and looked upon it merely as an evidence of intellectual derangement. She complained of too much sanity, and wished to be reduced to a state of imbecility which she believed to be characteristic of the rest of mankind. This lady was a Latin, French and German scholar, and possessed a remarkably cultivated mind. When asked to write a simple sentence, she did so with ease, but was unable so to guide her pen as to make it follow the straight lines marked on the paper. There seemed to be an almost irresistible tendency to write in a circle; this tendency I have noticed among the insane on other occasions. When left to herself she wrote in an almost perfect circle. Beyond this there was nothing in her penmanship to indicate insanity.

In delusional insanity penmanship and orthography are seldom affected, and the composition only betrays the disorder. Very different are the symptoms of approaching general paralysis; the first indication of which is a tendency to omit and misspell words. As the paralysis advances the writing becomes irregular, and finally consists of unconnected strokes.

In an attack of acute mania there is abundant indication of incoherence, but the patient seldom forgets his letters.

In calm melancholia there is usually nothing in the penmanship, though much in the contents of the letter to indicate insanity.

Frequently the letters of the insane exhibit a curious tendency to economize space—words and sentences being so crowded as to be illegible, and often crossed several lines deep. The tendency to underscore words without reference to meaning is often discovered, especially in the early stages of *melancholia* associated with delusions. Frequently every other word is underscored. Occasionally a sentence will be followed by a number of exclamation points, dashes or commas. I have seen letters in which every other word was underscored, and others in which some one letter was always omitted. Such omissions are due to de-

fective memory, and are precursors of general paralysis.

The artistic designs of the insane frequently furnish the key whereby we unlock the secret workings of their intellects and discover the nature and extent of their delusions. A young man who would speak to no one unless compelled, and who could not be induced to discover the cause of his melancholia, was found to have drawn several female heads on cards. An examination and comparison of these heads made it evident that they were all intended for the same person. The care with which they were executed aroused suspicions that they were in some way connected with the intellectual disturbance of the artist. A close examination and comparison with pictures of persons known to the family made it evident that these drawings were all intended to represent a lady to whom the patient had been engaged, but who had proved unfaithful to both her engagement and honor. These drawings, though from memory, were creditable likenesses of the original, and served to throw much light on the nature of the patient's disorder. While confined in an asylum he executed a picture of the lady, and with her features so combined his own as to make a drawing as wonderful for its skillfulness of detail as repulsive for its weirdness of spirit. Gradually he became dull and mechanical in his motions, and his later drawings seemed to be purely automatic—the result rather of reflex than of cerebral action.

I have examined spiritual pictures—that is, pictures believed by their artists to have been produced under what is termed impressment—and, whenever I have had reason to believe the artist sincere, I have had equal reason to regard his pictures as the work of reflex and automatic action.

Few appreciate the wide realm of unconscious life over which automatic action presides. Consciousness does not play so large a part in our systems of psychology as it used to. Memory is no longer regarded as peculiar to the brain, nor is it beyond physical explanation. Dr. Maudsley has clearly shown that the acquired functions of the spinal cord and of the sensory ganglia imply the existence of memory which is indispensable to their formation and exercise. How else could these centres be educated? "A ganglionic cell," says Maudsley, "whether of mind, sensation or movement, which was without memory, would be an idiotic centre, incapable of being taught its functions. In every nerve-cell there is memory, and not only so, but there is memory in every organic element of the body."

What is memory? Nothing but the organic registration of physical effects; wherever that registration takes place there is memory. Wherever there is a particle of living matter, animal or vegetable, there is memory. Memory preceded consciousness in the line of development, and often exists apart from it—we picked it up in our journey from the past, and it may be we shall cast it from us in our journey to the future. Our little consciousness is like foam on the surface of the wave, that sparkles a moment in the sunlight and then disappears forever, but under the foam lies the fathomless and unruffled ocean, and under our little dream lies the everlasting forgetfulness.

But we are drifting from our subject. The facility with which the insane compose in verse, and the ease with which they fly to figures of fancy has frequently astonished thoughtful observers. But a brief inquiry with regard to the nature of poetry will, I think, dispel the mystery, therefore without preface I proceed to the examination.

It is customary to speak of poetry as the finest form of language. Authors are not wanting who speak of the "pre-eminence of poetry." Montgomery calls poetry "the most excellent of the fine arts" and "the most perfect form of literature." It is described by a poet as "she chariot wherein King-thoughts ride," and Scaligerana says, in a moment of fanaticism, "never was there a poet or a man who delighted in poetry whose heart did not lie in the right place." And Emerson declares the poet to be in advance of his age. But all such opinions are based on a misunderstanding with regard to both the nature and history of poetry. Poetry is not what its votaries would have us believe, the best language for the noblest thought. Poetry may be studied either as an emotion or a language. A man may have one without the other, as he may acquire a language in which he has never learned to think. As a sentiment it results from passion and emotion acted on by imagination. As a language, it is that of passion and emotion. Measure and rhyme are unessential, though they are useful in expediting expression, and ornamental in contributing to its beauty.

Poetry, since it is the language of passion, emotion and imagination is the oldest language known to man. When the human race first separated itself from the animals by the development of distinctively human traits, it naturally sought to give expression to its newly acquired faculties which were those of children; and the language in which they found embodiment was fanciful, emotional and passionate. Reason and judgment being in abeyance, if in existence, made little impression on the vocabulary of the infant world. The development of judgment is necessarily associated with the recession of imagination, and the ripening of analysis marks the autumn of sentiment and the

winter of poetry. Say what you please, you cannot close your eyes to the fact that poetry was the language of the infant world, and is to-day the natural language of the infant man.

A language may outlive the stage of development which gave it birth; the language of mythology has done so, the language of metaphysics has done so, and the language of poetry has done so, and they who now cultivate it are perfecting and adorning a dead language. Do not understand me to speak of poetry with contempt: I reverence it as the sweet and musical language of childhood, only I do not wish it to regulate, as it once did, the busy affairs of life. It must yield to the better language of Science and Commerce. For poetry I have tenderness and affection, but for Science I have an abiding confidence and truly religious veneration. Poetry resides in the temple of beauty and is the priestess of the past: Science leads the armies of truth, and she leads them toward the future. Truth and beauty are not identical, and nothing but unbridled fancy can make them so.

But what bearing has this on the subject of our lecture? Let us see. Insanity is a return to childhood. The intellectual faculties most frequently interfered with in insanity are such as distinguish the man from the child. The strongholds of reason break and crumble; the fortress of judgment falls, and, how often over their ruins the wild and luxuriant verdure of emotion and imagination blossoms and blooms! The insane man reverses the process of development; he turns his back upon the future and retraces his steps. Science tells us that the human race started in the very mud and has arrived by a process of evolution at animal life and intellectual consciousness. There was a point in time—probably the Terrace Epoch—when the nervous system thought for the first time; when the little gray nerve cells first caught the golden sun-light, and in the mint of their own consciousness turned it into the coin of thought; when they knew for the first time the color of the violet and the odor of the rose as distinct sensations. The currents of thought were at first rudimentary and imperfect; but as the brain strengthened and convoluted and developed, there came thundering along the track of the nervous system such trains of living thought as announced the arrival of the human epoch. Faith, hope, love, honesty and all the virtues are but mile stones on the road of progress, and so is it with thought and consciousness; we pick them up in our journey from the past, and we shall cast them from us in our journey to the future. These things are not finalities; there are no finalities, they are stages of development.

The insane man, as we have seen, turns his back on the future and retraces his steps, he descends the stairway of development and returns to the childhood of his race. He may go farther, he may sink to the lowest depths of imbecility, he may enter through the shadowy portals of idiocy into the realm of brute nature, and become less than the beasts of the field. There are men who recoil from the thought that their ancestors were apes; but let such remember that there are men living who are ages behind that venerable ancestor, and who might, were they wise enough, look longingly forward to his estate with feelings of respect and almost adoration. There are paths of development behind the ape and there are men who tread them.

The insane are, so far as the race is concerned, children. The same instinct which taught the savage who is the child of the race, to cower before the ordinary phenomena of nature, and that teaches the infant to shrink from an unaccustomed sound, leads the insane to recoil from things in no way dangerous or frightful. Like children they live in their senses and are ruled over by imagination. The child lives in an ideal world; so does the savage; so does the poet; so does the madman. All speak of spiritual things, because to their heated vision the ghosts, fairies and genii have as real an existence as those of living men and women. They all dwell in an enchanted world. The critic has no place in that world; he is the disenchanter. They do not criticise—they dream. We learn from Herodotus, that Phrynicus produced a tragedy on the fall of Miletus; the citizens wept until the play was ended and then fined the author for torturing their feelings. What audience in England or America ever wept through a play and then censure the dramatist because of the power and truthfulness of his tragedy? I venture to say none. We are not children—our judgments never so relax as to deliver us wholly into the hands of imagination. We can criticise a play while it is being enacted before us; but not so with our remote ancestors; they witnessed a play very much as a child listens to a ghost story.

When we remember how often and in how many ways insanity is a return to childhood, can we wonder at the remarkable gifts of poetry which have so often shone like stars through the darkness of clouded reason, giving us gems of poetry so pure and exalted that they must ever adorn the literature of the world? Insanity does not affect all minds alike; it will not supply an absent talent, though by intensifying and exalting existing ones, it often seems to do so. Where there are no poetical possibilities there can be no poetical attainments. I have seen the rude and illiterate under the influence of excitement produce stanza

after stanza, which in their ordinary condition they could never have constructed. Most productions of the kind are vulgarly but correctly styled doggerel, and yet we occasionally find among them gems of undoubted lustre. Not many years ago there appeared a little book called "Poems of the Inner Life;" if any of you possess that work, you possess a specimen of pathological literature of remarkable value. Many stanzas in that book are almost faultless in the conception and finish, and yet one has only to glance at the book and its pretensions to see that its author was the victim of a delusion incompatible with sanity. Those of you who have attended spiritual lectures and seances, will call to mind many remarkable examples of this tendency to versification and figurative language. The morbid exaltation of the speaker hurries him with rapid flight over abysses of darkness and heights of glory, while his sane companion stands on the solid earth and watches with astonishment his Icarus-flight. If you will visit asylums for the insane you will find the same thing—men and women, who believe themselves media for interplanetary communication between this world and the next, bubbling over with stanzas of ineffable vapidness and building rhetorical air-castles on the ever-shifting clouds of their own fancy.

Do not understand me to say the insane never reason; they frequently reason, and reason well. They even reason with more logical sequence and precision than they would were they possessed of sanity. This arises from the fact that the insane are often free from concern as to the morality of their arguments—they are proverbially sophists. Their logic is everywhere tainted with an overweening self-consciousness. They reason, as do children, with no large reference to the whole, but with the attention fixed on a fragment, that fragment being themselves.

Poetry has been carefully defined as the "rhythmic expression of feeling." A thoroughly sane and cultivated poet skillfully employs the language of childhood to explain truths so profound that no philosopher can reply to them. But the skill with which he uses the language finally converts it into something that is not poetry. "The degradation of poetry begins with the educated. As knowledge extends itself and reason develops, the imitative arts decay." They decay because imitation is characteristic of the child, and as knowledge and reason develop, the child departs and the man arrives.

Look about you and see who are the imitators—the automata whose movements result rather from the *medulla oblongata* than the cerebrum. They are the children—not perhaps in years, but in intellect. On a warm, sunny day, station yourself in a window on the avenue and you will see thousands of these adult children shopping, promenading, or loitering. They have no end to serve, they move with the throng merely because others by whom they are surrounded do the same. They are borne on by the force of example. If you closely examine the faces of these men and women who have spent years, perhaps life, on the avenue, you will see that the lines which usually indicate character are wanting, and that the features—if indeed they may be spoken of as such—are blank and expressionless.

As knowledge and reason develop, the inventive arts triumph over the imaginative. The same thing was true centuries ago in Greece—the imaginative school of poetry was followed by the critical. After Pindar came Sophocles; and after Sophocles, Euripides; and after Euripides the "Alexandrine Versifiers." Latin literature is merely degraded Greek literature and the only Roman poets that really influence this age are Lucretius and Catullus.

Homer, Shakspeare, and Goethe, are not exceptions to what has been said. They are usually called poets, but are not what is usually understood by the word poet. They are great representatives of the race; grand incarnations of humanity. The pages of Homer, Shakspeare, and Goethe are not devoted to poetry alone, but to commerce, war, philosophy, science, the arts, and domestic life. Everything which pertained to humanity interested those great men, and found welcome to their pages.

They who in this age cultivate poetry are by that very culture destroying it. Culture is the fruit of criticism, and criticism and poetry are not friends. The language of the sane adult of the nineteenth century is the language of commerce and science.

Do not misunderstand the nature of my argument; I neither hold poetry in contempt nor seek to undervalue its mission. The teacher must adapt himself to the pupil, and the best language in which to instruct is that with which the pupil is acquainted. The majority of men—I say it sadly, and in no censorious spirit—are either savages or children, and understand only such things as appeal to the simplicity of their intellects. The brains of savages and children exhibit on dissection the same shallowness of sulci and feebleness of convolution. The cineritious, or thinking tissue, is deficient in quantity. To such minds it is useless to address prolonged argument, for they have not the faculty wherewith to appreciate logic. They are children and mind childish things, and if you wish to make them understand you and profit by your discourse, you will have to address them in a child's language. In dissecting human brains nothing has more thoroughly impressed me than the poverty of thinking tissue which characterizes the average cerebrum.

I am not speaking of leading merchants, bankers, financiers, and professional men, but the rank and file of humanity. Now if you wish to reach these children of a larger growth, you must resort to the language of rhythm and emotion—that is, to poetry.

But poetry has another use, the discussion of which is foreign to the subject of this lecture, but which we recognise in passing. Poetry is useful as a means of recreation and inspiration to the mature and cultivated mind. In it we revive the feelings of childhood and recall the merry and innocent hours of boyhood.

Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so."

I have a noble mission and am entitled to our warmest love. But the age of prose has arrived—a grander age than any which has preceded it, and as the years move on the oracle will be dumb, the priest will wind his mantle about him and depart, and the poet will be remembered only as a vision when it is ended. Farewell Poetry! Thou hast won the laurel and we crown thee but for thy burial. Thy harp shall hang on the willow, and the reed, no more responsive to its master's will, shall be laid aside forever.

Insanity in women of sensitive nervous temperament is frequently characterized, especially at its commencement, by a taste for poetry and a propensity to versify. This taste and tendency are often observed in the insanity of pubescence. The nervous excitement attending birth of sexual life is frequently associated with morbid self-consciousness which finds expression in sombre verse. Physicians who practice in ladies' seminaries can call to mind many examples of this tendency. Insanity of pubescence, unless maniacal, is melancholy, romantic and hysterical. The poetry in which patients indulge is of a depressing nature. Among boys the insanity of pubescence is frequently characterised by acute mania. In girls however, it is marked by a dislike for work or amusement, by great nervous depression, especially at menstrual epochs, and paroxysms of apparently causeless weeping. The patient fancies herself uncared for and neglected. She looks upon her friends as enemies, and on her guardians as cruel and mercenary. She seeks for sympathy in the fictitious griefs of the novel, and if she cannot find the "Sorrows of Werther," she will fly to the pages of Byron. As the disease progresses she becomes more and more excitable, frequently breaking into violent passion or rhapsodies of verse. Such an invalid was Mary Alacoque, whose letters and memoirs abound in pages of excited verse. We gather from a little book, written by Louis Asseline, that she was precocious, and at an early age inclined to nymphomania. She relates of herself that from the age of four years she had a lively sense of the virtue of chastity, and the sight of men so wounded her modesty and alarmed her innocence that she would have fled into the desert but for fear of meeting them even there. The same nymphomaniacal phenomena may be found in the life of Saint Louis de Gonzaga as related by the Jesuit Cepdari; he "never liked to be left alone even with the Marchioness, his mother. If he was obliged to remain with her he was observed instantly to blush." "A child eight years old blushing from chastity because he finds himself alone with his mother!"

When eight years old, Mary Alacoque experienced cataleptic attacks in which she had visions of bleeding bodies, usually of Jesus or of the saints. From an attack of paralysis she recovered by the use of a remedy which my respect for you prevents me from mentioning. She renounced her family, and, to use her own language, "became absolutely passive to the will of God." She wrote long and foolish poems to her Saviour. She says, "in order to give some drops of my blood to my Saviour, I tied cords around my fingers and then thrust needles into them. I made myself a bed of potsherds on which I lay with extreme pleasure, although my whole frame quivered. Once having retired to my chamber, I was laying aside with much satisfaction the ornaments that I had worn during the day. The Son of God showed himself to me just as he had appeared after his cruel flagellation—that is, with his body all bruised, torn and bleeding—and told me it was my vanity which had brought him to that condition. On the 25th day of May, 1671, she entered the convent, and took the habit of a novice on the feast of St. Louis, in the same year. She was twenty-four years old. From the day she entered the convent hysteria and religious monomania influenced all her thoughts and actions. Some of her poems written during convent-life are very remarkable. While in the convent she wrote, "Our Lord showed me that that day was the day of our spiritual betrothal; he afterwards made me understand that he wished me to taste all that was most sweet in the tender caresses of his love. In fact, these divine caresses were so overpowering that they made me quite beside myself, and rendered me almost incapable of any physical exertion; and it was a subject of such strange embarrassment to me that I dared not show myself." Her relations with the divine spouse are related in Latin, and are too repulsive for translation. Her verses are all aglow with a flame that is not of God, but of the flesh. The following lines she dedicated to the Abbess of Paray, who deemed her insane:

"The more my love they would gainsay,
The fiercer glows the flame repress;
Let them afflict me night and day,
They cannot pluck it from my breast!
Ah, yes! the more I suffer smart,
The more I lend me with his heart."

On All-Saints' day she wrote the following lines:

"No stain in innocence is seen,
No loss in power hath ever been;
Nothing dieth here above;
All consumes itself in love."

Archbishop Manning tells us that Mary Alacoque saw her saviour, "suffused by an intensity of light, she beheld his sacred heart enveloped as it were, in flame, girdled with thorns, surmounted by a cross; and these words came to her: 'Behold the heart which has loved man so much, and has been loved so little.'"

I take great pleasure in preparing this lecture, because, of all ages, the present is most likely to be concerned in and profited by such discourse. All around us the insane are found—on every hand they plead, perhaps unconsciously, for help. They employ every avenue through which they can make their misfortunes known. The Press, the great engine of civilization, is often converted by their frenzy into an engine of folly, and their fingers are ever busy turning backward the wheels of progress. They have formed themselves into societies, they publish books, edit papers, and publicly proclaim their folly. Many of them are men and women of talent, genius and culture, and their literature has in it much that is calculated to challenge admiration. What shall we do for these men and women, our brothers and sisters? We are prevented, by virtue of their numbers, from confining them in an asylum, nor can we subject them to medical surveillance. This age is, as I have frequently said in your hearing, an inter-civilized age—it lies between two great civilizations, and is at once in the twilight of the old or metaphysical epoch and in the sunrise, the early morning of the new and scientific era. On one side the stars, the moon and the deepening shadows of night peopled with ghosts and visions, and receding faiths; and on the other the eager sun glancing upon the rising mists of ages transmutes them into gold. This is a sad, a very sad age, full of dead and dying faiths, full of burials of the past, and of idle prayers sent out in vain search for the departing gods. But O, it is a glorious age, full of the golden light which streams from the ascending sun of science. It is an age in which men lose their minds; it is an age in which they find them. There are three ages known to the human intellect. They are called respectively the mythological, the metaphysical and the positive or scientific ages. I believe the third age has arrived. The age of metaphysics is practically dead, and the intellectual disturbances which we behold on every hand are but the lingering phenomena of its dissolution. What shall we do for the throngs on every hand who are shipwrecked in faith and bankrupt in intellect, under whose feet the past is crumbling, but who will not plant their feet on the rock; but who seek comfort in the mirage of Spiritualism, the will-o'-the-wisp of Mesmerism, or the delusion of Transcendentalism? The best thing—the only thing that can be done, is to push steadily toward the future. They who keep abreast of the age will survive. In the evening of life they shall strike sail in the haven where is neither wind of doubt nor storm of regret, but where the banks are scented with the lilies of repose.

Mr. WILCOX followed with criticisms upon the lecture. He disapproved of classing Mahomet, Auguste Comte, George Fox and the grand old poets of the past with the insane. Of the first, he said he had founded a grand religion, which had served an important purpose in humanity, and which is to-day making converts in the world faster than any other system. It is an unwarranted assumption to say he was insane or that his visions were the result of epilepsy. He paid a merited tribute to the poets and quoted some fine extracts from Shelley's "Queen Mab," and remarked: "If that is insanity, it is a pity the world has not had more of it."

Dr. T. S. LAMBERT made some strictures upon the insanity of the race in the use of tobacco and alcohol, and said in this particular they were inferior to the apes, from which, according to Darwin, they had descended; they would make no use of either. He made a few remarks upon the nature of mind, memory, etc.

Mr. HENRY EVANS criticised the lecturer in the line that it was too severe upon the poets. In his remarks he said the literature of the poet had come down to us in ballad and rhymes, because in this way it was so fondly received by the people. He could not regard poetry as an indication of insanity, and thought the lecturer had not based his theory upon a sound philosophy. The facts given he did not question.

Dr. R. T. HALLOCK followed in further criticisms, as well as upon some of the claims of scientists. He alluded to severe injuries the brain had sustained in many instances without the mind being seriously impaired, citing the case of Caruth in Vineland, with half an ounce of lead in his brain, and a case where a

crowbar, even, had penetrated the brain without destroying consciousness.

Dr. E. P. MILLER defended the poets and others of antiquity who had been styled insane. He criticised some of the claims made by scientists, and eloquently defended Spiritualism.

S. P. ANDREWS deemed the lecture deficient in proper definitions, which are of the first consequence. He made an application of his own special theory to the subject, "Unism, Duism and Trinism." He expressed regrets that remedies for the evils mentioned in the lecture were not prescribed.

T. B. WAKEMAN regretted that such severe criticism upon so able a lecturer had been expressed. He feared Prof. Marvin would not soon feel like favoring the Club again with another of his productions. He deemed a hygienic treatment essential for all forms of insanity. A healthy body will produce a healthy mind. He gave his views of the classifications of the sciences, placing poetry where it belongs. He spoke eulogistically of Psychology and the effect it must have upon the future of the race. He gave due credit to the poets who have preceded us, but said there was a wide difference between the productions of a Goethe and the effusions of some of our Spiritualistic friends.

JUNE 18th, 1875:

[TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHTH MEETING.]

Mr. J. K. INGALLS read an interesting paper upon the subject of

Labor and Wealth,

but want of room will prevent our giving but a small portion of it.

I wish, this evening, to take up the question as it is related to morals, and to the rights and duties of the members of a society, like our own, where the theory, at least, is "the equality of all before the law."

Scientific men, and especially political economists, affect to ignore morals, and deny that any Science of Morals exists. And also that all assertions of human rights are speculative and impertinent in any scientific inquiry into social or economic questions. Yet it strangely happens these very persons expatiate grandly upon the "sacred rights of property," and the binding obligation society is under to maintain the inviolability of contracts.

In respect to Rights, let me say right here: that without such respect, such as we have, to the right of private property, for instance, society could not exist. We should be like ravenous beasts of prey; no economic, land, nor other reforms, could have any place or consideration. And I do not consider the right to life or personal freedom secondary to right of property.

With all my leanings to Positivism I cannot accept either the doctrine that we have nothing to do with rights but only duties. The highest duty I acknowledge toward my fellow-man is to respect his rights, and the dearest right I cherish is the right to perform my duty. Of rights and duties which are not the counterparts and complements of each other, I know nothing.

The point, however, I want particularly to urge, is that even such political economy as is current, has no other basis than one of right, and cannot urge inviolability of contracts or honesty in transaction, except upon moral ground. It may, to be sure, advocate "honesty as the best policy" on general terms, but in its application to individual cases, that is not honesty at all, since gains by dishonest practices are more rapid and immediate, and sufficiently permanent to suit the particular desire.

I accept the theory of evolution in thought, as well as in the more tangible and visible unfoldments of nature. Knowledge proceeds from the simple to the complex. Ethics is more complex than arithmetic. But it is only where we rise above the scruples of knowledge, and attain a comprehension of the relations they sustain to the general order of things, that our special knowledge can be corrected and made really available to wise and beneficent uses. Moreover, the investigation of the subject phenomena, involves the exercise of a high degree of moral power. Without "fidelity to truth," science is impossible. The honest inquirer, is the only one who can aid science, or is qualified to deal with facts, or discover the law by which they are classified. Moral quality, then, if not the first, is an indispensable requisite in dealing with the simplest matters of science. How much more is it requisite in dealing with so complicated a question as that of labor and wealth.

There are accepted principles enough to direct us in our inquiry if we really wish to know the truth, and not to justify some existing wrong, or class interest, or establish some pet theory. It is not at all necessary to resort to a line of speculative thought, or to appeal to mere human sympathy and benevolent feelings. However, this question may be solved, it cannot be so determined as to prolong human life indefinitely; nor place man beyond the necessity of struggle, toil, and often painful effort to supply his wants, and accommodate himself to his environments.

It is doubtful if the condition, as regards mere material enjoyment, of the ordinary skilled worker would be much increased if the most equitable division of the results of industry could be secured. But as regards stability of position, and freedom from the cares and depressions which attend the present uncertain and

precarious condition of affairs, his condition would be immeasurably improved. Because then no general stagnation of business could ever take place; only local and special over-production would be possible, always accompanied by increased demand in other localities and departments, the adjustments of which would never produce any general panic or distress.

It was hinted by Prof. Royce that higher wages should be paid to labor. This, of course, would be very desirable to the laborer, but it could determine nothing. The political economists would say, and with truth, that a rise in wages would be attended with a corresponding rise in commodities, and terminate in precisely the same relative situation as at first. A demand for a reduction in the hours of labor would be met by them with the same answer: but not, it seems to me, with equal force. It must be quite evident to you, however, that these matters, however desirable and reasonable, or unreasonable, have no power to reconcile the, at least apparently, conflicting claims of capital and labor.

Let us, then, analyze the position of these factors, or assumed factors, in the production of our wealth. If possible, let us lay aside our class interests whether laborers, capitalists, or middle men, and for the evening resolve ourselves into a court of equity.

For myself, when I last spoke to you on these subjects, I was an employee. For about two years, on a small scale, to be sure, I have been an employer. My friend was kind enough to express a wish that I should speak now, so as to satisfy him as to whether change of relation had wrought change of views. I should be unwilling to admit that I had lived two years in vain, without broadening and deepening my ideas on subjects, especially upon which I had thought so earnestly. But otherwise I cannot say that my opinions have undergone any change. Essentially the view I now entertain is the same as presented itself to me more than forty years ago, when at work at the bench, apprentice to a mechanical trade.

But here is wealth being produced at the rate of several millions annually. By what rule or process is it divided? In this production, it is claimed, there is so much labor and so much capital incorporated. Before analyzing this claim, let us ask how the rate to capital and the rate to labor is determined? Economists tell us indeed what is the "natural rate of wages," that which will keep the laborer in existence and enable him to reproduce himself, in order to keep undiminished the supply of laborers. In all my readings of political economy, I have seen no other attempt than this to indicate what is or ought to be the rate. With regard to the rate to capital as well as to labor, the *usual* rate is the only one these exact scientists ever attempt. But upon what ground is any rate awarded to either? With respect to labor, we have a principle in the very fundamental basis of the civil law, that property in a thing rests upon the ground, than that it is the result of one's efforts, toil and self-denial.

Were the question of capital eliminated, then we should have the universal assent of civilized society, that the whole of this production belonged to the laborer or laborers who produced it. We have then reached an undisputed point. To the laborer, belongs that which he has produced, and necessarily, in any complicated transaction, that portion of anything which he has contributed to produce. Now let us consider the capitalists claim. He has put so much capital in the enterprise; he had taken risks, and assumed responsibilities; therefore, he is entitled to all the results of this operation, *minus*, what he thinks a fair remuneration for the laborer's services, or which pressing want or whelming competition compels the laborer to accept. It may be claimed the capitalist is also subject to competition, and if he does not give the laborer as much as another is willing or necessitated to give, he will lose his services. With this gratification, I am sure you will regard the above statement as entirely fair.

Now there is more in that claim than remuneration to capital, and when we have separated that, we shall be able to judge truly of the nature of the claim. 1st. Risks. Now risk is justly chargeable. It could be met by a system of guarantee or assurance not open to the objections of our insurance system. We may therefore leave that out. Service in management of responsible and efficient agents is also justly chargeable. We may therefore leave that out. Now we have the naked claim of the capital *vs.* labor, which is a compensation to wealth for its mere use, over and above guarantee for risk, reward for services in administration, etc.

For a moment let us admit this claim, upon the only logical ground upon which it can stand. And then upon the same ground let us ask, whether the laborer should not be awarded for the capital which he employs? As quoted by the lecturer at your last meeting, later writers on political economy have seen fit to treat *man* as a part of the productive *capital* of a country. It has been estimated that every able-bodied man, arrived at mature strength, has cost society at least two or three thousand dollars.

We regret we have not room to give the whole of this practical, sensible lecture. The usual discussion by members of the Club followed its delivery.—[Ed. T. S.]

Friendly Correspondence.

S. K. TERRY, Orient, N. Y., writes: Please continue THE TRUTH SEEKER. It suits my digestion well.

B. F. Underwood writes from home: Your paper is making many friends in the West, I hope you are getting along well.

L. A. BARNETT, Greenup, Ill., writes: I have taken THE TRUTH SEEKER since it first started, but find my interest in it increases. *It suits me to a scribe.*

Dr. IRA W. RUSSELL, Keene, N. H., writes: May all the friends of liberal tendencies find it in their hearts to encourage and sustain you in the good work in which you are engaged.

CHARLES HYDE, Frankfort, N. Y., writes: I will take this occasion to give my hearty endorsement of your radical paper, which I think justly deserves to become the most popular organ of Free Thought in America. I hope ere long you will conclude to issue it weekly.

JOHN CLARK, Smithland, Ind., writes: Please add my name to the regular list. Three months as a trial subscriber has pleased me so well, that I do not think I can afford to do without your valuable sheet, THE TRUTH SEEKER. Let us have more light and more mental liberty.

WM. CHESTNUT, Ossawatimie, Kan., writes: Your readers here continue well pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER. In my opinion, your reply to Elder Shelton is well worth a year's subscription. Your articles on the Bible and Christianity are well written and very interesting.

MISS NELLIE EATON, Yakima City, Wash. Ter., writes: If our Liberal friends all knew what a treat it is to receive and read THE TRUTH SEEKER, they would not hesitate to subscribe for it. I feel as though I can hardly wait till it comes, and cannot think of doing without a single number. I will be very glad to have it a weekly.

ISAAC IVINS, Middlebury, Ind., writes: I have read the HEATHENS OF THE HEATH you sent me. I pronounce it one of the best books ever printed. The truth in it is quite equal to the romance. I think THE TRUTH SEEKER is one of the best and most scientific papers I ever met with, and I expect to be a subscriber as long as I live.

T. H. CALLAHAN, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: Credit me with the enclosed, and continue to send THE TRUTH SEEKER regularly. It has more practical common sense in it than nineteen out of twenty of the papers now published. I hope you will meet with success, and that your paper will become in due time a permanent, popular, and indispensable institution.

WM. Sisson, Port Hope, Ont., writes: I must say your reply to Elder Shelton is worth a year's subscription of itself. In penning it, you must have been in a rather happy mood to make so many good hits. Your Bible articles are wonderfully telling, and must satisfy any unbiased mind of the probability of the truth of such stories. On the whole, your paper is a *real gem*.

Mrs. L. HUTCHINSON, Bishop Creek, Cal., writes: Please send me eight copies of your discussion with Elder Shelton. There is much of the orthodox element here, and I wish to let in some light upon their dark and superstitious ideas of God, the laws of life and salvation. THE TRUTH SEEKER is getting to be a power in the land for good to the souls of all who dare to think for themselves.

J. F. RUGGLES, Bronson, Mich., writes: There is one thing I especially admire in THE TRUTH SEEKER: it is not afraid to puncture to the very quick the stupendous Beecher bubble. While other Liberal journals are playing "shy" of the matter you sail right in and tell the truth in good Anglo-Saxon language. I deeply regret that some Liberal papers should be so decidedly pro-Beecher in their insinuations.

M. W. St. JOHN, Cedar Falls, Iowa, in sending in the names to complete the list of twenty-five subscribers, he has sent us, writes: I wish your readers one and all on the fourth of July, would unite in an effort to obtain subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Let us all endeavor to, at least send the name of one new subscriber each, and thus help the good cause of leading our fellow men to a knowledge of the truth.

J. B. Cowen, Pierce city, Idaho, writes: The last mail brought the copy of THE HEATHENS OF THE HEATH you sent me. I think it the finest book I ever read as a historical romance. The author has no living equal in my estimation. Scattering such books amongst the reading public does more, I think, to open the eyes of the public than any kind of reading I know of. A person who reads it is bound to think if he has any brains at all.

E. S. Beckley, Toledo, Iowa, writes: Enclosed I send you a postal order for THE TRUTH SEEKER and the "Heathens of the Heath" for Benjamin Freet. He says he likes the paper so well he intends to take it as long as he lives, if it is published so long. We hope it will before long be changed to a *Weekly*. The orthodox begin to cry out "What shall we do to be saved from infidelity?" The Baptist convention recently assembled in Illinois came to the conclusion that they must meet the issue, and that they could no longer sneer down scepticism. Surely the world moves.

H. H. MORRISON, Green Castle, Ind., writes: I wish I had thousands of dollars to use in the Liberal cause. My heart is in the work. I live where a man is measured by his devotion to authority, blind superstition and intolerance. O the depths of the ignorance of the "good Christians" hereabouts. It is at once disgusting and discouraging to see their earnestness and honesty in their delusions. Some of them seem to believe all they profess, and others to care nothing for it at all. You have my sincerest wishes for your success and progress in all your undertakings. Count me a life subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

BRICK PALMER, Paradise Valley, Nevada, writes: I send you the name of one more convert to THE TRUTH SEEKER—one more poor soul turned from darkness into light. He has confessed his love and good wishes for the paper by placing \$1.75 in my hands, and has gone on his way rejoicing, trusting he may find more of the same kind that are able and willing to do likewise. We liberated the negroes by one of the greatest wars ever known upon the earth. Let us now liberate the white man, woman and child from mental bondage and priestcraft, which is the worst bondage the world has known. Let us say to all who are in bonds: Flee from the bondage of the Church; shake off the chains of superstition; take and read THE TRUTH SEEKER; do good to your fellow-beings; feed the hungry, clothe the naked and assist your brothers and sisters of the great human family all that is possible.

MORRIS BARNES, P. M., Clay, N. Y., writes: I wish you to send me a lot of your Discussions with Elder Shelton as soon as they are out in tract form. I think they will be a good "eye-opener" for Bible skeptics. I have less faith in that old book every day. As fast as reason and common sense show its errors and absurdities, just so fast I lose confidence in it. How long will the people worship a fabulous God? As long as the priests are able to control the minds of the masses. THE TRUTH SEEKER has and will do more to emancipate the people from clerical bondage than more elaborate bound volumes, as it comes directly to the people, while bound volumes too often lay upon the table idle and unread. Go on, Brother, in your noble work. You shall have a seat with the "Heathen Philosophers" in another world.

M. P. ROSECRANS, Clear Lake, Iowa, writes: Our town is an orthodox village—has four churches in full blast, with a few Liberals that sometimes think but fear to speak, dreading the loss of business. Your paper is read by them privately and they admire your boldness and the invincibility of your arguments. I believe you and your paper are doing a good work, and one that will tell on the nation and people, long after you and I have passed out of mortal vision. You are starting a ripple that will spread on and on, and perhaps start other ripples and waves, until the sea of human life will be stirred and purified and settled, with naught to mar its brightness and glory, when the Ship of Life will be guided and steered by the rudder of reason into ports and harbors of safety. Go on, my brother, you will live to see the good results of your arduous labors. Though at present your undertaking may undoubtedly seem an unprofitable one, your medicine at length will act like a charm: the scales will drop from the eyes of the mentally blind, and as they see the glory and brightness of the world governed by law, not mystery, they will bless D. M. Bennett and his glorious little TRUTH SEEKER.

C. W. HALL, P. M., Rock Rapids, Iowa, writes: Your card is just received, and I do not stop a moment to enclose the "almighty" dollar for Vol. I. of THE TRUTH SEEKER; and oh how I wish I was able to give you money enough to support the paper, for it does seem the greatest blessing that can be bestowed upon man to roll back the dark pall of superstition that has so long covered the orthodox world with a cloud of thick darkness. What a mission to the heathen of orthodoxy and to ignorance. May it be abundantly sustained.

Writing later, he says: My Dear Sir, I am pleased, and so is every one that has seen your paper here, and if money was not so exceedingly scarce here, I could get you several subscribers; but we are in a "grass-hopper country," and the old foggy superstitious nannies think they are sent because people are so wicked, and are praying for their removal. O dear, I wish all the Elder Sheltons and "such like" had to eat grass-hopper pie until they could learn common sense. Here is the money for your paper. We wish to train in the same company with you while you are battling the monster superstitions and errors.

LEVI WOOD, Galesburg, Mich., writes: I must say I am well pleased, yes, highly delighted, with the controversy between yourself and the renowned Alabamian, Elder Shelton. Though the odds may be against you, though it may tax every fibre of your intellectuality to meet the lofty, powerful arguments of so learned an antagonist, keep up good courage, Brother Bennett. If perchance it should shatter your mentality, and you be obliged to resort to an asylum, we, the readers of your excellent paper, will raise a contribution to defray the expenses of the same. It appears that Elder Shelton is mistaken about some things. He estimates you to be a mean kind of a fellow, gray-headed, dirty, etc. He says you are not the first dirty fellow he has come in contact with; possibly he may be attracted by dirty things naturally, and all this because he thinks you have some ideas in the past been a preacher. Well, I believe—yes, I *know*—that sign does not always hold true, for I know of some very dirty, gray-headed old sinners that have never been preachers. Don't give up the ship, Bro. Bennett. We want the pro and con of this controversy. Agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom. It is said "children and fools speak the truth." Elder S., doubtless, said what he considered to be truth according to his highest capacity. He will soon "blow off" his sulphuric gas, and it is to be hoped he will then feel easier.

A. WASHBURN, Euclid, N. Y., writes: My time as a trial subscriber having expired, I enclose you the price for a year. I do not want the paper discontinued. I am sure THE TRUTH SEEKER is doing good, even in this place, although the Church here has the people bound with the old fetters of superstition and error to a degree that is almost beyond hope; but yet there is hope for the young even here. The few Liberal minds we have are doing a good work, and they have made their power felt for the last two years to such a degree that the Church has been frightened to such extent that they have called on God to remove the offenders—a polite way of saying "we would take your lives if we had the power." Thanks to the power of Liberal thought, they have not. Within the last two years there have been two *pow-wows* called revivals by the Church. They continued about six weeks each. At the first one they got one man and two infants, at the last one they got never a starter. They say "it is the work of the Devil." Poor fellow, how he has to take it. A word to my Liberal friends. With but little trouble I have obtained four subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER. That is not much I confess, but I want every Liberal in the land to try and do better within the next thirty days. Come, here is a challenge, who will accept it? For the sake of mankind do not let this paper go down for the want of a few subscribers.

MANNING F. HUNT, Chaplin, Conn., writes: Enclosed I send you the price of THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year. I like it because it is so outspoken and fears not to tell the truth. I was formerly an agent to solicit subscriptions for the *Boston Investigator* as long ago as when it was published by Abner Kneeland; so I leave it for you to draw your own inferences whether I understand the baneful influences of priestcraft or not. Born and reared among them, I have had an opportunity to witness their infamous tricks, and I consider them a pack of base scoundrels—the black devils of the earth. They are lazy, idle drones, who devour the substance of hard laboring people, and make pastoral calls among the women, especially when their husbands are absent. They demand large salaries for their services in preaching from an old book called the Bible, a book which had its origin in the Dark Ages, and which contains nothing more nor less than a few relics of Paganism and Jewish idolatry. Is it not a shame that, in this Nineteenth Century, we should adopt such a book as a standard of truth and morality? Let a person write and publish such a book now, with the coarse vulgarity it contains, and he soon would be persecuted for obscenity. And this is what supports priestcraft. O shame, where is thy blush? I hope the time is not far distant when the light of science will dispel the mists of ignorance, priestcraft and superstition, and the human race be left free in the enjoyment of mental liberty.

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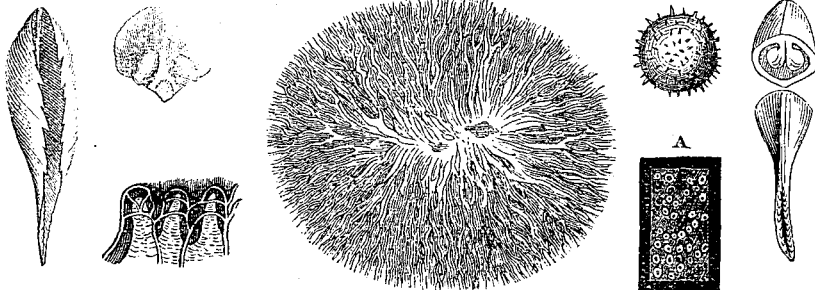
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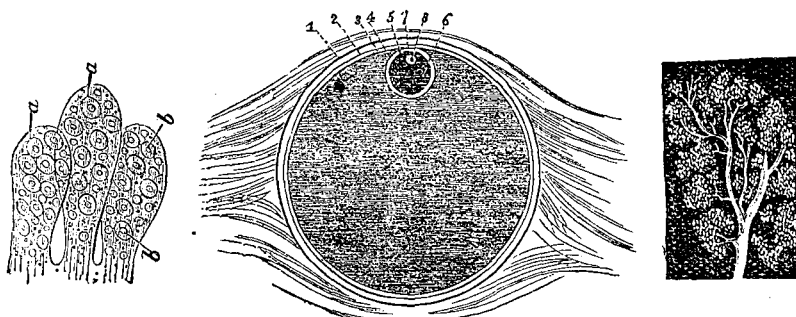
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WHY is a schoolmistress like the letter C? Because she makes classes of lasses.

DETROIT has a firm entitled Wood & Cole, which ought to be engaged in the fue business.

"YOUR son died rather suddenly yesterday of throat disease," is what an Idaho sheriff wrote to a fond mother in Indiana the other day.

THERE is a phrenologist in London who can tell the contents of a barrel by examining its head. He makes his examinations with a gimlet.

THE Spaniards say: At eighteen, marry your daughter to her superior; at twenty, to her equal; but at thirty, to anybody who will have her.

A SCOTCH divine recently praying, said: "O Lord, give us neither riches nor poverty," and pausing solemnly a moment, he added, "especially poverty."

A CORRESPONDENT of a Western paper having described the Ohio as a "sickly stream," the editor appended the remark: "That's so—it is confined to its bed."

A MINNESOTA minister, who said that the grasshoppers were a plague sent to punish the Grangers, is coming East to find another pulpit. They couldn't believe him.

"WELL, Pat, Jim didn't quite kill you with the brick bat, did he?" "No; but I wish he had." "Why so?" "So that I could have seen him hung, the villain."

A RED nosed gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits. "Ay, sir," replied he, looking him in the face, "I see too much evidence before me to doubt it."

A NEGRO woman in Pitt country, N. C., recently gave birth to triplets: the first was white, the second mulatto, and the third black. This all comes from Civil Rights.

"OH, John! Drunk again," sobbed his wife, as he returned from a midnight spelling school. "N-n-o-t so, Elizabeth," he replied. "It's only the bird singing in my heart. That's all."

THE Boston *Advertiser* has found a loyal Indian who will not steal and who doesn't drink whiskey. He is at present occupying a prominent position in front of a cigar stand.

A BRIDE in Indiana, after the conclusion of the marriage ceremony stepped gracefully forward and requested the clergyman to give out the hymn: "This is the way I long have sought."

"WELL, I always make it a rule to tell my wife everything that happens." "Oh, my dear fellow, that's nothing," replied his friend; "I tell my wife lots of things that never happen at all."

AN experienced Sunday school teacher says that it is impossible for a scholar with a boil, to satisfactorily fasten his mind down even upon the simplest exposition of the scheme of salvation.

"Well, my boy," asked a gentleman of a little eight-year-old boy, "what are you crying for?" "Cause I can't find dad. I told the old fool if he went off too far he'd lose me," was the filial reply.

A MAN who pretended to have seen a ghost was asked what the ghost said to him? "How could I understand," replied the narrator, "what he said, I am not skilled in any of the dead languages!"

AT a teachers' institute in Ohio recently a lady teacher was given the word "hazardous" to spell and define, and did it in this style: "H-a-z, has-a-r-d ard-e double s ess—hazardess, a female hazard,

A WESTERN girl laughs at the idea that a woman cannot live comfortably with her mother-in-law, and advertises for some good looking young fellow to give her the chance to try the experiment.

A SILLY fellow whose ears were unusually large, once smirkingly asked a witty lady, "Will I not make a fine angel?" "Well, no," she replied, pointing to his ears, "I think your wings are too high."

JOHN FRODE is no more. You probably didn't know him. He lived in western Missouri, and on entering the smoke-house of a friend to see how the hams got along, a trap-gun blew his head off.

At a printers' festival, lately, the following toast was offered: "Woman—second only to the Press in the dissemination of news." The ladies are not yet decided whether to regard this as a compliment or otherwise.

UPON the death of her husband, the lady married his brother, and when a friend saw the portrait of the first husband in the house, he said, "Is this a member of your family?" "It is my poor brother-in-law," she said.

A CLEVELAND woman recently married a Chinese laundryman, and three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail cut off, saying in explanation, "Too muchee dam yank."

AN Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satirical naïveté: "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

A COLORED gentleman went to consult one of the most high toned lawyers in Boston, and after stating his case, said: "Now I knows you's a lawyer, but I wish you would please sar, jiss tell me the truff 'bout dat matter."

HERE is sympathy for you. A woman in the city bit her tongue off in a very unaccountable way the other day; and now her husband goes home two hours earlier than usual every night. Husbands cut this out and show it to your wives.

THE Brooklyn *Argus* says that ever since people heard that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven they have all been anxious to get rich, so as to encourage the camel.

MILWAUKEE *News*: The best of Christians occasionally have rags to sell, and it grieves us to state, also, that the best of Christians will sometimes roll an old flat-iron up in a ragged skirt and chuck it down in the bag just to give it ballast.

A CALIFORNIA paper says they got Wah Tsing, a heathen, on the gallows, the other day, with a rope around his neck, and he inquired of William Nye, the Sheriff: "Chokee like hell?" "Yes," said William, "chokee, you bet!" and then they dropped him.

"We read in de good book," says a colored Baptist brother down South, "of John de Baptist—neber of John de Methodist." And that, says a Charleston correspondent of the New York *Observer*, is the reason most of the colored Southern people are Baptists.

A GERMAN peddler sold a man a liquid for the extermination of bugs. "And how do you use it?" inquired the man after he had bought it. "Ketch to bug, and drop von little drop into his mout," answered the peddler. "The deuce you do!" exclaimed the purchaser. "I could kill it in half that time by stamping on it." "Vell," exclaimed the German, "dat is a good vay, too."

THUS wrote a fond attendant of spelling matches:

I want to be a speler
And with the spellers stan
A Wooster in mi poket
A Webster in mi han.

There right before the awgence
So gorgus and so brite,
He wrasels with the big words
From mornin until night.

A PLAIN spoken preacher delivered the following from his desk: "I would announce to the congregation that probably by mistake, there was left at the meeting house this morning a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and wear, and of an exceedingly pale blue color, in place whereof was taken a very large black silk umbrella of great beauty. Blunders of this sort, my brethren, are getting a little too common."

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"Come now and let us reason together;" Let us hear all sides; Let us divest ourselves of prejudice and the effects of early
education; Let us "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good."

Vol. 2. No. 22. { D. M. BENNETT,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. }

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1875.

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or subsequent insertions.

Notes and Clippings.

ROCHESTER has prohibited religious exercises of any
nature in its public schools. Good for Rochester.

REV. A. W. TORREY of the M. E. Church of Kalamazoo,
Mich., has been tried by the church for falsehood, and
found guilty.

The last bid for notoriety by the Rev. Henry Morgan of
Boston is an offer of \$200 for the best essay on "Why men
don't go to church."

A NEW BOOK is soon to be published concerning Lord Byron
and his Dulcinea the Countess Guiccoli, in which very
favorable things will be told of this loving couple.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABORER'S UNION of England is not
getting along prosperously. Dissensions, inharmonious
and incompetent officers appear to be the difficulty. They have
fallen off twenty-five per cent. in numbers.

THE papers report that Robert Dale Owen has become
insane. It is feared Katie King was too much for him.
It is to be regretted that so clear an intellect as he has
had for scores of years should meet such a fate.

MR. CONRAD, of Cumberland Co., Pa., member of the
church, has just been arrested for incest with his daughter,
who is soon to become a mother. The country round
about is much excited at the unnatural crime.

A SWARM of grasshoppers moving at the rate of fifteen
miles an hour occupied sixty hours in passing over a
town in Missouri, and was estimated to be from thirty to
seventy miles wide and a half a mile deep.

A NEW coloring matter called essin has been introduced
into commerce. It was first produced by Caro at the Baden
aniline works, and named by him, on account of its
beautiful color, after the Greek "eos," the red of the
morning dawn.

At Middletown, Del., an immense peach refrigerator is
to be built, capable of holding 200,000 baskets of fruit,
which the projector guarantees to keep by a peculiar
freezing process for six months. Won't it be fine to have
peaches the year round?

ROWELL'S Newspaper Directory has come out with statistics
showing the number of newspaper failures during
the past year. It records the demise of one thousand
journals in that time, and the disappearance in their
ruins of over \$8,000,000.

THE Khedive of Egypt is searching the monasteries
and mosques of his dominions for manuscripts to form
a library at Cairo. He is said to have obtained thirty
different manuscripts of the Koran, and among them one
computed to be 1,150 years old.

A CLERGYMAN HELD FOR TRESPASS.—Cold Spring, N. Y.,
May 17.—The Rev. Benjamin F. Bowen, of this village, was
to-day held to bail for his appearance at the next County
Court, on a charge of malicious trespass in forcing open
the church door after it was closed and locked by the
trustees.

THE REV. MR. COLEMAN, of the M. E. church in East
Janesville circuit, in Bremer county, Iowa, is under
\$5,000 bonds for committing a rape on a girl thirteen years
old. Nice men, these divines.

SPIRITUALISM has found a new field in Russia, where
it has made several converts among men of standing.
These men have published their belief, and of course the
consequence is a numerous following. Home and several
other mediums are living in St. Petersburg, where
the simplest forms of "manifestation"—rappings and
table-tippings—are exciting great wonderment.

RARE MUNIFICENCE.—Plymouth church, at an evening
meeting on the 7th inst., voted Mr. Beecher the munificent
sum of \$100,000—twenty thousand dollars salary and eighty
thousand towards defraying the expenses of the Adultery
Suit. Their generosity and their devotion to their pastor
are unbounded. Whether he is guilty of adultery or not,
whether he is guilty of perjury or not, they are determined
to stick to him "through thick and thin."

It is recommended that the pestiferous grasshoppers
be used as food. They are said to make a fine dish when
properly prepared, and have been used for food by many.
One John the Baptist is said to have lived upon them for
some time, the locust and grasshopper being nearly identical.
It is said snails and caterpillars are regarded as
excellent food by some people, and why not grasshoppers?
Perhaps that is the best way to get even with the
miserable plagues.

REV. MR. PARSHALL, of Oakland, Cal., was a few months
ago tried by a church council for lascivious conduct with
some of the sisters of his congregation. He was convicted
and left town. This circumstance has led to disreputable
conduct on the part of a member of the church,
named P. H. Sumner, who, it seems, organized a conspiracy
to further injure the pastor, by pretending an attempt
was made, at his instigation, to assassinate him. Really,
it is very difficult to see wherein Christians are any better
than sinners.

THOMAS A. EDISON, of Newark, N. J., not yet thirty years
old, is probably one of the most thorough electricians of
the age. He has for ten years been almost constantly experimenting
in telegraphy and electrical experiments. He has made many
discoveries and improvements of value in the telegraphic art.
He has succeeded in recording 3,000 words per minute by telegraph
and in transmitting four distinct messages in different directions at
the same time over a single wire. Thus while it is satisfactorily
demonstrated that two trains cannot safely meet and pass each other
on a single track, it seems the electrical currents can. Mr. Edison estimates
that the time required for the current to pass from Valencia in Ireland
to Heart's Content in Newfoundland, was less than the hundredth part
of a second, thus proving if a continuous wire encircled the globe,
the current could make the entire circuit in one-quarter of a second.

THE BEECHER ADULTERY TRIAL after enduring the frosts
and storms of the chief part of Winter, the fitful weather
of Spring and the sweltering heat of the first Summer
month has at length terminated. The jury after deliberating
seven days became thoroughly convinced they could
never agree, being divided on the final vote, three for
Tilton and nine for Beecher; though on earlier ballots the
result had been different, sometimes four for Tilton,
sometimes five, sometimes six and once seven. The result
is what thousands anticipated, and when the immense
wealth, power and influence of Plymouth Church are
considered, the finale is probably all that could reasonably
be expected. True, the consequence will be a lessening
of confidence in trial by jury, indicating that at a
day not far distant another way of settling legal questions
and litigations will have to be adopted. It is pretty clear
there were some men on that jury whom no evidence of
Mr. Beecher's guilt could convince. Some have even declared
they were "Beecher men from the start," and could not
be made to believe in his guilt. Again, they were all Christians,
and they deemed it necessary the Church and the cause should be spared the odium of its

most prominent pastor being decided guilty of such a
charge. It is probably the first instance on record where
the oath of an accused culprit, in his own defense, has
been found sufficient to set aside the positive testimony
of three or four, or five, first-class, unimpeached, intelligent
witnesses. This is a conclusive proof of the immense
power of money and influence. Mr. Beecher is triumphantly
sustained by his church and congregation, which will probably
increase his salary five thousand dollars, and he will continue
to deal out bread and wine as the body and blood of God,
and desecrate upon his extreme love for Jesus, and the great
intimacy between God and himself. If the Christian Church
lends herself to excuse and sustain adulterous and perjured
clergymen, she must be classed among the abominations of
the earth.

THIRTEEN REASONS WHY HENRY WARD BEECHER MUST BE GUILTY.

1. Because his letters put in evidence in the trial cannot be rationally explained on any other hypothesis than that he had committed adultery with Elizabeth R. Tilton.
 2. Because his letter of contrition, especially, either means adultery or it means nothing.
 3. Because his conduct from the beginning of the scandal up to his appearance as a defendant in court, is the conduct of a guilty man, and not the conduct of an innocent man.
 4. Because he paid \$7,000 to Moulton "to keep Tilton quiet," and mortgaged his house to raise the money.
 5. Because during all those years when a single manly declaration from him, "I am innocent!" would, if it were true, have ended the whole scandal, he never once said that he was innocent; and though sore pressed to say that he was not guilty, he declined even to say that; and in fact never would say it till he was brought to bay in court, and compelled to speak.
 6. Because when Dr. Storrs wrote to him telling him that he had learned of the scandal, professing faith in his innocence, and desiring to render him service, he refrained from replying, and did not as much as say: "I am innocent. God bless you for your belief in my innocence."
 7. Because when Mrs. Bradshaw wrote him an affectionate letter, imploring him for God's sake to tell her he was innocent, he positively refused to answer, and instead of giving the desired assurance, begged her to join with him in keeping silence.
 8. Because when his sister, Mrs. Hooker, proposed to him that she should go into his pulpit and read to his people his confession of his guilt, he put her off with devices and evasions, but refused to say even to her that he was innocent.
 9. Because he did not dare to produce Elizabeth R. Tilton on the witness stand in the trial, when the plaintiff offered him the opportunity of so doing.
 10. Because Elizabeth R. Tilton has not only confessed in writing that she and Beecher were guilty of this sin and crime, but has confessed to several persons orally, namely, to Mrs. Bradshaw, before mentioned; to Mr. and Mrs. Richards, her brother and sister-in-law; to Florence Tilton, her daughter; and notably to Miss Susan B. Anthony, to whom the confession was made in her own house after an angry quarrel with her husband, during which Miss Anthony protected her against the fury of her husband.
 11. Because Mrs. Moulton has sworn that Beecher repeatedly confessed to her his adultery with Elizabeth R. Tilton; and nothing has been adduced to shake her credibility.
 12. Because Theodore Tilton and Francis D. Moulton, in their testimony, which likewise remains unshaken, confirm and corroborate all these different kinds and facts of evidence.
 13. Because all the undisputed, admitted facts comport with his guilt, while forty-nine fiftieths of them cannot, without being twisted out of all shape, be made to comport with his innocence.
- For these reasons Henry Ward Beecher must be held to be guilty. Guilty of adultery, guilty of lying, guilty of perjury, guilty of treachery to every man and woman who trusted him.—N. Y. Sun.

The Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion; or,

An Answer to the Question: Have We a Supernaturally Revealed, Infallibly Inspired and Miraculously Attested Religion in the World?

BY E. E. GUILD.

PART IV.

Particular Remarks on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity, and Statement of the Views of Rationalists on Inspiration, Revelation, and Religion.

The Epistles usually attributed to Paul are his genuine writings, except that to the Hebrews. This latter was written by some learned Jew, who was a convert to Christianity. The authors of these epistles were to a great extent the real founders of Christianity, *i. e.*, in the form in which it exists in the creeds of the various Christian sects. The doctrines of these creeds are based more on these epistles (not always correctly interpreted, to be sure), than on the teachings of Christ recorded in the four Gospels. To these epistles we are indebted for the origin of the doctrines of the Fall, Original Sin, Total Depravity, Predestination, Election and Reprobation, Miraculous Change of Nature, Vicarious Atonement and Universal Salvation, by Christ.

The difficulty to account for the origin of Christianity, without supposing it to have been established by supernatural and miraculous means I fully appreciate. The problem was to me a puzzle and a mystery for years. It was only after long and diligent research and investigation, that I was able to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. I have been abundantly rewarded for my pains. It is now clear to me that it is no more difficult to account for the origin of Christianity than for the origin of Brahminism in India, Confucianism in China, Parseeism in Persia, Mohammedanism in Turkey, or Mormonism in the United States.

We will state what are the main facts bearing on the question, and the conclusions to be deduced from these facts. Modern criticism has proved, so far as the nature of the case admits of proof,

1. That the five books of the Old Testament, commonly attributed to Moses, were not written by him, but were compiled hundreds of years after his death, partly from some fragments left by him and others, and partly from oral tradition.

2. The other books of the Old Testament are made up of partly genuine, and partly spurious writings.

3. The Gospels were not written by the Evangelists to whom they are ascribed—*i. e.*, in the form in which we now have them—but were compiled after the death of their reported authors, partly from records left by them, to which many additions were made derived from oral tradition.

4. Notwithstanding, the Bible contains many valuable and important truths, noble and sublime sentiments, excellent moral precepts and many beauties, we are not warranted to believe that they had any other than a perfectly natural origin.

5. The numerous mistakes, errors, contradictions, inconsistencies and absurdities contained in the Bible, justify us in believing that it is not an infallible standard of truth, not authoritative in its teachings, not the product of supernatural inspiration, and that nothing is to be believed simply because it is taught in that book.

6. The several books of the Old and New Testament were compiled, collected and published in two separate volumes by fallible men, who acted without any direct divine sanction or authority.

7. Christianity is not a supernaturally revealed and inspired religion, miraculously authenticated, but is a natural product of the human mind; the result of long ages of progress and development of religious thought and ideas.

Without doubt many of the marvelous stories recorded in the Bible had a historic basis, but they were not recorded at the time the events are said to have occurred, but long after, and at a time when the original facts had become greatly exaggerated. The compiler and writer believed them to be true, and they obtained ready evidence among a people who were very ignorant, very credulous, full of the belief in supernaturalism, and ready to endorse anything that tended to glorify their nation or their religion.

Nevertheless, there is in the books both of the Old and New Testaments quite an element of pious fraud and imposition. Almost all history is written in the interest of a nation, party or sect, Bible history not excepted. A comparison of the books of kings and chronicles, shows that the latter was written in the interest of the kingdom of Judah, and with a view to glorify David the great Theocratic king. Hence, it omits all mention of some of the worst acts of David, and represents him to have been a peculiar and exceptional favorite of heaven. The book of kings is far more candid and impartial, and tells the whole truth about the personal character of David and the doings of his kingdom. Between these two books there are other conflicting statements which no ingenuity has succeeded in reconciling.

The gospels—however blind some may be to the

fact—bear internal evidence of having been written in a partisan spirit and with a polemic aim. The first and third gospels especially, were written to prove that Christ was the true Jewish Messiah. To prove this, they relied mainly on establishing that he possessed miraculous powers. Hence, they exaggerated purely natural occurrences into miracles, and collected and recorded all the wild and extravagant legends that had descended to their day and with which the air was filled. In order to make it appear that Christ answered to the description of the Jewish Messiah contained in the Old Testament, who, it was supposed, must be a descendant of David, they related the silly, ridiculous and absurd legend relating to his miraculous birth; a story which defeats its own object, inasmuch, as if it proves anything, it is, that he was in no wise a blood relation of that personage. Besides, the legend is self contradictory, and contains many genealogical mistakes and errors. In order to prove that he was a subject of prophecy, they quote and apply to him passages which have no more relation to him than to Josephus, or any other man conspicuous in Jewish history of that time.

The fourth gospel was written to prove not only that Christ was Messiah, but that he had a pre-existence and answered to the Logos of Plato. It is the production of an Alexandrine Christian, who sought to blend the philosophy of Plato with Christianity, and thereby commend it to the favor of the Pagan philosophers. This book, the writings of Paul, and the epistle to the Hebrews, constitute the first great departure from the simplicity of the teachings of Christ, which finally culminated in the establishment of that particular form of Christianity known as Catholicism. Let it be remembered that at the time when these books were written it was an almost universally received maxim, that it was right to lie for the truth, and to deceive those who require to be deceived. Nothing was more common than to forge books and ascribe their authorship to distinguished persons in order to give them authority among the common people. We may state, also, that of all the miracles recorded in the Bible not one was ever submitted to a scientific test.

The early history of every nation is a mixture of truth and falsehood, fact and fiction, legend and tradition. Even our own early history is by no means entirely destitute of the mythologic element. How much more is this true of Jewish history and of the history of Christianity?

The whole superstructure of supernatural Christianity is made to rest by Paul on the fact of the resurrection of Christ from the dead. Now, that this alleged fact is intrinsically improbable no one will deny. It ought, then to be sustained by the most unimpeachable testimony, the most indubitable evidence; but we have not the direct testimony of a single eye witness of the event. Not one of the New Testament writers says he was present and saw him rise. The four different accounts of the affair are conflicting. The only points in which they agree, are: first, that Christ's body was laid in the tomb of a man who was a friend to him; and second, that when the tomb was visited on Sunday morning the body was not there; both of which statements we can very readily believe, without supposing that the body was dead when placed there, or that a man who was really dead had been restored to life. It is much easier to believe that the body was in a state of swoon, from which it was restored and afterwards released from the tomb; or, that if dead, the body was taken away by secret friends and kept out of sight. We have plenty of witnesses who say "he was seen alive" after his crucifixion; but not one who says, *I saw him*, except Paul, and he only in a vision. I need not say that such testimony is not within the rules of evidence, nor that it would not be admitted to prove anything in a court of justice, especially so astounding an occurrence as the resurrection of a dead man to life and his subsequent ascension into heaven.

There is much better evidence to prove that miracles equally astounding as any recorded in the Bible, were wrought in the second, third and fourth centuries of the Christian era. For, in the latter case, we have the testimony of hundreds of persons, and among them, no less than nine Bishops of the Church who affirm in the most solemn manner that they saw these miracles wrought. And even in our own day—if we can credit human testimony on this subject—the world is full of miracles. In our own country—the most enlightened in the world—within the past half century, we have seen a Matthias persuading otherwise intelligent men to believe, not only that he was a prophet of the Lord, but that he was the very and eternal God himself. We have witnessed the rise of a sect of Religionists who have sent their apostles to every civilized nation on the globe; making converts in each, and basing their claims mainly on the possession of miraculous powers. We have seen another sect arise, claiming, not miraculous powers to be sure, but extraordinary gifts of healing, prophecy, inspiration, direct revelation, etc., and they have made more converts in thirty years than Christianity did in three centuries. The power to work miracles has always been claimed by the Catholic Church, and the same claim is made by the Mormon Church. We have the testimony under oath of living men who certify that they were eye witnesses of the miracles said to have

been wrought by Joe Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church. And that Church, too, claims to have a book containing a supernatural and miraculous revelation from God. If such things can be in this age of the world, what might not have been done eighteen hundred years ago?

But, we shall be told—as we have been thousands of times—that to the Bible we are indebted for our civilization, refinement of manners, elevation of character, and for the progress of science and the arts. I greatly marvel that an argument for the supernatural origin of the Bible, should be based on this ground. The facts do not sustain it. Civilization existed before the Bible was known. The Hebrew Bible did not elevate the Jews in the scale of civilization above the Pagan nations around them did not make them any less cruel, treacherous nor inhuman; nor any more honest or faithful. It did not prevent them from carrying on a war of invasion against the inhabitants of Canaan, and on the plea that they were idolaters, and therefore, abhorred of God, making an indiscriminate slaughter of all who would not submit to their authority and give up to them their possessions. It did not prevent a civil war among them, nor the establishment of two separate kingdoms, between which an almost incessant war was carried on for hundreds of years. It did not hinder them from siding with the priests in their antagonism to the prophets, nor from persecuting these, the best men of their nation "from city to city." In spite of the Bible, they set up in both kingdoms that very idolatry which they came there ostensibly to destroy. It did not save them from being proved haughty, dictatorial, exclusive and domineering; nor did its influence stay the hand of vengeance against Jesus Christ, the greatest living teacher of his time.

In our time, to the Hebrew Bible, we have super-added the Christian Bible, the latter supposed to be an improvement on the other. Both are bound in the same volume and we have the influence of both. We shall speak of it as one. That its influence has been salutary in many respects we very cheerfully grant; but we claim that this is owing not to its being accepted as a supernatural revelation, but to the plain, practical, and common sense moral truths which it contains. It is these that give it its vitality and its hold on the veneration and love of mankind. It is these that have saved it from oblivion. Instead of its having been a great instrument in promoting science and civilization, the car of human progress has rolled on, and science and civilization have prospered in spite of its influence. Scarcely a scientific truth has been discovered, or a reform proposed that has not been opposed by the whole weight and power of the Church, which is the depository of the Bible. The Church opposed the doctrines of modern astronomers and geologists and philosophers, until the advanced opinions of the people compelled it to relax somewhat. In the incipient stages of the temperance and anti-slavery reforms, the Church arrayed itself against them. And how is it with Christian nations as compared with others not Christian? Are they any more faithful to their treaties than the Turks? Any more peaceable than the Chinese, the Japanese, or the Hindoos? I hesitate not to say, that in all the records of knavery and cruelty we shall search in vain to find a parallel to the frauds, cruelties, inhumanities and enormities that have been perpetrated by men who professed to receive the Bible as a revelation from God, and to be guided by its precepts. Witness the treachery to his own kindred, the fratricidal and matricidal murders of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, whose private character was even worse than that of Caligula or Nero. Remember the persecutions of each other of the two great branches of the Church, viz: the Catholic and Protestant, carried on for years and involving the destruction of millions of human lives. Think of the horrors of the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day. Call to mind the history of the Inquisition, that terrible engine of destruction which existed during five centuries; during which every possible engine of torture that ingenuity could invent, was employed to inflict suffering and death on the bodies and minds of innocent persons. Recollect the thirty years religious wars in Germany, the numerous wars that have been carried on in Europe by the Christian kings and princes of that country; notice the treatment of the natives of this country by their Christian conquerors, the stupendous frauds that were practised upon them, and the vices that were introduced among them; see the Christian government of England deriving a large revenue from India by taxing the inhabitants for the privilege of worshipping Jugernaut; see her send her missionaries of the gospel, and her men of war into the ports of China compelling the inhabitants to accept her missionaries and buy her opium, under the penalty of having their cities bombarded and their lives destroyed by the murderous cannon. Look now to our country and reflect on our late war, carried on by fellow-Christians and fellow-countrymen. How terrible the conflict, how fierce the combatants, what woe, what sorrow, what desolation, what destruction of property and life; and yet the two contending parties were cheered on, and sometimes led by men who, not only believed in the Bible, but professed to be the ordained teachers of the gospel of the Prince of Peace, whose mission to our world they admitted to be a mission of peace and good will to men. Instances have been known of clergymen appealing to the Bible

to sanction the greatest of outrages, even the seduction of youth and innocence.

When I reflect on the crimes against humanity, I am led to exclaim, are these the actions of men, or is the idea true that infernals have assumed the shape and appeared in the guise of men? Where, in all the history of the world, is there a parallel to these enormities? Do the Pagan nations persecute, destroy and war with each other on account of their religion? Do men of science, philosophers, and so called Infidels war upon each other on account of their differences of opinion? But if they do not, why not? Simply, because they do not believe that the interest of religion can be promoted by striking down the liberty of thought and speech, and the right of every human being to believe whatever approves itself to his judgment. They are the friends of free toleration, freethought, free investigation, free discussion and the liberty of the human mind.

The believers in Bible supernaturalism claim—as all supernaturalists claim—that they have a God-ordained priesthood, whose function it is, by precept and example, to lead men to the practice of every virtue. But what has been the history of priests in all countries and in all ages? Are they exempt from the vices against which they declaim? Are they any less selfish, mercenary lovers of the good things of this world and of the indulgence of their passions than the average of other men? I shrink from the task of detailing the horrors of their record. I hesitate not to say that no class of educated professional men but what can show a cleaner record. The labors, investigations, discoveries and disclosures of lawyers, physicians and scientists have been of incalculable benefit to the world. But the priests, what have they done? They have filled the world with piles on piles of books, pamphlets and tracts, filled with the silliest nonsense and trash. Priestcraft and kingcraft are twin brothers, they act in harmony and concert together; they have filled the world with carnage and blood ever since the organization of human society; they have robbed men by confiscation of more property than all other robbers; filched more money out of men's pockets by frauds in dealing in the relics and rotten bones of saints and martyrs than all other thieves; caused more human suffering and tears, made more widows and orphans than all other human causes combined; they have inflicted more tortures than all other savages, and destroyed more lives than all other murderers. The Jewish priesthood began with Aaron, who manufactured an idol in the shape of a golden calf for the people to worship, and then told a deliberate falsehood in order to hide his iniquity. It ended in the crucifixion of Christ. The example of Aaron has been imitated by multitudes of his successors; the priests were denounced and their time-serving policy exposed by the prophets, and in their official capacity they were scorned and condemned by the teacher, Christ. Everywhere they have proved themselves to be tyrants over the human mind, intolerant, opposed to human progress, unless in the direction marked out by them, and dealing out damnation to every one who dares to dissent from their opinions, or question their authority. In fine, they have in some instances "exalted themselves above all that can be called God or is worshiped," and in other cases assumed to be the vicegerents of God on earth, the only medium through which God's blessings could flow to mankind.

It is in no carping spirit that these statements are made, nor with any desire to slander, abuse or wound a single human being. These are not the sayings of a mad man. Sincerely do I wish that I could say in all honesty and truth, that they are false; but they are truths, every one, and being so, are necessary to my argument. I now appeal to the reader, and ask him to lay his hand upon his heart and answer me. Have we not a right to expect from a people claiming a God-given revelation, constituting an infallible guide, a God-ordained Church, and a God-appointed ministry better things than these? Do not the facts, then, prove that the arrogant claims and pretensions of these men ought to be discarded by every rational man?

I may be asked if I thus impeach all of the clergy? By no means; God forbid that I should make so false and foolish a charge. No, the question has two sides, and I have been speaking on one side only and in general terms. I am by no means insensible to the fact that there are among the believers in supernaturalism, both of the clergy and laity, some as good men as ever existed; some of them I number on my list of choicest friends, around whom are entwined my heart's best affections. To the credit and honor of human nature I am glad and proud to say that the priesthood and the Church have produced many as noble specimens of humanity as ever dignified and adorned our race; men as wise, as great, and good as any other; But what I claim is that they are not good because they believe as they do, but they are made so by reason of their natural character, dispositions and superior cultivation and development. They are good Christians. They would have been good Muselmans, or Hindoos, or Deists, or Free Religionists. We have good men outside of the Church as well as in it; good men of all forms of religion; good men of all sects and of no sect. Men we have, good as any who have no faith whatever in any form of supernaturalism. They are good, not because they are unbelievers, but for the reason mentioned before.

Nor am I blind to the beauties of the Bible; but if it contains beauties, it also contains deformities. If it fills the minds of some with the most comforting hopes, it fills the minds of others with the most tormenting and distressing fears. If to some it imparts joy and peace, to others it imparts sorrow and gloom; if it makes some happy, it makes others miserable. The eloquent Saurin, a French divine, admitted that it had the effect on him to make "food insipid, society irksome, and life itself a cruel bitter." The influence of the book, then, in the one direction neutralizes its influence in the other. We can conserve all its good influence and prevent the bad by abandoning our belief in its authority and infallibility.

If we reject the Bible in this sense, do we reject the idea of the existence of any such thing as revelation and inspiration? Far from it. But we claim, that "it is not necessary for God to speak in an audible voice in order to reveal himself and make his will known." And we affirm that ever since men took it into their heads to make him speak, each one makes him speak in his own way and say what he thinks he ought to say. Our book of Revelation includes the Bible and all other books. It is the volume of nature. God reveals himself in the laws and phenomena of nature, and in the powers and faculties of the human soul. He speaks to us in the sun and moon; in every star that shines in the blue vault above; in the globe which we inhabit; in the great ocean of waters; in every lake and pond; in every river, rivulet and spring; in the mountains, hills and plains; in every spire of grass; in every plant and shrub and tree that grows; in every flower that blooms; in every shower of rain; in storms and Tempests; in volcanoes and earthquakes; in the lightning and thunder; in every movement of the mind; in every feeling and emotion of the heart; in every sensation we experience; in every object that meets the eye, and in every sound that greets the ear.

As to inspiration, we believe as the Bible teaches, that "there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." We cannot believe that for a period of four thousand years, God confined his gifts of revelation and inspiration to a comparatively small nation of people inhabiting an insignificant portion of the earth, to the entire neglect of all the rest of mankind. We regard such an idea as too monstrous a reflection on his character—an impeachment of his partiality and goodness. God's sunshine and rain descends upon all; why should not his blessings of revelation and inspiration? Yes, we believe in inspiration, but it is universal. All are inspired, but not all in the same degree; some more, some less, each one according to his deserving and capacity; none to a degree that makes them infallible. Those who are the most inspired are the natural teachers of those below them. God has given them their credentials, noble intellects, hearts that beat high in humanity's cause, and an irrepressible spirit which makes each one feel, woe is me if I proclaim not God's truth. "The world is their parish, and mankind universally are their parishioners." They feel that they have a mission on earth, and until that is accomplished no harm can befall them. God's inspiration and revelation cannot be confined within the lids of any book, nor the limits of any one man's mind, nor to a single nation only; not to only one quarter of the globe. The true light, as saith the scriptures, "enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." That the Jewish prophets were inspired we do not doubt; so were Confucius, Buddha and Mahomet, so was Christ and his Apostles, and Christ more than all who had gone before him. Paul was inspired more than all the rest of the apostles put together. He dared to put the spirit above the letter of inspiration, and to teach that in all cases where there was a conflict between them the letter must yield. No doubt the Bible contains revelations from God; but the book itself is the work of human hands and bears distinct marks of its human origin. No doubt God spake to Moses; but in the same way that he has always been speaking to the human race. In the infancy of the race his voice is only faintly heard because the peoples' hearing is indistinct; but as the race progresses and intellect and moral sense is more developed, his voice is more distinctly heard and better comprehended. Inspiration, then, is progressive; the final word has not yet been spoken. Revelation is more full and complete to-day than ever before; but we may expect even greater revelations in the future. The difference between us and other religionists is not that we believe less, but a great deal more.

Our God is the power that controls the universe of matter; mind and morals; the all-powerful, wise and good. Our Church is the whole world; the members of it the entire race of man. If some are bad members it is the duty of the rest to make them better. Our Temple is all space. Our altar is "earth, sea and skies." Our sacrifices and hymns of praise are joyful and thankful hearts. Our prayers are good desires and wishes, accompanied by corresponding acts and deeds. We endeavor to manifest our regard and reverence for the Supreme Being, by discharging with fidelity the duties of life and doing good to our fellow-men. Upon our altars no victims die; no blood is shed; no offering is presented of burning flesh or sweet scented herbs. "We never presume to offer aid to almighty power; to counsel infinite wisdom; to

communicate intelligence to omniscience, nor to desire to avert the judgments of immaculate purity and justice; nor to try to make infinite love more kind to his creatures." We tolerate all opinions, and persecute for none. We seek to combat ignorance and superstition, not by force and violence, but by imparting knowledge and instruction. We endeavor to lead the erring from vice and to the practice of virtue, not by threats and denunciations, but by mild reproof and gentle persuasion. We worship God, not so much by set forms and ceremonies and prescribed rules, as by doing good to each other. We use no signs, symbols, amulets or charms. We fear no devils worse than men carry in their own bosoms. We make no pilgrimages to Mecca, to the Ganges, nor to Jerusalem. We are not solitaires, recluses, monks, nuns, anchorites, misanthropes nor pillar saints. We do not believe that the owl is a better bird for his gravity, or the lark a worse one for his merry notes; nor that a man's religion can be measured by the length of his face. We believe in cultivating cheerfulness, mirth and laughter; in manifesting a spirit of kindness to all men without exception, the bad as well as good, and to everything that lives and breathes. We believe in making men good by making them happy. We believe that the most acceptable return we can make for all our blessings is to be thankful for them and enjoy them, and that in so doing we only obey God. We do not fast nor torture our bodies for the good of our souls. We do not spend our days in gloom and sorrow, and fancy that by so doing we are serving either God or man. We fear no truth, and accept without hesitation from whatever source, whatever appears to be true, and as unhesitatingly reject what we deem to be false. We endeavor to cultivate a sufficient amount of manhood, moral courage and heroism, to fearlessly avow our honest opinions.

If we reject the idea of the supernatural origin of the Bible and of its absolute authority and infallibility, do we reject the beautiful moral and religious precepts, the sublime and elevating sentiments contained in the Old and New Testaments? Surely not; or in accepting these, must we endorse the gross, vulgar ideas, the incredible statements, the unreasonable, absurd doctrines therein contained? If we read in a book that two and two are four, and in the same book that two and two are ten, if we believe the last, must we, in order to be consistent deny also the first? But this is precisely what is meant when we are told that if we reject one part of the Bible we must disbelieve the whole. Again, if we reject the supernaturalism of Christianity, do we therefore renounce all religion? As well might we renounce our nature, or our manhood. The Bible did not make religion, nor is it dependent on it. Religion existed before there was any Bible. It had its birth in the heart of the first man that ever lived. Moses, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Socrates, Plato and Seneca were religious men; but they never saw the Bible. The same causes that made them religious can make us also. Religion has its foundation in the nature and constitution of men. Human religion has no existence outside of human nature. It cannot be infused into man nor engrafted on him; it has its seat, its root, its germ in the heart. All true religion must be of the heart and be developed within. If all the Bibles in the world of every name were exterminated, religion, however much it might suffer from the loss of what is good and true contained in them, would still survive the shock and re-appear in all its inherent power and splendor.

Tell me not, then, that Rationalists are Infidels to religion, when I know that their belief is that religion stands in no need of falsehoods, deception, pious frauds, supernatural agencies nor miracles to support it, and that in no way can it be destroyed except by exterminating the human race. Religion is goodness, and just as much goodness as there is in the world, in so much is the world blessed by religion. In proportion as goodness is developed in the individual man and carried out by him in practice, in that proportion he is religious. Religion existed before writing was known or books made, or ever ceremonials instituted, creeds drawn up, or a priesthood established. It will remain even if all these should be swept away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE son of a clergyman was delivering a college valedictory, when, in pulling out his handkerchief, he pulled out a pack of cards. "Hulloa!" he exclaimed, "I've got on my father's coat!"

THE American revivalists, Moody and Sankey, have driven a man in London into insanity. James Castle, aged twenty-eight, a hackney carriage driver, who appeared in the dock with ribbons attached to his cap, was charged at the Clerkinwell Police Court, the other day with disorderly conduct, and causing a crowd to assemble at Islington. A policeman stated that on Monday night, April 26, he found the defendant in the midst of a large crowd, declaiming about Moody and Sankey, and singing. He threw his stick about, and caused a great disturbance; and finding that he would not go away the constable took him to the police station. All the night he had been raving about religion, and singing the songs of Moody and Sankey so loudly that the men who lodged there could not get any sleep.

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A Fourth Salute from Elder Shelton.

This valorous defender of ancient superstitions and absurdities evidently does not belong to those governed by the rule "three times and out." We have already published three of his frothy, feeble letters and supposed we had done with him, but here he comes again with another of his vapid productions, which he wants us to print, and as he promises, upon his "sacred honor," this is his last, we will, notwithstanding the decision we had formed to the contrary, let him be heard still once more. He will understand, however, this *must* be the last. We have his measure; we know what there is in him, and it is of a quality that does not bear repetition.

BROOKSVILLE, BLOUNT Co., ALA., June 8th, 1875.

MR. D. M. BENNETT—Sir: Being warned, in your very kind and generous communications to me, published in your so called TRUTH SEEKER, that you can follow me no longer, and hinted slightly at my ignorance and great lack of being a gentleman in all things. But stated that you were going to publish a small pamphlet containing the discussion between this (ignoramus) and yourself. If you are so well informed and I am so ignorant; I am sure the pamphlet will not bring any credit or profit to either of us. But for fear you do take a curious notion and print such a pamphlet, I send this as a closing Article of recapitulation. There is one thing that I acknowledge, you can beat me at; it is a low vulgar kind of *Ridicule* against all things that are holy, and righteous, written in the word of God, with a vulgar prejudice actuated by a diabolical heart, and a diseased conscience. You seem to think it very strange that I should believe in the Scriptural account of the flood, though I have indubitable evidences of such a flood and evidence that you have tried to ridicule but have not nor never will overthrow by false argument, which is so thin that a twelve year old boy could not fail to detect it. And right on the end of this; insult my senses by quoting B. F. Underwood on Evolution, 10th page TRUTH SEEKER, June 1st. In a Lecture by that gentleman he states that our Solar system was once a fire mist, and also that life appeared in the same way. Now, I do think that, that Theory is a long way more mystical or more properly (misty) than the flood possibly could be, so much so that none but Philosophical *Maniacs* could possibly believe it. And Mr. Editor you and B. F. Underwood may both go and seek your Ancesters among the Ape and monkey tribes, in your false Theories. I assure you they are no connexion of mine.

I try to worship a God that has made man and has given him Soul and Spirit life, which elevates him far above the scale of Animal beings. Not a drop of animal or monkey blood tracks its course through my veins. I claim that God made me a human being, and you and professor Underwood can have as much animal about you as you want. But I will stop right here and ask you and the Professor what created this fire mist, which has created the Universe. I reckon both of you can give me about as good answer to this, as the negro did when asked, what he believed the Earth stood on, he said it stood on a large Durham Bull, when asked what the Bull stood on, said that it stood on a large Turtle, and when asked what the Turtle stood on, said he did not know unless it floated about on the sea of nothing. Hence such systems generally taper down to a fire mist or otherwise vapor and smoke. Such men are determined not to have the Soul humbling doctrine of the Gospel, and the flood, though an Angel declare it unto them, and though a righteous Moses should by Inspiration, tell them how the Earth was made, and how the flood came, yet my Editor is compelled to believe Mr. Underwood's fire mist Theory of the Universe because he sees, or imagines he sees, a great deal of nice Philosophy in it. Oh! consistency thou art a Jewel. Now, Sir in conclusion I will honestly say to you that I would not have my wife to believe as you do for nothing in the world; you may ask me why. It is because the fear of the God of the Universe would not be implanted in her heart, the fear of hell and the reward of heaven would not be in her mind. Creating a good conscience within, which never mislead any one, I would be afraid of such a wife, from the fact that she might get the free love fever, in her head, and would be free to love some body besides the old man of the house, and if there is no God, no Heaven, no Hell, she might undertake to make the best of surrounding circumstances, and poke a spider in the old man's dumpling; knowing that there would be no Hell, nor a Just God to punish such conduct, then she could go and exercise her free love with her free lover, under her grand system of Infidel belief which things go hand in hand and beautifully harmonizes in this present world. And there is another thing, I will never suffer an

Infidel or Materialist to swear in Court against me, nor neither will I vote for one to fill any office. You see at once that I firmly believe that it is the Bible and the words of Christ, that has made us such a great civil and religious Government, and have made so many millions of noble hearted, and pious men and women. Look at China, look at Africa, and all the heathen countries that have not the Bible, and see how degraded they are. The man that would tear away every thing that makes a people noble, and happy, certainly is a monster. I now close on my part, the argument on the flood question, if my theory is correct, I will meet you at the Judgement, and then we will know how it is, but if you are right there will be no Judgement, and it will not matter whether any thing was ever right or no. Please publish this as my closing remarks; you can close on your part as you see proper, and do not stop to quibble about our bad spelling or grammar. I want you to meet the argument if you can. If you publish in Pamphlet form, send me two or three copies and I will send you an equivalent for them.

ELDER J. C. SHELTON.

REPLY.—Much that the Elder says is unworthy a reply, containing, as it does, neither sense nor argument. His talk about our "vulgar prejudice," our "diabolical heart" and "diseased conscience" is a kind of Christian twaddle not worth noticing. He is quite welcome to the "indubitable proof" he boasts of having of Noah's flood. He is, perhaps, entitled to boast a little, for he is the only person in the world that has any such proof. If, however, that popular log in Mr. Scott's ridge in Blount county, Alabama, which he mentioned in his first letter, is his *indubitable proof*, he can have the enjoyment of it all alone to himself, for nobody else will regard it as having the most distant connection with Noah's flood any more than it had with the whale's swallowing Jonah.

The Elder seems offended at us; he says, "And right on the end of this, insult my senses by quoting B. F. Underwood on Evolution, on tenth page of TRUTH SEEKER, June 1st." Now it seems to us if Elder Shelton had the intelligence of a three year old Esquimaux boy, he would not have fallen into the mistake we were quoting B. F. Underwood on him, and he would have been saved this dire insult he complains of. In that number of our paper we gave a synopsis of a lecture of Mr. Underwood on Evolution, but it had no more reference to Elder Shelton or his belief than to a blind Hottentot and his fetish idol. Possibly the simple Elder thought all THE TRUTH SEEKER contained was addressed to him personally. If so, he is mistaken. True, we gave up considerable space to him, but not the entire paper.

Smarting under this imagined insult, that the fire-mist theory should be quoted on him, with a zeal worthy of Sancho Panza, he at once draws his spear and charges upon the dangerous foe—the windmill of Evolution. In the simplicity of his heart, he supposes the fire-mist theory is a new idea of Mr. Underwood's. Probably he never heard of it before, and is wholly unaware it has been taught more than fifty years by La Place, Herschel and other distinguished philosophers and astronomers who found evidence in the Universe that not only the solar system, but other suns and worlds have evolved from a nebular state or fire-mist. Indications are found with the aid of immense telescopes, that worlds in their very infancy, are now emerging from this condition and are gradually condensing and evolving into solid spheres. But the pious Elder, deeming this a new heresy of Mr. Underwood's, he rushes upon it in his most valorous style. Having never read anything of fire-mists in the Bible; finding nothing of it in the song of Moses and the Lamb, he essays to demolish it at once. Stay, Elder Shelton, sheath thy sword, thou art hardly the man to overthrow the theories and deductions of the great astronomers named.

The Elder is positive not a drop of monkey blood courses through his veins; but we are not so sure of it. Were he to compare a little of his blood with the blood of an ape or monkey, he would not find much difference.

To the Elder's question, who made the fire-mist; we have to reply it was not made. It is a form of matter of which the Universe is composed, and always existed, the same as he would say his God has. It is so easy for him to believe his God always existed, why cannot he strain his imagination a little and think something else might also have always existed? Can he imagine how God could exist for countless ages with nothing else in existence besides? Where

did he stay, and what was he doing for myriads of ages? Is it really any more difficult to understand that matter in some form should ever have existed than that God is capable of making the boundless Universe of nothing, and that he existed alone with nothing besides him for numberless trillions of years before he commenced the enterprise of making a Universe.

The Elder is so well pleased with his story about the negro, the Durham bull, and the large turtle, we will leave him in the enjoyment of it. There is nothing in the story, and besides he has changed it from what it used to be, but it appears just fitted to his calibre, and we are content.

The Elder's most powerful argument in this fourth letter is where he says he "would not have his wife to believe as we do for nothing in the world," for fear she would get the free-love fever in her head and leave him and the house and children to go after some other man; first putting spiders in his dumplings and poisoning him off and getting him out of the way. We believe that is the last argument against infidelity he has yet heard.

We are truly sorry the simple Elder thinks no more of his wife than that it requires a belief in a Devil and a hell to keep her from feeding him upon spiders and running off over the country with some gayer Lothario than himself. Now we think much better of Mrs. Shelton than her husband does. We do not think she would do any such thing, even if she should cease to have faith in a Devil. It would be a monster that would mix spiders in dumplings and pies to feed her husband and children, and we do not believe Mrs. Shelton is that kind of a woman. She may not have exercised good judgment in selecting a husband, but we have no idea she wants to kill him.

How little, indeed, Elder Shelton seems to know about Liberals and unbelievers, and how bad his own heart must be to suppose, because a person has not his crude belief to govern them, they would wish to kill somebody and commit other heinous crimes. If the Elder is really such a man that it requires his religious faith to keep him from committing inhuman offences, we pity him, and are compelled to give some credit to his belief, as abhorrent as it otherwise is. The Elder evidently knows very little about unbelievers or Infidels. Probably he has never met many. He lives in a part of the country where Freethinkers do not greatly abound, and where it is customary for every negro, however ignorant, and every white man, however unlearned, without the first doubt or enquiry to believe in a Devil, a hell and a cruel God who got a son by a young Jewish maiden, and though he was much pleased with his son, he caused him to be put to death in a most cruel manner, on account of the great animosity he held towards the human family. Nearly every negro in Alabama believes this beautiful creed and so does Elder Shelton.

As the Elder knows so little about the character of those who differ from him in belief, we will condescend to enlighten him if he is able to receive it. We will be glad if he can believe the truth. We have met many unbelievers in the Christian dogmas and for years have been well acquainted with considerable numbers of them, and we have invariably found them good, well-disposed people, who neither wished to murder nor violate the laws of the land. We have found them quite as moral and upright, as honorable and honest as the best Christians we ever met. Infidel women are as virtuous, stay at home as well and are as true to their husbands as any class of wives in the country. We and our wife have jogged along together thirty years; her belief corresponds closely with our own, and we can bear cheerful evidence that she has been a faithful, good wife. We have not the slightest idea that she ever put a single spider in our food, in fact we have noticed she has been very careful a fly even did not get in; nor have we ever had occasion for the faintest suspicion that she was running off on free-loving expeditions with other men. No, no, Elder Shelton, Infidel women do not act that way, they are governed by honest convictions and upright principles, and not by fear of the Devil. You have made a sad mistake, 'good Elder'; it is *Christian* women that most practice free-love; it is in Christian Churches to-day that free-love most largely abounds. There is scarcely a Church in the country that has not

more or less of it. There is scarcely a priest, pastor or elder but what is guilty of loving the sisters too well. There are, unfortunately, hundreds and thousands of sisters ready and willing to yield themselves a free offering to please these good men of God, whom they so highly revere. We can scarcely pick up a paper but what we find accounts of some new case of some preacher having criminal connection with some of the sisters of his flock, and not one case in a score is ever allowed to come to the light. There is vastly more of this kind of business going on in the churches than outsiders dream of. Talk, indeed, about Infidels being free lovers! Christian preachers and elders have no occasion to look outside the churches for that article. And why should not the dear sisters be all to them the name of wife implies? It is scarcely wrong to please a man of God, and if it is, if it is even sin, if they only have faith, the blessed Savior wipes it all away—he pays the debt, if any is contracted. Though their sins be as red as scarlet he makes them as white as wool. Even Elder Shelton himself, if we had a full account of his “true inwardness” would not, we fear, show an entirely clear record. It is quite likely a man of so much faith has abounded in works also, if not, he is an exception to the general rule.

Among all the Infidels we have known, we never knew a woman that fed her husband on a diet of spiders; nor have we known a man who died of eating spiders. That is entirely a figment of Elder Shelton's brain. We beg him to divest himself of it and to try and have a little more confidence in his injured wife. She is probably a better woman than he would be in her place.

The pious Elder shows his illiberality by saying, “I will never suffer an Infidel or a Materialist to swear in Court against me, nor will I vote for one to fill any office.” He doubtless feels just as he says. He would deprive every Infidel of giving evidence in courts of justice, and of holding offices of honor and trust. What a bad heart he must have, and how fortunate it is for we poor unbelievers that all Christians do not feel just as he does, and that his sort are not more numerous than they are. Why, if Elder Shelton could have his way we would not be allowed to breathe; for, by the same rule that he would deprive us of the right to testify and hold office, he would deprive us of the right to think for ourselves, to speak and to breathe. That is precisely the spirit that actuated Christians in the past centuries in putting to death hundreds of thousands, yes, millions of unfortunate heretics that did not think and believe as the Christians said they must. These cruel murderers were simply Elder Shelton's, who were satisfied they were right and were determined every body should arrive at the same conclusions they did. How unjust and untrue the decision that a man cannot tell the truth and is not to be allowed to give his evidence in courts who does not believe the Christian dogmas; as though a special form of belief made a man truthful.

If any difference is to be made between a Christian and an Infidel, the latter should have the preference. Christians as usually are a class who subscribe to a set of dogmas or articles of belief without much scrutiny, doubt or investigation. They take for granted everything their preacher or elder tells them is true, and like an unfledged robin they swallow it without hesitation, especially so, since it is the popular creed and more respectable than to be a heretic. With an Infidel it is quite different; he doubts much that to him appears mythical and improbable; much that strikes him as unreasonable and absurd; he brings his reason to bear and tests the creeds presented to him by this excellent guide; he requires proof before he can give his assent to any code of dogmas and whether he is popular or unpopular he does not pretend to believe that which to his reason is unfounded and absurd. He does not seek popularity, nor join a Church to get into good society or to gain the approbation of Mrs. Grundy or Mrs. Upper-Crust. He is emphatically an independent and an honest man. He reveres truth and uprightness for their own sake, not because he is told of an cloven-footed Devil with pitchfork who is after him to pitch him into a fiery lake of burning brimstone. As a rule, he is a man of veracity and his simple word is quite as good in a court of justice or

any where else, as the oath of Elder Shelton or any Christian in the land. When a man is willing to stem the popular current of thought, and estimates truth and reason higher than he does popularity; when he is willing to class himself with those despised and traduced, for opinion's sake; when he hesitates not to incur obloquy and hatred that he may give utterance to his honest convictions, depend upon it, he is a reliable, honest man, and his word may be taken in every place and condition. This is not true of the sycophantic, the priestly dupe who believes or pretends to believe whatever the dignitaries of the Church tell him he must believe, and that by so doing he will not only lay up treasures in heaven, but be ranked with the most respected and fashionable classes in this world.

The Elder spurns the idea of voting for an Infidel for office, but many better men have thought differently from him. Among the Presidents this country has had, George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and Abraham Lincoln may be classed as Infidels. They were unbelievers in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and several of them were decided in their infidelity. Were they not honorable, worthy men? Was not their word and oath good enough to be taken in a court of justice, and was it not an honor for honest, upright men to vote for them?

In the claim Elder Shelton sets up, that the Bible and the words of Christ have done so much towards civilizing the world, he exclaims, “Look at China, look at Africa!” Well, what of them? China, it is true, is an Infidel nation, but barring her over-population, she is doing very well. They are probably not equal in all respects to the Anglo-Saxon race, but they are peaceful, intelligent, industrious and law-abiding. There is not half the crime among them, no scarcely ten per cent. the crime there that exists in the same amount of population in Christian nations—400,000,000. Their religion is as good as the Christian religion, and the morals which Confucius handed down to them are equally as pure as those taught later by Jesus, and they have not taken one life in war and bloodshed where Christians have taken thousands. So much for China.

Africa, of course, is a country of gross ignorance, and the people suffer greatly from a lack of enterprise and general intelligence, but they are full of superstition and religion. In fact ignorance and religion seem to go hand in hand. Where one exists, there will you always find the other. The grosser the ignorance, the greater the mental darkness that submerges a people, the more they abound in superstition, baseless myths and absurd beliefs. Africa is a country which shows what an excess of religion, founded on mythical superstition, will do for a people. The only hope for her is the diffusion of intelligence, education, enterprise and consequently *infidelity* by other more advanced nations. In short, this is the great need of the world—more knowledge, more science, more reason and common sense; less belief in myths and miracles, less superstition, less faith in a supernatural religion, less priestcraft and less yielding up to priests the intelligence and reason the God of the Universe imparted to man, to guide and govern him. The world needs more a rule of reason, more infidelity and less supernaturalism and mysticism.

We have cheering hopes for the future of our race. In the next few centuries we expect much greater gains will be made in the domain of reason, science and truth than in the last thousand years. The power of priestcraft will be terribly shaken, if not wholly overthrown; revealed religion will be at a great discount and certain knowledge will supplant mysticism and superstitious vagaries. Christianity is not to be the religion of the future. It is one of the religions of the past; it has not come up to the necessities of the race, and is destined to pass away. The religion of the future will be the *Religion of Humanity*, and will embrace all that benefits mankind morally, physically and intellectually. How to teach the race what is needful for them, how to beget healthy, well-developed children, how to live healthfully and in accordance with physiological laws, how to lessen disease, how to increase longevity, how to select and perfect the wisest and best social conditions, how to live the most

amicably and happily, how to control the baser passions, how to acquire the most intelligence, how to gain the most scientific information will be the labor of coming generations. Pagodas, mosques, synagogues, cathedrals, churches and chapels will not be recognized as much as now, but more schools of science and more institutions of learning freed from sectarianism. The world will need fewer oracles, dervishes, priests, monks, pastors and elders, but more teachers of science and the manifold laws of the Universe. The attention of the race will be devoted to making this life and this world as useful and as happy as possible, rather than in frantic efforts to evade the punishments of a future existence. Men will then learn to know and comprehend God as he is—the inherent power and force which governs the Universe, and the monstrosities which men in dark ages have devised will pass away, and no longer frighten children or grown people. When this rule is inaugurated, the true millenium will have arrived—the rule of reason and of love of the human race.

We must now take our final leave of Elder Shelton; we have our part to perform in the direction just indicated, and cannot spend too much time with him. He may naturally be a good sort of person, but he has so much superstition, so much blind faith, and so much ignorance that they nearly ruin him. If he had more intelligence and less religion, he doubtless would do very well. We would gladly have him embrace the truth as it is in nature and reason, if he had the capacity and honesty to comprehend it, but we are not very hopeful of him. We fear he is too far gone to be cured; but while the lamp holds out to burn, the simplest dupe may return. The Elder is certainly entitled to some credit; he is not unwilling to discuss the *pro and con* of what he believes, however absurd it may be. It is seldom we find a Christian preacher willing to fairly discuss with a Free-thinker. They either lack confidence in their own arguments or have too much fear of the Infidel's logic. The Elder having full confidence in his own abilities and equally as much in his creed steps boldly forward. We wish his cause was worthy of his zeal.

The Elder dropped a word about our vulgar kind of ridicule, etc. He wrongs us. We have not been vulgar; but had he assumed more the conduct of a gentleman, and shown more of good manners, we should have treated him more respectfully. If he thinks we have said aught amiss in this direction, he has himself only to blame. Dear Elder Shelton, good bye.

THE TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS are going off well. Many are sending for assortments to read and hand to their friends. They are furnished very low and every Liberal should send for them. See list.

TO CONTRIBUTORS. We find ourselves unable to publish very many communications which our friends are kind enough to send us. We have a large number on hand we deem very good and are anxious to lay before our readers as soon as we can; but cannot possibly do so as promptly as our friends and ourselves would desire. We bespeak patience and forbearance. We will do the best we can. We may not always exercise the best judgment as to which articles shall have precedence; but probably most anybody would make some mistakes.

FRIEND B. F. UNDERWOOD called upon us briefly on his return from Aylmer, Ont., where he recently held a four days discussion with the Rev. Prof. O. A. Burgess, Prest. of the N. W. Christian University at Indianapolis. He informs us the debate was largely attended and passed off very pleasantly. The discussion is to be published, and possibly we may decide to issue it in pamphlet form, so our readers can have the benefit of it. As Liberals, we have nothing to fear for our cause in the hands of our brave Champion—B. F. Underwood.

On the 20th inst. he is to hold another debate of three days with the Rev. John Marples, Presbyterian, at Napanee, Ont. It will be a fine opportunity for those of our friends who wish to spend a few days during the hot weather at a pleasant village on the north shore of Lake Ontario, near the lower end, to go over and listen to the debate.

An Oration on Thomas Paine.

[Delivered at Fairbury, Ill., by COL. ROBT. G. INGERSOLL.]

To speak the praises of the brave and thoughtful dead, is to me a labor of gratitude and love.

Through all the centuries gone, the mind of man has been beleaguered by the mailed hosts of superstition. Slowly and painfully has advanced the army of deliverance. Hated by those they wished to rescue, despised by those they were dying to save, these grand soldiers, these immortal deliverers, have fought without thanks, labored without applause, suffered without pity, and they have died execrated and abhorred. For the good of mankind they accepted isolation, poverty and calumny. They gave up all, sacrificed all, lost all but truth and self-respect.

One of the bravest soldiers in this army was Thos. Paine; and for one, I feel indebted to him for the liberty we are enjoying this day. Born among the poor, where children are burdens; in a country where real liberty was unknown; where the privileges of class were guarded with infinite jealousy, and the rights of the individual trampled beneath the feet of priests and nobles; where to advocate justice was treason; where intellectual freedom was infidelity, it is wonderful that the idea of true liberty ever entered his brain.

Poverty was his mother—necessity his master.

He had more brains than books; more sense than education; more courage than politeness; more strength than polish. He had no veneration for old mistakes—no admiration for ancient lies. He loved the truth for the truth's sake, and for man's sake. He saw oppression on every hand; injustice everywhere—hypocrisy at the altar, venality on the bench, tyranny on the throne; and with a splendid courage he espoused the cause of the weak against the strong—of the enslaved many against the titled few.

In England he was nothing. He belonged to the lower classes. There was no avenue open for him. The people hugged their chains, and the whole power of the government was ready to crush any man who endeavored to strike a blow for the right.

At the age of thirty-seven, Thomas Paine left England for America with the high hope of being instrumental in the establishment of a free government. In his own country he could accomplish nothing. Those two vultures—Church and State—were ready to tear in pieces and devour the heart of any one who might deny their divine right to enslave the world.

Upon his arrival in this country, he found himself possessed of a letter of introduction, signed by another Infidel, the illustrious Franklin. This, and his native genius, constituted his entire capital; and he needed no more. He found the colonies clamoring for justice; whining about their grievances; upon their knees at the foot of the throne, imploring that mixture of idiocy and insanity, George the III. by the grace of God, for a restoration of their ancient privileges. They were not endeavoring to become free men, but were trying to soften the heart of their master. They were perfectly willing to make brick if Pharaoh would furnish the straw. The colonists wished for, hoped for, and prayed for reconciliation. They did not dream of independence.

Paine gave to the world his "Common Sense." It was the first argument for separation, the first assault upon the British form of government, the first blow for a republic, and it aroused our fathers like a trumpet's blast.

He was the first to perceive the destiny of the New World.

No other pamphlet ever accomplished such wonderful results. It was filled with argument, reason, persuasion and unanswerable logic. It opened a new world. It filled the present with hope and the future with honor. Everywhere the people responded, and in a few months the Continental Congress declared the colonies free and independent States.

A new nation was born.

It is simple justice to say that Paine did more to cause the Declaration of Independence than any other man. Neither should it be forgotten that his attacks upon Great Britain were also attacks upon monarchy; and while he convinced the people that the colonies ought to separate from the mother country, he also proved to them that a free government is the best that can be instituted among men.

In my judgment, Thomas Paine was the best political writer that ever lived. "What he wrote was pure nature, and his soul and his pen ever went together." Ceremony, pageantry and all the paraphernalia of power, had no effect upon him. He examined into the why and wherefore of things. He was perfectly radical in his mode of thought. Nothing short of the bed-rock satisfied him. His enthusiasm for what he believed to be right knew no bounds. During all the dark scenes of the Revolution, never for one moment did he despair. Year after year his brave words were ringing through the land, and by the bivouac fires the weary soldiers read the inspiring words of "Common Sense," filled with ideas sharper than their swords, and consecrated themselves anew to the cause of freedom.

Paine was not content with having aroused the spirit of independence, but he gave every energy of his soul to keep that spirit alive. He was with the army. He shared its defeats, its dangers, and its glory. When

the situation became desperate, when gloom settled upon all, he gave them the "Crisis." It was a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, leading the way to freedom, honor and glory. He shouted to them, "These are the times that try men's souls. The Summer soldier, and the sunshine patriot, will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."

To those who wished to put the war off to some future day, with a lofty and touching spirit of self-sacrifice he said: "Every generous parent should say, 'If there must be war, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace.'" To the cry that Americans were rebels, he replied: "He that rebels against reason is a real rebel; but he that, in defence of reason, rebels against tyranny, has a better title to 'Defender of the Faith' than George the Third."

Some said it was not to the interest of the colonies to be free. Paine answered this by saying: "To know whether it be the interest of the continent to be independent, we need ask only this simple, easy question: 'Is it the interest of a man to be a boy all his life?'" He found many who would listen to nothing, and to them he said, "That to argue with a man who has renounced his reason is like giving medicine to the dead." This sentiment ought to adorn the walls of every orthodox church.

There is a world of political wisdom in this: "England lost her liberty in a long chain of right reasoning from wrong principles;" and there is real discrimination in saying, "The Greeks and Romans were strongly possessed of the spirit of liberty, but not the principles, for at the time that they were determined not to be slaves themselves, they employed their power to enslave the rest of mankind."

In his letter to the British people, in which he tried to convince them that war was not to their interest, occurs the following passage brimful of common sense: "War never can be the interest of a trading nation any more than quarreling can be profitable to a man in business. But to make war with those who trade with us, is like setting a bull-dog upon a customer at the shop door."

The writings of Paine fairly glitter with simple, compact, logical statements, that carry conviction to the dullest and most prejudiced. He had the happiest possible way of putting the case; in asking questions in such a way that they answer themselves, and in stating his premises so clearly that the deduction could not be avoided.

Day and night he labored for America; month after month, year after year he gave himself to the great cause, until there was "a government of the people and for the people," and until the banner of the stars floated over a continent redeemed and consecrated to the happiness of mankind.

At the close of the Revolution, no one stood higher in America than Thomas Paine. The best, the wisest, the most patriotic were his friends and admirers; and had he been thinking only of his own good, he might have rested from his toils and spent the remainder of his life in comfort and in ease. He could have been what the world is pleased to call "respectable." He could have died surrounded by clergymen, warriors and statesmen. At his death there would have been an imposing funeral, miles of carriages, civic societies, salvos of artillery, a nation in mourning, and above all, a splendid monument covered with lies.

He chose rather to benefit mankind.

At that time the seeds sown by the great Infidels were beginning to bear fruit in France. The people were beginning to think.

The Eighteenth Century was crowning its gray hairs with the wreath of progress.

On every hand Science was bearing testimony against the Church. Voltaire had filled Europe with light; D'Holbach was giving to the elite of Paris the principles contained in his "System of Nature." The Encyclopædists had attacked superstition with information for the masses. The foundation of things began to be examined. A few had the courage to keep their shoes on and let the bush burn. Miracles began to get scarce. Everywhere the people began to inquire. America had set an example to the world. The word liberty began to be in the mouths of men, and they began to wipe the dust from their knees.

The dawn of a new day had appeared.

Thomas Paine went to France. Into the new movement he threw all his energies. His fame had gone before him, and he was welcomed as a friend of the human race, and as a champion of free government.

He had never relinquished his intention of pointing out to his countrymen the defects, absurdities and abuses of the English government. For this purpose he composed and published his greatest political work, "The Rights of Man." This work should be read by every man and woman. It is concise, accurate, natural, convincing and unanswerable. It shows great thought; an intimate knowledge of the various forms of government; deep insight into the very springs of human action, and a courage that compels respect and admiration. The most difficult political problems are solved in a few sentences. The venerable arguments in favor of wrong are refuted with a question—answered with a word. For forcible illustration, apt comparison, accuracy and clearness of statement, and absolute thoroughness, it has never been excelled.

The fears of the administration were aroused, and Paine was prosecuted for libel and found guilty; and yet there is not a sentiment in the entire work that will not challenge the admiration of every civilized man. It is a magazine of political wisdom, an arsenal of ideas, and an honor, not only to Thomas Paine, but to human nature itself. It could have been written only by the man who had the generosity, the exalted patriotism, the goodness to say, "The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

There is in all the utterances of the world no grander, no sublimer sentiment. There is no creed that can be compared with it for a moment. It should be wrought in gold, adorned with jewels, and impressed upon every human heart: "The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

In 1792 Paine was elected by the department of Calais as their representative in the National Assembly. So great was his popularity in France, that he was selected about the same time by the people of no less than four departments.

Upon taking his place in the Assembly he was appointed as one of a committee to draft a constitution for France. Had the French people taken the advice of Thomas Paine, there would have been no "Reign of Terror." The streets of Paris would not have been filled with blood. The revolution would have been the grandest success of the world. The truth is that Paine was too conservative to suit the leaders of the French Revolution. They, to a great extent, were carried away by hatred, and a desire to destroy. They had suffered so long, they had borne so much, that it was impossible for them to be moderate in the hour of victory.

Besides all this, the French people had been so robbed by the government, so degraded by the Church, that they were not fit material with which to construct a republic. Many of the leaders longed to establish a beneficent and just government, but the people asked for revenge.

Paine was filled with a real love for mankind. His philanthropy was boundless. He wished to destroy monarchy—not the monarch. He voted for the destruction of tyranny, and against the death of the king. He wished to establish a government on a new basis; one that would forget the past; one that would give privileges to none, and protection to all.

In the Assembly, where nearly all were demanding the execution of the king—where to differ from the majority was to be suspected, and where to be suspected was almost certain death, Thomas Paine had the courage, the goodness and the justice to vote against death. To vote against the execution of the king was a vote against his own life. This was the sublimity of devotion to principle. For this he was arrested, imprisoned and doomed to death.

Search the records of the world, and you will find but few sublimer acts than that of Thomas Paine voting against the king's death. He, the hater of despotism, the abhorrer of monarchy, the champion of the rights of man, the republican, accepting death to save the life of a deposed tyrant—of a throneless king. This was the last grand act of his political life—the sublime conclusion of his political career.

All his life he had been the disinterested friend of man. He had labored—not for money, not for fame, but for the general good. He had aspired to no office; had asked no recognition of his services, but had ever been content to labor as a common soldier in the army of progress. Confining his efforts to no country, looking upon the world as his field of action, filled with a genuine love for the right, he found himself imprisoned by the very people he had striven to save.

Had his enemies succeeded in bringing him to the block, he would have escaped the calumnies and the hatred of the Christian world. In this country, at least, he would have ranked with the proudest names. On the anniversary of the Declaration his name would have been upon the lips of all the orators, and his memory in the hearts of all of the people.

Thomas Paine had not finished his career.

He had spent his life thus far in destroying the power of kings, and now he turned his attention to the priests. He knew that every abuse had been embalmed in Scripture—that every outrage was in partnership with some holy text. He knew that the throne skulked behind the altar, and both behind a pretended revelation from God. By this time he had found that it was of little use to free the body and leave the mind in chains. He had explored the foundations of despotism, and had found them infinitely rotten. He had dug under the throne, and it occurred to him that he would take a look behind the altar.

The result of his investigations was given to the world in the "Age of Reason." From the moment of its publication he became infamous. He was calumniated beyond measure. To slander him was to secure the thanks of the Church. All his services were instantly forgotten, disparaged or denied. He was shunned as though he had been a pestilence. Most of his old friends forsook him. He was regarded as a moral plague, and at the bare mention of his name the bloody hands of the Church were raised in horror. He was denounced as the most despicable of men.

Not content with following him to the grave, they pursued him with redoubled fury, and recounted with infinite gusto and satisfaction the supposed horrors of

his death-bed; gloried in the fact that he was forlorn and friendless, and gloated like fiends over what they supposed to be the agonizing remorse of his lonely death.

It is wonderful that all his services were thus forgotten. It is amazing that one kind word did not fall from some pulpit; that some one did not accord to him, at least—honesty. Strange, that in the general denunciation some one did not remember his labor for liberty, his devotion to principle, his zeal for the rights of his fellow-men. He had, by brave and splendid effort, associated his name with the cause of progress. He had made it impossible to write the history of political freedom with his name left out. He was one of the creators of light; one of the heralds of the dawn. He hated tyranny in the name of kings, and in the name of God with every drop of his noble blood. He believed in liberty and justice, and in the sacred doctrine of human equality. Under these divine banners he fought the battle of his life. In both worlds he offered his blood for the good of man. In the wilderness of America, in the French Assembly, in the sombre cell waiting for death, he was the same unflinching, unwavering friend of his race; the same undaunted champion of universal freedom. And for this he has been hated; for this the Church has violated even his grave.

This is enough to make one believe that nothing is more natural than for men to devour their benefactors. The people in all ages have crucified and glorified. Whoever lifts his voice against abuses, whoever arraigns the past at the bar of the present, whoever asks the king to show his commission, or questions the authority of the priest, will be denounced as the enemy of man and God. In all ages reason has been regarded as the enemy of religion. Nothing has been considered so pleasing to the Deity as a total denial of the authority of your own mind. Self-reliance has been thought a deadly sin; and the idea of living and dying without the aid and consolation of superstition has always horrified the Church. By some unaccountable infatuation belief has been, and still is considered of immense importance. All religions have been based upon the idea that God will forever reward the true believer, and eternally damn the man who doubts or denies. Belief is regarded as the one essential thing. To practice justice, to love mercy, is not enough. You must believe in some incomprehensible creed. You must say, "Once one is three, and three times one is one." The man who practiced every virtue, but failed to believe, was execrated. Nothing so outrages the feelings of the Church as a moral unbeliever—nothing so horrible as a charitable Atheist.

When Paine was born, the world was religious. The pulpit was the real throne, and the churches were making every effort to crush out of the brain the idea that it had the right to think.

The splendid saying of Lord Bacon, that "the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, are the sovereign good of human nature," has been, and ever will be, rejected by religionists. Intellectual liberty, as a matter of necessity, forever destroys the idea that belief is either praise or blame-worthy, and is wholly inconsistent with every creed in Christendom. Paine recognized this truth. He also saw that as long as the Bible was considered inspired, this infamous doctrine of the virtue of belief would be believed and preached. He examined the Scriptures for himself, and found them filled with cruelty, absurdity and immorality.

He again made up his mind to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellow-men.

He commenced with the assertion, "That any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system." What a beautiful, what a tender sentiment! No wonder that the Church began to hate him. He believed in one God, and no more. After this life he hoped for happiness. He believed that true religion consisted in doing justice, loving mercy, in endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy, and in offering to God the fruit of the heart. He denied the inspiration of the Scriptures. This was his crime.

He contended that it is a contradiction in terms to call anything a revelation that comes to us at second-hand, either verbally or in writing. He asserted that revelation is necessarily limited to the first communication, and that after that it is only an account of something which another person says was a revelation to him. We have only his word for it, as it was never made to us. This argument never has been, and probably never will be answered. He denied the divine origin of Christ, and showed conclusively that the pretended prophecies of the Old Testament had no reference to him whatever; and yet he believed that Christ was a virtuous and amiable man; that the morality he taught and practiced was of the most benevolent and elevated character, and that it had not been exceeded by any. Upon this point he entertained the same sentiments now held by the Unitarians, and in fact by the most enlightened Christians.

In his time the Church believed and taught that every word in the Bible was absolutely true. Since his day it has been proven false in its cosmogony, false in its astronomy, false in its chronology, false in its history, and, so far as the Old Testament is con-

cerned, false in almost everything. There are but few, if any, scientific men who apprehend that the Bible is literally true. Who on earth at this day would pretend to settle any scientific question by a text from the Bible? The old belief is confined to the ignorant and zealous. The Church itself will before long be driven to occupy the position of Thomas Paine. The best minds of the orthodox world, to-day, are endeavoring to prove the existence of a personal Deity. All other questions occupy a minor place. You are no longer asked to swallow the Bible whole, whale, Jonah and all. You are simply required to believe in God and pay your pew-rent. There is not now an enlightened minister in the world who will seriously contend that Samson's strength was in his hair, nor that the necromancers of Egypt could turn water into blood, and pieces of wood into serpents. These follies have passed away, and the only reason that the religious world can now have for disliking Paine is that they have been forced to adopt so many of his opinions.

Paine thought the barbarities of the Old Testament inconsistent with what he deemed the real character of God. He believed that murder, massacre and indiscriminate slaughter had never been commanded by the Deity. He regarded much of the Bible as childish, unimportant, and foolish. The scientific world entertains the same opinion. Paine attacked the Bible precisely in the same spirit in which he had attacked the pretensions of kings. He used the same weapons. All the pomp in the world could not make him cower. His reason knew no "holy of holies," except the abode of truth. The sciences were then in their infancy. The attention of the really learned had not been directed to an impartial examination of our pretended revelation. It was accepted by most as a matter of course. The Church was all-powerful; and no one, unless thoroughly imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice, thought for a moment of disputing the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The infamous doctrine that salvation depends upon belief—upon a mere intellectual conviction—was then believed and preached. To doubt was to secure the damnation of your soul. This absurd and devilish doctrine shocked the common sense of Thomas Paine, and he denounced it with the fervor of honest indignation. This doctrine, although infinitely ridiculous, has been nearly universal, and has been as hurtful as senseless. For the overthrow of the infamous tenet, Paine exerted all his strength. He left few arguments to be used by those who should come after him, and he used none that have been refuted. The combined wisdom and genius of all mankind cannot possibly conceive of an argument against liberty of thought. Neither can they show why any one should be punished, either in this world or another, for acting honestly in accordance with reason; and yet, a doctrine with every possible argument against it has been, and still is, believed and defended by the entire orthodox world. Can it be possible that we have been endowed with reason simply that our souls may be caught in its toils and snares, that we may be led by its false and delusive glare out of the narrow path that leads to joy into the broad way of everlasting death? Is it possible that we have been given reason simply that we may through faith ignore its deductions, and avoid its conclusions? Ought the sailor to throw away his compass and depend entirely upon the fog? If reason is not to be depended upon in matters of religion, that is to say, in respect to our duties to the Deity, why should it be relied upon in matters respecting the rights of our fellows? Why should we throw away the laws given to Moses by God himself, and have the audacity to make some of our own? How dare we drown the thunders of Sinai by calling the ayes and noes in a petty legislature? If reason can determine what is merciful, what is just, the duties of man to man, what more do we want either in time or eternity?

Down, forever down, with any religion that requires upon its ignorant altar the sacrifice of the goddess Reason; that compels her to abdicate forever the shining throne of the soul, strips from her form the imperial purple, snatches from her hand the sceptre of thought and makes her the bond-woman of a senseless faith!

If a man should tell you that he had the most beautiful painting in the world, and after taking you where it was, should insist upon having your eyes shut, you would likely suspect, either that he had no painting or that it was some pitiable daub. Should he tell you that he was a most excellent performer on the violin, and yet refuse to play unless your ears were stopped, you would think, to say the least of it, that he had an odd way of convincing you of his musical ability. But would his conduct be any more wonderful than that of a religionist who asks that, before examining his creed, you will have the kindness to throw away your reason? The first gentleman says, "Keep your eyes shut, my picture will bear everything but being seen;" "keep your ears stopped, my music objects to nothing but being heard." The last says, "Away with your reason, my religion dreads nothing but being understood."

So far as I am concerned, I most cheerfully admit that most Christians are honest, and most ministers sincere. We do not attack them; we attack their creed. We accord to them the same rights that we ask for ourselves. We believe that their doctrines

are hurtful. We believe that the frightful text, "He that believes shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned," has covered the earth with blood. It has filled the world with arrogance, cruelty and murder. It has caused the religious wars; bound hundreds of thousands to the stake; founded inquisitions; filled dungeons; invented instruments of torture; taught the mother to hate her child; imprisoned the mind; filled the earth with ignorance; persecuted the lovers of wisdom; built the monasteries and convents; made happiness a crime, investigation a sin, and self-reliance a blasphemy. It has poisoned the springs of learning; misdirected the energies of the world; filled all countries with want; housed the people in hovels; fed them with famine; and, but for the efforts of a few brave Infidels, it would have taken the world back to the midnight of barbarism, and left the heavens without a star.

The maligners of Paine say that he had no right to attack this doctrine because he was unacquainted with the dead languages; and for this reason, it was a piece of pure impudence in him to investigate the Scriptures.

Is it necessary to understand Hebrew in order to know that cruelty is not a virtue, and that murder is inconsistent with infinite goodness, and that eternal punishment can be inflicted upon man only by an eternal fiend? Is it really essential to conjugate the Greek verbs before you can make up your mind as to the probability of dead people getting out of their graves? Must one be versed in Latin before he is entitled to express his opinion as to the genuineness of a pretended revelation from God? Common sense belongs exclusively to no tongue. Logic is not confined to, nor has it been buried with the dead languages. Paine attacked the Bible as it is translated. If the translation is wrong, let its defenders correct it.

The Christianity of Paine's day is not the Christianity of our time. There has been a great improvement since then. One hundred and fifty years ago the foremost preachers of our time would have perished at the stake. A Universalist would have been torn in pieces in England, Scotland and America, Unitarians would have found themselves in the stocks, pelted by the rabble with dead cats, after which their ears would have been cut off, their tongues bored and their foreheads branded. Less than one hundred and fifty years ago the following law was in force in Maryland:

"Be it enacted by the Right Honorable, the Lord Proprietor, by and with the advice and consent of his lordship's governor, and the upper and lower houses of the Assembly, and the authority of the same:

"That if any person shall hereafter, within this province, wittingly, maliciously, and advisedly, by writing or speaking, blaspheme or curse God, or deny our Saviour, Jesus Christ to be the son of God, or shall deny the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or the God-head of any of the three persons, or the unity of the God-head, or shall utter any profane words concerning the Holy Trinity, or any of the persons thereof, and shall thereof be convicted by verdict, shall, for the first offence be bored through the tongue, and be fined twenty pounds to be levied off his body. And for the second offence, the offender shall be stigmatized by burning in the forehead with the letter B, and fined forty pounds. And that for the third offence, the offender shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy."

The strange thing about the law is, that it has never been repealed, and is still in force in the District of Columbia. Laws like this were in force in most of the colonies, and in all countries where the Church had power.

In the Old Testament, the death penalty was attached to hundreds of offenses. It has been the same in all Christian countries. To-day, in civilized governments, the death penalty is attached only to murder and treason; and in some, it has been entirely abolished. What a commentary upon the divine humbugs of the world!

In the day of Thomas Paine the Church was ignorant, bloody and relentless. In Scotland the "Kirk" was at the summit of its power. It was a full sister of the Spanish Inquisition. It waged war upon human nature. It was the enemy of happiness, the hater of joy, and the despiser of religious liberty. It taught parents to murder their children rather than to allow them to propagate error. If the mother held opinions of which the infamous "Kirk" disapproved, her children were taken from her arms, her babe from her very bosom, and she was not allowed to see them, or to write them a word. It would not allow shipwrecked sailors to be rescued on Sunday. If sought to annihilate pleasure, to pollute the heart by filling it with religious cruelty and gloom, and to change mankind into a vast horde of pious, heartless fiends. One of the most famous Scotch divines said: "The Kirk holds that religious toleration is not far from blasphemy." And this same Scotch Kirk denounced; beyond measure, the man who had the moral grandeur to say, "The world is my country, and to do good my religion." And this same Kirk abhorred the man who said, "Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system."

At that time nothing so delighted the Church as the beauties of endless torment, and listening to the weak wailings of infants struggling in the slimy coils and poisonous folds of the worm that never dies.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century, a boy by the name of Thomas Aikenhead, was indicted

(Continued on Tenth Page)

Editor's Notes.

THE PRO AND CON OF SUPERNATURAL RELIGION. We present our readers in this issue a full instalment of the work on this subject. We trust every one will give it a careful reading. The arguments used are sound, clear and cogent.

OUR BOOK LIST is presented in this number. We wish our friends to bear us in mind and send to us when they want books. We are prepared to furnish at publisher's prices any books to be had in the city as well those in our list.

NEW BOOKS. Darwin's *Descent of Man*, formerly published in two volumes at \$2 each is now issued entire in one volume with some additions and all the original cuts at \$2, postage 25 cts. We will cheerfully send it to any party desiring it.

THE BETTER WAY. An appeal to men in behalf of human culture through a wiser parentage, by A. E. Newton, and published by Wood & Holbrook. A very valuable little work, giving information upon the subject of parentage and transmission of offspring. This subject has too long been avoided, while its importance demands the clearest investigation. The future condition of our race depends very largely upon the proper understanding of this subject, and this work supplies a want long felt. 48 pp., price 50 cts. by mail. For sale at this office.

BOTH SIDES. No. 1, Vol. I. of a new paper by this title, published by J. C. Pankhurst, Aylmer, Ontario, is before us. As its name indicates, it purports to give theological subjects on either side a full, fair and free discussion, and admits contributions from writers on both sides of the main questions. The idea is a good one. It appears to be ably conducted, and we wish it much success. Terms, \$1.50 per year.

Christian Supervision.

Some two months ago John A. Lant moved his paper, *The Toledo Sun*, to this city, believing it would be a more commanding point from which to issue it. He has published three numbers. The first was destroyed by the printer who got it up for him, and the other two numbers have been denied passport through the United States mails. The noted Anthony Comstock, who has in times past made himself conspicuous in suppressing papers, and in imprisoning G. F. Train for publishing extracts from the Bible, is now a United States official in the mail service in the Post Office of this city. In deciding which papers shall pass through the mail, and which not, he seems to possess a power superior to the Postmaster. If he says a paper cannot go through the public mails, why, it cannot go, and that is all there is about it!

Mr. Lant had an interview with the gentleman, but found him positive and unyielding. Besides being Special U. S. Agent of the Post Office Department, he is a prominent member of the "New York Society for the Suppression of Vice," and claimed as such to be empowered by the State laws to arrest and prosecute for blasphemy any paper or publisher he deemed blasphemous. He said his society was now large and strong enough and had money enough to extend their operations, and that a good many things were going to be looked after which had heretofore been allowed to pass. He was understood to mean "Radical" and other publications which attack the current theologies of the day, and of course *THE TRUTH SEEKER* will come in for a share of his attentions.

This may be the issue that is now upon us—whether this man and his society, or the Young Men's Christian Association, have the power to exercise a censorship over the public press, suppressing such papers and books as in their view do not teach the prescribed and accepted theology. It is, perhaps, yet to be tested whether the great American nation is really a free country, where all can think and speak their honest convictions, or whether all schools of thought must be compelled to come under the tutelage and control of a certain society, a certain creed, or a certain theology, and be allowed to say nothing and publish nothing of which these censors do not approve.

It has been thought that in this free country, where

the government neither prescribes nor proscribes any creed or theology, that a Jew, a Christian, a Mahometan, a Mormon, a Buddhist, a Parsee, or an opposer of all these, have an equal right to their views, and to freely express them, if they violate no laws of the land. This, however, may all be a mistake. The supposition that the time has gone by for trials for blasphemy to be held may prove to be a delusive one. This society alluded to may be strong enough and rich enough to take the power into their hands, and decide what views may be promulgated and what may not.

If this state of things is to be inaugurated, a lively time may be looked for. If this Christian society assume the right and power to seize, expurgate, and suppress all publications that do not agree with their antiquated theology, they will undertake a herculean task indeed. The writings of Humboldt, Stuart Mill, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Helmholtz, Schmidt, Draper, Fiske, and many others, will have to be seized and condemned, for they all contain the rankest heresy. True, rich and powerful Christian firms are engaged in publishing these works, but that should make no difference with our valorous Christian society if it undertakes the holy work of suppression. These works all pass through the mails, and cannot be overlooked, if anti-theological publications are to be suppressed.

That there exists, in the direction indicated, a disposition to do something of this kind, is tolerably evident, and our friends need not be surprised if the assault is made soon. It is not likely, however, that powerful publishing houses or papers will be attacked. The Appletons, Lippincotts, *The New York Herald*, *The New York Sun*, and *The Graphic* will probably not be molested, but some weaker and more obscure affair will likely be the "bright and shining mark." This fate may be reserved for *THE TRUTH SEEKER*. Time reveals much.

We apprehend, however, there are thousands upon thousands in our fair country who will vigorously oppose an attack upon free speech, free thought, a free press, and the freedom to adopt and promulgate such theological doctrines as may be honestly deemed true and right.

Clergymen's Holidays.

About these days the persecuted Pastor of Plymouth church and many others of our fashionable, aristocratic ministers, who, at salaries ranging from \$5,000 to \$20,000 per year, for two or three hour's labor per week, in enunciating the doctrines their howly Master is said to have taught without any salary at all, are hiding themselves away to the mountains, the forests, the lakes, the seaside and country retreats to have their annual hunting, fishing, yachting and rural sports for two or three months. This is, probably, well enough if their congregations are willing to pay those large salaries for this kind of service. It is said their labors are so onerous and exhaustive they need the recuperation. We must, at all events, believe it is all for the good of Christ's cause.

Let them, by all means, have their rest or their sports as their tastes dictate. But how do they suppose we sinners are going to fare in their absence? What will prevent the wolves breaking in upon the Lambs if the Shepherds leave them to their fate for three sweltering months? Who will prevent the Devil himself from prowling around and seizing the most promising of the little ones while the good men of God are away enjoying themselves, and not here to prevent by their prayers and efficient labors such a catastrophe? If we can get along without them three months in the year, could we not, with a little extra effort on our part, dispense with them the other nine months? And as the world advances in knowledge and intelligence, and cultivates individuality and self-reliance—in short, learns to do its own praying and thinking, will it not find far less use for priests and clergymen than heretofore? We think so decidedly. But so long as they can induce mankind to believe God requires the world to accept and support a priesthood at high salaries; so long as they can make the masses believe that God has revealed himself privately to one or two, or at most, to a very small number, and they can make the rest of mankind believe themselves obligated to take their say so as to this

matter, and that it is a secret which clergymen have a monopoly of, and they are the only ones to impart it to the confiding, approving multitudes, so long will the clergy maintain their power and rule. And so long as it continues fashionable to have grand churches costing half a million dollars, and many of them more; grand organs, costing from \$5,000 to \$20,000; expensive choirs, costing half as much more per year, and a clergyman to act as figure-head, costing \$10,000 more, so long will these expensive and senseless luxuries be maintained. But we trust some day the world will grow wiser and see the folly of this useless expenditure of treasure and will adopt a very different line of tactics and find better uses for their money.

In the meantime let the pulpit magnates enjoy themselves. A coarse adage says, "Let every dog have his day," and so of these clergymen; it is their day now. They are on the high tide of prosperity and popularity. The public are willing to support them in opulence, fashion and style. Let them enjoy it while they may. The time may come when their clerical services can be dispensed with, when intelligent men will discover that, like a fifth wheel to a coach, the clergy are both expensive and useless.

It is, perhaps, to be regretted in this time of vacations and Summer sports, that the poorer portion of the clergy all over the country, who work for \$500 and \$1,000 per year, cannot also have their *play-spell* of two or three months; but like editors, bakers and grocers, they are on the treadmill of duty, and there is no *play-spell* for them.

MORAL.—If you decide upon the avocation of a clergyman, aim to become attached to a rich, fashionable congregation, and then, in the language of Mark Twain, you will have "a soft thing of it."

Cape Cod Camp Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Barnstable County will hold their seventh annual camp meeting at Nickerson's Grove, Norwich, commencing Saturday, July 24th, and continue until August 2d. It is expected that two days of the session will be devoted to picnicing, in which all will be expected to participate. No pains will be spared by the committee in preparing the grounds and furnishing for pleasure, comfort and intellectual enjoyment. First-class speakers will be engaged for the occasion, and as usual, an arrangement made with the railroad company to carry passengers at reduced rates. There will also be a boarding tent at which visitors will be furnished with refreshments at reasonable rates; *for the committee have souls*.

Great efforts will be made to have this meeting excel all previous ones, both in numbers and interest, and to this end it will be necessary that all who are friendly to the cause shall interest themselves in the matter and co-operate with each other, and labor earnestly to show the world that we prize the truth and are determined to maintain it. Then come one come all, and let us meet in a fraternal spirit, earnestly asking for more light on this all-important subject. For the triumph of the cause, let us meet and mutually work together.

Yours in the work, HEMAN SNOW.
Brooklyn, N. Y., July 5th, 1875.
Spiritualistic papers please copy.

Liberal Debate.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: A Debate will take place in the town of Napanee, Ont., between Rev. John Marples, Presbyterian minister, and Mr. B. F. Underwood, commencing July 20th, and terminating 23d, inclusive. The first two nights Mr. Marples will affirm, "That Atheism, Materialism, and modern scepticism are illogical and contrary to reason." Mr. Underwood, of course, will *reasonably* and *logically* dispute that. The last two nights Mr. Marples will affirm, and Mr. Underwood negative, the proposition, "That the Bible, consisting of the Old and New Testaments, contains evidence beyond all other books of its divine origin." We hope as many of your readers as can make it convenient to come will do so.

Respectfully yours,
ALLEN PRINGLE.
Selby, Lennox Co., Ont., July 5th, 1875.

CREATION.—Matter and Force are eternal, filling all space, and occupying all time. Ideas and forms are created. Thus, Science leaves the term "creation" for the use of Christians, who assure us that "God created all Matter and Force out of nothing." But, curiously enough, the New Testament informs us, on the contrary, that "God" is an *idea*, created by the human mind, in the exercise of Christian "faith." When it declares that "faith is the evidence of things unseen," the meaning is, that the idea of God is a voluntary creation of credulity. And the *usus loquendi*

of the Bible means this by the term "faith," or nothing; so that God is a creation of human thought. Thus the idea of God or the Devil is, certainly, created, and this, and nothing but this, is meant by what Christians call "saving faith," "by which the worlds were framed" (Heb. xi. 3). We shall find the truth by and by.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

Christians at Work.

Mr. EDITOR:—I like the TRUTH SEEKER for its fearless independence in meeting the pretensions of Christian piety in the moral influence of its teaching upon its own professors. If an ordinary human being makes a false step in his moral work, the sanctimonious "followers of the Lamb" will point to the event as resulting from a lack of Christian piety, and the guiding influence of religion and all that. Had he listened to the voice of God and "got religion" he would have escaped his downfall or false step etc. Here is the language and pretension of the "regenerate, of the born again;" and hence I am glad to see the TRUTH SEEKER making a record of the life of these pretenders to show how false their religion is, or what a transparent show it is, in guiding men in the path of life. The great number of cases reported in whole files of papers I take, especially of ministers of the gospel convinces me that, as a class, in proportion to their numbers they are about the most licentious class of people that live. As a matter of curiosity in the fall of 1873 I undertook to note down the cases that I saw mentioned in the political papers I was taking, and here follows my record.

Some few of the cases were not of ministers, but they were either ministers or prominent members of some church. I noted the nature of the public charges made: in a very few cases they may not have been sustained by public investigations, if any were had. I wrote the month in which I saw the charges mentioned in the papers.

November, 1873 Rev. A. W. Eastman, West Cornwall, Ohio, (Methodist) joined the Baptist church, and was expelled for immorality.

Rev. (name not given) Baptist preacher, Saline, Mich. ran away after being detected in too much familiarity (Beecherism) with the sisters.

Wm. Bigg, Y. M. C. A. Columbus, Ohio, Forgery.

Rev. Porshall, Baptist, Oakland Co., Mich., dismissed for licentious conduct.

Jerome G. Poles. Sent to the Penitentiary for murdering his two children with a hatchet. two miles from Columbiana Station Ohio. Was a pew holder in the United Brethren church.

Rev. John Hutchinson (Episcopal) Boston—sent to the house of correction eighteen months for swindling Geo. Allen out of a thousand dollars.

Rev. Wm. Rice (Methodist) Mason, Mich.—Subsequently convicted of adultery.

Geo. A. Cristian, of Y. M. C. A. Washington, D. C. robbed fifty graves in less than a year, and sold the contents to the doctors.

A. H. Waldron, Adrian, Mich. of doing what was recommended in Deuteronomy, 14 chap. 51 verse

W. R. Caum, Hamilton, Ohio, charged by Dr. McChristie with grubbing his shade trees—Methodist.

Rev. — a pious teacher at Warren, McComb Co., Mich., violating a dozen young school girls and swearing them to secrecy on the crucifix of the church. He ran away to escape being mobbed.

Rev. D. M. White, Presbyterian, Pittsburgh, Pa., sent to State Prison two years for stealing money.

Rev. D. S. K. Pine, Pittsburgh, Pa., under serious charges by a young woman.

Rev. Sam'l McBurney, Methodist, on trial at Columbus, Ohio, for immorality and falsehood—Mansfield, Ohio.

Rev. Dr. Wm. G. Murray, rector of Central church, Baltimore, got drunk and was intensely profane.

Lady members of the church at Chelsea, Mass., stealing jewelry to supply a table at a fair given by the Y. M. C. A.

Jordan, Marsh & Co., defrauding the government of several millions of revenue—Boston.

Gen. O. O. Howard, in trouble about money of the Freedmen.

Rev. A. Stilson, Clinton, Mich., confessed too much intimacy with the sisters—"nest hiding."

W. S. Brecknell, Cummingsville, Ohio, delegate of Y. M. C. A. to Cincinnati, and vestryman of St. Philip's church, deserted wife and three children and eloped with a frail sister.

Rev. James E. Reedsolph, Methodist, Adrian, Mich., getting money under false pretenses and getting drunk. Sent to the Detroit House of Correction for 60 days.

Mrs. Harriet S. Griffin, Methodist, Ypsilanti, Mich., suicide.

Rev. — Reynolds, Muhlenburg Co., Ky., brutally and repeatedly whipped his daughter, aged 18, to force her to marry a man she did not want.

Rev. Hiram Meeker, Granville, Washington Co., N. Y., fornication and adultery.

Rev. H. Foster, Circleville, O., was compelled to marry his servant girl whom he had seduced.

Rev. John Sully Watson, aged 65, Kansas, murdered his own wife.

Rev. — Johnson, seduced a child, 14 years old—Williamson Co., Tenn.

Rev. E. S. Whipple, Baptist, of Hillsdale College,

Mich., seduced a deacon's wife and confessed it, and then went and prayed with the deacon and wife (style, Beecher).

Rev. Richard Dunlop, Baptist, arrested for adultery with Mrs. Burnett—Midland, Mich.

Rev. — Davis, Baptist, Napoleon, Jackson Co., Mich.—adultery with sister Brunk.

Rev. Kirby, Chambersburgh, Ohio, fined two hundred dollars for seduction.

Rev. Dr. Houston, Baltimore, seduced several Sunday-school girls.

Rev. Isaac B. Smith drowned his wife.

Rev. Kendrick, Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y.—intoxication and dancing. (On trial.)

Rev. Malcomb Clark, superintendent of Methodist Sunday-school, Howell, Mich., ran away with four hundred dollars belonging to his mother-in-law, and forged her name and others, for more money.

A. H. Howard, Jr., Bonker, Omro Co., Wis., Presbyterian—decamped, after borrowing all the money he could, with forty thousand dollars.

My regular record closes Apr. 6th. 1874. Since then, I have seen perhaps as many more cases, but have only clipped a few, which I append:

Washington, Pa., Oct. 24.—The Presbyterian Synod adjourned last night. A vote was taken on the case of Rev. White, charged with abduction, etc., and stood seventy to forty-one, to sustain the action of the Presbytery, convicting Mr. White.

Galion, O., November 20th.—Last night Mrs. Gottlieb Shultz, living four miles east of that town, committed suicide, by hanging herself in the cow shed. Religious excitement and hypochondria led her to commit the deed.

Toronto, December 2.—In the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, a female patient named Mrs. Newell, an English emigrant, afflicted with the notion that her five children's souls could not be saved unless she herself died some terrible death, set fire to her clothing, and then knelt in devotion while enveloped in the flames. The fire was extinguished, but the patient died next morning after great agony.

The Rev. J. A. Davidson, recently State Lecturer for the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, of Pennsylvania, was arrested at Erie, Pa., Wednesday evening, for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, and spent the night at the police station. He was released on payment of a fine. He has probably assisted in organizing more Lodges of the Order than any other man in the State.

Willard P. Hazen, Litchfield, Mich., Methodist exhorter and lawyer, forgery and sale of second mortgage. Decamped, 1875.

Rev. J. H. Ross, Baptist, Hartford, Van Buren Co., Mich., forgery.

From the above I should judge that a complete record of the whole country would show at least four hundred among the saints, who "slip up" in one way or another each month in the year. It is recorded that sinners "stand in slippery places," but the saints' legs seem to get badly "tangled" and they fall—religion and all.

TRUTH FINDER.

Coshocton, Ohio, May 23d, 1875.

Letters to a Preacher.

NO. X.

"There is, I think, an awful mistake in your philosophy, which is, that everything intangible is also uncertain. Our consciousness is a much higher grade of knowledge than any received through the senses. I do not claim for every person the spiritual sense, but there are those who know in whom they have believed, others not knowing, no more disproves the knowledge of those who have it, than the absence of the sense of smell in a few unfortunates disproves the existence of odors. You believe in nothing that is not material; do you not believe in a thought, in a mental conception, in a logical conclusion? There is as much material in a dead as in a living body. What then is volition?"—Rev. C. B.

Friend B., I do not profess to have any consciousness aside from that which comes through the medium of the senses, and know nothing of any such intangible thing, or no-thing, being in the possession of any one, and consequently am unable to discern wherein lies that "awful mistake in my Philosophy." It is very true that "not every person has the spiritual sense," but is it equally true that any have it? Many believe in ghosts, spirits, fairies, demons, angels, gods, etc., but mere belief never created tangibles out of intangibilities, real or unreal! The absence of the sense of smell in some does not disprove the existence of odors, because odors are material substances, real particles floating in the air, molecules whose size, force and velocity have in many instances been measured, computed and defined—compared with one another; but who can measure or define a "spiritual sense?" As to a thought or a mental conception I know nothing of these apart from matter. They are the results or manifestations of living, organized matter which is comprised within the limits of individual identities. If there be as much material in a dead as in a living body, this does not prove that the life of that body was immaterial, any more than is that of a dog or a cat or a tree. What life really is, has never yet been satisfactorily explained. To say that it is soul, mind or spirit, is to give utterance to words that have no real meaning, for what does any one know of these things separate from living or-

ganism? Trees and plants have life, but have they mind or soul? As long as men are content to think "God breathed into man the breath of life," just so long will the "shadow of the cross" keep the world in ignorance, by hindering the search for the real cause and origin of life, soul and mind. It is absolutely necessary that all belief in gods, christs, heavens and hells shall be totally eradicated from the minds of the people, before we can expect them to become receptive to all the real facts of nature. The more actual knowledge we obtain the less use we have for these gods and christs. The greater the development of humanity itself into all that is great and good, the less use and need we perceive of these intangibilities. Our first duty is to make of ourselves all that we possibly can, to become wise and learned in real facts, and live out in our daily lives so much of goodness, that the poor blind bigots will no longer cry "The cross, the cross alone can make us wise."

"Has not this cross, this emblem of salvation.

Rendered this life a temporal damnation?

Is not the crucifix a horrid sight?

Yet Christian Yahoos view it with delight.

Pulaski, Va.

ELMINA D. SLENER.

The Cabinet.

"Ever since the great flood, and perhaps long before, All men have had Hobbies—some one and some more— But whether we ride upon one, two, or three, Hobby-horse riding has always been free."

Our modern Spiritualists, especially of the materializing type, distress, if not offend us with their cabinet—their hobby. They can't get us up saint nor sinner, Indian, squaw, pappoose, nor Witch of the mountain, without a cabinet—some little sly nook.

And there is our excellent *His Excellency*, of the Empire State. He, too, has his Cabinet—his private abode—his sanctum-sanctorum—where he materializes the Executive wisdom of the State, in *approvals* and *veto*es of the herculean labors of the ostensible representatives of the Sovereign People.

Should we go up to Uncle Samuel's House, on the banks of the Potomac, will we see Uncle Samuel? Not this year. We might find a Cabinet.

Three score and ten years ago, when Bible reading was part and parcel of Christian duty—the punishment of children—my tender piety was horrified at the idea of the Lord God of Israel's shutting himself up in an ark—cabinet—coop—45x27x27 inches. If you don't like my measure please measure for yourself—see Exodus xxv. 10.

I, too, have my cabinet—my sanctum—where I enjoy and endure the sweets of solitude. For amusement and sociability I get the germs of interesting plants. To materialize the germs to tangible, seeable, smellable, enjoyable actuality, I find the cabinet indispensable. A pot of dirt! Largely would I prefer something more ethereal.

Why is it that all the good and pretty things vouchsafed by heaven to us materialized immortals, must come through earthy media? (See 2 Cor. iv. 7.)

Were I under the disagreeable necessity of answering the question so unwittingly asked, may I would do it something thusly, to wit: In the process of materialization—taking on the earthly—we get our spiritual perceptions blunted—get mixed up—muddled—with earthy elements—earthly appetites and propensities—out of which shoots forth, not exactly a Canada thistle—not a tobacco plant nor skunk cabbage—a something, very much like nothing, that nobody can endure in other folks, however much they may hug it up in themselves. Some call it Ego.

In deep consideration of all and singular the facts and premises aforesaid, I fail to discover a better way than to be reconciled to the Divine overruling.

Many a time, in early childhood days, I sacrificed my little great Ego on the altar of obedience, just to please my earthly mamma.

Why not, now, make sacrifices to please my heavenly mamma?

What nonsense to talk about a papa in heaven and never a mamma! Who wants a monstrosity heaven?

There are now—may be, in all the "worlds without end"—times when a mamma to sing the *lullaby* would be decidedly refreshing.

Unclothed mental vision—clear views of mamma as well as of papa—in all the heavens above us, reconciles me even to the chastening rod—to any, and all, ordeals needful to make me as Holy Eternal Mamma and Papa would have me to be—to enable the Heavens to be pleased with me—and me with them. Amen.

PRENTISS.

How VERY ODD!—Christianity is based upon an imaginary failure in the Infinite! It assures us that God failed about six thousand years since, when he "repented" having formed a human being (Gen. vi. 6). Moreover, it calls on us to believe that the Infinite comes off second best in the fight between himself and the Devil. Nay, Jesus himself (Matt. vii. 13) accords the greater proportion of human souls (for whose salvation he shed his blood,) as having at the last day been victimized by his great enemy, the Devil. And what an idea! The Devil outwitting the Infinite God! However, for myself, I must say that I do not see why the one that proves, in a fair fight, the most successful should not sustain the highest rank, and stand confessed, by all his competitors, as the head of the heap.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

(Continued from Seventh Page.)

and tried at Edinburgh for having denied the inspiration of the Scriptures, and for having, on several occasions, when cold, wished himself in hell that he might get warm. Notwithstanding the poor boy recanted and begged for mercy, he was found guilty and hanged. His body was thrown in a hole at the foot of the scaffold and covered with stones.

Prosecutions and executions like this were common in every Christian country, and all of them were based upon the belief that an intellectual conviction is a crime.

No wonder the Church hated and traduced the author of the "Age of Reason."

England was filled with Puritan gloom and Episcopal ceremony. All religious conceptions were of the grossest nature. The ideas of crazy fanatics and extravagant poets were taken as sober facts. Milton had clothed Christianity in the soiled and faded finery of the gods—had added to the story of Christ the fables of Mythology. He gave to the Protestant Church the most outrageously material ideas of the Deity. He turned all the angels into soldiers—made Heaven a battlefield, put Christ in uniform, and described God as a militia general. His works were considered by the Protestants nearly as sacred as the Bible itself, and the imagination of the people was thoroughly polluted by the horrible imagery, the sublime absurdity of the blind Milton.

Heaven and hell were realities—the judgment-day was expected—books of account would be opened. Every man would hear the charges against him read. God was supposed to sit on a golden throne, surrounded by the tallest angels, with harps in their hands and crowns on their heads. The goats would be thrust into eternal fire on the left, while the orthodox sheep on the right were to gambol on sunny slopes forever and forever.

The nation was profoundly ignorant, and consequently extremely religious, so far as belief was concerned.

In Europe, Liberty was lying chained in the Inquisition—her white bosom stained with blood. In the new world the Puritans had been hanging and burning in the name of God, and selling white Quaker children into slavery in the name of Christ, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Under such conditions progress was impossible. Some one had to lead the way. The Church is, and always has been, incapable of a forward movement. Religion always looks back. The Church has already reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand-organ, and Ireland to exile.

Some one not connected with the Church had to attack the monster that was eating out the heart of the world. Some one had to sacrifice himself for the good of all. The people were in the most abject slavery; their manhood had been taken from them by pomp, by pageantry and power. Progress is born of doubt and inquiry. The Church never doubts—never inquires. To doubt is heresy—to inquire is to admit that you do not know—the Church does neither.

More than a century ago Catholicism, wrapped in robes red with the innocent blood of millions, holding in her frantic clutch crowns and sceptres, honors and gold, the keys of heaven and hell, trampling beneath her feet the liberties of nations, in the proud moment of almost universal dominion, felt within her heartless breast the deadly dagger of Voltaire. From that blow the Church never can recover. Livid with hatred she launched her eternal anathema at the great destroyer, and ignorant Protestants have echoed the curse of Rome.

In our country the Church was all-powerful, and although divided into many sects, would instantly unite to repel a common foe.

Paine struck the first grand blow.

The "Age of Reason" did more to undermine the power of the Protestant Church than all other books then known. It furnished an immense amount of food for thought. It was written for the average mind, and is a straight-forward, honest investigation of the Bible, and of the Christian system.

Paine did not falter from the first page to the last. He gives you his candid thought, and candid thoughts are always valuable.

The "Age of Reason" has liberalized us all. It put arguments in the mouths of the people; it put the Church on the defensive; it enabled somebody in every village to corner the parson; it made the world wiser, and the Church better; it took power from the pulpit and divided it among the pews.

Just in proportion that the human race has advanced, the Church has lost power. There is no exception to this rule.

No nation ever materially advanced that held strictly to the religion of its founders.

No nation ever gave itself wholly to the control of the Church without losing its power, its honor and existence.

Every Church pretends to have found the exact truth. This is the end of progress. Why pursue that which you have? Why investigate when you know?

Every creed is a rock in running water; humanity sweeps by it. Every creed cries to the Universe, "Halt!" A creed is the ignorant past, bullying the enlightened present.

The ignorant are not satisfied with what can be

demonstrated. Science is too slow for them, and so they invent creeds. They demand completeness. A sublime segment, a grand fragment, are of no value to them. The demand they complete circle—the entire structure.

In music they want a melody with a recurring accent at measured periods. In religion they insist upon immediate answers to the questions of creation and destiny. The alpha and omega of all things must be in the alphabet of their superstition. A religion that cannot answer every question, and guess every conundrum is, in their estimation, worse than worthless. They desire a kind of theological dictionary—a religious ready reckoner, together with guideboards at all crossings and turns. They mistake impudence for authority, solemnity for wisdom, and pathos for inspiration. The beginning and the end are what they demand. The grand flight of the eagle is nothing to them. They want the nest in which he was hatched, and especially the dry limb upon which he roosts. Anything that can be learned is hardly worth knowing. The present is considered of no value in itself. Happiness must not be expected this side of the clouds, and can only be attained by self-denial and faith; not self-denial for the good of others, but for the salvation of your own sweet self.

Paine denied the authority of bibles and creeds—this was his crime—and for this the world shut the door in his face, and emptied its slops upon him from the windows.

I challenge the world to show that Thomas Paine ever wrote one line, one word in favor of tyranny—in favor of immorality; one line, one word against what he believed to be for the highest and best interests of mankind; one line, one word against justice, charity, or liberty, and yet he has been pursued as though he had been a fiend from hell. His memory has been execrated as though he had murdered some Urah for his wife; driven some Hagar into the desert to starve with his child upon her bosom; defiled his own daughters; ripped open with the sword the sweet bodies of loving and innocent women; advised one brother to assassinate another; kept a harem with seven hundred wives, and three hundred concubines, or had persecuted Christians even unto strange cities.

The Church has pursued Paine to deter others. No effort has been in any age of the world spared to crush out opposition. The Church used painting, music and architecture, simply to degrade mankind. But there are men that nothing can awe. There have been at all times brave spirits that dared even the gods. Some proud head has always been above the waves. In every age some Diogenes has sacrificed to all the gods. True genius never cowers, and there is always some Samson feeling for the pillars of authority.

Cathedrals and domes, and chimes and chants—temples frescoed and groined and carved, and gilded with gold—altars and tapers, and paintings of virgin and babe—censer and chalice, chasuble, paten and alb—organs and anthems and incense rising to the winged and blest—maniple, amice and stole—crosses and crosiers, tiaras and crowns—mitres and missals and masses—rosaries, relics and robes—martyrs and saints, and windows stained as with the blood of Christ, never for one moment awed the brave, proud spirit of the Infidel. He knew that all the pomp and glitter had been purchased with liberty—that priceless jewel of the soul. In looking at the cathedral he remembered the dungeon. The music of the organ was not loud enough to drown the clank of fetters. He could not forget that the taper had lighted the fagot. He knew that the cross adorned the hilt of the sword, and so where others worshiped, he wept and scorned.

The doubter, the investigator, the Infidel, have been the saviors of liberty. This truth is beginning to be realized, and the intellectual are beginning to honor the brave thinkers of the past.

But the Church is as unforgiving as ever, and still wonders why any Infidel should be wicked enough to endeavor to destroy her power.

I will tell the Church why.

You have imprisoned the human mind; you have been the enemy of liberty; you have burned us at the stake—wasted us upon slow fires—torn our flesh with iron; you have covered us with chains—treated us as outcasts; you have filled the world with fear; you have taken our wives and children from our arms; you have confiscated our property; you have denied us the right to testify in courts of justice; you have branded us with infamy; you have torn out our tongues; you have refused us burial. In the name of your religion, you have robbed us of every right; and after having inflicted upon us every evil that can be inflicted in this world, you have fallen upon your knees, and with clasped hands, implored your God to torment us forever.

Can you wonder that we hate your doctrines—that we despise your creeds—that we feel proud to know that we are beyond your power—that we are free in spite of you—that we can express our honest thought, and that the whole world is grandly rising into the blessed light?

Can you wonder that we point with pride to the fact, that Infidelity has ever been found battling for the rights of man, for the liberty of conscience, and for the happiness of all?

Can you wonder that we are proud to know, that we have always been disciples of Reason, and soldiers of Freedom; that we have denounced tyranny and

superstition, and have kept our hands unstained with human blood?

We deny that religion is the end or object of this life. When it is so considered it becomes destructive of happiness—the real end of life. It becomes a hydra-headed monster, reaching in terrible coils from the heavens, and thrusting its thousand fangs into the bleeding, quivering hearts of men. It devours their substance, builds palaces for God (who dwells not in temples made with hands), and allows his children to die in huts and hovels. It fills the earth with mourning, heaven with hatred, the present with fear, and all the future with despair.

Virtue is a subordination of the passions to the intellect. It is to act in accordance with your highest convictions. It does not consist in believing, but in doing.

This is the sublime truth that the Infidels in all ages have uttered. They have handed the torch from one to the other through all the years that have fled. Upon the altar of Reason they have kept the sacred fire, and through the long midnight of faith, they fed the divine flame.

Infidelity is liberty; all religion is slavery. In every creed, man is the slave of God—woman is the slave of man, and the sweet children are the slaves of all.

We do not want creeds; we want knowledge—we want happiness.

And yet we are told by the Church that we have accomplished nothing; that we are simply destroyers; that we tear down without building again.

Is it nothing to free the mind? Is it nothing to civilize mankind? Is it nothing to fill the world with light, with discovery, with science? Is it nothing to dignify man and exalt the intellect? Is it nothing to grope your way into the dreary prisons, the damp and dropping dungeons, the dark and silent cells, where the souls of men are chained to the floors of stone, to greet them like a ray of light, like the song of a bird, the murmur of a stream, to see the dull eyes open and grow slowly bright, to feel yourself grasped by the shrunken and unused hands, and hear yourself thanked by a strange and hollow voice?

Is it nothing to conduct these souls gradually into the blessed light of day—to let them see again the happy fields, the sweet, green earth, and hear the everlasting music of the waves? Is it nothing to make men wipe the dust from their swollen knees, the tears from their blanched and furrowed cheeks? Is it a small thing to reave the heavens of an insatiate monster and write upon the eternal dome, glittering with stars, the grand word—FREEDOM?

Is it a small thing to quench the flames of hell with the holy tears of pity—to unbind the martyr from the stake—break all the chains—put out the fires of civil war—stay the sword of the fanatic; and tear the bloody hands of the Church from the white throat of Science?

Is it a small thing to make men truly free—to destroy the dogmas of ignorance, prejudice and power—the poisoned fables of superstition, and drive from the beautiful face of the earth the fiend of Fear?

It does seem as though the most zealous Christian must at times entertain some doubt as to the divine origin of his religion. For eighteen hundred years the doctrine has been preached. For more than a thousand years the Church had, to a great extent, control of the civilized world, and what has been the result? Are the Christian nations patterns of charity and forbearance?

On the contrary, their principal business is to destroy each other. More than five millions of Christians are trained, educated, and drilled to murder their fellow-Christians. Every nation is groaning under a vast debt incurred in carrying on war against other Christians, or defending themselves from Christian assault. The world is covered with forts to protect Christians from Christians; and every sea is covered with iron monsters ready to blow Christian brains into eternal froth. Millions upon millions are annually expended in the effort to construct still more deadly and terrible engines of death. Industry is crippled, honest toil is robbed, and even beggary is taxed to defray the expenses of Christian warfare. There must be some other way to reform this world. We have tried creed, and dogma and fable, and they have failed; and they have failed in all the nations dead.

The people perish for the lack of knowledge. Nothing but education—scientific education—can benefit mankind. We must find out the laws of nature and conform to them.

We need free bodies and free minds—free labor and free thought—chainless hands, and fetterless brains. Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth.

We need men with moral courage to speak and write their real thoughts, and to stand by their convictions, even to the very death. We need have no fear of being too radical. The future will verify all grand and brave predictions. Paine was splendidly in advance of his time; but he was orthodox compared with the Infidels of to-day.

Science, the great Iconoclast, has been busy since 1809, and by the highway of Progress are the broken images of the past.

On every hand the people advance. The Vicar of God has been pushed from the throne of the Caesars,

and upon the roofs of the Eternal City falls once more the shadow of the Eagle.

All has been accomplished by the heroic few. The men of science have explored heaven and earth, and with infinite patience have furnished the facts. The brave thinkers have used them. The gloomy caverns of superstition have been transformed into temples of thought, and the demons of the past are the angels of to-day.

Science took a handful of sand, constructed a telescope, and with it explored the starry depths of heaven. Science wrested from the gods their thunderbolts; and now the electric spark freighted with thought and love, flashes under all the waves of the sea. Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, created a giant that turns with tireless arm, the countless wheels of toil.

Thomas Paine was one of the intellectual heroes—one of the men to whom we are indebted. His name is associated forever with the Great Republic. As long as free government exists he will be remembered, admired and honored.

He lived a long, laborious and useful life. The world is better for his having lived. For the sake of truth he accepted hatred and reproach for his portion. He ate the bitter bread of sorrow. His friends were untrue to him because he was true to himself, and true to them. He lost the respect of what is called society, but kept his own. His life is what the world calls failure, and what history calls success.

If to love your fellow men more than self is goodness, Thomas Paine was good.

If to be in advance of your time, to be a pioneer in the direction of light, is greatness, Thomas Paine was great.

If to avow your principles and discharge your duty in the presence of death is heroic, Thomas Paine was a hero.

At the age of seventy-three death touched his tired heart. He died in the land his genius defended—under the flag he gave to the skies. Slander cannot touch him now—hatred cannot reach him more. He sleeps in the sanctuary of the tomb, beneath the quiet of the stars.

A few more years—a few more brave men—a few more rays of light, and mankind will venerate the memory of him who said:

"Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system;"

"The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

"Farewell Poetry."

I confess to reading with great pleasure, in the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, Dr. Marvin's most poetic elaboration of the idea that poetry, like pearls, is the product of disease, and if in positive conclusions he did not get much beyond Pope's well-known couplet,

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
And thin partitions do the bounds divide,"

still there was a suggestiveness in his thought, as well as a beauty in its presentation that won upon us far beyond the usual productions of the Liberal Club.

But what about the "farewell poetry"? To supersede Poetry by Science is like superseding a flower garden by a cornfield, or the graces of life by its utilities—this truth, however, remains, that just so far as any domain is thoroughly explored by the intellect, just so far it becomes untenable to the imagination. We see this in both poetry and fiction. No one now but a Spiritualist would write a Hamlet with a ghost in it, and it is certain that our enjoyment of that play is very much diminished by our entire disbelief in the reality of the apparition. We are only preserved from a feeling of incongruity by placing ourselves in imagination in the position of our forefathers, and looking at the play through their eyes. Writers of romances in our day have been driven from gods and heroes, and even from lovers, to characters which are really psychological studies, as we see in the works of George Elliot, George Sand, Spielhagen etc.

But we may ask, is it probable that the realm of the unknown, which is also that of the imagination, will ever be fully explored? When a human being becomes to us like a type-writing machine, and we can not only produce a certain effect by touching a certain key, but trace with entire freedom and certainty the chain of causation through all the levers of the machine, then, no doubt, the domain of poetry will be greatly reduced; but meanwhile to say that Dr. Marvin, or Dr. Draper, is insane because he possesses a nature so tremblingly alive to the harmony of thought and expression that he gives us a medical lecture which is at the same time a poem, is evidently a misuse of language.

It is well to note also that, whatever merit the class of literature to which Lizzie Doten's poems belong may possess, it has always a false ring, the disease crops out, it smacks strongly of imitation, and does not, among judges, pass for the true metal. The only exception to this remark, so far as I know, is both the prose and poetry of T. L. Harris. There is real genius, but is there real disease? All fanatical movements contain a proportion of hypocrites, who are, as often as otherwise, the leaders themselves. It is, however, only fair to say, that there is a type of mind which seems to be a connecting link between genius and disease. I have in my mind a great preacher who walks among men

with introverted eye, whose most successful sermons cost him no effort (many of them are printed and enjoy a wide circulation), and who, if not a very profound man, possesses a keen insight into human nature, and is, moreover, one of the finest rhetoricians in the country.

There is a tendency of the mind, when it acts intently to exclude from itself all memory of other domains of thought and feeling, and to act and speak as if they did not exist. For instance, when we are at a comedy, we can form no idea whatever of a funeral, and *vice versa*; when we are charging the enemy on horseback, with a revolver in each hand, we can form but little idea of how we would feel when addressing a peace society. To men like Bentham and Elder Mill, absorbed in the pursuit of truth, poetry and puerility seem synonymous terms, just as to a poet, the man who spends a fine morning bagging insects seems like a fool, so that while it is certain that advancing discovery will trench still further on the domain where the imagination yet rules supreme; yet those who have the best right to speak assure us that what we know, in proportion to our ignorance, is illustrated by the space occupied by the stars in proportion to the surrounding darkness, and that it always must be so. If this is true, imagination will always possess her field in which to weave with our emotions the flowers of poetry.

Since the above was written Dr. Marvin has explained that, in his view, poetry has lost its place as a controlling power over human thought, although it would still be retained as a companion for lighter hours, and mentioned Paradise Lost as the last poem that seriously influenced the minds of men.

Let us not disregard that which is before our eyes because it seems common. Whittier's anti-slavery songs chanted by the plaintive voices of the Hutchinsons from the Atlantic to the Pacific, were not without their influence in arousing the North to one of the most heroic struggles the world ever saw. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," which is really a poem, had its share also in the great awakening. The John Brown song echoing through every gorge from the Atlantic to the Gulf, cheered in hundreds of dreary marches the tired legions of the North. Is this an unpoetic age? The first flash of the wire under the Atlantic thrilled through more hearts with a deeper sense of triumph than the news of the battle of Waterloo. Have we no great epics? Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe," every line of which is sonorous with a rhythm that reminds you of an organ, is perhaps the greatest epic ever written. It is nothing less than the great sad story of the human race, and to turn from it to the Iliad is like returning to the toys of childhood.

So full is all science, literature and art of wonders almost achieved, as triumph succeeds triumph, and vista opens upon vista, and we see everywhere the first of those morning beams which we fondly hope will dispel the night of ignorance and suffering, and usher in the broad daylight of knowledge and the warmth of love.

If a statement of the poetic elements of the present seems to border on exaggeration, we must remember that once only in the whole history of literature has an effort to clothe the present in the robe of poetry succeeded: viz, in "Byron's Battle of Waterloo." Every age has said to itself, "This is the age of prose." Never until the sharp lines of the intellectual demarcations of the present have been mellowed by the distance of time, has the picture assumed the softened outline of an Indian summer landscape. Here is felt to be one of the deepest antagonisms of life. The intellect is ever active with its never ending subdivisions (all knowledge is classification), while the whole effort of art, and its twin sister religion, is to impart to life a unity. That passion for religion, that instinct for unity burned the martyrs and led Comte to wish to burn the libraries, and in the possible reconciliation of these diverse elements lies one of the great problems of the future.

J. Q. S.

Dr. Marvin Sustained.

MR. EDITOR: I have read with much interest Dr. Marvin's lecture in your last number. A study of mental pathology led me to the conclusion that insanity in some of those forms which I class as emotional, the milder epilepsy, catalepsy and erethistic mania, was the basis of the phenomena attributed in all ages to supernatural inspiration. In an article on Prof. Tyndall, I stated, "The discoveries of mental pathologists cannot readily be laid before the public. I will simply state, however, that they explain all the phenomena covered by the vague term *inspiration* by natural causes, and destroy the doctrine of revelation through inspired men or writings as effectually as physiology does the doctrine of immortality." In illustration, I condensed Maudsley's essay on Swedenborg, and published it as a newspaper article, bringing out a series of replies from "New Jerusalem," to which I retorted, quoting the diary of Swedenborg as evidence of his insanity.

In an article headed "Clerical Criticism," called forth by attacks from the local clergy and a vagabond lecturer from Brooklyn, I stated: "The Rev. R. Whittingham, when he intimated that Prof. Huxley was suffering from delirium tremens when he wrote, 'Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science as the strangled snakes beside that of

Hercules,' in deducing all the phenomena of that fearful malady from the single word *snakes*, suggested the idea of testing men's physical and mental condition by an examination of their writings. The 'Emissary of the Devil's Pulpit' reflecting on this, instituted the *de lunatico inquirendo* of the dead, and Swedenborg leads a melancholy and inspired train to the asylums of the blest."

So few are acquainted with even the rudiments of the pathology of the mind, and such incorrect ideas of insanity prevail, that the subject is one difficult to handle in newspaper articles, yet it is important that knowledge on this subject should be disseminated. I have known most clear cases of insanity terminating in suicide and incurable mania and death, where the friends of the parties resented any intimation that the mind was affected, and could not be induced to use such measures as would have prevented a tragical conclusion. In fact, the worst cases of insanity that I have ever observed, have not been recognized, perhaps not suspected, by the families or friends of the subject. As Maudsley remarks, "It is a vulgar and mischievous error to suppose that a person who speaks rationally and behaves with propriety cannot be mad."

In an article on insanity, printed in a local paper, speaking of inspired authors, I say: "Ancient times furnished many examples of such writings, of which the Book of Enoch, giving the names of the Angels, the Watchers of Heaven, describing the Son of Man, the Ancient of Days, and the Throne of God, in language that cannot be surpassed, is a splendid and striking example. Nor is there any reason why such books should not be read and admired, now that their origin is explained and understood. As the diseased oyster produces the pearl, so gems of thought and pearls of wisdom may be distilled from brains whose inspiration is derived from erethistic mania or cataleptic ecstasy."

Dr. Marvin is on the right track. I am glad that he exempted Homer, though I am a little uncertain as regards Shakspeare and Goethe. Could he not give us an explanation of the phenomena of materialized spirits?

P. ROOSEVELT JOHNSON, M.D.

Sag Harbor, June 30, 1875.

Christian Intolerance.

MR. EDITOR: I have heard much said about the bigotry and intolerance of Roman Catholic priests, in lands where they control both Church and State; but such an incident as the following has never before fallen under my immediate notice.

A few weeks since, a friend of mine, a gentleman of liberal views, wooed and won the hand of an estimable young lady, also of my acquaintance, and the wedding day was set (April 18th, 1875). My friend, Mr. E. V. Robinson (of Dowagiac, Mich.), being a Freethinker, preferred to be married by a Justice; but his betrothed, a member of the M. E. Church in the village of Osseo, Hillsdale Co., Mich., desired that the ceremony should be performed by an Elder of the same Church, named Rev. Ebenezer Hunt, with whom she and her family had been intimately acquainted for many years, and whom she regarded as an old and true friend. To satisfy both parties a double ceremony was proposed, and it was agreed that Mr. Hunt should first marry them, and then that the ceremony should be repeated by the Justice. Accordingly this man of God was interviewed by Mr. R. and informed of Miss Bradley's wish, with their long acquaintance and friendship as a reason. Mr. H. made no objections and the matter was considered settled. The appointed time approaches, the arrangements are nearly completed and all is well. The wedding day arrives, brighter and more cheerful than for several days previous, but as it advances the wind shifts to a colder quarter and threatening clouds arise.

We may now fancy the happy groom once more wending his way to the abode of this clerical friend of his bride, and congratulating himself on the concert of favorable auspices, the approval of friends and acquaintances, the intellectual character, high moral worth, and undoubted affection of the woman he loved, which seemed to augur prosperity and happiness along their future path. But pause! He stands in the shadow of that preacher's roof, and there, without previous intimation, this Stone of Help; this Ebenezer Hunt flatly informed my friend that he could not marry a "Christian lady to a disbeliever"—he did not say to a disbelieving gentleman.

And now as this condemned heretic seeks the happy home where his fair lady is waiting, what are those anxious thoughts and questions which thus darken his countenance? But prejudice and bigotry formed no part of Miss P.'s mental make-up. Love's dictates were, and ever should be, more potent than priest or parsons. Accordingly they were joined in matrimony by Mr. Hiram Decker, a justice of the peace in Osseo. The clergy and the laity of both Romish and Protestant churches in this country, (or at least a large majority of them), are glad of any and every opportunity to bully, bribe and persecute the Freethinkers of this land into cowardly, if not tame, submission to their unrighteous and ungodly rule. And then these same priests have the consummate impudence to get up in their pulpits and preach to the

people about religious liberty. Every person who harbors the idea of religious freedom as a present reality in America, is either one who knows nothing on the subject—one who never thinks—or an inexcusable idiot, made such by his religion.

In my opinion, the day is not far distant when Freethinkers must either shed blood or lose the last semblance of their freedom. It seems to me that any one of common sense cannot fail to perceive this truth. I know of but one remedy namely: for the Freethinkers to rally in their own defense, and organize on a common basis, and that speedily.

A. M. SHOTWELL.

Concord, Mich., May 29th, 1875.

New-York Liberal Club.

[It has been inconvenient for us to be present at the two recent meetings of the LIBERAL CLUB, and having quite imperfect notes, and the subjects treated and discussed not being especially interesting, and as we have an abundance of other matter we are anxious to place before our readers, we will omit our usual Liberal Club report in this issue.—Ed. T. S.]

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

About the middle of May, the National Woman's Suffrage Association held their annual convention in the new Masonic Hall, twenty-third st. and sixth ave., in this city. I was only present at the afternoon meeting. Among the speakers to whom I listened, was the lady whose name heads this article. What a vision of matronly beauty she is to be sure! I only wonder that any masculine remains unconverted who comes within hearing of her voice. She is a complete mistress of her subject, and her clear, concise, yet pointed ways of expressing herself make her a most effective speaker. Her speech was a rehash of the old arguments, well seasoned with new and original illustrations. I do not know how others were affected, but for the first time I found occasion to differ from Mrs. Stanton. In naming the different objections made to giving woman the ballot, the one she said upon which most stress was laid, is that politics would contaminate women—and just here let me say, my experience has been the same in this matter. One would certainly think from the argument, that men turned fiends on election day, and became too terrible for contact with other creatures. Now really they are the same men who jostle and crowd us in the street cars, and allow us to stand *invariably*. I protest against this shabby excuse. A woman who has been compelled to ride daily on an eighth or third ave. car has served an apprenticeship which renders her fully competent to vote. If their are any worse specimens at the polls, let us treat them in the way Holmes would treat a constitutional liar "chloroform him gently out of existence." But to return to Mrs. Stanton—and it was really a great breach of etiquette to interrupt her—I ask her pardon—admitting the low tone, of ward rooms, she suggested a substitute for them. "The act of voting" said she "is one of the most important acts of life, I would suggest, that on election days, the churches be thrown open, and in the house of God, with the organ sounding forth *sacred* music, the act should be performed in the most solemn and reverential manner." How do our orthodox friends relish this? Next thing we shall hear of stock-gamblers and gold-brokers, playing their tricks at the very foot of the altar. They do, now, only I mean their every-day tricks, not their Sunday ones. Holy voting! Of course, everything done inside the church is holy, no matter if it's adultery. What a ridiculous proposition this was on Mrs. Stanton's part. It is the old idea, the old heaven still working—in the precincts of the church everything must be more pure and honest than without—as if the man or woman in whose soul there exists no sense of truth and honor, could suddenly be changed into such. I don't object to using churches for any purpose of public meetings, but not with the idea of instilling by such use, higher and purer ideas of duty and honesty. Look how each daily paper swells the list of tricky and dishonest clergymen, until soon they will be so numerous that they may join hands and span the earth. As an example of church voting let me cite a recent occurrence in this city in one of the largest and wealthiest congregations, to wit, Dr. Chapin's. Some years ago a society was formed among the ladies of this church; a subscription raised and a home built for the aged and infirm, called "the Chapin Home." A President and other officers were duly elected, and matters went on well until recently, at an election of officers for the present year, some objection was made to the matron of the home, and the wrangle grew so fierce that two fifth ave. millionaires, husbands of two ladies in one of the contesting factions were ejected from the meeting, and the result is a falling off of many wealthy families from the church. Here was reverential holy voting in church and on church matters. I am afraid if our saintly church people make such failures, the effect on the common multitude won't be of a very elevating character when churches are turned into ward-rooms—

and what is there of a reverential character in the churches of to-day? The Catholic Church contains most that is consistent. The Virgin Mary is worshiped, and surely, as the sparkling little lecturer Laura Cuppy Smith says, "She ought to be held in high esteem, since she brought forth the Savior of the world without the assistance of any man." We have no objection to women clinging to the church, but let them no longer be blinded to the fact that honesty and truth are inherent in men's souls, and not the product of creed or church. Men's acts are not affected by the place, but by the inner sense of right and justice which prompts them.

The idea that women will sweep in as a grand disinfectant, to purify the political atmosphere is a great mistake. But whether for better or for worse, her right to the ballot is undoubted. If men were as ready to hang for us, and suffer the penalty of our crimes, as they are to vote for us, we should be better satisfied.

When political corruption and fraud have gone their full length, then comes a reaction. "When things are at their worst, they are sure to mend" said Dolly Varden. I am convinced if women ever get the ballot, they will very easily adjust themselves to circumstances, and whether it be to the inspiring notes of hand-organs playing "Mulligan Guards," or a church choir peeling forth "Nearer my God to thee," we shall be equal to the occasion, and do our duty or neglect it, just as men do, according to our several capacities.

DR. VENON.

God in the Constitution.

The following notice of a speech made by Ex-Gov. CHARLES ROBINSON, of Kansas, delivered at Leavenworth, in that State, June 20th, was sent us by a friend. It has the right ring, and possesses argument and truth:

Taking the resolutions of the amendment convention as his text, he thought it pertinent to enquire what sort of a God it is that is desired in the National Constitution. He began at the beginning and elaborated the picture of the God of Genesis—a being that was so uncertain of his purpose and power that he he did things that he was very sorry for afterwards, and vented the evil results of his mistakes upon the innocent creatures he had created. He traced the God-notion of the ancient Jews through all their history, and marked with keen analysis the weakness of his character and the insufficiency of his power. It was a rare presentation of the God-thought of the historical religions of christendom. Coming down to the modern times, he showed the great diversity of men's notions about God, and outlined the peculiar distinctions of the many sects in their interpretations of the God-idea. Then he held up the difficulty of making any particular notion, or the idea of any particular sect, the idea of the nation. This much done, it was easy to show the trials that must ensue when any general thought of God should become the national expression. Each one must give to the expression his own interpretation, and the war of the sects would then be fairly inaugurated. The Governor called attention to the fact that the world had been in existence a long time, and many nations had lived—flourished, and worshiped God devoutly, and pious people had sacrificed thousands of human lives to their own God, yet it was only after a nation came that is now called Godless, a nation that makes no national expression of belief in God, that the freedom of man and the horror of slavery was well established and the worth of the human soul fully declared by the national law and practice. If the terrors of the past, and the inhumanities of the ancient nations were done under the supervision of the Deity they were so constant in acknowledging, and the grandest truths of life have been established in the world by a nation that has no Divine King, what claim can be urged in favor of such an acknowledgment now? The point was well put, and the attention of all our anti-slavery friends is called to it. Altogether it was a very fine exposure of the want of intelligence in this direction of the Constitution makers. We hope the lecture will not be filed away in some drawer, for it ought to be given a wide circulation. In this effort the Governor only followed the logical course of his whole life—the defense of liberty and the bursting of all foolish bubbles. We hope the Governor will preach often.

THE "HOLY TRINITY."—And why do you say "trinity," when your Bible describes *four* "persons," real or imaginary? Yes, four *invisibles* are named, but of whose personal identity nothing is known. And these four, it is said, perform all the Bible miracles; and, according to modern Christianity as it appears in Methodist and other "revival" sects, the Christian Devil or "the fourth person" in the Bible coterie, performs all the miracles in modern Spiritualism. But which of them it may have been that "inspired" the writers of the Bible we do not know, nor what invisible, if any, that this book represents as having also "inspired" snakes, locusts, frogs, flies, camels, oxen, asses, sheep, and doves, including one calf, and nondescript monsters, with "ten horns and seven heads," having "eyes before and behind."

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

Bible Contradictions.

READER: Is the Bible Divine or Human? Is it the word of God or the work of man? If the first, it must be perfect, true and uncontradictory; if the last, it may be imperfect, untrue and contradictory. If it is found to be the latter, it cannot be of God. Have you searched the Scriptures? Have you attentively read the Bible? What do you think of its truthfulness? We commend a few passages to your consideration.

I have seen God face to face. . . . No man hath seen God at any time.

With God all things are possible. . . . And the Lord was with Judah, and he drave out the inhabitants of the mountain; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron.

I am the Lord, I change not. I will not go back, neither will I repent. . . . And God repented of the evil that he said he would do unto them, and he did it not.

There is no respect of persons with God. . . . Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated.

Is not my way equal? . . . For whosoever hath, to him shall be given; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.

I am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children. . . . The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father.

It is impossible for God to lie. . . . If the Prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I the Lord have deceived that prophet.

Take no thought for the morrow. . . . But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.

All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. . . . He that hath no sword, let him sell his sword and buy one.

Provide neither gold nor silver nor scrip for your journey, neither shoes nor yet staves. . . . Take nothing save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, no money, but be shod with sandals.

Be not afraid of them that kill the body. . . . And after these things Jesus would not walk in Jewry, because the Jews sought to kill him.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. . . . The new moons and sabbaths I cannot away with; it is iniquity.

Thou shalt not commit adultery. . . . All the women children keep alive for yourselves.

Whore-mongers and adulterers God will judge. . . . Then said the Lord unto me, Go yet, love a woman, an adulteress.

If brethren dwell together and one of them die, the wife of the dead shall not marry without; her husband's brother shall take her to wife. . . . If a man shall take his brother's wife, it is an unclean thing.

I counsel thee to keep the king's commandment. . . . But the midwives feared God, and did not as the king commanded.

Let every soul be subject to the higher powers. . . . Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, answered and said: Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.

For rulers are not a terror to good works but to evil. . . . And the rulers were gathered together against the Lord and against his Christ.

The powers that be are ordained of God. . . . Both Herod and Pontius Pilate.

And it was the third hour, and they crucified him. . . . It was about the sixth hour, and he saith, Shall I crucify your king?

The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene unto the sepulchre. . . . The first day of the week came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary.

Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James, and Salome brought sweet spices. . . . It was Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James, and other women, that were with them.

And the men which journeyed with him [Paul] stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man. . . . And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice. And they that were with me heard not the voice.

Therefore Michal, the daughter of Saul, had no child until the day of her death. . . . The five sons of Michal, the daughter of Saul.

And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel. . . . And Satan provoked David to number Israel.

And David's heart smote him after he had numbered the people. And David said unto the Lord, I have sinned greatly in that I have done. . . . David did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord all the days of his life, save only in the matter of Uriah the Hittite.

I bear witness of myself, yet my record is true. . . . If I bear witness of myself my witness is not true.

By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified. . . . The doers of the law shall be justified.

A man is not justified by the works of the law. . . . Ye see, then, how that by works a man is justified.

The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised. . . . He that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more.

My yoke is easy and my burden is light. . . . All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. There shall no evil happen to the just. . . . Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake.

Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. . . . In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

It shall not be well with the wicked, neither shall he prolong his days. . . . Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power.

Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction will drive it far from him. . . . Thou shouldst bray a fool in mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.

The rich man's wealth is his strong tower. . . . Woe unto you that are rich. . . . The destruction of the poor is his poverty.

Blessed be ye poor. . . . Give me neither poverty nor riches, lest I deny thee, or lest I be poor and steal.

The above quotations are correctly given; though, for brevity's sake, chapter and verse are omitted. They are but a small part of the contradictions the Bible contains. They may, indeed, be recorded by hundreds and thousands, to say nothing of other fallacies and absurdities.

Those who wish a larger collection of Bible contradictions, are referred to a pamphlet called *Self-Contradictions of the Bible*, containing forty-eight pages. Price, 25 cents. Sold at the office of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Underwood's Prayer.

In March, 1872, B. F. Underwood held a debate two evenings with the Rev. Mr. Taylor at Westfield, Pa. On the first evening Mr. Taylor opened the exercises with a regular orthodox prayer, and on the second evening Mr. Underwood opened with the following, and his friends thought it a decided improvement upon the prayer of the Reverend gentleman of the previous evening:

Thou incomprehensible Being, Power, or Essence, said to exist and to be the Author of Nature, called by different names—Brahma, Jehovah, Lord, Jupiter, Allah—worshiped as a Negro in Africa, as an Indian by the untutored savage of America, and by the mass of Christians as a Caucasian seated on a throne, with a crown on thy head and a scepter in thy hand, and angels all around chanting thy praises and ministering to thy wants—believed among the more thoughtful of thy worshipers to be something of which no correct conception can be formed, and recognized by us unregenerate Infidels only as the aggregate of the forces of Nature inherent in and inseparable from matter, constituting the soul of the universe—that which

"Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees"—

whatever thou art, we make no attempt to extol thy name, for if but half as great and good as many of thy worshipers profess to believe, thou canst not be pleased with the flatteries or praises of men. We make no attempt to give thee information, for they who claim to be in special communication with thee declare that thou knowest all things, even the innermost secrets of the heart of man.

We do not ask for any special favors for our opponent, for he has already told thee what he wants, and he is supposed to know his own needs better than we can set them forth. We ask no special favors for ourselves, because, in the first place it does not comport with our notions of fair play to invoke thine aid in an intellectual contest with a gentleman who has come here to discuss with us and not with thee; in the second place, we think we can sustain our position in this debate with no other assistance than that afforded by the silent but powerful aids which lie on the table before us; and in the third place, however much either of us might desire special help from thee, we do not believe thou wouldst interfere to give one the slightest advantage over the other.

But a few years ago our beloved country (this is not said for thy information) was suffering all the horrors of civil war, our hearts were saddened by the sight of "States discovered, discordant, belligerent and drenched in fraternal blood." Millions of prayers went up from pulpit, fireside and tented field, both North and South, entreating thee to interpose—stop the terrible strife between brothers, and stay the effusion of blood. But the sanguinary contest continued without any intervention by thee, and was brought to a close only when the South had been exhausted in resources, and was no longer able to offer resistance to the armies of the Union. How then can we expect thee to interfere

in an insignificant contest like this between our friend and ourself?

We realize the fact that the intellectual work of the debate must be performed by the disputants, and we think it unwise for either of us to look to thee for victory. Whether "Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions" or not, we notice that they generally win, and without regard to the right and justice of the cause in defense of which they fight. We have not forgotten that the patriot army of Hungary was overwhelmed and defeated by the powerful and disciplined hosts of perjured Austria. "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry," said Cromwell to his soldiers. As we are satisfied that in physical warfare more depends upon the quality and condition of ammunition than upon mere "trust in God," so in an intellectual contest like this we believe that acquaintance with the subject, and power and skill in presenting arguments, are more important than "reliance on thee." Fred. Douglass said he prayed fifteen years, but the prayer most certainly answered in his case was the prayer that he made with his legs, when he ran away from bondage.

An amiable, but evidently visionary individual, frequently called thy son, and believed by many to be "God manifest in the flesh," is reported to have said that with faith to the amount of a grain of mustard seed men could remove mountains. Now we are satisfied from observation and experience that with a mountain of faith we should fail to remove even a grain of mustard seed, unless adequate physical force were applied.

We cannot help noticing that Christians have but little faith in thine interposition in practical affairs. Having built a church and dedicated it to thee, they are not content with asking thee to save it from the thunderbolt of heaven. Just like us "unconverted sinners" when we put up buildings for business purposes, they go to the expense of attaching lightning rods to their houses of worship.

Had we any faith in the efficacy of prayer, there are many favors we might solicit; but since we are certain that we can obtain nothing by addresses to thee which would not come just as surely without the prayers, we close these prayerful remarks to turn our attention to our opponent, and to the important subject under consideration. AMEN.

Friendly Correspondence.

JAMES N. MOORE, Avoca, N. Y., writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER grows better every day. I would not do without it for twice its cost. Long may it wave.

W. P. KREMER, Wapello, Iowa, writes: I am well pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is just such a paper as every Liberal should feel it his duty to support. It fills a vacuum long felt in the Liberal ranks.

JOHN R. STRATTON, Leetonia, O., writes: I have been scattering a few TRUTH SEEKERS, and they are making their truthful marks wherever seen. They are opening the eyes of the blind, driving darkness away, and giving great light to free, receptive minds. Superstition, priestly bigotry, damning souls to an eternal burning must ultimately fall. Enclosed I send you the name of a new subscriber.

W. RICHARDSON, Del Norte, Col., writes: There is no paper I miss receiving so reluctantly as THE TRUTH SEEKER—the ventilator of old theology—through which so much pure air and clear light streams to refresh our miasmatic world. This appreciation is my excuse for again writing to tell you I do not get my paper at this office. Please let me again ask you to change it from Pueblo to this place. The trouble may be in the mails, I am getting so hungry for its feast of good things that I cannot refrain from writing you to see that it comes to this office, and thine shall be the praise, etc., etc.

MISS IDA BEDFORD, Bloomfield, Mo., writes: My mother has been taking your paper nearly two years, and we all like it more and more the longer we read it. I am nearly seventeen years of age, and until I began to read THE TRUTH SEEKER I never had an idea of advancement and progress, but it soon set me to thinking upon a good many subjects I had never thought upon before, and besides upheld me in convictions already entertained. I send a poor attempt at poetry, if you deem it worth publishing give it a place in your columns. I hope THE TRUTH SEEKER may be successful in its search after light, truth and liberty.

NEWTON MURPHY, Pharisburg, O., writes: I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your papers. The populace here are very fanatic, and if any person should enunciate the slightest disbelief in any part of their "sacred cow"—the Bible—they would ridicule them. Their thoughts seldom range beyond the gratification of foolish vanities and mere selfishness. They have never reflected on life, men, nor manners; their minds have not turned to the contemplation of the works and wonders of Nature. I heartily endorse the objects and aims of your paper, and congratulate you upon the efforts you are making to spread the truth and advocate the right. I hope THE TRUTH SEEKER may become a household word. It is certainly worthy of being kept in every household, and of being cherished by the people at large. It contains the best literary matter I find, and reading is the nourishment of the mind. I wish you great success.

ANTHONY JONES, Dekoven, sending in the names of four new subscribers, writes: I am sorry to say my friend Leoboefer has missed receiving two numbers of his paper, and I am sorry for John because he values them so highly and is extremely anxious to get them. He tells me he cannot afford to miss a single article, however small, because they all contain so much that is good and true and reasonable. But praise is hardly necessary from John or myself: your paper speaks for itself to any reasonable person free from theological and priestly influence. I wish you a long and happy life.

JOSEPH BOLTON, Atlanta, Kan., writes: Enclosed find \$5, for which credit me with Vol. III. of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and send Mr. Darwin's "Origin of the Species" and one dollar's worth of TRUTH SEEKER Tracts. I want them to do missionary work with. Prospects are good here, and after harvest I shall make an effort to extend your circulation here. The times have been so hard papers have been patronized to a very limited extent, especially those like yours, directed to a special object. But I have spread mine far and wide, and believe they have made some strong impressions—perhaps some subscribers. I intend, however, to double my efforts in that direction.

WILBURN ALLEN, Powhattan, Ark., writes: Enclosed find one dollar, for which send me THE TRUTH SEEKER six months. I would be glad to subscribe for a longer time, but money is very scarce at present. I must have THE TRUTH SEEKER as long as it is to be had. I consider it the best Liberal paper published in the country; it gets better and better every number. I am only a boy nineteen years old, yet I take a great interest in the cause of Free Thought. Nearly everybody in this county belongs to one corner of the Church, and they think I and my folks are "powerfully wicked." Ignorance and superstition are in the ascendancy here, and probably will be so long as free schools are kept out. The people swallow everything the preachers tell them. I wish your paper continued success.

JAMES H. LINDSAY, Scott Bar, Cal., writes: Find enclosed seven dollars for subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER: one year for Charles Eisher, and three years for myself, if it and I live that long, and I hope it will. If I do not, I want when I die a copy buried with me to have to read on the other side. I have been waiting to send you more names, but have not been successful in that respect. Your reply to Elder Shelton's last blast is in itself worth a year's subscription. I fear he will blow himself up. If he will come out here to Siskiyou County and look at these mountains I guess he will conclude there have been some upheavals.

[We are grateful to our friend for his liberality. If such kindness was more common it would be well for our cause.—Ed. T. S.]

EDITH MONTROSE, Paris, Texas, writes: For the enclosed please send me THE TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS herein named. I obtained a list from a borrowed paper. I am not yet ready to bear my own cross up the hill of crucifixion, so I borrow a paper from a friend, and ask you to so wrap the tracts that the contents cannot easily be discovered at this office. It is bad, I know, to live such an enslaved life, but I cannot help it at present; my circumstances are very peculiar, but I live in hopes that I may be permitted to come out on the side of Reason and Free Thought yet before I go hence. I glory in our papers, THE TRUTH SEEKER, THE INVESTIGATOR and COMMON SENSE, published away out here in the "Lone Star State." It certainly sheds a beautiful light amidst the darkness of Christian mythology, and its bold Editor, Col. R. Peterson, richly deserves an oration of gratitude from every broad-minded man and woman in our State. Thanking you for the comforting truths you are sending out broadcast over the land, I am with you in the true faith.

ORRIS BARNES, P. M., Clay, N. Y., writes: I think THE TRUTH SEEKER the most bold and outspoken paper in the world, and I hope it is placed on a firm basis, and that it may continue to flourish. Well may it be proud of its title. It is significant and comprehensive. I am a Spiritualist, and love the good old Banner of Light—long may it wave! I think sometimes it witholds many things that ought to come before the people, for fear of offending somebody. I find THE TRUTH SEEKER not so; as I said, it is bold and outspoken, let it hit whomsoever it will. "Truth is mighty and will prevail." I append an acrostic I wrote upon the name of a niece of mine in Flushing, Mich. I will be pleased if you will publish it.

ACROSTIC.

Aspire, dear niece to succeed in your school,
Give heed to your teacher, and obey every rule;
Never be discouraged, though your labors be hard,
Every moment improve, and be on your guard,
So that your teacher may hear you recite
Long lessons, well committed by night.
"Onward and upward," let this motto be thine,
Until you have passed the portals of time.
Inspired by all that is noble and good,
Sure as you're alive you'll be nearer to God.
Every good act, and all your good deeds,
Can bring you more pleasure than orthodox creeds;
Remember this thing, they help only to bind
Our liberty of conscience, and dwarf the young mind.
Never, dear niece, subscribe to a creed,
Knowledge and liberty are all that we need.

MRS. E. D. SLENKER, Snowville, Va., writes: We were more than pleased with thy reply to Elder Shelton. It was "splendid." I have received another letter from the Rev. Mr. Bullard (to whom I have addressed several letters in THE TRUTH SEEKER) but he objects to my publishing any part of it without having it all published. Speaking of THE TRUTH SEEKER which I sent him some time ago, containing my reply to some of his observations, he says: "You doubt whether such persons as Christ and his apostles ever existed. Had you enjoyed the culture, the reading and research of such men as Hume, Voltaire, Gibbon, Spencer, Renan, Strauss, Mill, Tyndall, etc., you would no more doubt it than the existence of Isaac Slenker. Not one of the above men would read the little paper you sent here the other day. The questions discussed in it, the bears eating the children, etc., has nothing to do with the truth of the Bible." Now just think of it, the greatest preacher in the county, the oldest and best educated, and one too, who reads freely of Liberal works, to make such a heedless, headlong assertion. I have read many of those authors, but not one has yet given me any real proof of the existence of Christ and his apostles, and even if they would not read THE TRUTH SEEKER, which I think contains much that would interest even such men as they, would they read the Christian Examiner and thousands of other weak and trashy pious papers and the great mass of Sunday school literature with which our land has been deluged?

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Odd and Ends.

"No shooten aloud here," is the warning which confronts the sportsman at a suburban park.

"Have you heard my last speech?" asked a political haranguer of a wit. "I hope so," was the reply.

"A MAN in Cincinnati, advertising for a situation, says; 'Work is not so much an object as good wages.'"

A MUSIC teacher has been cautioned not to teach her pupil any low notes, lest they might affect her character.

At this season of the year country boys may often be seen under apple trees looking for "that ball they lost."

A LADY asked a veteran which rifle carried the maximum distance. The old chap answered, "The Minnie. mum."

A DARKEY's instructions to put on a coat were, "First de right arm, den de left, and den give one general convulsion."

It is right enough for young people to use a license when they get married, but they should not use too much afterwards.

Those who tell us how much they despise riches and preferment doubtless mean the riches and preferment of others.

A BOARDING house keeper advertises to furnish gentlemen with pleasant and comfortable rooms; also one or two gentlemen with wives.

"I'm afraid you'll come to want," said an old lady to a young man, "I have come to want already," was the reply; I want your daughter."

A HUMOROUS druggist in Boston exposes a case of soap in his shop window with the pertinent inscription, "cheaper than dirt." We should think so.

A LITTLE four years old puzzled his mother the other day by asking this question: "Mother, if a man is a mister, is not a woman a mystery?"

THE following obituary notice appeared in an Ohio paper: Peter Ink, an old citizen of Knox County was blotted out the other day; aged seventy-five.

If men were to hate themselves as they do their neighbors, it would doubtless be a good step towards loving their neighbors as they do themselves.

THE most tender-hearted man we ever heard of was a shoemaker who always shut his eyes and whistled whenever he drove his awl into a sole.

THIS advertisement recently appeared: "Two sisters want washing." We fear there are large numbers of brothers also in the same predicament.

THE immortal Raphael painted his own face, and it is said made an excellent likeness. Many a lady paints her own face and makes a very poor likeness.

A TROY clergyman went a fishing the other day, but had no luck. On his return he stood his pole and line up against a house, and in a short time caught a hen.

"WHAT you been doing?" asked a boy of his playmate who came out of a house with tears running down his face. "I've been chasing a horse whip round my father," was the snarling reply.

A COLORADO tombstone remarks:
He was young,
He was fair,
But the Injuns
Raised his hair.

THE mosquito is an insect that has no blood, except when he steals. As an agency for seeking artesian wells he is unsurpassed. Confidence in his powers is the reason he always sings at his work.

A SOLDIER of a cavalry regiment was brought up for stealing his comrade's liquor ration. He was an Irishman, and his defense was unique: "I'd be sorry in daade sur, to be called a thafel! I put the liquor in the same bottle, and mine was at the bottom; and sure I was obliged to drink his to get out my own!"

A POLITICIAN, wishing to compliment a well-to-do farmer, said: "You must have begun life early to accumulate such an estate as this." "Yes," replied the farmer, "I began life when I was a mere baby."

KNAPP once described the terrible heat of hell by saying that it was so hot that if a man were taken out of it, and plunged into the hottest fire of an earthly furnace, he would freeze to death from the transition.

"I SAY, landlord," said a yankee. "that's a dirty towel for a man to wipe on." Landlord, with a look of amazement, replied: "Well, sir, you're mighty particular. Sixty or seventy of my boarders have wiped on that towel this morning, and you are the first one to find fault."

"You wring my bosom," said a despairing Baltimore lover to a coquettish girl whom he had long sought in marriage. His burst of grief decided her, and putting out her hand, she softly murmured, "Well! ring my finger, if you will be happier for it, I will vex you no longer."

A PAPER tells about a girl who hated her suitor to such an extent that, when he called to see her Sunday evening, she threw both her arms about his neck and squeezed him almost to death. The youth was so alarmed that he didn't call again until the next evening.

THE celebrated portrait painter, Stuart, once met a lady in the street in Boston, who saluted him with, "Oh Mr. Stuart, I have just seen your miniature, and I kissed it, because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" "Why, no." "Then," said Stuart. "'twas not like me."

"GENTLEMEN," said an Irish orator, "I am a self made man. When I came into this country first I had only one coat on my back." His rival jumped on the stand and declared that when he came to this country first he hadn't even a coat or anything else. He neglected to state that he was born here.

"Stay," he said, his right arm around her waist, and her face expectantly turned to him, "shall it be the kiss pathetic, sympathetic, graphic, oriental, intellectual, paroxysmal, quick and blisful, slow and unctious, long and tedious, devotional, or what?" She said perhaps that would be the better way.

"MOTHER," said a little shaver the other day, "I know what I would do if I was at sea and the men were all starving, and they should draw lots to see who should be killed and eaten, and it should be me—I'd jump into the water." "But," said the mother, "they would fish you up." "Ah! but I wouldn't bite!"

THE Norwegian young woman is not permitted to receive attentions from the Norwegian young man until she is thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of bread making and can knit stockings. As a rather natural result, the Norwegian fair ones are all accomplished bakers and skillful knitters at an early age—even before they learn to read and write.

THE Detroit Free Press tells about an urchin who was seated on the post-office steps of that city, going through a watermelon, when a man halted and asked: "This is a great town for hogs, isn't it, bub?" "Wall, no," drawled out the lad, as he filled his mouth again, and kept his eyes on the man, "you'll be awful lonesome here!"

A GEORGIA officer talking to a soldier, asked, "Where was you during the war?" The other replied, "I was twenty-four months in the army, sir." "Yes, well where were you during that time?" "I was twenty-three months in the hospital." "And where were you the other month?" "I was looking for the hospital," replied the fellow.

GONE TO JERICHO. A man about two-thirds drunk and his back covered with mud, stopped a policeman in the street and asked to be locked up. "Why, you are able to walk home, aren't you?" asked the officer. "Yes, I could get home all right, but I don't want to, and you wouldn't if you had my wife. Run me in old fellow, and if she comes enquiring about me, just say I've gone to Jericho on 'portant business."

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Vol. 2. No. 23: { D. M. BENNETT,
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Notes and Clippings.

IN Nebraska more than 12,000,000 forest trees were planted last year.

It seems our notorious fellow-countrymen, Moody and Sankey, are about to return to us. This we regret. We were in hopes they would pass the balance of their days on the other side of the ocean.

BEECHER A GREAT MAN.—"Great man, that Beecher," said a stranger to a Fulton street green apple woman one day, vainly endeavoring to get ten cents' worth of cholera fuel for five cents: "Great man that. Ingy rubber ain't nothin' to him."

AN elderly lady named Cannon of Massachusetts, was standing by an iron sink during a thunder storm, when she was prostrated by lightning. She was entirely senseless, and was so charged and battered by the electric current that the gold beads about her neck were melted, but she lives and ascribes her escape to the silken cap she wore.

THE GOLDEN AGE advises clergymen who wish their salary raised, to notice the conduct of Plymouth church, and to govern themselves accordingly. The advice may be good, but is hardly needed. They are only too ready to pursue the course marked out by Mr. Beecher. They require no urging in that direction.

Or in valley or on mountain,
With horizon scant or wide,
Each is by his nature tied;
Scoop handfuls from sea or fountain,
Be thou poorer, be thou richer,
Thou canst only fill thy pitcher.

PETRIFIED BODIES.—The graves of Mr. and Mrs. Kidder at Eddington Pond, Maine, have recently been opened, and the bodies exhumed. The former had been buried forty-three years, and the latter eighteen. The grave clothes and coffins had nearly disappeared, and the bodies had turned into stone, retaining their natural shape and appearance, and becoming very heavy. The ground was saturated with water.

THE experiment of destroying the body of a dead horse by cremation has been made at Milan in the presence of several doctors and scientists. The carcass was placed in a huge oven, through the lateral openings of which four hundred jets of lighted gas were directed upon it, and three jets of gas and air applied to the three most difficult points of combustion. The operation lasted a little over two hours. There was no residue from the combustion, and it was unattended by bad odors.

IT IS SAID the Rev. John S. Glendenning, Presbyterian clergyman, against whom such damning proof of crime and seduction was produced last season, in view of Plymouth Church tactics, begins to entertain hopes of being reinstated with an increase of salary. The Presbytery is said to look smilingly upon him and to encourage his hopes. He may be as good as they. Where's the Rev. Lecher Huston? He ought to be called back to the pulpit and have big pay.

THE Conewango Swamp, containing some 25,000 acres of wet farming land, in Chautauqua and Cattaraugus counties, New York, is about to be reclaimed by drainage. It is estimated that by this means over \$1,000,000 worth of land will be got under cultivation.

Those souls, who firm on truth rely,
Whose mental shafts through error fly,
Can well afford to work and wait,
While battling crime in Church and State.

Wake, brilliant hope, begone, despair,
Heaven's vengeance lingers in the air;
And those who fight life's battle well,
Hurl pious frauds and shams to hell.

G. W. T.

TIT FOR TAT: A PAIR OF EPIGRAMS NEVER TO BE SEPARATED.

"In digging up your bones, Tom Paine, Will Cobbett did well;

You visited him on earth, he will visit you in hell."

—Lord Byron.

"In digging up your crimes, Lord B., H. Beecher Stowe did well;

She showed you such a wretch on earth, they kicked you out of hell."

—Forrest.

WHATEVER may be the diversity or conflict of opinion as to the essential merits of the question in the suit of Tilton against Beecher, there can be but one opinion as to the temper and wisdom of Judge Neilson in presiding over the trial. On the question of fact to be settled by the jury, no one from the charge can tell what the Judge thinks.—Independent.

There is no impropriety, now that the trial is over, in telling what is Judge Neilson's personal opinion. His Honor believes that Henry W. rd Beecher is guilty of adultery.—Sun.

A MURDER FROM PRAYER.—A base murder recently occurred at Fort Wayne, Ind. Wall, a colored man, and Cronk, a German, lived in the same house. Cronk came home, having had a little too much beer, and hearing Wall praying in a loud voice, made threats he would kill Wall. Wall's little girl hearing the threat, reported it to her father, when he at once grasped a revolver and repaired to Cronk's room. Cronk tried to eject the praying man, but Wall drew his knife and plunged it repeatedly into the body of Cronk and he soon died. The praying and murderous Wall is in jail awaiting his trial. He belongs to the church and is noted for his loud prayers.

THEN a matron made for kisses, in the liveliest of dresses, and with eyes that shone more brightly than the diamonds that she wore, spoke in tones of lute-like sweetness, words of such exceeding fitness, phrases of such happy neatness, that we clapped our hands for more, as with grace she left the floor.—St. Louis Times.

She was fitted for a preacher in the church of truthful Beecher, where the text is spoke in kisses, and the sermon is of blisses, that the saintly, fervid teacher never, never knew before: where true inwardness suspected, when finally detected, is paid a hundred thousand not to do so any more; only this and nothing more.—Sun.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.—A few days ago the lawyers of Tulpehocken were engaged in trying a case of peculiar intricacy. The action was brought by the heirs of a man begotten of a woman to whom he was not legally married, against the assignee of a woman to whom he was legally married, but who deserted him before his second marriage. His first wife cohabited with and had children by a man who had left his wife, who also lived in open adultery with another "grasswidower." Tulpehocken is, in this respect, laying the groundwork to become a fashionable summer resort, and the question is now asked, "Who is the beloved and respected pastor of that flock?"

A LECHEROUS PRIEST.—The Cincinnati Enquirer has the following special: "Considerable excitement prevails at Montgomery City, Mo., a town eighty-three miles west of St. Louis, on the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern Railway, on account of the seduction of a young girl named Lizzie O'Donnell, by Father John Dally, the Catholic priest of that place. The girl is nineteen years of

age, and her mother has been the housekeeper for Father Dally for a long time. About three weeks ago an abortion was produced upon the girl by her seducer, and she is now in this city. The congregation of the derelict priest are greatly excited over the disgraceful event, and the church authorities are endeavoring to smother the reports." This is undoubtedly a case of true inwardness. Is it not the proper way to treat it to make a Bishop of the good Father and quadruple his pay? Of course he is too good a man to do any thing wrong. Somebody has been getting up a conspiracy against him.

A PHILADELPHIA BEECHER CASE.—The trial of the Rev. Thomas Botts, of the Twelfth street Baptist church, on charges preferred by five members of the board of trustees, including two deacons, as well as a number of lady members, "of unministerial conduct, undue familiarity with certain ladies, want of truthfulness and other matters by which the cause of Christ and our denomination are injured," has been in progress, sitting with closed doors. Rev. Wm. Cathcart acting as moderator. Nearly twenty witnesses for the prosecution, mostly ladies, have already been examined, and both the prosecution and defense hope to get through in a few days. Now if this court will only look at this case right, regarding it as a clear case of conspiracy, and take the pastor's word in opposition to all that may be brought against him, his innocence will be triumphantly established, and then it will be in order to increase his pay and send him off on a trip for pleasure.

CATHOLIC CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.—The Montreal Daily Witness has been placed under a ban by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal and the Archbishop of Quebec. Faithful Catholics are now forbidden, under penalty of excommunication, to read, buy or sell that paper, to advertise in it, or even to read the advertisements in it. One enthusiastic Catholic post-office clerk conceived it to be his Christian duty to tear up all the copies that passed through his hands, and would doubtless have continued to do so indefinitely had he not been admonished by his superior that there were certain duties he owed to the Government as well as the Church. The offense of the Witness is that it has published speeches by Father Chiniquy, a seceding priest, who preaches the truth, as he now sees it, often at the peril of his life, by reason of Catholic mobs, led on by fanatical priests. This is truly taking a step backward to the "good old times" of the Inquisition, when men were torn on the rack, disemboweled, burnt or buried alive merely for dissenting from the "Holy Office." The same spirit now animates the Reverend Bishop and Archbishop of Canada, and, had they the power, we should doubtless witness as horrible atrocities as when the pious Philip II. and God's vicegerent, the Pope, ruled the greater part of Europe.

ANOTHER CASE OF TRUE INWARDNESS.—In the township of Cheltenham, Montgomery county, recently boarded a Methodist minister and his wife, with one of the deacons of his charge. The family have a blooming daughter of fifteen summers, of whom the pastor became so much enamored that even in his slumbers the fair vision formed fancy's dream. A few months ago the mother of the young lady was shocked to find the clerical fraud in bed with her daughter in her room. The pastor endeavored to explain matters by stating that he had been reading Bessie Turner's version of how Tilton carried her to his room while asleep, the night previous, and that in his sleep he must have strayed from his own premises. The explanation was unsatisfactory, however, and he was given twenty-four hours to leave the neighborhood. The affair has created quite a sensation in Cheltenham.—Easton Sentinel. What right minded person can doubt this good man's innocence? True, if a man of the world was found in bed with a young girl it would be very wrong; we could truly decide him to be guilty; but this man was a pastor and too good to do anything wrong. No, no; increase his pay, and send him three months to the White Mountains to rest from his labors and to enjoy himself. We must learn to have more faith and confidence in these "men of God," and we ought to try to treat them as nearly alike as possible.

The Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion; or,

An Answer to the Question: Have We a Supernaturally Revealed, Infallibly Inspired and Miraculously Attested Religion in the World?

BY E. E. GUILD.

But "how about theological doctrines?" it may be asked. Ah! we have now introduced the great bone of contention which for ages has agitated the religious world, producing confusion, strife and contention, and almost, if not quite, neutralizing the beneficial influence of religion among men. In regard to theological dogmas, each man must be his own judge. In so far as men form their own opinions, each man's opinion will be a bantling of his own—a child of his own creation. He will manifest toward it parental affection, he will defend it when attacked, and assert, as many do about their children, that it is the biggest, handsomest, brightest and best that the human mind ever gave birth to. It has been well said that "it is with our opinions as with our watches, those of others go too fast or too slow, ours only, keeps the true hour of the day." It is only men of refinement and culture that can rise superior to this narrow and selfish prejudice. Men's judgments differ, and, therefore, there will be differences of opinions among them. We have nothing to do with the opinions of others except to tolerate them, and correct them if we can, if we deem them to be erroneous, by argument and persuasion. Until we practice on this principle, there can be no peace. The good man practices religion irrespective of creed, sect or party, and hence it is, that we have good men of every faith. If any creed beneath the heavens could be supposed to have power to drive out the last vestige of goodness from the human heart, it is that of St. Augustine and John Calvin. It asserts, in the most plain and unqualified terms, the utter vileness of human nature, and that the manner of life and ultimate destiny of each individual of the human race is fixed and determined by the absolute, unalterable, unchangeable and irreversible decree of the Almighty, without regard to the goodness or badness of the persons. And yet, among the believers in this creed have been found many as good men as ever lived on earth. Men, then, are sometimes good in spite of their creeds. But however at variance men may be in respect to their creeds, goodness is recognized everywhere. God has set his seal upon it, and it passes current all over the world, in all ranks, classes and conditions of men, without one solitary exception. Even the vilest of the vile respect, honor and applaud the good man.

But I am often asked, "how without supernatural revelation are we to know anything about God and immortality?" Long before the Bible existed men believed in God. No man can believe in God unless he feels God within. This, in a different form of words, was one of the maxims of the great teacher Christ, and is a profound truth. The pure in heart see God. None others can see him. Bad men may believe in a God, but it is not the true God. Like the devils spoken of in the Bible, they "believe and tremble." Their God is only a reflex image of themselves. The man who believes in God may not be able to define him even to his own satisfaction. He may not be able to comprehend his mode of existence, or to conceive him as having form, shape, size or locality. But whoever believes in the existence of omnipotent power, directed by infinite wisdom and goodness, and that this power has established the government of the Universe on the basis of exact and equal justice to all his dependent creatures, thereby securing absolute recompense to all exactly according to their deserts; and, furthermore, that although he shows no special favor to any, he takes infinite pains to secure the interest of the race, and that whatever benefits he confers on the race will be ultimately participated in by every individual of the race; whoever, I say, believes this, believes in God.

The doctrine of immortality was not first announced in the Bible, nor is it proved by it. Some of the Scripture writers express strong doubts on the subject. Only one attempted to prove it, viz: Paul, and he rests it on a very precarious foundation—the alleged fact vouched for by himself, on hearsay testimony, of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. This alleged fact is quite as difficult to prove as the doctrine which is made to depend on it. The only other argument for it in the Bible is that attributed to Christ in his reported conversation with the Sadducees. When we examine it, we find it to be a mere play upon words, a verbal quibble, which attributes to the Old Testament writers thoughts which they did not intend to express, a proceeding quite unworthy of Christ, if, indeed, he was guilty of it, which is more than can be known.

The doctrines of God and immortality are true if true at all irrespective of the Bible. They are true not because they are taught there, but they are taught there because they are true. These doctrines are to be believed, if believed at all, not because they can be proved by logical argument, but because they meet with a response from the inmost depths of the human soul. No man of independent thought can believe in

immortality who does not feel himself to be immortal. And he will feel himself to be so in proportion as he becomes "pure in heart." At all events, he will be resigned to his lot, and accept as the best good whatever destiny the God of purity, justice and goodness may please to assign him.

The truly good man, who is enlightened, as well as good, will practice goodness because he loves it, and for its own sake. He is not moved to action by considerations of reward in another state of being, nor deterred from vice by fear of punishment. He claims no merit, however meritorious; no reward, however deserving. He has faith in God, in human nature, in truth and goodness, and truth and goodness are to him all in all. He does not fear to have his principles examined, investigated and scrutinized. He does not deprecate fair manly discussion and controversy, for he knows that God is on the side of truth, and that the more it is examined the brighter it will appear. He puts his trust in God, and has no fear of what devils or men can do unto him. Goodness is his comfort in life; his consolation and support in that great event in the history of us all which we call death. GREAT IS GOODNESS. May it ultimately pervade the heart and mind of every human being. "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord," and may all the people say, AMEN.

"'Twas thus the Royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began;
The social, friendly, honest man,
'Tis he;
Fulfills great nature's law,
And none but he."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gods and God-Houses.

BY JOHN SYMPHERS.

These great houses, which men have built on the earth, and in which they say God dwells, are a fraud. He dwells no more in a church than he does in a barn! He no more inhabits the great God-house or Cathedral at Rome, than he does a hotel, a steamboat, a penitentiary, a jail or a stable. Indeed, they say that his only begotten son was born in a stable and cradled in a manger! One would naturally think that he would have provided better things for his only boy, the child Jesus—especially so, as God-houses were plenty. He should have dedicated some one of them to the especial use of Mary, his handmaid, and had his son brought forth amid, at least a few of the surroundings of kingly dignity. But no! He so abandoned her that his only begotten was born and cradled amid the dirt and filth of a dirty stable, filled with braying asses and kicking mules. His heavenly father, who it is said, owns the riches of a Universe, should have had at least one suit of fine robes prepared for the immediate use of his illustrious son, and not have allowed him to be wrapt in dirty swaddling clothes, which had been used for weeks in rubbing down dirty mules and braying asses. This gross neglect on the part of God to look after the comfort of his infant child, has proved to the minds of the people, that God knew nothing about this child, and that the story that palms him off upon the world as the son of a God, is nothing more nor less than a stupendous humbug and fraud.

God dwells not in houses made with hands. I do not believe that he ever entered one of these church temples in all his life. If he did, I am sure he would not protract his stay amid the display of fashion, pride and deceit therein only to be found, for a longer time than five minutes! "Lip" has now played out with God, and there he would find no other service. If he has the good sense that he is supposed to have, he could not remain contented throughout the performance of either the Catholic or Protestant churches, falsely called the worship of God. How could he listen to the prayers of the blind and ignorant devotees therein assembled, in which they proceed to make a regular stump-speech to the Almighty, telling him how good he is, how wise he is, how powerful a being he is, and what a merciful and fine fellow he is generally! I suppose they think this is great news to the Almighty. They presume to know more about him than he does about himself. Men upon religious subjects are generally ignorant of their own ignorance, hence they conclude that God likes them better, if they will praise him up, and run themselves down. Hence in their sermons and prayers, they exhaust the entire vocabulary of the English language, of its entire stock of high sounding adjectives, to eulogize and describe God unto himself.

They also wreck their imaginations, to invent or hunt up low and vulgar images with which to describe man. They seem to think God loves them much better after they tell him that they are totally depraved and full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores, even from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet! Do they suppose that God can love such a loathsome, putrid, mortifying carcass, better than he does a pure, clean and healthy being? Oh! how completely does a false religion put out the eyes of reason. "Crawling worms of the dust" is an old and stereotyped piece of church imagery, which has done more to break down the manhood of our race and destroy that self-respect which we should ever cultivate, than every other evil influence beside.

Preach hell, Devil and total depravity to the people in the name of God, and by the eternal laws of psy-

chology, they will soon act both hellish and devilish; but keep those dark ideas and images out of the human mind, and it will of its own accord develop all that native goodness, beauty, purity and love which we see in children while yet in a natural and innocent state. Men and women are nothing but grown up children, and they would always retain that innocence and purity, if they never came in contact with the corrupt, unnatural hypocrisy of society and the doctrines and teachings of an ignorant church upon the subject of evil, sin, hell, the Devil, etc. All the evil in the world can be traced directly to those God-houses, heathen temples, and to the doctrines taught therein.

All swearing came originally from the church, every word or form of oath found in a swearer's vocabulary is of pulpit origin. Take an example: "God damn your soul," "Go to hell," etc., etc., are some of the most popular forms of expression used by the modern swearer. Now men would never have thought of using such profanity, if the preachers had not coined the expressions and put them into their mouths, by preaching that the great God was constantly in the habit of damning men's souls in hell, etc.

Again all the drunkenness which now curses and blights this world, can be easily traced to the same source. As long as the church, professing to be God's peculiar people, will continue to drink wine on Sunday in the name of the Lord and for God's sake, and as long as an old man-made book, called the Bible is believed to be the infallible word of the very God himself (and yet it teaches men to drink no longer water but to "take a little,") so long will drunkenness and debauchery continue to blight the fair face of our beautiful earth. Even Jesus, the hero of the New Testament story, and supposed Savior of men, made a large quantity of wine out of water at a certain wedding at Cana of Galilee—enough, I should think, to make every guest at that one-horse wedding drunk for a month!

How much more God-like it would have been in him to have passed around the pure cold water before he turned it into wine, and enjoined all to drink of it. There is no calculating the amount of evil that this story of his (supposed) turning water into wine has done the great temperance movement in the world.

Sin generally has a premium laid upon it by the black-coated Doctors of Divinity (I should think divinity must be very sick) who build these God-houses out of substance filched from the people, and then entrench themselves behind their wooden fortifications (pulpits) and from there shoot off their mouths at humanity, and tell them that there is a great vicar, who will by his atonement, carry the consequences of all their sins, if they will only believe in him. The biggest sinner in the land cries out, "Bully, I wish I had known that before, I might have had even a better time than I have had."

But men have now discovered in spite of the church, that there is no forgiveness for sin, but that they must all be atoned for with great severity, and that by the men who, commit them, and by no one else. But the great God of the Universe does not confine himself to the narrow limits of temples made with human hands; and those hypocrites who pretend to dedicate them to him, know very well that he never takes them off their hands, else why do they erect lightning rods upon them? Do they think God would be so foolish with his own lightning as to strike down his own houses, and thus destroy his own property? And, then, concerning his son—if God was so immensely rich, why did he not provide something better for him than to let him work at the carpenter's trade, and build houses and barns for a living? That was not very God-like. He did not do it to show how very God and very man he was, as some pretend, though a jack-plane is no proof of a God or of the son of a God. Christ never claimed to be a God. Such a silly thought never entered his head. When a young man in his ignorance, once presumed to call him good-master, he soon silenced him by stamping his foot, and pointing with his finger to heaven saying: "There is none good but God up yonder." Christ worked at his trade because he was a poor young man and needed money. He was born poor and remained poor all his life. He never dreamed of being the Savior of the world, and does not claim to be such in the spirit world to-day. But men when creating their God and their Devil in their own image, made some great mistakes. They imagine them both to be of the masculine gender, as they always use pronouns of that gender when speaking of them. He and him are the pronouns generally used. Now where are their wives? There never was a masculine without a feminine. Why don't men correct this mistake, and get God a wife—a Goddess? Then they could have had his son born of her instead of a little black-eyed curly-headed Jewish girl, and outside of wedlock at that, thus setting a bad example before the world which, alas, they have too closely followed ever since. Then there is that other imaginary being, the Devil, made by man to represent his lower and baser faculties as God did the higher—where is his wife? This "old Nick" of the churches should have a wife, and as we listen to so much about him, we should at least hear a word or two occasionally spoken about "Mrs. Nick!"

"I pause for a reply."

Thomas Paine.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

"The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who for the advancement of his kind
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill,
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim,
And malice, envy, spite and lies
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever its justice done."

The grandest men that ever trod this planet were Infidels. Their names are imperishably inscribed upon the starry scroll of liberty; theirs the whitest among earth's few immortals that shall grow glorious upon the tablets of history through all the milleniums to come. Many of the once execrated names of Infidels are to-day the most illustrious in the great republic of letters; and Voltaire and Hume, and Paine and Gibbon, shall be honored in the world's remembrance, when bibles and creeds shall have been forgotten. Humboldt, Buffon, Cuvier, La Place, Spinoza, Shelley, Volney and Descartes, Infidels, theirs are the brightest names in the constellation of genius. And amongst this glorious galaxy of names, none is more deserving of respect and everlasting admiration than that of Thomas Paine; the champion of reason and the rights of man; the enemy of slavery and superstition; the grand, heroic Infidel whose country was the world, whose religion was doing good—earth's noblest advocate of goodness, of reason and human rights—no wonder that the Church abhorred him. No wonder that a Church, the very life of which depended upon perpetuating the old theological fraud of a God-Sire and a God-Son, and a God-Ghost, should anathematize the man who declared to all the world in his splendid simplicity of style: "*I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life.*"

Trine deities, virgin-born saviors, and ghost-begotten gods, have been ever the basis of all earth's religions. Through all the dreary dark years of fear and force and fraud from its establishment by the crimson-handed Constantine, the Christian Church has never tolerated a man who believed in one God only, and that God a good one. Inquisitions were founded to torture and burn and destroy every theological pauper who had not a plurality of gods; and for fifteen hundred years the robes of the Church were red and dripping with the gore of accursed heretics who could not be forced to accept of council-manufactured gods. No wonder the Church pursued with malice, envy, spite and lies, the Infidel who avowed his belief in "one God and no more." It was for this ecclesiastical crime that James Gruet was beheaded, and Michael Servetus was roasted alive for hours over a slow fire made of green wood, by that Protestant Inquisitor, John Calvin, a man who was, says Ingersoll, "as near like the God of the Old Testament as his health permitted." This was a crime which Protestant England continued to punish in this nineteenth century with imprisonment and legal disabilities. In Maryland, Virginia, and other states, men, women, and even children were once scourged, confined, banished, or put to death for this crime. And to-day, for this crime, Hon. J. W. Thorne is driven from the North Carolina Legislature. The Church can never forgive a man who believes in Almighty God to the exclusion of the trinitarian firm of little he-gods. No wonder that a Church which has ever been the great bulwark of despotism, which holds that the powers that be are ordained of God, and that all tyrants have obtained their power from him; which in all ages, while dispensing blessings upon priests and popes and potentates, has denounced curses upon general humanity in this world and left it for God to damn in the next. No wonder it pursued with holy hate the bold Infidel who dared to write, "I believe the equality of man;" aye, and who had the outrageous audacity to add: "And I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy."

How shockingly blasphemous to a Church which made religious duties consist in mumbling prayers and paying tithes. "Endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy." Abominable to a Church that for centuries, in the name of Jesus Christ, had been exterminating their fellow creatures for mere differences of opinion concerning some incomprehensible creed. The Church made a hell here on earth for men that a few heartless hypocrites might hope for a hereafter heaven. Thomas Paine had the courage to still further declare that, "any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system."

Ah, who but an Infidel, whose unsanctified heart had never entertained the beautiful and glorious doctrines of original sin and total depravity, would have had the hardihood to give expression to such an unorthodox sentiment as this? And how such a sentiment must grate upon the sensibilities of pious parents used to waffling up in praise to the God who said: "Suffer

little children to come unto me," such songs as this from good old Watts:

There is a never-dying hell,
And never-dying pains,
Where children must with demons dwell
In darkness, fire and chains.
Have faith the same in endless shame,
In all the human race,
For hell is crammed with infants damned,
Without a day of grace."

It was more orthodox to believe with Jonathan Edwards—albeit the sentiment might be less beautiful and tender than Paine's—that "reprobate infants are vipers of vengeance which Jehovah will hold over hell in the tongs of his wrath until they turn and spit venom in his face."

But the climax of his blasphemy consisted in disbelieving either that a whale swallowed Jonah, or that Jonah swallowed a whale; in refusing to believe that a false, foolish, filthy, and self-contradictory medley of old Jewish writings were revelations from the creator of the Universe. Instead of man-made, paper books, he believed in the great volume of nature. He believed that God made worlds, but did not believe that he printed books. He believed that

"All matter is God's tongue,
Out from its motion God's thoughts are sung;
And the realms of space are the octave bars.
And the music notes are the suns and stars."

And because he was in advance of his time; because he could not be a hypocrite and bow down in worship of old lies; for this the Church, unable to torture and slay his body as it had the bodies of hundreds of thousands of thinkers and discoverers in all the centuries gone, sought by every possible means to assassinate his reputation. And he, the inspiring genius of the American cause; he, to whom historians award credit for achieving more for independence with his pen than Washington did with his sword; he who will live forever in the history of this Republic as the author-hero of the revolution; he who consecrated a long laborious life in both hemispheres to the sacred cause of humanity; he who, in his sublime patriotism, adopted the world for his country, and who, in his boundless philanthropy embraced all mankind for his brethren; this man to whom America is more indebted than to any other man that ever trod this continent; to whom the world is more indebted than to all its sixteen crucified saviors; this man, this great, and grand, and good, and heroic man, has been robbed of honor and reputation, and blackened and hunted by the sleuth hounds of superstition as though he had been the embodied curse of earth. And wherefore? Because, forsooth, he had too much brain to believe, and too much manhood to say he believed the silly, sickening, whale-swallowing stories of an old Jew book. And nothing in the whole career of the Christian Church, not even the rivers of innocent blood with which it has inundated the fair fields of earth, will reflect upon itself such deep and dark and destructive damnation as its treatment of Thomas Paine.

"But the right shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done."

And to-day the old blackened, age-cursed structure of Christianity is seamed and swaying to its full. Time will be the avenger of Thomas Paine. And he who dared to hazard the highest power of the Church and all the upas stings of superstition for the duty of publishing unpopular sentiments, will yet be enshrined by mankind as one of the grandest guardians of that liberty of thought and speech which have won for us a freedom the world will cherish and protect. He lived in the "times that tried men's souls." He is now in the last great solemn sleep of man. The Church pursued him to the very sanctuary of the tomb, and with a deathless hatred has cursed his silent dust.

But the right, Thomas Paine, comes uppermost,

As round and round we we go;
The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
And a bigot work thee woe.

"But never a truth has been destroyed,
They may curse it and call it crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time,

But the sunshine, aye, shall light the sky,
As round and round we run;

And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done."

And a few more years, a few more fearless friends of Freethought and reason, and justice shall be awarded Thomas Paine; the flowers of poesy will be woven in amaranthine wreaths above his last resting place, and the blackened name will whiten with purity through all the wasteless years to come. Aye, the name of Thomas Paine will occupy the brightest niches in the Pantheons of the future; and his memory, borne on the wings of the centuries, shall triumphantly outlast all the books and Bibles, the creeds and churches, and the governments and gods of the world to-day.

"For yet the world goes round and round,
And the genial seasons run;
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

West Winfield, N. Y.

Liberal Leagues.

Much is said in the *Index* for and against the organization of Liberal leagues on the basis of the constitution kept before the people on the first page of that paper.

In the number for April 15th of that paper, a communication from Andover, Mass., contains, it seems to me, some really sensible and wise remarks. Is it not best for the *Index* and all Liberal papers to keep their readers posted on all the encroachments of religious freedom, and to furnish them with the strongest logical arguments in favor of the Liberal spirit they advocate, and leave the organization of Liberal leagues to a growth as purely spontaneous as the growth of vegetation? When all the conditions are ripe for a further step, even if it be in closer union of organization, that step will be taken as naturally as we take the next breath.

Liberals are far from being liberal themselves under all circumstances. I know avowed Materialists and Spiritualists who are as intolerant and bigoted in their way as the fiercest orthodox in the land. It is time their illiberal spirit was lost out of them.

In a neighboring town there is an organization of independent Freethinkers, respectable in numbers and character. In the same village there is a dancing club composed of the most respectable and high-minded citizens; though, perhaps, embracing but few if any of the real orthodox. One member of this club, a lady, who was sincerely beloved by all who knew her, for her many amiable qualities and unblemished character, came to a sudden and unexpected death. A revivalist who happened to be holding a series of meetings at that time, is said to have uttered the expression that one of this club was now dancing in hell where the rest would also go. Of course this was a disgusting exhibition of bigotry. The Liberals and friends of the lady met in the city hall and passed a series of resolutions, amongst which was one giving the clerical bigot twenty-four hours to leave town. Now I ask in all candor if this was not as intolerant as the preacher? He, no doubt, thought that dancing was a great sin in the eyes of his God, and he took a very unbecoming way of expressing it. He could do her no harm, and had an undoubted right to make a fool of himself if he choose. But how clearly did they invade the right of free speech and freedom of conscience when they attempted to drive him from town for exercising that freedom they were contending for, when it was to be exercised by themselves? Would it not have been more wise to have published an article showing the bigotry and intolerance manifested by the preacher, than by using the same weapon, intolerance? Liberals have something to learn yet, or so it seems to a

LIBERAL.

Living for Humanity.

It was a beautiful thought which Mr. Henderson expressed at the funeral of his daughter, that we are to live for humanity; that even our loves and friendships are to be consecrated to the universal good. We are not simply to seek our individual happiness, but the growth of all. We are parts of a mighty race, and to develop that, in all its manifold faculty, is our supreme work. This is a stirring thought in the midst of our toils, and sorrows and disappointments. Whatever we do, whatever we suffer goes into the great stream of life. It does not and cannot perish. We are not alone; we are intertwined with a wondrous Universe. We are links in a chain of which the stars in their courses are but a glittering segment. Our life and our death, therefore, are sacred; both are but processes in the great sweep of being; both alike are the fulfilment of the law. We yield not up our friendships and loves to darkness and nothingness, but to the ever-flowing life and power and beauty and perfection.

Have we not, then, mighty motives and glorious inspirations to sustain us? Is not the whole world alive with richest meanings? and can we not endure the strange changes of our human life with high hope? for if, as mere individuals, we perish, still the Universe and the race are unfolding, and the life that is at the root of all, is ever leaping into action and bursting into fruit.

S. P. PUTNAM.

ARROGANCE.—Upon the traditional authority of an old book threaten your equal brother, who differs from you in opinion, with eternal torments! That is Christian. Not one of the alleged "revelations" you call "divine" can be authenticated, as coming from one invisible more than another. And the scope and substance of "evangelical preaching" hath this extent and nothing more: *Believe as I do or be damned*. Jesus taught forgiveness, while in his own case he had his own enemies slain at his feet, and sent to an unending hell (Luke xix: 27). And, not now to speak of filial aspiration that is common to all, what is Christian "prayer" but the attempt to persuade the Infinite to do something he would not do without being first reminded of it, and put up to it by urging? This ceremony looks precisely as if the parties thought that the Infinite God felt himself very much flattered with the compliments thus lavished upon him.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

The Truth Seeker,

A JOURNAL OF REFORM AND FREE THOUGHT.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

No. 335 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Volume II.

One more number after this completes the second volume of THE TRUTH SEEKER, when the term of subscription with a large portion of our patrons expires, and when, we trust, they will promptly renew. We have decided to continue volume second to the end of the year, that hereafter the volumes can begin and end with the year, so an addition of four months, or eight numbers, will be added to the present volume.

In compliance with the expressed wish of many of our patrons, we have decided with Volume III.—which will commence with 1876—to issue THE TRUTH SEEKER weekly. This will, of course, add largely to the expenses of the paper, but we trust our friends will appreciate our efforts, and do all they reasonably can to extend our circulation. Our success, of course, rests with our friends and patrons. Our advertising patronage is limited, and our main dependence is upon the subscriptions that our friends are pleased to favor us with. We would be glad if our list could be largely increased. There are many thousands scattered over the country who ought to be patrons of THE TRUTH SEEKER who are not. If a portion of these, only, can be induced to contribute to the support of this sheet, it will be for the mutual benefit of all concerned.

We are fully assured from friends in many localities that THE TRUTH SEEKER is doing much good. Many have been induced to read its pages who have not before read Liberal publications, and many have had their eyes opened, and have been enabled to see the nature and rule of superstition and error with which the world has long been governed.

We trust Liberals and Spiritualists will realize the necessity of sustaining such publications as this. The need for them is urgent. The world is yet bound in chains of darkness and bigotry, and vast numbers need to have the better way of reason and truth pointed out to them. It would be well if Liberals as a class could feel that they have a work—a mission to perform in life, and that they would not flinch from their duty until the same is accomplished. The Church is rich and powerful, its ramifications are extensive, and its machinery runs with great precision; but, founded as it is in error and falsehood, it is our duty, as a class, to expose its deceptions, enormities, and delusions.

We propose at the commencement of Vol. III. to enlarge the size of our pages about thirty-three per cent, and to issue a sheet of eight pages, at the low price of TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, thus giving our readers some thirty-six per cent more of reading matter in a year than at present, and at an increase in price of only twenty-five cents. It will be the cheapest, and we hope one of the best, Liberal papers of the nineteenth century. Many write us that they have to wait too long now between the issues of the paper, and we believe all our readers will be better suited to hail its appearance every week.

A limited amount of space, only, will be allowed for advertisements, most of the columns being devoted to reading matter.

Many of our readers have complimented us upon the steady improvement of the paper since its advent, and we trust this feature will still be perceptible. We intend THE TRUTH SEEKER shall ever be worth all the money we ask for it, and we will be glad if all liberal and progressive people will feel inclined to encourage it.

The price for the addition to Vol. II., from September to January, is fifty cents. For \$2.25, paid in advance, we will send the *Semi-Monthly* four months from September first, and the *Weekly* for one year. Those who can conveniently advance that moderate amount at the present time will confer a favor upon

us by so doing, and they may feel assured they shall receive the full value of their money.

We will thank all our patrons whose time expires with the next number to renew promptly. During the long-continued hard times we have passed through, THE TRUTH SEEKER treasury has become well depleted and needs replenishing. The amounts are small to each subscriber, but in the aggregate they are of great importance to us. Prompt attention to this matter on the part of our friends will be duly appreciated.

Those who have not yet remitted for Vol. II. we once more request to do so without further delay. We have waited patiently upon them, the money has long been due us, we are needing it, and we trust they will not make us wait longer.

Since we are now printing on the tab of every paper to regular subscribers every one can easily tell when their time expires.

Those who do not wish to continue THE TRUTH SEEKER after the next number, will confer a favor upon us by notifying us of the fact by postal card, or through their postmaster, at the same time remitting the arrearages due. We hope the number of those who do not want it will be small, but we do not wish to send it to those who do not want it, and cannot afford to send it to those who do not intend to pay for it.

We wish to offer inducements to those who renew promptly. For seventy-five cents paid during the month of August we will send THE TRUTH SEEKER from Sept. first to the end of the year and forty cents worth of our *Tracts*. To those who send one dollar we will send the paper and seventy-five cents worth of *Tracts*. To those who send \$2.50 we will send THE TRUTH SEEKER for sixteen months from Sept. first, and forty cents worth of *Tracts*. To those who send us \$3.00 we will send the paper the sixteen months and \$1.25 in *Tracts*. Postage paid in all cases.

To those who are still in arrears for Vol. II. and will remit us the amount due before the close of August, we will send twenty-five cents in *Tracts*. If they add fifty cents more to pay till January, 1876, we will send them forty cents worth of *Tracts*. If they add still \$2.00 more to pay for the *Weekly* for the year 1876, we will send them in all seventy-five cents worth of *Tracts*.

How many new subscribers can be obtained within the next thirty days? To those who will send us five new names with \$2.50 for the paper from Sept. to the end of December we will send one dollar's worth of *Tracts*.

Those who send us five new names, with \$11.25 for the paper sixteen months we will send two dollars' worth of *Tracts* and a copy of *The Heathens of the Heath*. To those who will send us eight new names and \$18.00, we will add to the premium a bound copy of Vol. I of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Friends of THE TRUTH SEEKER, here is something to work for; who will do the most in this laudable enterprise? To the one who sends us the largest number of new subscribers we will, in addition to the tracts and books, send a copy each of "Draper's Conflict between Religion and Science," and a bound copy of Vol. II. of THE TRUTH SEEKER when completed.

Those friends who have acted in part as agents for our paper in their particular localities, we especially request to continue to do so. We will be glad to have them see those they know to be subscribers and induce them to renew, so far as possible, and to inform us who wish their papers stopped. To those who will do this for us we will send a liberal present of tracts, in proportion to what they do for us, and in keeping with the offers already made.

All sums over one or two dollars should be sent in money orders, or by draft on some New York Bank, or by Registered letter.

Patent Binders.

We still have on hand a limited number of this convenient article for THE TRUTH SEEKER. No arrangement can probably be better devised to hold the papers firmly, to keep them clean, and to prevent their being scattered and lost, than this invention. They are neatly and strongly made, and have the name

TRUTH SEEKER in gold letters on the front. We will close out what we have of them at the reduced price of \$1; sent, post-paid, by mail.

A Proposed Enterprise.

We desire within the next six months to bring out a large octavo book of eight hundred pages, entitled, THE LIVES AND DEATH-BED INCIDENTS OF NOTED INFIDELS.

It is proposed to commence as far back as Menu, Zoroaster, Buddha, and Confucius, coming down to the Grecian philosophers and sages—Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Epicurus, Zeno, Aristotle, and others; of the Roman philosophers, Antoninus, Seneca, Cicero and others; since the Christian era—all the most distinguished Infidels to that religion who have lived, and are now alive, embracing in all some one hundred and fifty characters. A biographical sketch of their lives, the principal events in their history, together with the peculiar philosophies, doctrines, and theories they each taught. It will be the biography of one hundred and fifty, or more, of the purest teachers, the profoundest thinkers, and the noblest men that the world has produced.

It is proposed to divide the work into four parts.

PART I. From Menu to Christ.

PART II. From the First to the Seventeenth century.

PART III. From the year 1700 to the death of John Stuart Mill.

PART IV. Distinguished Infidels now alive, including leading Scientists and Spiritualists.

A special feature of the work will be to refute the Christian calumny that Infidels recant upon their death-beds and renounce the honest convictions of their lives. This slander can be easily disproved, and facts in the death-bed incidents of the subjects treated will be carefully collected and embodied in the work.

It is believed the volume can hardly fail to be one of great value, and will fill a place in Liberal literature long unsupplied. It will surpass the family Bible in interest, reliability and value. It will afford a vast amount of information not accessible to the general reader.

It is designed to illustrate the work with fifty well executed portraits, and a steel-plate engraving of the author. It will be printed on fine paper, with Small Pica type of the newest and neatest style. It will be elegantly bound, and will doubtless be the finest book, so far, at least, as artistic merit is concerned, yet issued from the Liberal press.

A portion of the matter is prepared, and it is believed it can be ready for delivery by Jan. 1st, 1876.

We feel an excusable pride in bringing out this work, believing it a necessary contribution to the literature of Freethought. But as it will necessarily cost a good deal of money, we deem it prudent to lay the matter before our readers and see how the proposition will be received by them. If a certain number will write us that they will take a copy of the work when completed, we will decide to go ahead and bring it out with as little delay as possible, but if a few, only, want such a work we shall doubtless decline publishing it at present. Cannot almost every Liberal afford to have it in his library?

In the style we have indicated, the work will be sent, post-paid, for four or five dollars per copy, and we mean to make it worth double that amount at least.

The money is not asked now, but when the work is completed, when, we trust, the financial aspect of the country will be considerably improved.

Will each of our readers who wishes a copy of THE LIVES AND DEATH-BED INCIDENTS OF NOTED INFIDELS, please drop us a line soon and inform us of the fact? We shall keep a record of the names thus sent in, and those will be the first to be supplied.

WE have received a report of a quarterly meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Spiritualists, held at Omro, Wis., June 25th, at which Isaac Orvis was President, and Dr. J. C. Phillips was appointed Secretary. Some eight meetings were held in the course of three days. Addresses were delivered by Mrs. Olive Smith, Mrs. A. H. Colby, E. V. Wilson and others. Everything seemed to pass off pleasantly; but for want of room we will omit the detailed report.

Letter from a True Liberal.

We cheerfully lay the following letter before our readers; it speaks for itself:

PORT HOPE, ONT., July 8th, 1875.

D. M. BENNETT—*Dear Sir*: Enclosed please find ten dollars, a free gift offering in support of your spirited and lively TRUTH SEEKER. You are deserving of all praise for your indomitable perseverance in endeavoring to elevate mankind above superstition and priestcraft, and I hope every Liberal in the land will see to it that you have a generous and liberal support.

I have just returned from a pretty extensive tour through the nine States lying between Maryland and Maine, and from personal observation I am satisfied that the Liberal sentiment prevails now to an extent hitherto unknown. *The Boston Investigator*, THE TRUTH SEEKER, B. F. Underwood and the lady and other contributors to the above papers are doing a noble work for the cause of humanity. To these fearless workers I feel that we owe a large debt of gratitude. Truly yours, WILLIAM SISSON.

We extend our heartfelt thanks for the generosity our friend manifests. It is not the first time he has evinced kindness and sympathy to us and to our cause. Such marks of liberality are certainly in the right direction and lay us under obligations we can only discharge by struggling on in the good work in which we have engaged, using our life and strength in battling ignorance and superstition, the greatest enemies of mankind. May we ever be aided and encouraged by such friends as Brother Sisson.

Obituary.

DIED in this city, on the evening of July 9th, 1875, Agnes V. Henderson, of rapid consumption, aged fifteen years and seven months, the disease supervening on an attack of typhoid fever during the past winter. Thus our friends Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Henderson and family, in the short space of a month and a few days have been bereaved of two of their most interesting and beloved children. Agnes was a young lady of unusual intelligence and excellence of character. She endeared herself to all who formed her acquaintance in the few months she was a resident of this city; though the greater part of the time she has been combating with the fell disease which proved too powerful for her strength and vitality.

She was a young lady of great promise, and had she lived, would doubtless have distinguished herself in the line of mental talent and activity.

She clung to life with all the ardor of a young person just stepping upon the stage of usefulness; but as the disease under which she suffered progressed and she saw that she could not live, she met her fate with wonderful calmness and placidity. She met death without a fear or a struggle, regarding it as the inevitable termination of all organized life, and after affectionately bidding "good bye" to her companions and friends, giving most excellent advice to the brother and sisters she left behind her, touching the practical duties of life, she passed as calmly and sweetly into her final sleep as an infant in its evening slumber. She died firm in the convictions her father has many years entertained, and as she resigned herself again to mother Nature, from whence she came, she did so without a pang, terror or struggle. No one of opposite faith could have died more fearlessly, calmly or pleasantly.

On the 10th, the funeral was held. The services consisted of Mr. H. B. Brown's reading a beautiful funeral service he had written for similar occasions, and was more lengthy than the one he read a month ago at the funeral of a younger child. It was particularly appropriate and beautiful. Two suitable pieces or hymns were sung, and remarks were made by Mr. S. P. Putnam, who was present, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Andrews. A beautiful poem suited to the occasion was read, and upon the whole, the services were impressive and appropriate.

We would recommend to our friends every-where in cases of funerals, to aim to dispense with the services of the clergy of a faith obnoxious to us. It is ill fitted that Liberals should call upon the teachers of doctrines they cannot accede to, to officiate in the closing scenes of life. We can as easily dispense with them in death as at other times.

A suitable essay or poem may be read by some friend, and remarks made by sympathizing attendants, and it will answer all necessary purposes quite as well as the services of a priest. We will again re-

mark that we hope ere long a small book will be presented to the Liberals of the country, containing suitable forms and ceremonies for the occasions of birth, marriage and death. It will be well for us in these respects, as well as all others, to be independent of the priesthood.

It has been announced that on Friday evening, July 23d, we are to read a paper before the New York Liberal Club, on "The Gods of superstition and the God of the Universe." Amid the duties and cares which claim our attention, and as we have not yet found time to write a word of the paper to be read, and as but two days intervene between this writing and the day of the reading, and as much else also requires our attention, we will not in this number inflict upon our readers quite our usual amount of remarks; but give them something better in place and perhaps more of our own at another time. We will probably give in our next, the paper to be read.

A Valuable New Book.

We have accepted a general agency of Dr. Andrew Stone's new medical work "THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH," an effort to teach people the principles of vital magnetism, or how to replenish the springs of life without drugs or stimulants."

In the knowledge we need to acquire, ranks foremost a proper knowledge of ourselves; our natures and characteristics, our needs and wants, the ability to remove obstructions to health and to avert the insidious diseases that shorten life and lessen happiness. Every person ought to know enough about themselves to be able to treat themselves when health becomes impaired. The world must learn as well to dispense with doctors of medicine as doctors of divinity, and doctors of law. We are supporting far too many doctors of all kinds. We must become our own doctors; treat ourselves when ill, do our own thinking and praying, and be able to act upon our scientific knowledge. This book of Dr. Stone is well calculated to give the needed information in the first department of knowledge, and we confidently recommend it to our readers.

It contains 519 pages. In cloth \$2.50. Postage 25 cents. In paper, \$1.52. Postage 15 cents. We are prepared to fill orders promptly.

We have received a supply of our friend J. W. Pike's "FALLACIES OF THE FREE LOVE THEORY," or love considered as a religion. A lecture delivered in Washington, D. C., April 25th, 1875. This able thinker is decidedly in favor of the monogamic system of matrimony, and exposes the sophistries of the advocates of the doctrine styled Free Love. His arguments are sound upon the social question, and are well worth reading.

We have the pamphlet for sale. Price 20 cents, sent postage paid by mail.

[We cheerfully give place to the following communication from a valued friend, because it treats upon a subject in which we feel a vital interest. While we think the quoted remarks of A. H. Darrow give unmerited credit to THE TRUTH SEEKER in point of ability, we trust his fears or predictions about its ultimate success are unfounded. We certainly hope THE TRUTH SEEKER is bound to live and flourish many years and do a great amount of good before its friends suffer it to die for want of support. We think friend Darrow, if he looks over the field of defunct journalism, will find quite as many Spiritualistic as Materialistic. We, nevertheless, accord to our Spiritual friends quite as much ardor in sustaining their organs as the other side can claim. There is room, probably, for all to improve somewhat; and let none of us be negligent of our duty. We are to be "the light of the earth," and let us not hold on to the dimes too closely.]

An Appeal.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

That Materialism is inadequate to satisfy the minds of those who turn from orthodoxy, is patent enough. Skepticism (utter skepticism I mean) is as old as Descartes, Voltaire and Paine; yet to-day it cannot sustain two periodicals devoted to its interests; the *Boston Investigator* has struggled against wind and wave, and barely escaped bankruptcy for many a year.

THE TRUTH SEEKER, although the ablest of newspapers of its class, is destined, unless succored by friendly capital, to meet its fate in either total destruction, or poverty-stricken invalidism. However worthy the doctrines they represent may be, and however earnest and honest may be their intentions to benefit the world, that world will reject them for the present at least, since it considers them soul-less and ill-adapted to meet its religious wants.—A. H. Darrow in *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, July 17th.

We believe that the facts would better sustain a statement right the reverse of the above. California *Common Sense* has already caved in, and there are many indications that Spiritualist newspaper stock is far from being what it once was. And this, while skeptical sheets are gradually growing in numbers and influence, the continued prosperity and power of some of the half dozen issued to-day being fully assured. First among these we put THE TRUTH SEEKER, which this writer truly calls "the ablest of newspapers of its class." Confident are we that the great free-thinking, reading masses of this country will keep afloat this fearless little cruiser in the stagnant seas of superstition.

More copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER are sold from some news stands to-day than of all the Spiritual papers together. The Liberal public will, because it feels it must, sustain this honest and earnest organ devoted to science and reform, free-thought and progression—opposed to creeds and dogmas, priestcraft and oppression. While ecclesiastical denagogues and inquisitors are threatening our grand constitutional guarantee of civil and religious rights; while political bigots and persecutors are plotting pious treason in this model government, left to us as a sacred legacy for the race by the heroic Infidels who lived in "the times that tried men's souls;" while representatives of the people are thrust out of legislative bodies, witnesses out of court, and would-be citizens are denied their legal rights because of belief, while true and honest and honorable men are every-where intimidated by bullying bigots into a suppression of their opinions; while all who refuse to have their free limbs bound by the musty bandages of an ancient creed, are set upon and hunted down by all the hiring sleuth-hounds of superstition; while the spirit of religious intolerance predominates, more or less, all over this great church-cursed country; so long as these continue, so long will the poor and struggling, but thinking and untrammelled Infidels recognize the necessity of liberally maintaining such an exponent of their cause as THE TRUTH SEEKER. Why, we have not entirely outlived "the times that tried men's souls," and no man deserving the name of Infidel will flinch to-day at having his pocket tried a little. Let the monied Gospel aristocracy luxuriate in their million dollar churches and high-domed cathedrals, and support their army of sixty-one thousand lazy, licentious, pampered priests, one Infidel printing press will overmatch them all.

Let the Christian congregations browse away upon their crimson cushions and drink down their costly gospel pap. One TRUTH SEEKER can give out a blast like a bugle horn, and should the exigency require, could call to their feet the great free people of this land. It is high time the Infidels of this country knew each other. They may yet have to stand shoulder to shoulder. And we say to our Spiritualist friends, that we deem the security and perpetuation of our privileges as citizens as of far more consequence than all the materializations at the Eddys, or communications from other spheres, even though they discovered the whereabouts of Charlie Ross; and that the common cause of civil and mental liberty, involving alike the interests of all Reformers and well wishers of man, would be the better promoted were they, for a time, to see fewer spirits and more Truth Seekers. All who would not have religious intolerance prevail in this new world as it does in the old, must join hands and work together in one grand, unselfish brotherhood. We trust in no gods. The heaviest artillery usually wins. The powder must be kept dry. Moreover, our praying must be with our purses. And such outspoken prints as THE TRUTH SEEKER must not be allowed to languish for want of means. It is through them that such flagrant outrages as were perpetrated against Julius Nicolai, and Hon. J. W. Thorne, are reported and circulated among the people. Through them the isolated victim of priestly persecution in some out of the way Christian, may whisper his grievances in the public ear. Through them all the fellow soldiers in the grand army of deliverance are to know and understand each other. We hear a great deal from priests about the laborer being worthy of his hire. Those who understand the cost of journalism are aware that Brother Bennett cannot realize much, if anything, from his tracts and publications, at the rate he offers them. Many of his friends know that he is overworking himself—his work being, as he expresses it in a private letter, "to help remove the scales of darkness, error and falsehood from the eyes of our fellow beings, and thus do our race some real and practical good."

Brother Infidels, let us each show our appreciation of THE TRUTH SEEKER office, and our determination to sustain it, by remitting at least one new subscription and the pay therefor before the next issue.

West Winfield, N. Y., July 20.

Oration on Humboldt.

BY COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

The Universe is Governed by Law.

Great men seem to be part of the infinite brothers of the mountains and the seas. Humboldt was one of these. He was one of those serene men, in some respects like our own Franklin, whose names have all the lustre of a star. He was one of the few, great enough to rise above the superstition and prejudice of his time, and to know that experience, observation and reason are the only basis of knowledge.

He became one of the greatest of men in spite of having been born rich and noble—in spite of position. I say in spite of these things, because wealth and position are generally the enemies of genius, and the destroyers of talent.

It is often said of this or that man, that he is a self-made man—that he was born of the poorest and humblest of parents, and that with every obstacle to overcome he became great. This is a mistake. Poverty is generally an advantage. Most of the intellectual giants of the world have been nursed at the sad and loving breast of poverty. Most of those who have climbed highest on the shining ladder of fame commenced at the lowest round. They were reared in the straw-thatched cottages of Europe; in the log-houses of America; in the factories of the great cities; in the midst of toil; in the smoke and din of labor, and on the verge of want. They were rocked by the feet of mothers whose hands, at the same time, were busy with the needle or the wheel.

It is hard for the rich to resist the thousand allurements of pleasure, and so I say, that Humboldt in spite of having been born to wealth and high social position, became truly and grandly great.

In the antiquated and romantic castle of Tegel by the side of the pine forest on the shore of the charming lake near the beautiful city of Berlin, the great Humboldt, one hundred years ago, was born, and there he was educated after the method suggested by Rousseau—Campe, the philologist and critic, and the intellectual Kunth, being his tutors. There he received the impressions that determined his career; there the great idea that the Universe is governed by law took possession of his mind, and there he dedicated his life to the demonstration of this sublime truth.

He came to the conclusion that the source of man's unhappiness is his ignorance of nature.

After having received the most thorough education at that time possible, and having determined to what end he would devote the labors of his life, he turned his attention to the sciences of geology, mining, mineralogy, botany, the distribution of plants, the distribution of animals, and the effect of climate upon man. All grand physical phenomena were investigated and explained. From his youth he had felt a great desire for travel. He felt, as he says, a violent passion for the sea, and longed to look upon Nature in her wildest and most rugged forms. He longed to give a physical description of the Universe—a grand picture of Nature; to account for all phenomena; to discover the laws governing the world; to do away with that splendid delusion called special providence, and to establish the fact that the Universe is governed by law.

To establish this truth was, and is, of infinite importance to mankind. That fact is the death-knell of superstition; it gives liberty to every soul, annihilates fear, and ushers in the age of reason.

The object of this illustrious man was to comprehend the phenomena of physical objects in their general connection, and to represent Nature as one great whole, moved and animated by internal forces.

For this purpose he turned his attention to descriptive botany, traversing distant lands and mountain ranges to ascertain definitely the geographical distribution of plants. He investigated the laws regulating the differences of temperature and climate, and the changes of the atmosphere. He studied the formation of the earth's crust, explored the deepest mines, ascended the highest mountains, and wandered through the craters of extinct volcanoes.

He became thoroughly acquainted with chemistry, with astronomy, with terrestrial magnetism; and as the investigation of one subject leads to all others, for the reason that there is a mutual dependence and a necessary connection between all facts, so Humboldt became acquainted with all the known sciences.

His fame does not depend so much upon his discoveries (although he discovered enough to make hundreds of reputations), as upon his vast and splendid generalizations.

He was to science what Shakespeare was to the drama.

He found, so to speak, the world full of unconnected facts—all portions of a vast system—parts of a great machine. He discovered the connection which each bears to all, put them together, and demonstrated beyond all contradiction that the earth is governed by law.

He knew that to discover the connection of phenomena is the primary aim of all natural investigation. He was infinitely practical.

Origin and destiny were questions with which he had nothing to do.

His surroundings made him what he was.

In accordance with a law not fully comprehended he was a production of his time.

Great men do not live alone; they are surrounded by the great; they are the instruments used to accomplish the tendencies of their generation; they fulfil the prophecies of their age.

Nearly all of the scientific men of the eighteenth century had the same idea entertained by Humboldt, but most of them in a dim and confused way. There was, however, a general belief among the intelligent that the world is governed by law, and that there really exists a connection between all facts, or that all facts are simply the different aspects of a general fact, and that the task of science is to discover this connection to comprehend this general fact, or to announce the laws of things.

Germany was full of thought, and her universities swarmed with philosophers and grand thinkers in every department of knowledge.

Humboldt was the friend and companion of the greatest poets, historians, philologists, artists, statesmen, critics, and logicians of his time.

He was the companion of Schiller, who believed that man would be regenerated through the influence of the Beautiful; of Goethe, the grand patriarch of German literature; of Weiland, who has been called the Voltaire of Germany; of Herder, who wrote the outlines of a philosophical history of man; of Kotzebue, who lived in the world of romance; of Schleiermacher, the pantheist; of Schlegel, who gave to his countrymen the enchanted realm of Shakespeare; of the sublime Kant, author of the first work published in Germany on Pure Reason; of Fichte, the infinite idealist; of Schopenhauer, the European Buddhist, who followed the great Gautama to the painless and dreamless nirvana, and of hundreds of others, whose names are familiar to, and honored by, the scientific world.

The German mind had been grandly roused from the long lethargy of the dark ages of ignorance, fear, and faith. Guided by the holy light of reason, every department of knowledge was investigated, enriched and illustrated.

Humboldt breathed the atmosphere of investigation; old ideas were abandoned; old creeds, hallowed by centuries were thrown aside; thought became courageous; the athlete, Reason, challenged to mortal combat the monsters of superstition.

No wonder that, under these influences, Humboldt formed the great purpose of presenting to the world a picture of Nature, in order that men might, for the first time, behold the face of their mother.

Europe became too small for his genius; he visited the tropics in the New World, where, in the most circumscribed limits, he could find the greatest number of plants, of animals, and the greatest diversity of climate, that he might ascertain the laws governing the production and distribution of plants, animals and men, and the effects of climate upon them all. He sailed along the gigantic Amazon; the mysterious Oronoco; traversed the Pampas; climbed the Andes until he stood upon the crags of Chimborazo, more than eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and climbed on until blood flowed from his eyes and lips. For nearly five years he pursued his investigations in the New World, accompanied by the intrepid Bonpland. Nothing escaped his attention. He was the best intellectual organ of these new revelations of science. He was calm, reflective and eloquent; filled with the sense of the beautiful and the love of truth. His collections were immense, and valued beyond calculation to every science. He endured innumerable hardships, braved countless dangers in unknown savage lands, and exhausted his fortune for the advancement of true learning.

Upon his return to Europe, he was hailed as the second Columbus; as the scientific discoverer of America; as the revealer of a New World; as the great demonstrator of the sublime truth, that the Universe is governed by law.

I have seen a picture of the old man, sitting upon the mountain side, above him the eternal snow, below the smiling valley of the tropics filled with vine and palm, his chin upon his breast, his eyes deep, thoughtful and calm, his forehead majestic—grander than the mountain upon which he sat—crowned with the snow of his whitened hair, he looked the intellectual autocrat of this world.

Not satisfied with his discoveries in America, he crossed the steppes of Asia, the wastes of Siberia, the great Ural range, adding to the knowledge of mankind at every step. His energy acknowledged no obstacle, his life knew no leisure; every day was filled with labor and with thought.

He was one of the apostles of Science, and he served his divine Master with a self-sacrificing zeal that knew no abatement; with an ardor that constantly increased, and with a devotion unwavering and constant as the polar star.

In order that the people at large might have the benefit of his numerous discoveries and his vast knowledge, he delivered, at Berlin, a course of lectures, consisting of sixty-one free addresses upon the following subjects:

Five, upon the nature and limits of physical geography.

Three, were devoted to a history of Science.

Two, to inducements to a study of natural science.

Sixteen, on the heavens.

Five, on the form, density, latent heat and magnetic power of the earth, and to the polar light.

Four, were on the nature of the crust of the earth, on hot springs, earthquakes and volcanoes.

Two, on mountains and the type of their formation.

Two, on the form of the earth's surface, on the connection of continent, and the elevation of soil over ravines.

Three, on the sea as a globular fluid surrounding the earth.

Ten, on the atmosphere as an elastic fluid surrounding the earth, and on the distribution of heat.

One, on the geographic distribution of organized matter in general.

Three, on the geography of plants.

Three, on the geography of animals, and

Two, on the races of men.

These lectures are what is known as the Cosmos, and present a scientific picture of the world, of infinite diversity and unity, of ceaseless motion in the eternal grasp of law.

These lectures contain the result of his investigation, observation and experience; they furnish the connection between phenomena; they disclose some of the changes through which the earth has passed in the countless ages; the history of vegetation, animals and men; the effects of climate upon individuals and nations, the relation we sustain to other worlds, and demonstrate that all phenomena, whether insignificant or grand, exist in accordance with inexorable law.

There are some truths, however, that we never should forget. Superstition has always been the relentless enemy of science; faith has been a hater of demonstration; hypocrisy has been sincere only in its dread of truth, and all religions are inconsistent with mental freedom.

Since the murder of Hypatia, in the fifth century, when the polished blade of Greek philosophy was broken by the club of ignorant Catholicism, until today, superstition has detested every effort of reason.

It is almost impossible to conceive of the completeness of the victory that the Church achieved over philosophy. For ages science was utterly ignored; thought was a poor slave; an ignorant priest was the master of the world; faith put out the eyes of the soul; the reason was a trembling coward; the imagination was set on fire of hell; every human feeling was sought to be suppressed; love was considered infinitely sinful, pleasure was the road to eternal fire, and God was supposed to be happy only when his children were miserable. The world was governed by an Almighty's whim; prayers could change the order of things, halt the grand procession of Nature, could produce rain, avert pestilence, famine and death in all its forms. There was no idea of the certain; all depended upon divine pleasure, or displeasure rather; heaven was full of inconsistent malevolence, and earth of ignorance. Everything was done to appease the divine wrath; every public calamity was caused by the sins of the people; by a failure to pay tithes, or for having, even in secret, felt a disrespect for a priest. To the poor multitude, the earth was a kind of enchanted forest, full of demons ready to devour, and theological serpents lurking with infinite power to fascinate and torture the unhappy and impotent soul. Life to them was a dim and mysterious labyrinth, in which they wandered weary and lost, guided by priests as bewildered as themselves, without knowing that at every step the Ariadne of reason offered them the long lost clue.

The very heavens were full of death; the lightning was regarded as the glittering vengeance of God, and the earth was thick with snares for the unwary feet of man. The soul was supposed to be crowded with the wild beasts of desire; the heart to be totally corrupt, prompting only to crime; virtues were regarded as only deadly sins in disguise; there was a continual warfare being waged between the Deity and the Devil, for the possession of every soul; the latter being generally considered victorious. The flood, the tornado, the volcano, were all evidences of the displeasure of heaven and the sinfulness of man. The blight that withered, the frost that blackened, the earthquake that devoured, were the messengers of the Creator.

The world was governed by fear.

Against all the evils of nature, there was known only the defense of prayer, of fasting, of credulity and devotion. *Man in his helplessness endeavored to soften the heart of God.* The faces of the multitude were blanched with fear and wet with tears; they were the prey of hypocrites, kings and priests.

My heart bleeds when I contemplate the sufferings endured by the millions now dead; of those who lived when the world appeared to be insane; when the heavens were filled with an infinite Horror who snatched babes with dimpled hands and rosy cheeks from the white breasts of mothers, and dashed them into an abyss of eternal flame.

Slowly, beautifully, like the coming of the dawn, came the grand truth that the Universe is governed by law; that disease fastens itself upon the good and upon the bad; that the tornado cannot be stopped by counting beads; that the rushing lava pauses not for bended knees; the lightning for clasped and uplifted hands; nor the cruel waves of the sea for prayer; that paying tithes causes, rather than prevents famine; that pleasure is not sin; that happiness is the only good; that demons and gods exist only in the imagination; that faith is a lullaby sung to put the soul to sleep;

that devotion is a bribe that fear offers to supposed power; that offering rewards in another world for obedience in this, is simply buying a soul on credit; that knowledge consists in ascertaining the laws of nature, and that wisdom is the science of happiness. Slowly, grandly, beautifully, these truths are dawning upon mankind.

From Copernicus we learn that this earth is only a grain of sand on the infinite shore of the Universe; that everywhere we are surrounded by shining worlds, vastly greater than our own, all moving and existing in accordance with law. True, the earth began to grow small, but man began to grow great.

The moment the fact was established that other worlds are governed by law, it was only natural to conclude that our little world was also under its dominion. The old theological method of accounting for physical phenomena by the pleasure and displeasure of the Deity was, by the intellectual, abandoned. They found that disease, death, life, thought, heat, cold, the seasons, the winds, the dreams of man, the instinct of animals—in short, that all physical and mental phenomena are governed by law, absolute, eternal and inexorable.

Let it be understood, that by the term law, is meant the same invariable relations of succession and resemblance predicated of all facts springing from like conditions. Law is a fact—not a cause. It is a fact, that like conditions produce like results; this fact is Law. When we say that the Universe is governed by law, we mean that this fact, called law, is incapable of change—that it is, has been, and forever will be, the same inexorable, immutable FACT, inseparable from all phenomena. Law, in this sense, was not enacted or made. It could not have been otherwise than as it is. That which necessarily exists has no creator.

Only a few years ago this earth was considered the real centre of the Universe; all the stars were supposed to revolve around this insignificant atom. The German mind, more than any other, has done away with this piece of egotism. Purbach and Muller, in the fifteenth century, contributed most to the advancement of astronomy in their day. To the latter, the world is indebted for the introduction of decimal fractions, which completed our arithmetical notation and formed the second of the three steps, by which, in modern times, the science of numbers has been so greatly improved; and yet both of these men believed in the most childish absurdities, at least in enough of them, to die without their orthodoxy having ever been suspected.

Next came the great Copernicus, and he stands at the head of the heroic thinkers of his time who had the courage and the mental strength to break the chains of prejudice, custom and authority, and to establish truth on the basis of experience, observation and reason. He removed the earth, so to speak, from the centre of the Universe, and ascribed to it a two-fold motion, and demonstrated the true position which it occupies in the solar system.

At his bidding the earth began to revolve, at the command of his genius it commenced its grand flight mid the eternal constellations round the sun.

For fifty years his discoveries were disregarded. All at once, by the exertions of Galileo, they were kindled into so grand a conflagration as to consume the philosophy of Aristotle, to alarm the hierarchy of Rome, and to threaten the existence of every opinion not founded upon experience, observation and reason.

The earth was no longer considered a Universe, governed by the caprices of some revengeful deity, who had made the stars out of what he had left after completing the world, and had stuck them in the sky, simply to adorn the night.

I have said this much concerning astronomy because it was the first splendid step forward! the first sublime blow that shattered the lance and shattered the shield of superstition; the first real help that man received from heaven; because it was the first great lever placed beneath the altar of a false religion; the first revelation of the infinite to man; the first authoritative declaration that the Universe is governed by law; the first science that gave the lie direct to the cosmogony of barbarism and because it is the sublimest victory that the reason has achieved.

In speaking of astronomy, I have confined myself to the discoveries made since the revival of learning. Long ago, on the banks of the Ganges, ages before Copernicus lived, Aryabhatta taught that the earth is a sphere, and revolves on its own axis. This, however, does not detract from the glory of the great German. The discovery of the Hindoo had been lost in the midnight of Europe—in the age of faith, and Copernicus was as much a discoverer as though Aryabhatta had never lived.

In this short address there is no time to speak of other sciences, and to point out the particular evidence furnished by each, to establish the dominion of law, nor to more than mention the name of Descartes, the first who undertook to give an explanation of the celestial motions, or who formed the vast and philosophic conception of reducing all the phenomena of the Universe to the same law; of Montaigne, one of the heroes of common sense; of Galvani, whose experiments gave the telegraph to the world; of Voltaire, who contributed more than any other of the sons of men to the destruction of religious intolerance; of August Comte, whose genius erected to itself a monument that still touches the stars; of Gutenberg, Watt,

Stephenson, Arkwright, all soldiers of science in the grand army of the dead kings.

The glory of science is, that it is freeing the soul—breaking the mental manacles—getting the brain out of bondage—giving courage to thought—filling the world with mercy, justice and joy.

Science found agriculture plowing with a stick—reaping with a sickle—commerce at the mercy of the treacherous waves and the inconstant winds—a world without books—without schools—man denying the authority of reason, employing his ingenuity in the manufacture of instruments of torture, in building inquisitions and cathedrals. It found the land filled with malicious monks—with persecuting Protestants and the burners of men. It found a world full of fear; ignorance upon its knees; credulity, the greatest virtue; women treated like beasts of burden; cruelty the only means of reformation. It found the world at the mercy of disease and famine; men trying to read their fates in the stars, and to tell their fortunes by signs and wonders: Generals thinking to conquer their enemies by making the sign of the cross, or by telling a rosary. It found all history full of petty and ridiculous falsehood, and the Almighty was supposed to spend most of his time turning sticks into snakes, drowning boys for swimming on Sunday, and killing little children for the purpose of converting their parents. It found the earth filled with slaves and tyrants, the people in all countries down trodden, half naked, half starved, without hope, and without reason in the world.

Such was the condition of man when the morning of science dawned upon his brain, and before he had heard the sublime declaration that the Universe is governed by law. For the change that has taken place we are indebted solely to science—the only lever capable of raising mankind. Abject faith is barbarism; reason is civilization. To obey is slavish; to act from a sense of obligation perceived by the reason is noble. Ignorance worships mystery; reason explains it: the one grovels, the other soars.

No wonder that fable is the enemy of knowledge. A man with a false diamond shuns the society of lapidaries, and it is upon this principle that superstition abhors science.

In all ages the people have honored those who dishonored them. They have worshiped their destroyers, they have canonized the most gigantic liars and buried the great thieves in marble and gold. Under the loftiest monument sleeps the dust of murder.

Imposture has always worn a crown.

The world is beginning to change because the people are beginning to think. To think is to advance. Everywhere the great minds are investigating the creeds and superstitions of men, the phenomena of nature and the laws of things. At the head of this great army of investigators stood Humboldt—the serene leader of an intellectual host—a king by the suffrage of science and the divine right of Genius.

And to-day we are not honoring some butcher called a soldier, some wily politician called a statesman, some robber called a king, nor some malicious metaphysician called a saint. We are honoring the great Humboldt, whose victories were all achieved in the arena of thought; who destroyed prejudice, ignorance and error—not men; who shed light—not blood, and who contributed to the knowledge, the wealth and the happiness of all mankind.

His life was pure, his aims lofty, his learning varied and profound, and his achievements vast.

We honor him because he has ennobled our race, because he has contributed as much as any man living or dead to the real prosperity of the world. We honor him because he honored us; because he labored for others; because he was the most learned man of the most learned nation; because he left a legacy of glory to every human being. For these reasons he is honored throughout the world. Millions are doing homage to his genius at this moment, and millions are pronouncing his name with reverence and recounting what he accomplished.

We associate the name of Humboldt with oceans, continents, mountains and volcanoes; with the great palms; the wide deserts; the snow-lipped craters of the Andes; with primeval forests and European capitals; with wildernesses and universities; with savages and savans; with the lonely rivers of unpeopled wastes; with peaks and pampas, and steppes, and cliffs and crags; with the progress of the world; with every science known to man, and with every star glittering in the immensity of space.

Humboldt adopted none of the soul-shrinking creeds of his day; wasted none of his time in the stupidities, inanities and contradiction of theological metaphysics; he did not endeavor to harmonize the astronomy and geology of a barbarous people with the science of the nineteenth century. Never, for one moment, did he abandon the sublime standard of truth; he investigated, he studied, he thought, he separated the gold from the dross in the crucible of his grand brain. He was never found on his knees before the altar of superstition. He stood erect by the grand tranquil column of reason. He was an admirer, a lover an adorer of nature, and at the age of ninety, bowed by the weight of nearly a century, covered with the insignia of honor, loved by a nation, respected by a world, with kings for his servants, he laid his weary head upon her bosom—upon the bosom of the Universal moth-

er—and with her loving arms around him, sank into that slumber called death.

History added another name to the starry scroll of the immortals.

The world is his monument; upon the eternal granite of her hills he inscribed his name, and there upon everlasting stone his genius wrote this, the sublimest of truths:

"THE UNIVERSE IS GOVERNED BY LAW."

"God in a Nutshell," and "Everywhere."

S. H. PRESTON CRITICISED.

A huge "nutshell," and an inconsistent idea for consistent minds to offer; yet, no doubt are the result of convictions, and considered as true, hence, Mr. Preston is forced to utter such, if he speaks them at all, even to sending those with other opinions into annihilation, calling his so "self-evident as to admit of no cavil," and yet not so "self-evident," when millions differ from him.

"Are not facts ignored and passed in silence? Yes, plain facts!"

1. "Something must have always been." Agreed. How could "anything now be" without LIFE to produce it? An important question this—

2. Then Life "was eternal and self-existent" if something always was:

3. And, being "eternal and self-existent," is everywhere," and the cause of all worlds and things that exist "everywhere" is it not?

Now readers, these three propositions are as plain as Mr. Preston's four, and I submit to each reader which is the most consistent.

When humanity will admit it is not within the grasp of human intellect to conceive from whence all entities come and go, that moment some respect, at least, may possibly be extended to other opinions by all sensible and reasonable minds. Such is to be hoped for, at least.

Is it not a fact that life is the cause of life, and that like produces its like the world over? and the dead nothing at all? If not a fact, why? By admitting the impossibility of knowing what life is, or from whence it came, the part of wisdom is manifested as better to know everything possible of what can be known as facts, than something so supposed about what cannot be known at all, assuming it as a fact! Think of this in earnest. Many facts are plain to perception. Take a grain of mustard, an apple seed, or that of a peach. Each are widely different in appearance, and have life; or that within each has it, called "the germ," when all but the seed has no life at all, unless called negative. Placing the seed in proper soil, and in its proper time its like appears without any creation, its prototype *having previously existed*, and this will apply to all existing things having positive life, while negative life has no manifestations to offer.

The idea of "creation" given up as beyond our grasp, or the first of anything, and "nothing" as not in the catalogue of entities, the fact remains as an anchor sure, that life continues to exist, and always has (for all we can learn to the contrary), with evidence in abundance. "Everywhere" it has not been idle, hence would it not be folly for me to assert "there is no God" or Life, because we cannot comprehend it? or to say "there never has been anything for a God to do," or for life to do.

Mr. Preston no doubt thinks the mind perishes with the body, when it is generally admitted as a fact, *there is no annihilation*, which, if true, does not admit the idea of the mind being *squeezed into nothingness*. Now, Mr. Editor, you probably agree with Mr. Preston and disagree with my views, but as you profess to be a "Truth Seeker," I offer the foregoing solely to elicit truth, hoping its fate will not be your waste basket for lack of merit in your estimation, for something (if but little) may possibly be learned from every one.

Mr. Preston has stated the views I had for many years, and did it probably better than I could. I have more happy ones now.

The question, whether the mind is immortal, and has a separate existence from the body (the same as an apple seed from its body), or perishes with the body, is not so "self-evident as to admit of no cavil," the proof of such fact yet exists and has from time immemorial.

Respectfully seeking for truth, is A. B. CHURCH.

How Does Blood Help God to Forgive Sin?

Two very pious men near me, for all the time I have been in this State, have abused my good name because I was an Infidel, and said many things against me falsely for Christ's sake.

Supposing these men come to me and desire my forgiveness, I tell them my word is out, never to forgive. They ask, is there no way we can come on friendly terms? Yes, one; kill Hubert, my only son, and sprinkle his blood on you, then I can forgive you. They do it; and are forgiven.

Then years elapse; others come for forgiveness. Well, Hubert's blood is gone, but sprinkle water on you, or be immersed in his name, and drink wine and eat bread, then I can forgive you, else I cannot. Who would not say that I was an idiot? for why could I not have forgiven without my boy's blood?

Hazel Dell, Ill, June, 1875.

DR. BAILEY.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker:

SIR: It is now time that this metropolis should possess a Temple of Reason similar to, or grander than that recently erected in Boston, known as the Paine Memorial Hall, and I am sure that if a movement to that effect were begun, funds would soon flow into its treasury from private donations and bequests, sufficient to meet the wants of the ever-increasing multitude who are now shut out from the churches, because they are too rational to believe in the supernatural, or to admit the false geology, false astronomy, and false reasoning therein, and too honest to submit the guidance of their lives to a system whose fundamental doctrine of atonement is based upon *injustice*.

It would aid our cause materially if you would, through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, furnish such facts as would lead us fully to understand—

1st. What the Boston Society have done, in order to effect an organization?

2d. How many trustees has the Boston Society, and how many are required by the laws of the State of New York in order to effect a legal organization?

3d. How many members does the Boston Society contain, including trustees, directors, and lady members?

4th. Can you furnish us with a copy of the doctrines or principles to which they subscribe in order to become members? Also a copy of their special rules regulating their general and special meetings.

In short, any information about the present workings of the Society that would be suggestive to those forming a similar Society; also the names of the trustees to whom James Lick and others made their donations, and a copy of the instrument under which they hold the trust for posterity.

An early answer to these inquiries will oblige me and many others who are in favor of organization and unity of action among Liberals.

CHAS. A. CODMAN.

New York.

[REPLY. We are not, dear friend, sufficiently informed to answer your interrogatories. We only know that there is a fine building erected, and we are proud to say we were present when it was dedicated on the 29th day of January last, to the memory of Thomas Paine, defender of the rights of man. We would refer you to Horace Seaver and J. P. Mendum, editor and publisher of the *Boston Investigator*, who can furnish you a full answer, and shall be pleased to publish their reply in THE TRUTH SEEKER, so that you and other Liberals throughout the country may be encouraged to go on with the work of organization.—Ed. T. S.]

The Lord a "Good" Pay-master.

MR. EDITOR: Our Christian friends are prone to expatiate upon the punctuality and liberality of the Lord towards all those who *give* to him and his cause. Christians not only urge one another, but even outsiders to contribute to the cause of religion, saying, "that whosoever giveth to religion, lendeth to the Lord," and he will reward them two-fold. But it seems the Lord sometimes not only forgets his promised reward to his servants, who administer to him and his cause, but delivers them into the power of the adversary. To illustrate more fully, we will relate an incident which occurred some years ago in one of the Eastern States.

Mr. H—, a well-to-do farmer and a prominent member of the Methodist church in the town where he resided, was much given to extolling the Lord as a "good" pay-master. On one occasion, at a *distracted* meeting, where the preachers were begging for money to put into the Lord's treasury, Brother B. arose and said that he could testify to the goodness of the Lord, and that he *knew* he was a "good" pay-master; for, said he, not long ago while in meeting one evening, Brother D. came and asked me to give something for the Lord's cause. I was about to give him twenty-five cents, but hesitated a moment, and finally concluded to give one dollar—a big pile for him—and see if the Lord would not in some mysterious manner reward me two-fold. Well, one morning as I was going to feed my cattle, I thought I would take along my gun, and right in the road but a few rods ahead of me stood a large, nice fox. I fired and killed him. A few days after, a very pious brother, who was peddling, stopped with me over the Sabbath and gave me three dollars for the skin—two dollars for one. In all this I saw the hand of Providence; here I was getting two-fold pay. I tell you, brothers and sisters, the Lord is a "good" pay-master; he will never disappoint nor deceive you.

A day or two after this exhortation in the meeting, Brother H— being in town, he purchased some necessities, and in payment presented his "fox" money, when lo! and behold the shopman told him it was not good money, and he should advise him not to try to pass it, as it might get him into trouble. The surprise and astonishment that were depicted in the countenance of Brother H., when he found the Lord had gone back on him, and paid him in bad money, were ludicrous in the extreme.

Brother H. was never afterwards known to allude to the Lord as a "good" pay-master, nor have we ever heard of his shooting any more "Providential" foxes, nor entertaining over the Sabbath any more *very pious* peddlers. J. HASELTINE.
Baraboo, Wis.

The All-powerful God.

One of the chief props of the Christian's argument is that his God is "all-powerful," and he will quote: "With God all things are possible." For many years we were among the number who clung tenaciously to this gratuitous assumption. The Christian says (*assumes*) that God made (created) all things, including this earth, of course, in six days of twenty-four hours each. Science teaches that the planet we inhabit was *evolved* out of pre-existing matter in accordance with nature's eternal, changeless laws. Taken at his own words and definitions, the Christian's God is changeable, while the God of science is immutable.

Let us for a moment look at some of the potentialities assumed of the Christian God. We may point back to the legendary tales coming down through Hebrew history, whose parallels we find in the mythologies of India, Persia, Greece and Rome. Later in the stage of thaumaturgy appears God's only son as a miracle performer. But Jesus, as a magician, is inferior to Aaron of old. God, the father, displayed more power than the Son. Indeed Samson really exhibited more marvelous powers than Jesus.

True, the latter raised the dead; but this is nothing new in more recent times, as claimed on respectable and authentic authority under the Church of Rome. Now some of the acutest minds in the Church to-day are attempting to throw miracle overboard and found evangelical Christianity on a scientific basis. This done, and what becomes of the "all-powerful" God? No! The priests will sniff the air afar and sound the warning before such a diabolical thing shall be accomplished. Renan says, "that miracle is not impossible, but hitherto no miracle has been proven." This is the point! All things *may* be "possible with God," but of this we know not from verifiable sources. Christ *may* have been crucified and placed in the sepulchre as dead, but that every function of his body had been stilled in actual death is open to grave doubts. What competent physician examined his pulse, and took notes of his physical condition? He was, according to the account, on the cross only a few hours—a much shorter time than ordinary criminals, and not longer than some have remained apparently asphyxiated and unconscious after hanging by the neck in England, and yet in whom life and consciousness again returned. The death on the cross may only have been a swoon or simulated death. We say it is open to doubt.

Jesus' ascension is also open to the same suspicion, because attested to only by interested parties. The story of the "earthquake" and the "darkening of the sun," when claimed as marks of divine power, is only begging the question. Not long ago, when science was weak and struggling against the persecutions of the Church, eclipses, thunder and lightning were regarded with superstitious awe. It certainly must be a source of keen regret to the devout Christian that these marks of divine power are not of frequent occurrence in modern times. Freethinkers, certainly, are not to be blamed for attaching more or less suspicion to those old occurrences which happened under Messrs. Aaron, Joshua, and the stories of the fiery furnace, the hungry bears and big fish. Let us have a few No. 1 demonstrations from the Christian's God like this:

1. Make the Mississippi river run up hill—say into the Arctic ocean.
2. Pile the Pacific ocean on top of the Atlantic without flooding the Continent, and
3. Put all the water of the Gulf of Mexico into a quart jug.

Three feats of this kind would be sufficient to convert the heart of a salamander, and would at once confirm the assumption of the pious Christian.

The pious man when "cornered," says: "O! we see God's power daily in the sunshine, the air, the water and all that surround us." But this the Freethinker calls nature's forces, which are constant equivalents in whatsoever way manifested. The Christian acknowledges that the laws of nature have an existence; so far he and the Freethinker agree. But the Christian says, "If you have laws, it necessarily follows there must be a law-maker." By the same logic the Freethinker replies that, if you have a God, you must, of necessity, have a God-maker.

Again: If "salvation" be so important, why don't this "all-powerful" God make it so plain—write it in letters of blood across the noon-day sun—so that all might read and have eternal life. On humanitarian principles, it ought to be done. It would be economic. This business of the Devil getting *ninety-nine hundredths* of the human family ought to be stopped, and it's going from bad to worse! In fact God, in his fatherly love for his children, ought to do something, as the priests can't manage things any more. Just look at B. Well, no matter. If only the Devil was killed; but, my eyes, what a howl of protest from the priests were this to be attempted. It would never do—wouldn't be "policy." We doubt if, in this

case, God could be a "free agent," or if he would have the power to annihilate his old enemy.

In conclusion, the more we look at this matter, the more we think the facts bear us out that the assertion of Christians with regard to God's capabilities of physical power is very like their piety—a "bladder of wind." WHISTLER.

How to Reform.

FRIEND BENNETT: I have read with pleasure, and I hope with profit, your book, "The Heathens of the Heath." As to its merits as a novel, I do not presume to be competent to judge. It is interesting, amusing, and instructive; but I value the book more for its historical facts than for its fiction, though they may not appear so evident to the American reader as to one who has been familiar with the manners and customs of the people and priesthood of which the author writes. But these heathens of the heath—who are they? When and where was the reformation made that produced such effects upon an ignorant, scottish, and miserable community? At Lanark, in Scotland, I think about forty-eight or fifty years ago, a reformation similar to this was effected, and was produced by the single endeavors of that benevolent Freethinker, Robert Owen, father of the present R. D. Owen. Lanark was, at that time, a small factory village situated in a glen or valley far apart from more civilized communities, and its inhabitants were the refuse of more populous districts, who made it a hiding-place from justice. This was the condition of the place when Mr. Owen took possession of the factory, and as Owen's philosophy was that man, or a community, could be better and easier governed by attraction than by repulsion, this was a fine field in which to try the experiment.

His first object was to get the good-will and affection of the people, and then appeal to their reason. He engaged teachers for the children, and built school-houses. He was the first man to reduce the hours of labor in factories in England and Scotland. He took much interest in the progress of education. He instituted philosophical exhibitions and amusements, and miniature performances for the children, which attracted their mothers, and they by degrees attracted the men. Night-schools were opened for men and boys. Then came down the tavern signs, and Lanark became a happy and prosperous village, and the change was acknowledged by both priest and press, the country round.

My space is limited or I might give you many little anecdotes that I have had from his own lips.

T. B. JOHNSON.

Thomas Paine.

MR. EDITOR: Your paper of April 1st, has a long article giving the various Christian accounts of the death of Thomas Paine. They all charge that he died lamenting that he did not enjoy the sweet peace with which heaven impregnates those who approve of Calvin's burning Servetus. These statements may be all true, or they may be all false, or they may be mixed—some truth with some falsehood.

Napoleon I. was a devout Catholic, yet when the Pope refused to give him a divorce from Josephine, he imprisoned him for a long time. Some of his staff officers being shocked at such impiety, asked him if he did not think that on his death bed, he would have to repent of his unchristian conduct.

Certainly I will, said he; when a man is dying, his mind and his sympathies revert to the times of his youth, and as in my youth I should not dare to think of doing such a thing, so on my dying bed I shall be filled with remorse on account of this deed—"once a man, twice a child."

Precisely this same thing occurs among the dying Pagan converts to Christianity, they can be kept true to their new faith by means of coercion, cajolery and by personal benefits to be derived therefrom, but they demand to be allowed to die in the (to them) blessed faith of idolatry as did their fathers and mothers. This may have been the case with Mr. Paine, (*provided his parents and those that were dearest to him died Christians*), or it may be, as I fear it is, that these statements have been invented by the clergy, in order to assist in preserving their profitable employment from danger.

Within the last fifteen years it has become customary for the three liberal professions—law, physic and divinity—to work in concert. An attorney will never counsel his client to bring a clergyman in court as evidence in any case, for he would be necessitated to speak the truth, and possibly give offense to some paying member of his church, or else lie and give offense to some other paying brother. In either case the Gospel herald would be out of pocket something, consequently he would retaliate by withdrawing the patronage of his flock from that attorney's law shop, precisely as he does to the butcher, the baker or the dry goods man, if they venture to accept pay from him for their goods. Also, when a man is about to die, who has not been sufficiently liberal towards the support of the gospel, the physician is expected to impregnate him with spasmodic drugs, so as to make it easy for the herald to make a profitable sermon picturing the agonies of the dying Infidel or the parsimonious Christian. If the dying man had been sufficiently liberal in his payments, he is regaled with

exhilarating decoctions, making him exhibit a glorious specimen of a happy flight from time to that beautiful land, where, according to the Christian Bible, they have had two wars, the last one occurring seventeen hundred years ago, no notice having been transmitted to this planet in regard to its termination, whether successful or otherwise. To say what we have to say in regard to what Mr. Paine did say, or did not say, his last words evidently were not, *my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* ROYAL.

The Press on Beecher.

Do you want to know the real judgment of the people upon Henry Ward Beecher? It is in the fact that books bearing his name have *utterly ceased to sell*. No man and no woman will now buy a book of which he is the author. —*N. Y. Sun*.

THE CATHOLIC CLERGY COUNTED OUT.—Some of Mr. Beecher's friends—probably Brother Shearman is the main mover—are spreading the report that Cardinal McCloskey, Bishop Loughlin, and other Catholic prelates are likely to participate in a demonstration in honor of Beecher, proposed by Plymouth church. Such an absurd story is in keeping with Shearman's prayers and tears and the whole management of Mr. Beecher's case. —*Boston Pilot*.

BEECHER'S IMPROPER CONDUCT.—The immodest estimate which Mr. Beecher made of his own goodness and greatness in his speech last evening will hardly strike the world favorably. If he had really dwelt during the past five years so near to God as he asserts, he would not have gone down on his knees to a "heathen," or humbled himself before Theodore Tilton, or prayed that a woman outside of his own household should come and comfort him. But if Mr. Beecher's estimate of himself is a trifle overdrawn, his confidence in Plymouth church is not misplaced. That congregation of emotional and business Christians will never desert the pastor while the annual rental of pews nets \$70,000, or while merchants, lawyers and stock-jobbers find in the "lecture-room" such a pleasant place to vent their spare piety and rhetoric. —*Utica Observer*.

In an article on "Mr. Beecher's conduct since the trial," the *New York Sun* says of the pastor's boasting that the expenses of the said trial had been more than \$75,000, and that Plymouth church had given him the money to pay it, and saying, "On the other side the expenses have also been large, but they have got no money to pay them with."

Making fun at the expense of his accuser's poverty is certainly a remarkable thing for a minister of exalted religious susceptibility and Christian character to do. What is the hide of this man made of?

The exhibition Mr. Beecher is making of himself is casting new reproach on the Christian ministry of the country with which he still claims and has affiliation. He would do better to retire into the wilderness for a season, and with fasting and prayer realize in his character and in the chastening of his spirit the lesson of the terrible trial through which he has passed. His attitudinizing in the part of a manly fellow and an honest man is not of benefit to him, or edifying to the religious or irreligious community.

LICENTIOUS MINISTERS MUST BE REFORMED.—Since the arraignment of the pastor of Plymouth church, ministerial scandals have become a common topic. Scarcely a day passes that does not herald charges more or less grave against pulpit occupants. How many have been made public since the Beecher scandal first took definite shape and form, we have not the means of accurately stating just now, but the number is certainly very great compared with the aggregate of ministers. Laymen appear to have taken courage, and clerical sins hitherto compounded and sedulously concealed, have been brought to the light of day, and Philadelphia has not been without her share. The last case is one now on trial before a church tribunal, and comment upon which would scarcely be proper, as there is a decided conflict of testimony. Whatever the results, it is to the credit of the laymen of the church most interested that they resolved to reach the truth, if such a thing were possible, and if that course were inflexibly pursued, whenever reasonable grounds for its adoption existed, ministerial undue familiarities would become less frequent, and ministerial influence be immensely enlarged. —*Philadelphia Evening Chronicle*.

NOT SUCCESSFUL.—Mr. Beecher's parishioners, being blessed with wealth, have chosen to gild the stains upon his character, and to plug the holes in his reputation, which the scandal trial failed to stop, with the same material the dentist uses to plug a carious tooth. But so long as Mrs. Moulton's and Mrs. Bradshaw's testimony is unimpeached, and Mr. Beecher's letters are not rationally explained, just so long will the stains be apt to show through the gilding, and the bullion plugs will be continually dropping out. And just so long will Mr. Beecher continue to "sit upon the ragged edge of anxiety, remorse, despair and fear." They may vote him more money, or pave the paths about his mansion with gold until they shine like the pavements of the "New Jerusalem," and he may be "cheerful at times," as he says "he has been so often among his friends, while suffering all the torments of the damned." He will continue to "pass

sleepless nights often, and come up full and fresh on Sunday; but that wearing and grinding of the nervous system," of which he speaks in one of his letters, will still continue; for in the human mind there is such an element as conscience, and it will do its rightful work at last.

The public can never be made to believe that Mr. Beecher is innocent by any amount of crying or kissing, by voting money, or sending "pastoral" letters, numerous signed, until all these dark and mysterious transactions are brought to light. So far they have not been convinced that there could have been so much lurid smoke for so long a time without any fire; such an unsavory odor of carrion, filling all the land, which Coleridge says he counted in the city of Cologne, from virtue, undecayed; and we shall still look for the time when, in spite of all subterfuges, in the language of John Milton, "daylight and truth will meet us with a clear dawn; representing to our view, though at far distance, true colors and real shapes." —*Boston Herald*.

WHY THE TRUTH HAS BEEN TOLD.—There is no reason why Mr. Beecher should not go among his friends and allow them to cheer him and give him money; but when he and his friends become the aggressors and present their pastor as the victim of a wanton conspiracy, they do him infinite harm. They compel us to say that Mr. Beecher, judged by his own written and spoken record, is unworthy to teach the Gospel. By his own confession, he brought ruin upon a home he was bound to protect and cherish.

When the scandals were first breathed the Press took his side almost without an exception. They defended him so long as defense was possible. They had every inclination to aid Mr. Beecher. He was a national man, a great orator and writer, with a hundred winning qualities, who lived in the sunshine of enthusiastic friendship, and whose fall it was naturally feared would be a misfortune to the country and religion. Mr. Beecher caused the change in the tone of the press. The newspapers were not within the ægis of Plymouth church. They knew the meaning of English, and when they found a master of phrase humbling himself before an adversary as before his God, and wishing he were dead, and that he alone was guilty; and when they saw him paying money to purchase silence, and for four years a puppet in the hands of a shrewd, driving business man, arranging "devices" after "devices" to "save ourselves," they reached a conclusion which Mr. Beecher's moaning rhetoric under a Peekskill moon cannot destroy. We do not know of anything that would have given the press higher satisfaction than to have seen Henry Ward Beecher overthrow his accusers by showing his absolute and undoubted innocence. Moulton and Tilton were nothing to us in comparison to him, and if he had been truly innocent the journals would have seen them float over the "moral Niagara" without a regret. Even now no one desires to be cruel to Mr. Beecher. We know of no man in public life to whom more kindness would naturally flow. But he must not pose as a martyr. Whatever he may be to Plymouth church, to the world he is no longer the Beecher of the old days. The Beecher of the old days is dead. The Beecher of freedom and emancipation and religious tolerance—the Beecher who did such valiant service in England—no longer lives. He died under the pen and pistol of Frank Moulton when he signed the letter of contrition—a letter which he could no more deny to the common sense of mankind than Shakespeare could have denied "Hamlet." —*N. Y. Herald*.

LIFTING THE MASK.—If anything were needed to prove that Mr. Beecher is a guilty man after the revelations of the trial he has supplied the deficiency. His conduct since the trial has had all the force of an unconscious and unintended confession. At the Plymouth meeting in which he defied public sentiment, and declared that he was a manly fellow, and told what he should do, and boasted that he and God were against the world, he lifted the mask from a conscience-stricken mind, so that any one of ordinary insight could see its writhings and feel its desperation. Innocence never talks in that rampant and half impious way. True manliness is modest and does not need to shake its fist in the face of all mankind, and slap the Almighty on the shoulder to prove that it is courageous.

But the Peekskill demonstration lifted the mask still more. At Plymouth he was defiant; on his farm he was exultant and broke into braggadocio. He had gone thro' the red sea and gained strength by the exercise. He had come out of the fiery trial without so much as a singed hair. He was all right; and he even went on to tell the reason of his escape. His honesty had saved him. His truthfulness had supported him. His character had carried him through. Such assertions are enough to make one gasp for breath. He himself confesses that the trial cost him over \$75,000. But for the constant and herculean efforts of an able council, and devoted church, and hundreds of friends, he would have been convicted. No unbiased human being can read his answers to the cross-questioning of Mr. Fullerton and see his miserable shufflings and evasions and pottering with a double sense, without feeling that the truth was not in him. For four years, according to the showing of the witnesses and his own confession, he was engaged in a long and complicated conspiracy to deceive the public and cheat friends, and even to hoodwink his own investigating committee, and yet this man has the impudence to boast that his

truthfulness saved him. The man who has confessed on the witness stand and in his letters to conduct which shows the want of common morality, proclaims himself an example of character for young men to imitate! Such brazen declarations show an utter demoralization of mind. They lift the mask on features that are enough to make the discerning shudder. He is having his punishment in what he is. Everything he does shows what no mask can conceal. Judged by a worthy standard of morals he is an unconvicted crime, a living lie. And the professions of virtue and claims of piety with which he insults mankind are despairing clutches of a mind that knows its utter nakedness of anything to cover its depravity. —*Golden Age*.

BEECHER AS AN INNOCENT MAN.—Supposing Mr. Beecher to be innocent, what is it that yet remains for him to answer for? He and his friends do not deny that he perpetrated the indiscretion of allowing Mrs. Tilton to grow too fond of him. In response to the suggestion that no good man in his senses but could and would have nipped such a passion in the bud, they claim that Mr. Beecher is a mere child, that he is so emotional as not to be responsible for his acts, and that he has suffered enough in spirit for the thoughtless imprudence of disrupting a marriage tie which he himself had bound, of destroying a household into which he had entered as a sacred guest, of blighting the fair fame of a woman who had bloomed beneath his hand, and of sending little innocent children forth upon the battle of life, hard at best, with blasted names and broken fortunes. Yet, though he hung upon the edges of despair while there was a hope of averting a part of the disaster he had wrought, now that it is complete and exposed to the knowledge of all the world, this tender, gentle, child-like spirit rides the whirlwind and guides the storm with the audacity and firmness, the skill and the will of a demon of darkness. He stands defiant in his pulpit, receiving with triumphant smiles the homage of the multitude. There is not an additional wrinkle on his brow or a gray hair the more upon his head. There is no tremor in his voice. The trial is over, and, content with such vindication as it has brought him, he haughtily dismisses the past. It can let loose no phantoms to haunt his soul as long as he is the idol of this flock of rich voluptuaries. What cares he for its shadow as he stands, one ruddy and one vast substantial grin, in the glare of Plymouth church, his expenses made good to him by a doubled salary, and his sensational capacity augmented by this last amazing lucky hit of his? It is Tweed let loose and elected Mayor of New York. It is anything, anybody without the sense of grief or shame, or any gentle, self-denying, manly virtue or modesty, lording it amid the invisible ruins of the little moral world about him, and complacently receiving the ovation of fools and knaves. A sweet, lamb-like spirit, truly! preaching the grace of humility on a hundred thousand dollars a year and playing monkey-tricks for the edification of righteous worldlings who think that there is no harm in fornication.

He is stronger now than ever, they tell us. He is at length completely master of Plymouth church. In 1866, because of a liberal and patriotic speech he made, inculcating tolerance to the South, they came within an ace of turning him out. He had to make an humble apology for being, "for one night only," a Christian and a patriot. Not so since he has passed through a lascivious, sentimental ordeal, seduced a woman, submitted to blackmail, and bullied his way to a divided verdict from a jury which his managers regarded as their own. That is an achievement to be visited with flowers and applause, with more flowers and applause, and with flowers and applause again, together with a salary double that of the doubled Presidential income, a respite of three months and preparations for a grand display of pious fire-works in the autumn. Faugh! it smells to heaven! Nay, this is not all. So far from shunning these vainglorious displays—this ground and lofty tumbling—our peaceful shepherd, usurping the attributes of his Maker, numbers his own days, and fixes the date of his physical demise. He is to live in glory, though he does not tell us to what extent he will sin in glory, for the next twenty years. Twenty years—twenty bully, golden years! A goodly time, by the mass! with a hundred thousand dollars stuck to each, and a first-class line of march to Greenwood at the close, to say nothing of the bevy of angels in short skirts and spangles to bear him off, as Don Giovanni was not borne off in the amusing operative extravaganza.

Why should Beecher retire from the world? He has been the central figure of a scandal the most enormously demoralizing of any that has ever cursed the earth. He has been the creature of a myriad of indecent jests all over the world. He has brought to hearthstones base suggestions, that else had never entered there—he has familiarized the young with guilty love—he has popularized the idea of adultery, and it is safe to say that this affair of his has caused more lapses from virtue than any event in modern times. But, being guilty, why should he retire? He must face it out in order to establish an innocence that, if it were genuine, would shrink back and say, "God's will be done." Not a bit of it. He has no thought of submitting himself to any such upstart as God Almighty as long as he can set up a little brass heaven of his own and run a race with destiny. Born an actor and a great one, he will die an actor; but, like others of his kind, let us hope he will "leave no copy." —*Courier*.

Another "Tidal-wave" of Orthodox Christianity.

MR. EDITOR: I have noticed for more than fifty years, that about every decade, and sometimes oftener, that the orthodox God pours out his spirit upon the people of this nation, and adds to the churches of such and such only as shall be saved, or expect to be, by some one's righteousness besides their own, and on all such occasions the holy ones—the pious editors in particular—in order to show their gratitude to their God, take special pains to eject a large amount of orthodox filth upon the name of PAINE, and they use their old stereotyped politeness by calling him *Tom Paine*, and they always assert that he died in great agony, calling on God to have mercy on his soul, and regretting that he ever wrote such a wicked book as the "Age of Reason," and they quote from a pamphlet or tract, that they hired a pious liar by the name of Grant Thorburn to write.

This Thorburn pretended to have boarded in the same house in company with Paine, and one of the "religious tract societies" gave this fellow a hundred dollars for the libel he wrote on Paine. This pious (?) slanderer was afterwards convicted—so history says—of various thefts, and was forced to sign a libel for things he had said against the character of a lady. I am moved to write this letter by reading an article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 1st, which you quote from a paper calling itself the *Christian Observer*, whose editor consoles himself by saying that "Paine's birthday was scarcely noticed this year in this city. Thirty years ago it was celebrated with great enthusiasm; now none so poor as to do him reverence."

The editor then adds this lie, viz: "Infidelity is not half so rife as it was just after the Revolutionary war; not half so wide spread as it was fifty years ago." If this editor did not know that both these assertions are great lies, he is to be pitied for his ignorance. He adds another gross falsehood; he says: "The old members have gone into another world, and have left no successors." Their successors are now ten to where they numbered one thirty years ago. Paine's name is as much revered now by tens of thousands of our best minds as any of the Revolutionary patriots.

I have taken some pains to distribute his "Age of Reason," and I find no man to whom I have sold a copy (whose mind has not been misled by orthodox training), that does not highly prove it. It is free from all the vulgarity and nastiness that we find in the orthodox Bible, and the "Age of Reason" is growing more into public favor, and will continue to do so until orthodox clergymen learn to preach a gospel with more common sense, reason and justice in it, than they do at present, although they have knocked off some of the rough corners of their old-time creeds.

Beecher's *Union* says of the Bible, (speaking in regard to Infidel attacks on it,) "It survives both friends and foes, without being able to speak one word in its own behalf but what it has already said; it moves on in majestic silence, totally unharmed by the attacks of its millions of foes, it is the same blessed gospel that must be accepted by all mankind, or they must eternally perish."

I would like to ask the man who uttered this nonsensical falsehood, if he had never read or heard of a distinguished philanthropist by the name of Paine, who fired one shot from his twenty inch gun at his blessed, invulnerable Bible, and tore a hole clear through it, or, as the sailors say, tore it from "stem to stern," so as to let the light of reason and common sense shine clean through it, and show its inherent deformity? The shot so riddled the old hulk that one Bishop Watson came to its rescue by writing an "apology," and the old craft is in such a condition now (and has been for some years), that they have three or four hundred of the best boss gospel carpenters in Christendom at work, to so repair it that it shall not soon fall to pieces. It has cost the Churches untold millions to keep the old craft in decent repair since Paine fired his big gun through it. And these three or four hundred (more or less) D.D.'s. have been doctoring this perfectly healthy patient (?) for two or three years, and it has so many gangrenous spots that it is supposed it will take them several years more before they will get it sufficiently patched up to be turned loose upon the world with any expectation that it will long be able "to paddle its own canoe."

This wonderful God-aiding council proposes to make all needful (!) alterations and additions to this divine document that they think God, in his shortsightedness, seems to have left out. I would suggest, at this time, only one addition that I think will be of great importance for "all of human kind" to know, and I would add it as an appendix to one of that God-like man's (King David) comforting declarations, when he says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." I would like them to add or append to this the following, viz: *And the fear of the orthodox Devil is the end of it.*

I think there is much more truth and sense in the latter than in the former. I think the two should be yoked together, and that they would be considered as closely related as the Siamese twins.

But to return from this discussion. I really hope this "Christian observer" will not "lay the flattering unction to his soul," that the followers and lovers of Paine are diminishing in the least; if he should, I would ask him to look at the beautiful and magnifi-

cent "Paine Hall" that has just been finished and dedicated to his revered name in Boston, where a hundred years ago the best Puritanic Christianity they had was employed in publicly whipping lovely and innocent Quaker girls for insisting that they had the right to worship a God in such manner as they might choose, where men and women, and even children, were whipped publicly in the street, fined, imprisoned, branded, and hanged for choosing their own mode of religious worship.

In the city of Boston, where "primitive Christianity" held unbounded sway for nearly or quite a century, we find a greater proportion of Infidels (positive ones I mean) than in any city in the Union.

These few facts show that Christianity is in a fatal decline, and that Infidelity is "running and being glorified" throughout all Christendom. Yours for continued progress,

T. J. MOORE.
Starfield, Ill., April 20th, 1875.

The Religious Amendment.

The great and all-absorbing question of the day is the proposed religious amendment. It can no longer be denied that it is the duty of every Christian in the land to stand up and demand that our God and the holy Bible be put in the Constitution of the United States without further delay. I feel sorrowful and solemnly sad that, as a nation, we should be compelled to longer abide under our present Godless instrument. Let us all be sorrowful—we have cause to be. It behooves us as Christians to at all times be sorrowful. "Sorrow is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning, but the heart of the fool is in the house of mirth" (Eccl. vii: 3, 4). We must frown down upon the fool. We must work for power and law to enforce obedience to God's mandates as laid down in his holy Word. That this has not yet been accomplished is an especial cause for sorrow at this time. Inasmuch as we are created in God's own image, we should endeavor to be like unto him. "And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart" (Gen. vi: 6); "The Lord said he would dwell in thick darkness" (1 Kings 8: 12); "He made the darkness his secret place" (Ps. xviii: 11); "Clouds and darkness are round about him" (Ps. lxxviii: 2). So let us humble ourselves, hang our heads, be lowly and full of lamentation.

In speaking of putting God in the Constitution we mean to include our beloved Christ Jesus, for he is one with God. He himself hath said. "I and my father are one" (John x: 30); "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth" (Matt. xxviii: 18). Inspired writers, in confirmation of this, have declared that, he "who being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God" (Phil. ii: 5). Yea, Father, Son and Holy Ghost constitute one God, "for there are three that bear record in heaven" (1 John v: 7). The three as one must bear record in the Constitution, for "the Lord our God is one Lord" (Deut. vi: 4).

"No man hath seen God at any time" (John i: 18); "Ye hath neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape" (John v: 37), but we have the evidence within the covers of his blessed book that he is an all-sufficient God, for "with God all things are possible" (Matt. xix: 26). Witness his noble attributes: "For I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation" (Ex. xx: 5); "Jacob have I loved and Esau have I hated" (Rom. ix: 13); "Thus saith the Lord, behold I frame evil against you and devise a device against you" (Jer. xviii: 11); "I make peace and create evil, I the Lord do all these things" (Is. xxxv: 7); "For it was of the Lord to harden their hearts that they should come against Israel in battle, that he might destroy them utterly, and that they might have no favor" (Josh. xi: 20); "The Lord is a man of war" (Ex. xv: 3); "I will not pity, nor spare, nor have mercy, but destroy" (Jer. xiii: 14); "And thou shalt consume all the people which the Lord thy God shall deliver thee; thine eye shall have no pity upon them" (Deut. vii: 16); "Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not, but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling" (1 Sam. xv: 2, 3); "The Lord thy God is a consuming fire" (Deut. iv: 24); "For I have kindled a fire in mine anger, which shall burn forever" (Jer. xvii: 4). Is not this reason enough why we should acknowledge him in our Constitution as supreme ruler? The attributes of man in this day and generation are so nearly allied to him that it is no better than heresy or blasphemy to longer delay the adoption of the proposed Christian amendment. In proof of man's likeness to God we have but to turn to his holy Word and read: "And the Lord God said, Behold the man is become as one of us" (Gen. iii: 22).

Let us work day and night, "nor tarry nor tire" until this God-inspired amendment is adopted. Infidelity is making rapid strides in our land. It must be put down, and the first step toward that end is to Christianize the Constitution. Heresy can then be punished by death on the rack, or at the stake, as our law-makers, or inquisitorial tribunal, may elect.

We have some noble men in the field now, working

for God—such as the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, who says, "Infidels have no rights we do respect," and the Rev. Mr. Wells, secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Northern Ohio, who says, "the time is coming when Christians will love God so intensely that they will put to death even their own children who may be found holding and teaching heretical opinions." Noble men! They love God now! Their great hearts are full of those high attributes of God. Give us enough of such men, and we can have one hundred thousand Infidels burned, racked and thumbscrewed before the first half of the next decade shall have passed by.

We might be carrying out the fruits of our love to God now, were it not that our Infidel Constitution stands in the way. This great barrier—the work of our Infidel forefathers, must be removed. If in no other way, we must rise in our might and overthrow it by force of arms, and re-establish the God-given times of old, when Christianity was in the ascendancy.

The public schools, as well as the churches, must be in the hands of the Christians. 'Tis there we must indoctrinate the young. They must be taught to quote all the scripture possible, both in writing and in conversation, in order to keep God's holy word constantly before the people. There must be no plays, dances, nor mirthfulness, whatsoever. There must be no affection, love, nor friendship, allowed to exist between sexes or persons, for God says in his holy book, "if any man come unto me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brother and sisters, yea, and even his own life also, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke xiv: 26). Love God only, and let that love be such as the Rev. Mr. Wells describes, and such as will cause you to offer up your own children as a burnt offering unto God, as did Jephthah, of his own daughter, when God delivered the children of Ammon into his hands" (Judges xi).

Sectarianism is all well enough for common, to keep up strife, to make us hate each other, and to make us look glum, but we must all unite under the banner of the Y. M. C. A. in order to perfect our scheme for the punishment of Infidelity.

Infidels, so far as their belief is concerned, matter nothing; but it is the unpardonable sin of their refusing to contribute to the support of the church that we cannot, and will not, tolerate. So far as any other sin is concerned, it is nothing to us, "for there is no man that sinneth not" (1 Kings viii: 46); "Who can say I have made my heart clean; I am pure from my sin?" (Rev. xx: 6); "For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good and sinneth not" (Eccl. vii: 20); "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. iii: 10).

Again, we are all on the same plane at the end of this life; but that is no reason why the Infidel should not be made to help support the church. In proof of this sameness at the end of life, we have but to turn to holy writ and read: "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goes down to the grave shall come up no more" (Job vii: 9); "The dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward" (Eccl. ix: 5); "They are dead, they shall not live; they are deceased, they shall not rise" (Is. xxvi: 14); "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth the beasts, even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast" (Eccl. iii: 19).

But let us work for the amendment, for we must again show the world the power and glory of the church. The people must be made to study the scriptures of truth, and get wisdom, "for in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow" (Eccl. i: 18). This grief and sorrow will bring us down, and render us far more likely to incur the anathemas of our brethren, for "wo unto you when all men shall speak well of you" (Luke vi: 26).

We must have a Christian dictator at the head of the nation; even such an one as was Moses, so that thousands and tens of thousands may be slain as of old, and let the word be, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor" (Ev. xxxii: 27). And when the victors return with their spoils from the Infidel, Spiritualist, Unitarian and Universalist camps, let future history speak of our dictator as does the holy Bible of Moses: "And Moses said unto them, have ye saved all the women alive? . . . Now therefore kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known a man by lying with him: but all the women-children that hath known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves" (Num. xxxi: 15, 17, 18). AMEN. Thank the Lord! Let us hasten the adoption of the amendment! Let it be in our day, while we are yet in our prime.

JASON KIRK,
Member West Branch Monthly Meeting, Society of Friends, Grampian Hills, Pa.

THE Detroit Free Press thinks that Beecher didn't want that prussic acid to poison himself with, but that he was going for the cats of the neighborhood.

New-York Liberal Club.

JULY 9TH, 1875.

[THREE HUNDRED AND FIRST MEETING.]

MRS. DR. S. B. CHASE read a paper entitled *Responsibility of Sex*, from which we can give but a few extracts.

At an age averaging from twelve to sixteen years, the girl suddenly withdraws from the arena of activity and amusement which has been common with her male companion, while he, gratified with the same pastimes as before, continues on for years only a boy, and the same boy still. Following her on her divergent path, we find her marvelously transformed. She has become suddenly increased in stature; her bony fabric has acquired nearly its standard solidity; her general tissues, firmness and strength, and her pelvis and pelvic viscera nearly their maximum stablesness and capacity. Her former lean and awkward figure has given place to symmetry and elegance of proportion, and her former romping and ungainly action to a movement graceful and charming. Her eye gleams with a softer lustre, her bosom heaves with an increased volume and beauty, and her voice, from lark-like, has become dove-like.

Psychologically, she is a new creature, her soul has become the throne of a new motive and a new hope. Her family of dolls, so long caressed, are orphaned and forgotten; her jumper-cord and hoop are among garret rubbish; the old maltese, the hearth-stone idol and the last of her pets, which she first enjoyed for his antics, but afterward for his purring breath, is banished from fellowship and given over to the mercy of old Towser, the household dog. Life, as it relates to things useful and things to come, engrosses her mind, school privileges are no longer used for amusement and time-killing, but for culture and preparation for the great need of future years. Home exerts an influence, and wears a charm unfelt before; its nursery and its fireside, its altar and its love disclose new and surprising lessons of experience and example.

Might we look within her soul, where before was only a dream-chamber, we would discern a secret shrine, and an unconscious worship, in part a memory and in part a hope, one reaching back into childhood, where, among the older of her mates, was one who, whether hoop-trundling, butterfly-chasing or hide-and-seeking in rivalry of speed and tact, was always sure to win, whose laugh had the merriest ring, whose eye the brightest flash, and whose lips the sweetest kiss—the other reaches into the future, after a pure and exalted manhood. In brief, the blithe and aimless girl has become the thoughtful, loving maiden. This wonderful transformation, in its aggregate expression, defines puberty. But why this sudden and marvelous change? What is the significance of puberty?

It is that the germ-cells which were early planted by Nature, within her ovarian tissue, and which in a constantly ascending series of development have been ripening and bursting and giving place successively to a new and more perfectly vitalized group, have now attained such completeness of endowment as to be capable of impregnation. It is that she has become a generative being—a germ-bearer of Humanity.

This ovum or cell-germ, whose perfection of development constitutes the fundamental idea of puberty, is, as it relates to her sex, only a vitalized structure in the sense that it has a vital connection with her body, as we use the term *vitalized*, as applied to any other living tissue, as the brain or lungs—that is, it is incapable, by any power which she alone can exert upon it, of putting on any form or producing any result higher or beyond its own simple structure. In other words, unaffected by any force or influence than what is derivable from her own being, this cell, this germ, as soon as matured, is separated from her tissues and blights and dies.

In speaking of the pubertic change, we alluded to a secret shrine and worship; soul answers to soul across the years and over land and sea.

But we will pass the rapture of betrothment, the solemnity of the plighted vow and the unapproachable sanctity of the wedded bed, and concern ourselves only with her condition after the copulative act.

If now, with microscopic aid, we look upon and within her ovaria, we behold this cell-germ encompassed with seminal spermatozoon, the object of their strange pilgrimage and search.

They touch and permeate the cell and feed upon it! This is all our lens can reach, this is all we know! But the miraculous result—generic life, being and immortality! This is IMPREGNATION.

Impregnation marks the only time and place, for all his life in which man's blood-force can touch, mingle with or influence that of his offspring. Yet it embraces only a moment of time, and only microscopic space.

All subsequent paternal influence, immeasurable as are its capabilities, is incomparable with this; moreover, it is all his own, God-given and God-protected. Woman, however, is not thus limited, for her life and

blood-contact with her offspring continues on through both gestation and lactation.

The act of impregnation, though limited thus by time and space, carries with it results which concern no less than the perpetuity and well being of the race. For in this act is transmitted—

1st. Genus. "Each after his kind," is the most wonderful law displayed in the whole economy of nature. It touches every link in the change of being. "Man, beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see and no glass reach."

It extends through the vegetable kingdom as well, and binds under its inviolate sway the mightiest and tiniest growth of mountain and valley, forest and field. The mountain pines are the same to-day, and chant their peans as grandly tuned, and in as sweet accord as when God first created them to chant his praise; and the lily is the same, and blooms with a whiteness as pure and a perfume as sweet as when he first betrothed it to the valley to teach the kinship of purity and humility.

Neither the silent agency of the elementary forces, though operating through all time, nor the grand convulsions which have rocked the world, have ever disturbed the primordial moulds in which all organized matter was originally cast.

The wonder of this law grows upon us as we contemplate its sway over man.

From century to century it gleams with the flash of the poniard, the torturing blaze of fagots, the lurid glare of sacrificial altars, and the fiery breath of war. Want and vice, crime and pestilence, diseases of loathesome and consuming taint, "maladies of racking torture and heart-sick agony" pour their corrupting currents all down the ages, yet mark the marvelous truth—genus has never been disturbed. Each successive generation have been made to receive and transmit the race-mould unbroken and inviolate.

2d. Equality of sex-ratio. No philosophic mind can contemplate the numerical ratio of the sexes, preserved as it has been, intact, through all the vicissitudes to which our race has been subject, without the convictions that the record—"male and female created he them," conveys an important physiological fact, namely: that a certain numerical sex-ratio was originally stamped upon the generic life-stream of the race. The popular notions that a particular *decubitus* in sexual embrace, or subsequently in gestation, or that the will of the party which predominates, or that climate or seasons, or the all-prevailing moon, influence or determine this must be regarded as purely speculative. What must have ever been and what must continue so vital to the well-being of the race, could not have been left to the caprice of circumstances, no, the law of the Universe ineffably and beneficently stamped sex-ratio upon the primordial race-mould and the race can therefore no more break away from this law than from the law of genus.

In the act of impregnation there are transmitted: 3d. Moulds of being, corresponding to and resembling those of the parents. This accounts in the main for all the striking differences of form, proportion, color as well as the subtler distinctions in the human organization which are denominated constitutions, temperaments, idiosyncrasies.

It is a high prerogative and a solemn truth that in the act of impregnation we impress our offspring with our own moulds of being; with our own physical, mental and moral natures. This truth should never be lost sight of. Let every woman know and believe that the strong frame and noble fashion, vigorous life-force and exalted spirit of the man she loves and marries shall determine largely the fashion and organization of her offspring, and that in their individualities she shall surely find resemblances which, more than anything else, will reward her sacrifices, and comfort and sustain her under all her cares and burdens. Let every man know and believe that the finely wrought physique, purity of blood-force, loveliness of spirit and charm of character of the woman he woos and weds shall stamp their outlines of grace, beauty and power somewhere upon, or within on the cherub forms of his children.

Conversely, let every woman know that whatever of unsightliness is individualized in the physique of the man she marries, whatever of deformity in his mental constitution, whatever of baseness in his moral nature, will unmistakably impress themselves on their offspring. And let every man know that whatever uncomeliness is individualized in the physical, mental and moral nature of the woman he marries, will be reflected in accurate portraiture in the body-mould and mental and moral endowments of their children.

The individualities of both parents descend to their children or their children's children, and from this law there is no escape; and these individualities impress the race and are never lost, except as the given branch or family may perish without reproduction. True, that of one parent may predominate over that of the other, which may not declare itself in the first succeeding generations; yet that it fails not to be transmitted, we have evidence in the remarkable fact that it may always be found in one or another of the following generations; the translation taking place in some instances over to the third, fourth, and even to the fifth and sixth. The great truth to be impressed upon the mind is this: in the new life springing from a vivified germ, there is no sifting out of the individualities of either parent. They touch the race

alike; though they touch the same generation unequally. Sometimes there are found in offspring an unequal blending, and a beautiful and perfect harmonizing of the individualities of either parent. This is the realization of the original and perfect law of reproduction. Could the marital relation always secure a perfect adaptation of organization, the resultant progeny would always preserve this completeness and harmony and beauty of being. As it is, however, in the economy of nature, the immediate offspring are most commonly unequally impressed, though time never fails to equalize the impression as the family runs on into successive generations.

Individuality embraces the entire being, body and spirit, and everything engrafted on either, so as to become an integral part thereof. Accordingly there are transmitted in the act of impregnation.

4th. Diseases which as a class so engraft themselves on the life-forces, so grow into and become an integral part of the constitution as to stamp themselves irrevocably on the individuality of either parent. Diseases of this class may or may not have a local habitation or a name; may or may not be expressed through localized or general suffering. They may pervade the life-forces so subtly as to escape the consciousness of the victim or the eye of the medical adviser.

What a solemn, startling truth is this, and should be written in letters of inextinguishable light upon the altar of every home where consumption haunts with hectic beauty and cheating hope, or where scrofula stalks with hydro-cephalic head, distorted vertebra and leprous skin, or where misery-making idiocy has made wreck of all that is beautiful in human form. Would that it could be indelibly inscribed on the door panels of every house of shame, high as well as low where woman with power accorded to her by nature to elevate and bless, woos to corrupt and wins to destroy.

The great primary truth, that diseases are a part of our individuality become transmitted in impregnation, has a corollary truth worthy a place in this connection, and too important to pass unheeded. It is this, that such diseases when inherited or acquired are irrevocable, and beyond the reach of art or medicine. It must be admitted that this corollary neither flatters the profession, learned, studious, and aspiring ever, nor pays compliment to impudent, ignorant, vaunting charlatany.

As I have traced the history of a man once happy, in health and reputation, home and estate from the time he first tampered with the intoxicating glass on through his swift career, till his stalwart frame trembled with disease and his proud spirit shivered in despair, till he was "naught but a pauper whom nobody owned," and his only prayer, rum or death. And as I have watched his once honored and love-glad wife at last a drunkard's widow in a garret or cellar home, and his children fed on crumbs and couched on straw, I have thought how fleet and terrible are even earthly retributions. But what of the Nemesis which haunts his path who, a slave to passion, and fearless of results, or timid and cheated by these lying pledges of impurity, dallies with pleasure and bows his soul to sin and shame, and his blood to vice and taint—who, afterwards wins away from a home-circle where she was alike the joy and hope, a pure, trusting and forever loving girl, and in the holy embrace of wedded love, casts upon her waiting ova corrupt and poison-bearing spermatozoon! Mark his portion in a few faithful life pictures.

Picture first. His own health, after an indefinite time, betrays the mischievous work of ruin. Erythematous blotches dapple his blanched and cachectic skin; ulceration corrodes the fauces, caries gnaws with a merciless tooth and makes cavernous his bones, crippled, emaciated, haggard, he spends his days in anxiety and weariness, and his nights in mingled dreams and horror. His voice becomes husky and faint, and finally lost; he swallows first with difficulty, then with pain, and at last with torture; more and more putrescent, he lives in self-detestation, remorse and hopeless lamentation, and dies scourged as with tongues of fire, and with curses in his heart and upon his lips.

Picture second. He himself suffers with little else appreciable than a mottled, or dappled, or pimpled skin, and this at times made temporarily to clear off by a round of medicines. But in the meantime his wife's sweet face grows pale and stricken, her vigorous frame haggard and trembling, her strong and steady heart beats faint and shivering, and under the daily added anxiety, and exhaustion, and distress of wasting disease, unsuspecting and faithful to the last, she at last enters into the eternal tearless rest, where, thank God, no defilement of earth can follow.

Picture third. He remains the same as last portrayed, but his wife's contamination takes on a more aggressive career. After repeated impregnations, her general health, otherwise at first but little affected, her throat becomes like the vortex of hell, with the fire and stench of destructive ulceration, her nasal bones waste, and their proud arch falls in, and her teeth drop out, and her bleared and half-blinded eyes weep tears of pus, or her skull is seized upon by torturing caries, and is eaten out line by line, inch by inch, till in her agony, and humiliation, and rottenness, she exiles herself from the atmosphere and ministry of love and kindness, and dies like an outcast; or her skin is smitten by the leprous curse of

his guilt, and she, pitied for a time, is at last loathed and abandoned to the tongues of dogs.

Picture fourth. Neither he nor she betrays any boldly marked insignia of their contamination, and yet as surely as she conceives she sooner or later aborts, and always with a dead or rotten embryo, or, more successful, gives birth to living children—but note their history: The first-born, through painful days, and nights, and months, and years, just grown to feel the touch of manly aspiration and of the world's great want, is overtaken by the insatiated and relentless waste of hectic frost and fire, and fades and dies like a frost-stricken leaf. Their second-born has long since been laid in the tomb of their first sorrow. Their third-born and last surviving child totters tremblingly to their knees and clings languidly for support, his feeble limbs never climbing the chair backs with gymnastic glee, his little feet never pattering the halls and corridors in sportive leap, or tramping the floor in martial pomp and miniature battle charge, his voice never singing with the glad, wild note of joy, which cheats old time and makes us young again; but the faint hope glimmering through his doubtful life, withers upon their breaking hearts, for he soon fades away and carries into the tomb a family name thus destined to perish from among men.

Away with the popular sentiment that it is a matter of indifference, beyond himself how a young man shapes his course. For be assured that health impaired and blood corrupted by his dissoluteness concern more than himself, though his were enough to shake him from his infatuate purpose; more than mother or father, whose hair whitens faster at the spectacle of his folly than by the lapse of years; more than brother or sister whose brows lighten with joy at the memory of what he was, but blanch with shame at the record of what he is; more than his heart-broken wife who has been cheated by his vows, and poisoned by his blood, and dishonored by his name; yea, more than all these they concern the ill-fated children through whom alone he is linked to the future of the race.

In conclusion, our subject plainly teaches that for any who are knowingly possessed of contaminated blood to enter into the parental relation is a crime. I say *crime* and no less so because human law and justice are too materialized to reach and suppress it.

The crime is two-fold.

1st. It is a crime against the offspring of such wedlock.

The wrong inflicted smites the defenseless. The poison scattered corrupts the innocent. The blight entailed tarnishes the purity, the beauty and glory of the otherwise undefiled.

2d. It is a crime against the race.

Look over the world and watch one generation from the womb to the tomb. Its infancy is weakness, its maturity is frailty, its old age is disease. It is born in suffering, it lives by struggle and is buried in sorrow and tears. Who can voluntarily add to its decay, augment its sufferings or embitter its sorrows and be criminally guiltless?

But what of frailty and disease, pain and sorrow, blight and premature death may be inflicted upon a single generation, by no means measures the crime against the race; for race embraces our humanity for all time, and what of evil it embodies overleaps the graves of the generations and perpetually renewed, curses forever more!

"There needeth not the hell that bigots frame
To punish those who err; earth in itself
Contains at once the evil and the cure.
And all sufficing nature can chastize
Those who transgress her laws she only knows
How justly to proportion to the fault
The punishment it merits."

After the lecture the subject of it was discussed in an animated manner by Messrs. Wilcox, Dawson, Dr. Atkinson, Dr. Lambert, Dr. Merrill, S. P. Andrews, Mrs. Dougherty, Henry Evans, and the lecturer of the evening.

Many complimentary remarks were made relative to the character and excellence of the lecture, and but few criticisms were made against it. All seemed highly pleased with the instruction and interest imparted by it.

JULY 16TH.

THREE HUNDRED AND SECOND MEETING.

A paper was read by DR. R. A. GUNN, upon

Food and Medicine.

By way of introduction the lecturer said, that many popular fallacies were rooted in the public mind, and that they were supported by the unscientific utterances of those who hold themselves up for public teachers. He associated the terms *food* and *medicine* because of the intimate relation they bear to each other.

After giving the proportions of the chemical elements and proximate principles that exist in the human body, he showed how these were being constantly removed by destructive assimilation, and their places supplied from the blood, which in turn was supplied from the food taken into the body.

He divided human life into three periods: the period of growth, the period of interchange, and the period of decay; and then dwelt at considerable length on the proper food for each period.

He denounced the fallacies and errors that prevail in regard to infant feeding, and stated that infants

often died of starvation even though the stomachs are kept loaded. This is due to the inferior quality of prepared foods. The practice of diluting cow's milk one-half and adding large quantities of sugar is productive of much harm. From a comparison of human and cow's milk, it will be seen that the addition of two per cent of water and one drachm of sugar of milk to the pint, will very closely approximate human milk. The milk should be given at the ordinary temperature of the living room of the child; for in this way the variable temperature that is sure to follow all attempts at heating it is avoided.

In the prime of life—the period of interchange—the diet should be a mixed one, of animal and vegetable food. Tripe, oysters and fish do not contain such a large percentage of phosphorus as has been asserted. The idea that so-called phosphatic foods are valuable to brain workers is greatly overdrawn.

During the period of decay—after the age of fifty—food should be prepared so that it can be easily digested. Meats and vegetables should be cut very fine before eaten. A little alcohol, daily, is of great advantage in arresting excessive waste of tissue. In this period of life it has a decided food action.

The lecturer then spoke of the influence diet has on disease, and claimed where food was given with special reference to its influence on any disease, it might properly be considered a medicine.

He also denounced the popular prejudice against the medicinal use of opium, alcohol and other drugs. He pointed out the advantages of opium in preventing the loss of vital force from severe pain, and of alcohol in shock and severe nervous prostration. Both may be abused the same as the use of food may be; but this is no reason why we should deny ourselves and our fellow beings the benefits to be derived from their proper use.

He pointed out a few of the fallacies that have prevailed in regard to medicine, and cautioned the public against them; and concluded with a tribute to the zeal and self-sacrifice of the medical profession.

After the lecture a spirited discussion took place, participated in by Dr. Vandeweyde, Dr. Lambert, Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Ormsby, Dr. Atkinson, and closed by Dr. Gunn. Some personalities passed between some of the speakers.

A Plea for Secular Schools.

What is religion? Is it necessary?

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Numerous as are the devotees of religion there are but very few who ever earnestly reflect on the first of the two foregoing questions, and fewer yet are those who have anything like a correct understanding of it. The large majority of believers seem never to think of or to trouble themselves about finding out *what religion is*. For of what value is it even to those who imagine to know and to love it? Education and mental culture are of the highest improvement to men; but of what value is religion? Of none whatever, and obtained as all valueless things, too easily. Men get their education and culture only by enlightening their minds by dint of hard study, while they receive their religion without any effort, and as it were, *passively*, first from their parents as an *inheritance*, then further at Sunday-schools, at a period of their lives when their reasoning faculties are yet undeveloped and when their plastic minds would receive *anything* as truth that parents and teachers might represent to them as such. Their childish simplicity and natural reverence for these persons would never doubt the truth of their teachings, even if their (the children's) mind were less confidently trusting in it than it certainly is at that period, and when their imperfect judgment was not yet too unripe to form conclusions for themselves. Religion, then, or what is represented to them and taught as religion, is thus planted into their young and tender minds, where it finds nourishment in their best qualities, gets strength and is growing as they themselves are growing, and by the time they have reached the period of manhood and reason, their "religion"—with all the superstitions, errors and prejudices adhering to it—has gained such control over them that they cannot free themselves from its blasting influence any more even if their awakened reason should teach them better. They may now see its fallacies, regret its effect on them, and resolve to combat its influence, but—it is, for most of them, *too late now*. How ever keenly they may face the contrast between their "religion" and the *truth*, as found out by reason—it is but rarely that one made thus early the victim of religion and its effect, can ever free himself from its influence; for it is not enough that enlightened reason sees the *real facts*, and desires to gain its freedom. It wants also the *strong will* and the *unflinching courage* to reform in compliance with the former, and to accomplish the latter, unhappily just the two qualities which the blasting influence of religion has weakened the most. Thus it is that scarcely one out of twenty succeeds to free himself from the bondage to which religion has reduced his mind's energies, no matter whatever may be the strength of his reason or the light of his intelligence.

It is, then, but a small, a very small minority that dare to question the truth of the doctrines, the value of the rites and forms that have been taught as represented to them as *religion*, and who have a mind or

the capacity either to examine them impartially, fearlessly or critically. And yet it is but this very small minority who, if they, after a judicious examination, do yet believe in any religion at all, are the only *true* believers in religion, because they have tried to prove it and believe with *conviction*. But even these honest believers can never agree with one another in *defining* religion, in telling in exactly *what it is*. And very naturally so, too, for "religion" is at best but an *idea*, an *abstraction*, which must necessarily be colored by the prism of the individual mind, and thus must appear differently to every one individual believer, hence even the best educated, most learned and greatest scholars cannot give us an all-satisfying and generally accepted definition of it, but are eternally disputing and quarreling with each other about one. The best definition of "religion" given yet, seems to me, is that of Mr. F. E. Abbot, of the *Index*, "An effort to perfect ourselves." This, however, is only the best because the most *rational*, the most *truly human*, but is also, for that very reason in fact, no definition of "religion," but merely of the *rationale* of men's being, *i. e.*, of what he ought to aspire and live for. Good, then, and very acceptable, as this definition is *in itself*, and cannot really be accepted as a definition of "religion." For, according to the common acceptance of the word "religion"—as well as understood by those who actually believe in, or pretend to have religion, as by those who do not believe in or pretend to have any religion whatever—includes necessarily a belief in *God* and in some (*fancied*) relations between God and men. Definitions of religion, including these essential points, seem then, to me, more correct, however unsatisfactory they may be in other respects; such definitions, for instance, as Webster's "The recognition of God as an object of worship, love and obedience," or "Any system of faith and worship," and others.

But when we then further consider that we *cannot know* anything at all, either of God as of the relation between him and men, it naturally follows that religion itself can be nothing else than an *illusion*, a *phantom of the imagination*, and hence as unreal as a definition of it is impossible. All the "religion" that a man can have, then, or ought to have, is reduced to Mr. Abbott's definition, "an effort to perfect ourselves."

Having thus answered my *first*, my *second* question is thereby also answered of itself—answered, however, only *theoretically*, *practically* it comes ever up before us again and again. We are told daily—and not merely by priests, ministers and their dupes, but also by intelligent and even Liberal men—that religion is necessary, at least, for the *uneducated masses*. It was but a few days ago that I was told so in a talk with two quite intelligent and Liberal men, and it is, in fact, this talk that induced me to write this communication.

Now, Mr. Editor, is this so? Is religion necessary in spite of its *airiness*, its *chimerical* character? It certainly *cannot be*; and yet I believe we may answer this question both *affirmatively* and *negatively*, and both answers may yet be true and correct. *Negatively* I have already answered it in answering my first question, as I did above. For when religion is, as I believe it is, merely an *abortion of the imagination*, having no *existence in reality*, it can, of course, *not be necessary*. Nor are the doctrines, rites and forms generally taken for religion really religion; they are but *mistaken* for it, and being wrong—at least not all of them good, neither in themselves nor in their effects—they can, certainly, also not be necessary. Nevertheless, I would submit religion, in its common acceptance, with all its faults and even evils, *was yet necessary* for that low class of its votaries, at least, who have been made so depraved by its teachings and its effect on them, that they now know of other motive for good, nor of any other restraint from licentiousness. Religion, I further submit, was neither any better nor any worse for them *originally* than for others; but it is their misfortune to have got too much of it, so that they have become so ignorant, superstitious and depraved by it, that *now* but religion alone—or rather the *awe and fear it has for them*—can yet retain their depraved nature from being worse yet, and from becoming a menace and danger to society. And this very depravity of their nature having, by the very influence of religion, made them callous to the teachings of reason and common sense and to human sentiments, it would actually be dangerous for society to take *now* from them the only restraint that can yet keep them from destroying society. So, whatever else the nature of religion may be, it may be *good*, it may be *necessary* for them as they are.

But because it may only be so *for them*, and as they are, it must also be clear that it is the duty of the State and of society to prevent that any of its younger members may or ever can become as depraved as they, shall grow up under similar religious training and teaching, and to prevent that religion may ever become thus necessary for its younger and future citizens as for these elder and depraved ones, in order to save society from their depravity. The great, the all-important question is then, how is the State and society to prevent this without violating the sacredness of individual conscience and liberty?

There is but one answer to this question, Sir, but one way to accomplish this. Since *ignorance*, *superstition* and a *false teaching* are the cause of the degra-

dation of the former class; education and good teaching must be the talisman that is to prevent the growing up generation from becoming as depraved, as dangerous as the former. Prevent, destroy then, the ignorance and superstition, and cultivate the intelligence, morality and humanity of the growing generation by judiciously instructing and educating them in free and secular public schools, and make it compulsory for every child between the ages of say from six to fifteen years, to frequent regularly these free and secular schools for at least half their regular school days.

Yours for humanity,
TITUSVILLE, Pa., May 26th, 1875.

Bible Obituaries—No. I: Jonah.

BY M. P. ROSECRANS.

Lost to the world about two thousand seven hundred and thirty-six years ago, Jonah, age unknown to us. Neither can we tell correctly the land that gave him birth; but we are sure it was neither Tarshish nor Nineveh. Yes, dear reader, he is gone, and the places that knew him once will know him no more forever. This makes us sad and we try to drop a tear; but our eyes shed no moisture for the reason, he was no relative of ours, was a crusty peevish old bachelor, as far as we know, and were we to weep it would be for sympathy with wife and children.

At the time he lived names were scarce and he had but one simple appellation—Jonah. Were he living at this time, in our day and age of the world, and poor, his name would be Jone for short; but if he were rich he would be called the Hon. Lord Augustus William Alexander Napoleon Charlemagne Fitz Herber Mortimer Jonah, A.B., A.M., D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. As a sailor his experience would have dubbed him with the title of Commodore, at least, and as a preacher, among the wealthy he would be called the Right Reverend A. W. N. Jonah, Doctor of Divinity, Rector of the great City of Nineveh, and among publicans and sinners it would be the Reverend Morgan Jonah, the sailor preacher.

Like many persons of the present day he had a call to preach, but preaching in his day did not pay; neither were there fine churches *a la* Henry Ward Beecher's at Brooklyn. Under this state of affairs Jonah paid no attention to the call; it had no attraction for him. But the call at last was too loud for poor Jonah; it rang in his ears by night and by day; it made him extremely uncomfortable. Had he been called to preach near home among friends where he was acquainted it would not have been so bad for him; but the call was for Nineveh, a strange city, a great city, and the words he was to tell them, was to carry to them, were not the gospel of glad tidings of the present day; he had no plan of salvation opened up in his discourses; he was to preach death and destruction to all, rich and poor, king and servant, horses and cattle, sheep and asses. Poor Jonah! How we feel for thee! How we sympathize with thee in thy great trouble! In thy affliction! You saw no fine Church awaiting you in the distance; no fat salary, no worshipping congregation. You had no Elizabeth in prospect; you saw no converts to minister to your temporal wants while you ministered to their spiritual. No, you were encouraged by nothing of this nature. You fled from home, you bade your father Amitai, farewell, you ran away; you embarked in a ship; you were caught in a storm; you fell among gamblers, they cast lots to see who was the unlucky man, and the lot fell on Jonah. You were cast into the sea like meat cast into a boiling pot; the sea became calm, the waves ceased to roll, and the ship reached Tarshish with all on board except Jonah; where is he? We are thankful that we are not left in doubt; that our story is not yet ended; that Jonah is not yet dead, and that his powers of endurance were remarkable—were equal to the emergency. A fish gulped him down, swallowed all there was of Jonah, and thus saved his life—saved him from drowning. In this kind of a boat Jonah commenced navigation on his own hook, and yet he did not enjoy life here. He thought he was in the belly of hell; he thought this worse than preaching without church or salary; he prayed inside the fish that had preyed on him; he stuck it out for three days in his solitary prison; he was nearly starved; food was scarce and the accommodations were not good for cooking. Jonah was hungry; he could not sleep in this craft; he was in great horror of being digested. He kept up a continual commotion; the fish though it had dyspepsia; it became sick, its stomach began to heave and at last it heaved up Jonah. They bade each other a sad farewell. Jonah was not well prepared for the fish, but the fish was prepared for Jonah. There was discord, there was inharmonious, and their parting was without regret. Jonah made up his mind to preach, he knew he could not worst it, he had already been in hell and he knew of no worse place. He went to Nineveh that great city of three day's journey; that city of one hundred and twenty thousand people. He was excited, he cried out with a loud voice; "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." He felt glad of the fact, he felt mean; he felt that he had suffered greatly on account of that great city; that on account of the people of that city he had fled from home; had left his friends; had caused the waves to roll; the ship to rock; the sailors to gamble, and himself to be cast

into the briny deep; to be swallowed by a fish as bait without a hook; to live three days and nights without much air, with no food or drink save what he found in the bowels of the fish, and this in a bad state of preparation. Oh, Jonah! Now we begin to feel for thee in thy great distress; in thy sad affliction! Had you remained quiet you would have been done for; you would have been used up; you would have taken the regular course of nature; your turbulent disposition saved you; you kept a continual commotion; you determined to escape; you began to pray; the digestive organs of the fish refused to act; for three days and nights the end was uncertain; but pray in your case was better than prey; your prayers had more force and greater effect than Tyndall's physic; in your case the prayer guage prevailed, and you were free.

But we suppose Jonah is dead at last; we suppose he died near the wilted gourd; he had stood all these trials, had been in the belly of hell, had told a lie, he was angry, he even said it was better for him to die than live and be tormented so. We never heard of him afterwards—we suppose he committed suicide. Being a false prophet he was not highly honored; he had no monument erected, no marble statue; yet, did we know where his bones lie we should be tempted to organize a *mite society*, and raise money to purchase a statue to mark the spot where lie the ashes of Jonah, the sailor-preacher. As it is, we are powerless; we can do nothing worthy of him. And still, every time we see a fish we think of him, and when we see a large fish we almost fancy he is present. Oh, how we wish we knew his fate! the full account of his death; how, after escaping the perils of the sea, he died as a land critter.

Farewell, Jonah! We have written thy obituary, all we know of thee. May thy life, as recorded, be a warning to all young men who think they are called to preach! May they never be swallowed by a big fish, and if this result be attained, we will be glad to have written thy obituary.

Friendly Correspondence.

R. SORENSON, Monroe, Utah, writes: If anything can spread light in the dark corners of this world, I think your paper can do it. If you can only secure a candid hearing, I assure you would carry conviction and dispel the dark superstition that has so long ruled the world.

H. W. DRIVER, Lonoke, Ark., writes: Speed the good work. Our cause here in our little town is gaining new converts from orthodoxy every day. Your paper and other Liberal publications are acting as "eye openers" for the people. I would not be willing to do without your paper.

H. G. GRATTAN, Waukon, Iowa, writes: I believe that you are doing a good work, and trust you will meet with ample success. The old *Investigator* has long been my spiritual adviser, and I cannot afford to let any other publication supersede it; but I will also make room for yours along with it.

HALSEY COLLINS, Rockford, Iowa, writes: Please continue sending me THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am an old man nearly seventy years of age, and I want something to give me courage. Your paper is "victuals and drink" and almost lodging for me. Money is hard to get, but I must spare a little of the small amount of it I have for your paper.

SAMUEL STRAUSS, Chicago, writes: I wish to say that your TRUTH SEEKER reaches the minds of the laboring classes, who understand the same much better than the well paid for, and still mind confounding teachings of their religious guides. Away with these teachers. Give us light and we can see for ourselves. Light, light forever. Education, humanity, universal brotherhood. Down with the barriers, up with mental freedom!

L. C. ROOT, East Minneapolis, Minn., writes: I send you herewith one year's subscription. Count me a life subscriber. Draw on me when anything is due from me to you. I do not wish to be lacking in my support of such a noble paper. I hope the time will come when you can see your way clear to make it a weekly; for I get lonesome waiting for it between times and watch every mail closely when it is due. It is a feast to my mental soul to drink in its precious truths. Go on, dear brother; may your days be long, for such as you are much needed in this priest-ridden land.

J. W. MACKIE, San Francisco, Cal., writes: Enclosed I hand you one dollar for which send me its value in assorted tracts of your publishing. Let me improve the present occasion to say that I like THE TRUTH SEEKER all through and through. The reports of the N. Y. Liberal Club are worth far more than the price of the paper. I cannot see how you can afford to give so much reading matter and of such good quality for the little money. I really hope you will be able to stand the press. You see Liberalism was not liberal enough to support *Common Sense* on the Pacific Coast, for which I am very sorry. Yours for truth and liberality.

DR. J. S. LYON, Springfield, Mo., writes: Allow me to congratulate you in behalf of the growing interest your paper is eliciting from thinking minds from every quarter. Its motto truly is *progression*—onward—upward. There seems to be a gradual improvement in each succeeding number, which makes its regular appearance freighted with choice articles from the moral and scientific world, supplying rich, wholesome, nutritious food to the myriads of hungry, starving intellects unconsciously seeking it. It handles the wily priesthood without gloves, and spares no pains in reporting and exposing the errors of old theology, thus adapting itself so perfectly to the great want of the present age. I regard it a treasure I would most unwillingly part with. May it ever live to expel error and encourage the honest seeker of truth.

THOMAS FEE, Lindsay, Ont., writes: Our good cause is gaining ground here. I am inducing a good many to commence reading Liberal tracts, books and papers. I

keep a small circulating library of Liberal reading matter for which our Methodist minister gave me an overhauling in one of his sermons for distributing. (I was once one of the props of that church, but I could no longer be a hypocrite.) He made one admission in his discourse that speaks volumes for the cause of Liberalism; that was that it took educated men and men of talents to be Infidels. Probably he meant by that I was not qualified to be an Infidel. I never in my life felt more than now that we need papers like THE TRUTH SEEKER, with Liberal works of various kinds together with the exertions of Liberal-minded and talented men to obviate the prevailing ignorance, superstition and popular delusions in the minds of the people. Send me Draper's Conflict, the Bhagvad-Gita, and one dollar's worth of your tracts.

Our friend, uncle THOMAS H. DODGE, Oxford, O., writes:

Once more in hand I take my pen,
To write to you, my dearest friend,
To let you know that I am well,
And on Long street I still do dwell.
I'm working hard both day and night
For THE TRUTH SEEKER, ain't I right?
Methinks that I do hear you say,
Yes, uncle Tom, that's the right way.
Press on, press on, and let them know
Their God is all an empty show.

He also enclosed the following lines on THE OLD ROCKING-CHAIR:

The old arm-chair where mother sat
And rocked me while I sucked the teat,
'Tis fresh within my memory yet;
That rocking-chair I'll ne'er forget,
That old arm-chair with rockers on
She's rocked me to and fro upon;
And sung to me the sweet lullaby,
And rocked me that I would not cry;
That old arm-chair, its praise I'll sing,
So oft to me did pleasure bring.
When weary, cold, hungry and wet,
In the old arm-chair I oft have sat
And rocked my weary limbs when sore;
The old arm-chair'll ne'er rock me more;
The old arm-chair my mother had—
She's rocked me in it—so has dad—
That rocking-chair I'll see no more
That's rocked me on the parlor floor,
Its back and arms and legs you see,
Forever now, have gone from me;
No more I'll rest my weary head
On the arm-chair, for it has fled,
Farewell, old chair, 'tis fate's decree
That I shall rock no more with thee.

OTTO SMITH, Davenport, Iowa, writes: You have, my dear sir, within a very brief space of time brought your journal to a level with the very best anti-Christian advocates of the age. You have evidently endorsed the old Roman maxim, *fortuna audacem juvat*, and hence you will feel well. There is no use in handling the so called Christian Church with kid gloves. It requires a mailed hand for the purpose of tearing down that structure which always has been and now is the impediment of the main avenue mankind must pass through on their march to true civilization. Speaking of the Church at large, it seems to me, however, it is the Catholic Church we have to dread much more than that of any other denomination, because it represents one solid phalanx with spears extended like that of the Spartans and Macedonians; whilst the so called Lutheran Church is divided into hundreds of different classes, hostile and vindictive to each other. The Papists are now more than ever heretofore striving to get the control of our public schools, or partly so by claiming their share of the funds destined to sustain said schools, and they have in divers instances and sections of our broad domain accomplished their foul schemes. We should all unite, and the press especially, in rebutting and annihilating further aggressions from and compromises with that quarter. The people should be warned in thunder-tones of the danger threatening them and their posterity by the downfall of our glorious system of education. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and without education there is no liberty. Let me suggest, therefore, that while you hammer away lustily at the tottering church in general, you will pay attention to the Catholic Church in special and without intermission. As for the Lutheran, it will probably not dare to try again to establish the Lord in the constitution; and if it does, the people will protest as vehemently as heretofore. When shall we have a law making the property of all the churches liable to taxation? That question should always be on the tapis.

DANIEL TUTTLE, Poplar, O., writes: I get your paper regularly and cannot help thinking that it is one of the best armed sentinels to-day upon the battlements of human freedom, one that is not asleep at his post. Hailing as it does from an atmosphere of putrid moral corruption, when within the sound of your press a six-months' high court of blue cockalorum has been in session with closed doors against virtue and justice, in the pay of Plymouth Church to sanctify debauchery and make adultery and perjury respectable, and incorporate them into the holy sacraments of the Church of God. I wonder sometimes that you with all the other papers of New York are not bought and sold for the sake of Jesus. When I take a survey of the times as they now are all over the land, I am amazed and astonished. I have become a royal arch granger. I am down on the "middle men" and middle gods. I totally object and protest against all the almighty gods in the Universe, except the one almighty principle of right. To this power I give my admiration, but not my homage or adoration. I care not by what name it may be called; but this is the only power I love, respect and admire. And I don't want even this god to have a large squad of angels about him; either seraphims, cherubims or any other evangelical whims. With wings on their shoulders and the ends with blood tipped, and in each hand a Sharp's rifle or with revolvers equipped.

I protest also against that "middle man" Jesus Christ. I want none of his blood, carcass, goods, wares, or notions, and I will not have them at any price; for they have been so long peddled around the world at wholesale, retail, and long-tail by the Rev. blood sucking cannibals until all and every part of "old Zion" is nothing to-day but a putrid moral tophet. The most abominable and cursed gang of hell-whelps and loafing middlemen; the most impudent and debauched horde of bloodthirsty robbers among the people, against whom I protest in the name of humanity, is the 50,000 "white choker" gentlemen supporters of a vindictive god! These worse than frogs, lice, famine, pestilence, earthquakes, tornadoes and fires, are now eating the best and fattest of the land, and by their influence are debauching the fairest portion of our country, while they chant their hallelujahs at the desolation they make. Go ahead, though the infernal Comstocks of your Zion howl; though the Reverend Elders gnash their teeth, and Beecher and his sanctified sympathizers should oppose you. "Truth though crushed to earth will rise again."

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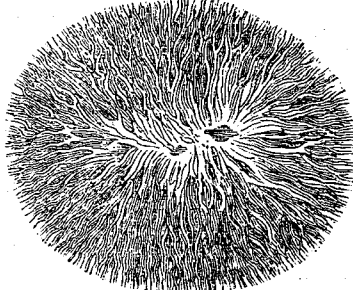
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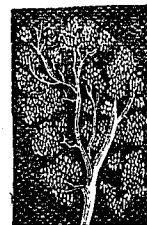
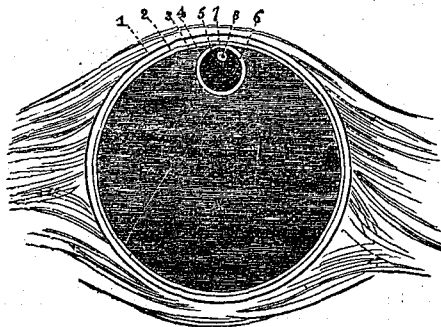
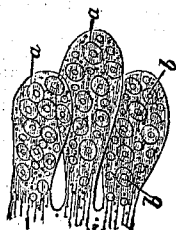
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Odds and Ends.

AN ORATOR who had raised his audience to a great height by his lofty roarings, exclaimed: "I will now close in the beautiful language of the poet—I forget his name—and, I forget what he said, too."

"MY DEAR," said a husband to his better half, after a quarrel, "you will never be permitted to go to heaven."

"Why not?"

"Because you will be wanted as a torment down below."

This odd advertisement is from an English newspaper:

"My husband is out on a strike. He prefers that to work. He ain't of any use to me. I must work to keep the children and myself. His ten shillings goes in beer. I'll swap him while he's on a strike for a sewing-machine."

A TALL Western girl named Short, long loved a big Mr. Little; while Little, little thinking of Short, loved a little lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Little's shortcomings. So Short meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before long, which caused Little in a short time to marry Long. Query, did tall Short love big Little less because Little loved Long?

DOT LAMBS WHAT MARY HAF GOT.

Mary haf got a leetle lambs already;
Dose vool vos vite like shnow;
Und efery times dot Mary did vend oud,
Dot lambs vend also out, vid Mary.

Dot lambs dit follow Mary von day of der school-house.

Vich vos obposition to der rules of her schoolmaster;
Also, vich it dis caused dose chillen to schmile oud loud.

Ven dey did saw dose lambs on der inside of der school-house.

Und zo dot schoolmaster dit kick der lambs gwick oud;

Likewise dot lambs dit loaf around on der outsides.

Und dit shoo der flies mlt his tail off patiently about—

Undil Mary dit come also, from dot school-house oud.

Und den dot lambs dit run right away gwick to Mary,

Und dit make his het on Mary's arms.
Like he vould said, "I dond was schared,
Mary vould kept me from dhroubles enahow?"

"Vot vos der reason about it, of dot lambs unt Mary?"

Dose chillen dit ask it, dot schoolmaster;
"Vell, dond you know it, dot Mary lofe dose lambs already?"

Dot schoolmaster dit said.

BAPTIZED BY MISTAKE.—Some of our worthy colored brethren of the Baptist persuasion had a baptism down at the creek last Sunday, and the ceremony attracted a very large crowd of people. Mrs. Pitman's colored servant girl was very anxious to be present, and, as it was not her Sunday out, she slipped away from the house while the dinner was cooking, and went around in her working clothes. Her interest was so intense that she stood close to the minister, who was in the water, while the ceremony proceeded. After six or seven had been dipped, the clergyman, filled with enthusiasm, seized her and pulled her into the water. She resisted, but the minister imagined that she was merely afraid of the coldness of the water, so before she could explain the situation he soured her. She came up spluttering and exclaimed:

"What you doin'? Lemme go, I tell you!"

But he exerted his strength, and sent her "ker-chuck" below the surface again. She emerged, clawing the air wildly and shouting:

"G'way from here! Don't you chuck me under agin, you nigger!"

But the clergyman was inexorable, and he plunged her under a third time, and held her there for a minute, so as to let it soak in and do her good. Then she came up and struck for the shore, and standing

there, looking like a dragged mermaid cut in ebony, she shook her fist at the astonished pastor, and shrieked:

"Oh, I'll fix you! I'll bust the head offen you, you or'nary trash! sounsin' me in dat dare creek and nearly drowned me, when you knowed all de time dat I'se a Methodist, and bin chrissened by dem dat's yer betters, and knows more about religion den all de Baptisses dat ever shouted, you mis'able black scum! and me got the rheumatiz enough to set me crazy! Oh, I'll see what de law kin do for you! I'll have you 'rested dis very day, or my name's not Johanna Johnson, you wooly-headed her-rin'! You hear me?"

Then Johanna went home to redress, and the ceremony proceeded. Miss Johnson is now persuaded that the Baptists are not any better than pagans.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A BORNED DOCTOR.—Upon the examination yesterday morning before the Recorder, of M. Taylor, accused of administering poison to Mary Ann Tolden in a glass of soda water, Dr. Thomas Taylor, a colored "gemman," was called to the stand as a witness for the State. The doctor is a small-sized individual, is slipshod, walks with a cane, has a small head, scant of wool, solfenino eyes, mouth cut biased, and the look of one who has an eye to the main chance.

The doctor hobbled up to the stand and proceeded to answer the questions put to him by the Court, thusly:

By the Court—What is your name?

Dr. Taylor—Dr. Thomas Taylor.

Court—What is your trade? What do you do for a living?

Dr. Taylor—I'se a doctor—er fission (physician).

Court—Under what school of medicine do you study?

Dr. Taylor—Hey! Didn't study 'tall. Cum into de wurla' doctor. Was borned a doctor. You see, boss. I cures people wid dis yere han', dis yere right han'. I jes puts it on 'em, and does a little summen to 'em, and dey gits well; I does. I was worth more ter my old masser than all de oder niggers he had, I'se a doctor, I is. (Here the witness surveyed the audience with a great deal of gravity and importance, hitched up his pants, and turned again to the Court.)

Court—Do you know Mary Ann Tolden? If you do, state what was her condition when you visited her Sunday or Monday last.

Dr. T.—I knows her. Well, boss, you know, last Sunday or Monday. I disremember which, I was called in 'fessionally to see de young lady. I found her in 'vulsions and 'plaining of thing wurrien 'bout her heart. Says I, "Mary Ann, what's de matter?" Says she, "Doctor, I feel things wurkin' round my heart." I put dis yere right han' on her and she got still. I saw her sorter swelled out and felt things a wurkin' round in dere, and I knowed she mus' have sum varmint in dere. So I give a table-spoonful of fresh milk, and den I took a speckled chicken—a real, natural chicken—and cut it open and put it on her right side, jes' over whar the heart beats. I kep' it dere for some time, may be half hour. De treatment fatched 'em out; cured her up.

Court—Have you a license to practice medicine?

Dr. Taylor—Yes, sir! (Here witness produced a city license issued Jan. 1875, signed by Mayor Hurley, authorizing him to carry on the occupation of a physician from Jan. 1, 1875, to July 1, 1875.)

Court—Can you read?

Dr. Taylor—No, sir; I don't need ter. I'se de sebeneth son of de sebeneth son. My nollige was born wid me.

Court—Have you a license from the County Board of Physicians?

Dr. T.—No, sir; what for I want to go to dem for? I'se a doctor, I is. I cures people with my han'—my right han'. I don't give no doctors' stuff. (Here witness looked disgusted, as though to insinuate that to go before the common board were a great insult.)

Court—Do you get pay for your visits and doctoring?

Dr. Taylor—Pay? Pay? In course I does. I'se no fool, I ain't. I'm a doctor, I is. Course I gets pay. I charges 'em \$25 for every case, and I make 'em pay me, I does. I'se a doctor, I is.—*Galveston News.*

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Notes and Clippings.

It is stated that the Dutch Cremation Society now number about 1,000 members.

THE SUN, in a somewhat severe article, winds up with; "Mr. Beecher had better leave off writing the life of Christ, and write the life of the Devil. That would be much more in his line."

EGYPT has two enlightened rulers who desire to put that country on the civilized track; they are the Kedhive himself and his Minister of Foreign Affairs. They hold that, while the doctrine "Egypt for the Egyptians" is a sound one, still, to run the machine on that system, a little more foreign talent and skill are needed. The old fogies growl at this.

"AMEN! amen!" shouted a Cedar Rapids parson, at the elegant remarks of a stranger at the camp-meeting. Suddenly the parson turned his eyes on the man, and, jumping up, screamed, "Catch him, brother, catch him! He's the three-card monte man that got my last month's salary." This is a fact, and the monte man is now in jail at Cedar Rapids.

SPENCE BOONE, a feeble-minded Kentucky nigger, was coming up out of the water of the Meherrin, wherein he had just been baptized. As he emerged he clapped his hands and shouted: "I've seen the Lord Jesus!" "Hush, you d-d fool!" exclaimed a brother convert who had been immersed in the same squad with Spence, "'twas nothing but a turkle! I seed it!"

BLOODY RIOT IN SAN SALVADOR.—At San Miguel, Salvador, a bloody riot, growing out of religious fanaticism, is reported. Generals Espinosa and Castro were killed and the former cut to pieces. Numerous lives were lost. The damage to property is estimated at \$1,000,000. "Pass-ports to heaven," signed by the Catholic bishops, were found on the dead rioters.

We seem to be threatened with another Beecher-Scandal trial. Gen. Morris has served a notice on Mr. Beecher's attorneys for a new trial, to come off in a few weeks, which it is intended to make more short and decisive than the former trial; when Mr. Beecher will be the party tried, in place of Mr. Tilton. Please wait, gentlemen, till the hot weather is over.

"I TRUST," said the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Sultan of Zanzibar, "that your Highness will not object to British missionaries having access to your dominions." "Certainly not," the Sultan replied. "I think that no obstacle should be placed in the way of so great an event as the English being brought to a knowledge of the true faith. Let them come, and my learned men shall instruct them."

THE PEACH CROP of Maryland and Delaware is enormous this season, amounting, it is believed, to ten millions of baskets. Extra efforts have been made to find a market for them. Special fruit trains have been arranged to carry hundreds of thousands of baskets of this luscious fruit as far west as Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chi-

cago and St. Louis. Large quantities will be shipped in refrigerators to Europe. Immense quantities will be brought to this city. Everybody ought to have plenty of peaches this year.

DR. ALLEN, of Philadelphia, was preaching one day in Tennessee to the Freedmen, when an old colored brother came to him after the sermon, and said: "I like to hear you preach, for I understand your preaching." "I am very glad of it," replied the Doctor. "But I understand every word you say." "I hope so; I try to make myself understood." Again the old African came to the charge. "Yes," he said, "I understand you jes as well as if you was a nigger." Dr. Allen acknowledged the compliment.

A LITTLE GIRL, named Sarah Chandler, in Lincolnshire, England, was recently sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment, and four years in a reformatory, for plucking a single flower from a geranium in the public grounds of an almshouse. In view of the many criminals who escape for committing most heinous offences, this instance was very severe and unequal. The official who passed the sentence is a clergyman; the Home Secretary, however, had the kindness of heart to revoke it.

THE very unusual rains which have prevailed in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and other western States for the last three weeks, have done incalculable damage. Streams have overflowed their banks, thousands of shocks of wheat have floated down with the surging tide, and that which has been left standing in the field is nearly ruined by the continued rain. It is indeed a saddening sight, after the husbandman, by toil and care, has secured a crop to see it destroyed or floated off by the ruthless flood. Bridges, fences and buildings have been carried away, and the danger is imminent that the Mississippi will overflow her bank, when immense damage will befall the cotton plantations. We fear the clerk of the weather has been negligent of his duty.

The *New Era*, the well-known Jewish monthly magazine, has a remarkable article by Mr. D. E. De Lara, against Christianity. He attacks Unitarianism and Trinitarianism alike, but directs his loudest thunderbolts against the Church of Rome. He contends that Jesus Christ was simply a Free Mason in the full sense of the term. In the course of his disquisition he refers to Dr. Lardner, Jt. Jerome, Bishop Marsh, Michaelis, and Origen. "The Jews," he says, "as a body are and ever have been attached to their religion; not because they believed it to be of divine origin, but because it is the only rational system of religion." His essay is to be continued in future numbers of the *New Era*, and it cannot fail to receive wide attention.

FALLEN FROM GRACE.—John McDuffy, the class-leader of the Methodist church of Patch Grove, Wis., and also leader of the Sabbath-school, has lapsed from virtue. It appears that the brother got on very intimate terms with his wife's sister, Mrs. Cornell. Mr. Cornell thinking them too much so, thought to watch the deacon. He made pretence that he would be from home all night, so the deacon thought he would take up lodgings in his place in his absence. After the lights were extinguished, Mr. Cornell entered and went to his wife's bed-room and there in bed with his wife lay the deacon as snug as could be. The whole church refused to believe the story, but upon Mr. McDuffy giving Mr. Cornell his note for \$500 for damages done him and his wife, the church had to give it up. Some of these deacons, with a little practice, would doubtless make good pastors.

MORE FRAUD FOR RELIGION'S SAKE.—Some time ago a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, residing near Covington, but not in charge of a parish, was accused of being drunk while delivering a sermon in St. John's Church of this city. The matter was speedily hushed up and whitewashed, a verdict of acquittal being rendered on the ground of temporary mental disorder instead of drunkenness. It was well known at the time by those most interested that the explanation was false. It has, however, come to a sudden end—the convivial clergyman having

been roaming around the past week in a state of inebriation that no whitewashing can conceal.

It is full time that religious denominations should understand that ministers, like other men, are prone to sin as the sparks to fly upward; and that when they fall, the most sacred interests of the cause demand that they shall be quietly but inexorably requested to withdraw from their places of trust—in other words, to "step down and out." A course that attempts to cover up such sin by what the world well knows to be nothing but deliberate deceit, is an open and heavy blow at the cause of Christ and his religion.—*Cincinnati Times*.

AMONG the recent heavy failures in this city may be mentioned that of J. B. Ford & Co., who were publishers for Henry Ward Beecher. It is to be feared that in addition to the heavy charges which already rest upon him he will also have to bear the responsibility of this failure. It seems that six years ago he entered into a written contract with the firm to write the "Life of Jesus the Christ," and to have it completed within eighteen months, and for the performance of the service he took, in advance, the snug sum of \$10,000 cash. In view of the great sale which the life of such a great character, written by such a great individual, would meet with, great expenses were incurred. The firm claim to have expended over \$90,000 upon the work, but the reverend gentleman—who had secured his pay and spent it—has been too busy, or too fond of pleasure to complete the work. The first volume has been printed a long time, but the second is not yet written. As the work was sold largely by subscription, thousands refuse to pay for the first volume until the work is completed, consequently the firm has large numbers remaining on hand, and being unable to induce Mr. Beecher to carry out his contract, laying out of large sums of money they otherwise would be in possession of, have been compelled to suspend. The verdict of the great American jury—the people—is plainly indicated by the almost total cessation in the sale of Mr. Beecher's works, thus confirming Sam Wilkinson's prediction that "the publicity of the scandal would knock the 'Life of Christ' higher than a kite." It would seem a pity that Christ should also be a sufferer by Beecher; but having had so many biographers, perhaps he can dispense with Henry Ward.

In a recent Lecture delivered by a reformed Catholic priest, Father Gerdemann, to a large audience in Philadelphia, he gave some startling facts relative to the Catholic clergy. He says that they have an inordinate desire for money. The poor people are importuned for money on all occasions. They must pay every time they go to church and every time the priest goes to them. He knows several priests who have been scarcely ten years in the business and have laid up \$20,000 and \$40,000 of the money they have taken from the poor laboring classes. In point of indulging the appetite for eating and drinking they evidently do not deny themselves. He says no class in the country live higher than the Catholic clergy and the quantity of wine, whiskey, and brandy they use is perfectly appalling. He has known of great numbers of cases of intoxication among them, and has known some to go to the altar to officiate in their professional capacity so much intoxicated that they could scarcely stand. In sexual indulgences they are also equally intemperate, large numbers of them keeping mistresses, and some more than one. This is the class of men the poor, ignorant dupes are dividing their hard earnings with, under the delusive idea that they are pleasing God and securing a passport to heaven. When will they learn the truth? But for the attendance of the Mayor and large numbers of police this apostate priest would doubtless have been mobbed by the enraged Catholic populace. On a subsequent occasion when Mr. Gerdemann was examined upon a trumped up charge against him, some three thousand Catholics gathered together and evinced a strong desire to have revenge upon him. Men and women almost frothing at the mouth, cried out, "kill him, kill him!" and but for the protection the police timely afforded him, they would doubtless have killed him on the spot. They cannot bear to have the truth told of them.

The Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion; or,

An Answer to the Question: Have We a Supernaturally Revealed, Infallibly Inspired and Miraculously Attested Religion in the World?

BY E. E. GUILD.

REVIEW OF THE EVIDENCE IN FAVOR OF MIRACLES, AND OF THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The substance of the best things that can be said in favor of miracles, and of the authenticity of the New Testament may be summed up in the following propositions:

1. There is an antecedent probability in favor of miracles as a means of authenticating revelation. 2. The doctrines of the Bible are of such a nature as to prove the book divine. 3. It is impossible to account for the existence of so many marvelous stories in the New Testament, only by supposing either that they are true, or that the Evangelists were guilty of wilfully falsifying in order to deceive. 4. Variations in the accounts of the Bible writers is no proof that what they record is false, inasmuch as "substantial agreement with circumstantial variety is characteristic of all human testimony."

1. *The antecedent probability.* Miracles, it is said, are necessary in order to authenticate revelation. This we deny, and therefore deny the probability of them. If God wished his creatures to be religious, the probability is, he would make them naturally so, and not so arrange the order of nature as to make it necessary to break in upon and disturb the natural order in revealing himself and making his will known. Accordingly, we find that man is endowed by nature with religious powers and faculties—that the germ of religion is planted in his heart and mind. That in the infancy of the human race and while in a barbarous condition, the religious sentiments should be comparatively latent or but feebly manifested, and often misdirected is no more strange than that the reasoning powers of man should be in the same condition, or that we should be born into existence with all our powers both of body and mind in a latent condition.

It is generally admitted that miracles are intrinsically improbable and incredible. If, then, it was necessary for God to make a special revelation to man and to authenticate it by miracles, the amount of proof of the miracles ought to correspond to their incredibility. If we ask for proof of the miracles, we are told that the Bible is authority for them. But how can an incredible thing be authenticated by an authority which itself needs authentication?

2. *The doctrines of the Bible.* If they were all new and true that would not prove that they were specially revealed; nor that they were above the conception of the human mind. Besides, there is no religious doctrine or moral precept, no rite, ceremony or institution taught in the Old Testament, that had not its counterpart in the opinions and religions of the Pagan nations existing when the Hebrew Bible was written. And all the real doctrines and precepts taught by Christ, as well as all that have been incorporated with them, have their counterpart in the teachings of men who preceded him by several centuries.

3. *Were Christ and his disciples impostors?* In regard to Christ, it is sufficient to say, that as he left no record of his life or teachings, and did not authorize any one to make such a record for him; and as there is abundant evidence in the record which we have that it attributes to him sayings that he did not say, and doings which he never did, it is impossible to tell what he did or did not say and do. As for the Evangelists, it has never been proved that they were the authors of the books usually ascribed to them. The weight of evidence, and even of authority of learned divines, is that they were not. But suppose they were. Then we shall be asked "if the miracles recorded in the four gospels were not wrought, how came the writers to believe that they were?" It will be said, "these men had common sense; they were capable of judging; they make no attempt at exaggeration, and they record the miracles in a simple, artless manner, as any historian would record events of common occurrence." Here we must proceed with caution. This is a vital point. This argument is not to be treated with a sneer, nor passed by as of no consequence. Before we proceed to comment on it we must warn the reader that it will not do to transfer our knowledge, opinions, views and feelings to the men of those ancient times. To do so, is a fallacy so glaring that we marvel that it should be so generally overlooked. Undoubtedly if some one in our day should claim the power to work miracles, such as raising the dead, &c., we should be exceedingly incredulous, and would not believe only after the closest scrutiny and the presentation of an overwhelming amount of evidence. But with the Evangelists, the case was quite different. They lived in an age and among a people who knew but little about nature and her laws; a people who were exceedingly credulous and superstitious, and believed that miracles were wrought almost every day in their public streets. All the common and ordinary phenomena

of nature they attributed to the direct agency of God or the Devil.

The Evangelists were Jews. They believed that in all past time God had wrought miracles in behalf of his chosen people, and that the time had arrived when there was to be the grandest display of almighty power for the redemption of the Jews from their bondage and degradation. Nothing was more natural then, than that they should expect from a man who claimed to be a religious reformer and deliverer, that he should work miracles. Hence, when they saw things done which they deemed miraculous it excited in them no surprise. The only thing that surprised them was that the miracles were so different in kind from what they were expecting. Christ was a remarkable man, commanding in his appearance, voice and manner. He possessed a great share of that personal, mysterious magnetism, which has been so often displayed by other men. He taught doctrines which were adapted to the wants of the common people. His miracles, such as healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf, were such as were wrought at the present day; but which no one supposes to be miraculous. The power to cast out evil spirits was possessed by some men among the Jews, in common with Christ. All these things were thought to be miracles by the disciples, and believing them such, opened the way to their believing almost anything.

According to Lardner, the gospels were written, the earliest not less than thirty-one, the latest thirty-five years after the death of Christ. Two of the supposed writers, Mark, and Luke, were not eye-witnesses of what they record. All four wrote with a view to give an outline history of the life and teachings of Christ. Nothing could be more natural than that they should record, not only what they knew, but also all that was currently believed by their fellow Christians of that day. The artless manner in which they recorded what to us would be incredible, is thus easily accounted for. And we are under no necessity of supposing that the writers were any other than honest men, aside from the tendency of religious enthusiasm and love of the marvelous to exaggeration. A critical examination of the gospels will enable us to detect such a tendency even in them. For proof, see Matt. iii. 5, 6; iv. 23-25.

Before the gospels were written, Christian congregations had been gathered in Syria, Egypt, Greece, Rome and other places. Soon after they were written Jerusalem was destroyed and the Jews dispersed. The principal interest in these writings was confined to those who were interested in having them received as authentic. But few copies of them were in existence; only a few among the people could read them, and they were mainly in the hands of the clergy. There was no one to question their genuineness until some time after they first appeared: and when they began to be criticised, the writings of those who did question them were not long after destroyed.

If God chose miracles as a means of authenticating a revelation, it is certainly very singular that the means should prove so inadequate to the end. At the very time when miracles were wrought in the greatest abundance, a great majority of those who are said to have witnessed them were not convinced by them. If the Jews had believed them to be genuine, would they have dared to proceed against Christ as they did? The miraculous portion of the gospels has always been a serious obstacle in the way of their reception by scientific men, and to-day hinders the progress of religion in the world.

Let us now take another view. We will suppose what the weight of evidence and authority justifies us in believing to be true; that these gospels were not written by the Evangelists, but were compiled by after writers at a time somewhat later than the date usually assigned them, and when nothing was more common than to forge books and attribute their authorship to distinguished persons in order to give them authority. Is it not possible, then, that some liberties may have been taken by the compilers? Whether they were written by the Evangelists or not, it is certain that they have been frequently copied; that they were finally separated from a mass of similar books, and pronounced to be authentic and authoritative by uninspired and fallible men. Can an incredible thing be proved by such evidence? The evidence is wholly *ex parte*. No scientific test was applied to any of the miracles. No committee of scientific men examined to ascertain whether Lazarus was dead or not, and we have no opportunity to cross-question the witnesses.

As to the internal evidence of the infallibility of these books, we know that they contain incredible statements; direct contradictions, and glaring inconsistencies. As a specimen of the latter, we are told that at the baptism of Christ, John recognized him as the Messiah, and boldly announced him as such to the people. Not only so, but the fact was confirmed by a miracle, the visible appearance of a dove and an audible voice from heaven. Yet subsequently to this impressive scene, John is represented as having been in doubt on the subject. Is it possible that if John was inspired, and had witnessed this miracle, he could have such doubts?

The fact that the New Testament contains contradictions is sometimes denied. Let us examine and see. Take the account of the resurrection of Christ.

All the accounts agree that after the crucifixion his body was placed in the tomb of a man who was one of his friends. Mark says, that when he was taken down from the cross, Pilate "marveled" that he was so soon dead. They all agree that the tomb was visited on Sunday morning, and that the body was not there. But they differ,

1. *As to the time of day.* Matthew says, it was "in the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week." Mark says it was "at the rising of the sun." Luke, that it was "very early in the morning." John, that it was "when it was yet dark." This difference is slight, and we only mention it to show that the visit was probably before it was light. How could Matthew know that an angel from heaven had been there and removed the stone from the door of the sepulchre? Neither he nor any of the disciples were there to see. Was not this a mere inference, from the fact that this stone was rolled away? He certainly testifies to something of which he was not an eye-witness. Nor could he have witnessed it, for it was done, if done at all, in the dark.

2. *Number of persons who visited the tomb.* John mentions but one; Matthew, two; Mark, three; Luke, three, and "certain other women who were with them." Now these gospels are supposed to have been written by independent witnesses. Here they are relating one of the most important events in the career of Christ, one on the truth or falsity of which the whole superstructure of supernatural religion depended. They are supposed to have been inspired in order to assist them to tell the truth. They should, then, have told "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." But if there was more than one person that went to the sepulchre, then, John did not tell the whole truth. If there was more than two, Matthew failed to do it; and if more than three, Mark did not tell it all. It was an important point, for much would depend on the number of witnesses of the resurrection.

3. *Number of persons who appeared to the visitors.* Mark says one "young man;" Matthew, one "angel;" Luke, "two men;" John, "two angels." If there was but one person, there were not two; if there were two, there were more than one. If the persons were men, they were not angels; if they were angels, they were not men.

4. *Time of the appearance of these men or angels.* According to John, not till Mary's second visit to the tomb, after Peter and John had been there. According to Matthew, Mark and Luke, it was when Mary first went to the place.

5. *Message of the persons seen at the tomb.* John said the two "angels" said to Mary Magdalene, "Woman! why weepest thou?" Luke says that two men announced to several women that Christ had risen. Mark tells us that this announcement was made to three women by a "young man." Matthew says it was made to two women by the "angel" who had rolled away the stone.

6. *Conduct of the parties to whom the announcement was made.* Mark says, "they said nothing to any man." Matthew, Luke and John say that they hastened to carry the news to the disciples.

7. *The persons to whom Jesus appeared.* Matthew says, it was first to two women, then to the disciples. Mark, that it was to one woman, then to two of the disciples, and then to the eleven. Luke, that it was first to Cleopas and his companion, as they journeyed to Emmaus; then to Peter, then to the eleven. John says it was to one woman, then twice to the eleven.

8. *Places where Christ was seen.* Mark does not mention any particular place. Matthew says he was seen by two women on their way to tell the disciples what they had seen at the sepulchre; then on a mountain in Galilee. John says it was first to Mary Magdalene at the sepulchre, then at Jerusalem, though he does not name the place; and then to the disciples at the Sea of Tiberias. According to Luke, it was first on the way to, and at Emmaus, then at Jerusalem and Bethany.

9. According to Matthew, Christ directed the disciples to go to Galilee, and promised to meet them there. Mark says, this direction was given by a "young man," who was seen in the tomb. Luke and John are silent about this direction and meeting. According to Luke, the meetings of Christ with his disciples were all in Jerusalem and its vicinity, at one of which he directed them to "tarry in Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high."

10. Matthew says, the disciples went to Galilee and met Christ there. Luke, that they tarried in Jerusalem, and "were continually in the temple praising and blessing God."

11. Matthew and John say nothing about what became of Christ after his resurrection. Mark says, he ascended to heaven, but does not tell us when, where, nor how. Luke says, he was "carried up into heaven" from Bethany, but does not say in what way. He also tells us that his ascension took place on the evening of the third day after his resurrection. (See chap. xxiv. 21; compare verses 33, 36, 50.) But in Acts he tells us that he did not ascend until forty days after the resurrection, and that it took place from Mount Olivet.

Another remarkable thing in these accounts is, that the persons to whom Christ appeared could only with difficulty recognize him. When Mary saw him she

did not know him, but supposed him to be the "gardener." Two of his disciples journeyed with him, conversed with him, spent some time in his company, and yet did not know who he was, but regarded him as a "stranger." When the eleven met in Galilee, where they went by appointment, expecting to see him, "some" of them "doubted." At his first appearance to them they were "affrighted," and "supposed they saw a spirit." From Mark xvi. 12, we learn that he appeared in different forms. Matthew tells of a phenomenon which occurred at the resurrection which is not mentioned by either Mark, Luke or John, viz.: a "great earthquake" and the descent of an "angel of the Lord from heaven." Of this we will speak in the proper place.

Whether Christ ascended to heaven in his natural body, or whether his body passed through a change of any kind, we are not informed. If his body was changed so as to become etherealized and fitted for a residence in a spiritual sphere, and the Evangelists knew it, it is strange that they did not record that fact. The fact that they did not, is evidence that they did not perceive the incongruity and impossibility which was perceived by Paul, viz.: of "flesh and blood inheriting the kingdom of God."

In order to account for the difficulty of the disciples to recognize Christ, it may be said that his excitement, anxiety and sufferings previous to and at the crucifixion had so worn upon and emaciated him, as to change his appearance. But the same power that could impart life to his dead body, could also restore it to perfect physical health and integrity, and doubtless would do it. It may be said that his resurrection was so unexpected and attended by such marvelous occurrences, that the disciples were alarmed and bewildered. But veteran soldiers, who have been often under fire, are not apt to be alarmed out of their senses when they hear the familiar sound of the booming cannon. The disciples had been living in the very atmosphere of the marvelous and supernatural for three years. They had witnessed miracle after miracle; they had seen Lazarus raised from the dead, and associated with him without fear after his resurrection. Surely, after witnessing what they had, no display of divine power ought to alarm or astonish them. If it was not in body but in spirit that he appeared, as Prof. Bush taught, and as our modern Spiritualists teach, it is sufficient to say that this is expressly contradicted by Christ himself. (See Luke xxiv. 39, and John xx. 27.) Besides, if his resurrection and appearance was of the spirit only, then it comes under the head of those appearances of the spirits of deceased persons to the living, about which we hear so much at the present day, and passes out of the domain of the miraculous.

Here, now, we have the testimony of four witnesses in relation to the great crowning event, the grand central fact of supernatural Christianity—an occurrence which, if it actually took place, was the most important of any in the world's history, involving the interest of every human being. And what is the testimony? It is vague, obscure, conflicting, inconsistent with itself, and self-contradictory. But worse still, even if it were not so, it utterly fails to establish the vital point in the story, viz.: the resurrection of Christ from the dead. If he rose, he must have risen in the dark, and not one of the witnesses was present when the occurrence took place. We can easily believe that he was placed in Joseph's tomb, but we have no proof that life was extinct when he was put there. It may be said that the wound in his side must have produced death. This is a gratuitous assumption. It might have been the means of his resuscitation from a swoon. Besides, the circumstance of the wound in the side, made by a Roman soldier, is narrated only by John, and totally ignored by all three of the other witnesses. We may believe that when the tomb was visited on Sunday morning, the body was not there, but this does not prove that a miracle was wrought to restore it to life. It is quite probable that some of his followers saw, or thought they saw, him after his body was laid in the tomb, but the fact that he was seen by *nobody else*, is certainly not a little suspicious. Is it likely that God would work a miracle to attest a revelation, and then leave the miracle to be attested by such proof?

It may be said, that although there is some variation in these accounts, yet, "circumstantial variation with substantial agreement is characteristic of all human testimony." So it is. But testimony that is wholly false may have the same characteristic. Besides, although the rule is good as relates to *human* testimony, it is not applicable to *divine* testimony; and we are here dealing with what is supposed to be *infallible* testimony. Infallibility does not admit of degrees. Divine testimony cannot be partly true and partly false. It cannot be substantially true and circumstantially untrue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POOR BEECHER! Helpless child of genius! Miserable innocence in the toils! To criticise in detail the words and conduct of such a man, under such a hurricane is, of course, to make out a bad case for him.—*Cincinnati Commercial*. That's it. Beecher is innocent because he is an idiot.—*Sun*.

Letters to a Preacher.

NO. XI.

"The Nazarene gave but one law in one syllable—love."

C. B.

FRIEND B.: It may sound very devotional and holy to say such things as this of one's worshiped ideal, but the question is whether the assertion be a fact or mere fiction. Was there ever a teacher, a leader or God who gave but *one* law? Webster defines a law to be "a rule commanding what we shall do or prohibiting what we are to forbear." Christ, as a moralist and theologian, as well as a god, (for does he not insist that he and the Father are one,) gave many rules, commands or laws, and they are by no means all "laws of love" either, nor are they all good, just or right; but Christians are very careful not to quote any of his sayings that do not chime in with their own opinions, or if they do, they so twist and controvert the real meaning of the texts, as to make them seem to imply something entirely different from their actual signification, thus "clothing error with the livery of truth."

Jesus says: "Love your enemies; do good to those who hate you." Is not this a rule or law just as manifestly as the one you have given? A law, too, which no one can obey. We may treat an enemy with justice, kindness and politeness, but our love we cannot control, for it is an involuntary emotion. To say we *love* one who we know is hating and trying to injure us, is to tell "the thing which is not." Some may fancy they love, but it is not real affection they feel—only its shadow or similitude.

Again Jesus says: "Be ye perfect." But there is no such thing as perfection, especially so as regards the moral character of a human being. We may all act out the perfection of our natures; a man becomes a murderer through an imperfect organization and improper training combined with demoralizing circumstances convincing him, and he is a perfect development of the nature these things have created in him, but is this the kind of perfection that is, "As your Father which is in heaven"—granting there were such a being! "Give to him that asketh." Is not this also a law, and just as binding as the law of love? Yet should we literally obey it, we should soon be all beggars together. "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." Another bad law, for how many have maimed themselves for life in a too blind idolatry of this perfect (?) law-giver. "If you salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?" Is not this a virtual command to make no choice, but to greet *all* whom you meet with a "paroxysmal kiss" given with "true inwardness?" Never mind if the breath be foul with tobacco, whisky or gin. What matters it if you are nauseated by sickness, effluvia from dyspeptic stomachs, or disgusted by all manner of filth and offensiveness? You must obey the law, the command of the blessed Nazarene. "Let your light shine before all men, that they may see your good works." "Do not give alms before men to be seen of them." Perhaps you Christians may be able to obey two such contradictory commands, but it is a puzzle to me. "Rejoice when men say all manner of evil against you falsely." How simple and easy to obey this behest. How much time, trouble, anxiety, expense and reputation would have been saved had Beecher done so: instead of sitting for long years upon the "ragged edge," he might have been "rejoicing" all this time; but perhaps the evil of him was not said *falsely*, and hence the command was null and void.

"Agree with thine adversary quickly." 'Tis easy to say this when one is not well warmed up in a good sound dispute. But when you get thoroughly aroused to the merits of a cause you think just and right, how then? What thought Luther when opposing Catholicism? What thought Washington when contending with his English adversaries for freedom and liberty of conscience? What thought the North when she was striving for the liberty of the down-trodden and oppressed slave? What think we Infidels now, as with tongue and pen we are doing our level best to put down old Theology and build up Free Thought? Shall we "agree quickly," and let wrong and oppression triumph? "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, indulge not in vain repetitions as the heathens do." Yes, if they only would, what a relief it would be to gods and men to be no longer *bored*. "Ask and it shall be given you." Is it given? Would it be best for us were it given? How much more noble to work and earn what one needs, and thus be independent and self-supporting. "Forgive us our debts." Honest men do not wish to have their debts forgiven; they prefer to pay them and be under no obligations to any giver. "Lead us not into temptation." 'Twere wiser to ask for strength to overcome temptation and resist evil, thus being strong, bold and self-reliant. A child always carried in the arms will never learn to walk. "Lay not up your treasures upon earth." O, no! go back into barbarism and dwell in caves like Troglodytes, eat the flesh of wild animals and crack the bones and suck the marrow! For there is where such doctrines will lead you at last. "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." But suppose there is no heaven? And if there were, you have only one chance in a hundred of going there to enjoy the treasures after you do lay them up. "Take no thought of the morrow." No; do as the birds do—"they sow not, neither do they reap." But

really a good dinner of nice light bread, rich ripe fruits and juicy, tempting berries is preferable to being fed upon crawling worms and creeping vermin, such as the heavenly Father furnishes them. There is starvation enough now in the world, and if all trusted to being fed like birds, the race would soon become extinct.

Again, if we take no thought for raiment, we shall be compelled soon to resort to fig leaves and the skins of wild beasts, and these are not picked up everywhere and *without thought*. Beware of false prophets; ye shall know them by their fruits. Yes, when it is *too late*. Who wishes to raise a crop and wait for the fruit ere they can judge of its merits? Nourish a tree and let it cumber the ground for long years and at last have the fruit to condemn it! Who wishes to trust and confide in a neighbor or friend and rely upon his teachings, should he happen to be a preacher or prophet, until all at once by one fell swoop he sweeps away from you hope and happiness, thus proclaiming to you his fruits when the knowledge can no longer save you or yours? The theological tree, especially, is apt to prove very faulty in its fruits.

"Let the dead bury the dead." An impossible act at this day, but perhaps feasible then! Christ advises that *no one should marry*, as those who do are not accounted worthy of the resurrection or of heaven; but if they remain single they will not die, but will be equal with the angels. (Luke xx. 35, 36.) So if you wish "to be an angel, and with the angels stand," avoid wedlock by all means.

"Resist not evil." Let desperadoes murder or maltreat your wives and little ones, destroy and lay waste your property, abuse and trample upon you and all your rights, bear it all in patient submission, for is it not the command of the Nazarene that thou do so? "Sell all thou hast and follow me." If all obey, where will be the buyers? "If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him." So, of course, no Christian can love the world. Such a saying amounts to a prohibition as much as if 'twere couched in the language of a law or command. But who love to dwell more upon the glories of the world than preachers? To praise the loveliness of hill and dale, forest and glen, of blooming flowers and singing birds, and cry that all these proclaim the glory of God. Are Christians any more ready to bid farewell to the world than Infidels? Do they love it any less, or enjoy its manifold blessings with less relish?

"Sublunary pleasures tend to evil."

And lead back-sliding sinners to the Devil.—*Yahoo*.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Heavens without End—Amen.

As concomitant of "Worlds without end—amen—" why not have Heavens without end, amen? Is there anything unscientific about it?

This little Universe is being constructed upon the Variety in Harmony ideas. No two are, in all respects, alike. All attempts to mould minds into one shape have proved a failure. Forever will. So is the Law. What is Heaven for one may not be Heaven for another—nor for the same individual long at a time. Progress forbids it. Progress is second to no ordinance of Heaven. The motto of the Empire State is the motto of the Universe—"Heavens without end are a necessity—Amen."

Heavens upon earth.

For definition of Heaven we are not dependent upon dictionaries. What do dictionaries know about Heaven? That in which a man, or woman, finds highest enjoyment is his, or her, Heaven for the time being. No need to quit these mortal shores in search of Heaven—nor 'tother place. We have one, or the other, as a mixture, here and now. Some Heavens are on a low plane—poor Heavens, not worth their cost. There are Heavens worthy of highest aspiring. Heavens rise above Heavens in geometrical progression, suited to all degrees of advancement. Sensible people find highest enjoyment in seeing—in feeling their old Heavens dissolve—the elements thereof melting with fervent heat.

And while their old Heavens are burning like chaff they patiently sit in new Heavens and laugh. Somewhere about here please let me off. Go back on your own record—see how you find it.

Best respects—Amen.

PRENTISS.

THIS has been a year remarkable for floods and earthquakes. In France the most disastrous floods have taken place. A sixth part of that extensive country has suffered most severely, crops utterly destroyed, houses, barns, fences and everything washed away. Cities even containing 20,000 inhabitants have been destroyed, and thousands of buildings prostrated. Thousands of human lives were lost, to say nothing of greater numbers of animals. It will take many years for the country to regain what was then lost in a few hours. In Austria and England floods have also been destructive. Earthquakes in Central and South America have been severe and disastrous. Cities and thousands of lives have been destroyed. It would seem the recurrence of such events should shake the confidence of credulous dupes in the belief that all things are controlled by a wise, beneficent Providence. Scientists understand that these things are all the result of natural causes, and that no beneficent Providence has anything to do with them.

The Truth Seeker,

A JOURNAL

OF REFORM AND FREE THOUGHT.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

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The Bible.

NO. XXVI.

Our attention to the famous Bible narratives having been temporarily arrested by looking after Elder Shelton and others, we now cheerfully return to the subject.

Among the numerous Bible stories of marvelous events, the interesting narrative of David removing the Ark of God from Kirjath-jearim unto his own city, should not be omitted. It was, doubtless, a commendable thing for David to do, after the numerous successes that had recently attended his battles with his competitor Saul, and it is creditable to him that in the hour of his triumph, he did not forget the residence of his God and provided for it.

This ark—totally unlike the ark Noah constructed, both in size and purpose, has a history, which we will briefly examine. It was manufactured by direct command of God to Moses while the Israelites were journeying from Egypt to the land of Canaan. On a certain occasion, when God had commanded that every man in the whole congregation should bring him a free-will offering, either of gold, silver, brass, blue, purple or scarlet linen, goat's hair, ram's skins dyed red, badger's skins, shittim wood, oil, spices, onyx-stones, etc., he gave explicit directions for the construction of the ark. It was to be made of shittim wood, two and a half cubits long, (about four feet,) a cubit and a half wide, and the same in depth (some thirty inches our measure.) It was to be overlaid with gold inside and out, and a crown of gold upon it. A ring of gold was also to be attached to each corner, through which staves of shittim wood also overlaid with gold, should be introduced with which to carry it. A mercy-seat of pure gold, and of the same length as the ark, was to be placed upon it, with two gold angels called cherubims, one at each end, stretching forth their wings and covering the mercy-seat and the ark therewith. In the ark was to be kept the testimony or covenant of God to the people, and it was to be his special residence, and from above it he was to hold communication with Moses.

It was some little time before the ark was constructed according to these directions, and not until after Moses went up on Mount Sinai to assist at engraving the ten commandments, after Aaron had made the golden calf to worship, after Moses in a fit of anger thereat broke all the commandments at once, and had to return to the Mount and repeat the process of getting them up again. After all this, one Bezaleel, the son of Uri, who, by the by, must have been a good mechanic, got up the ark, and the mercy-seat, and the staves, and the cherubims, with their wings spread according to stipulations, as well as a great deal of other work, including the tabernacle candlesticks, lamps, vessels, bowls, altar, pots, shovels, basons, flesh-hooks, fire-pans, laver, court-hangings, curtains, etc., etc. It would seem to require a manufactory, with good facilities, to turn out such a variety of workmanship, and a little wonder might well be excited how a wandering people, in a wilderness, could afford the necessary facilities for such a diversity of mechanical operations.

This ark was kept in the tabernacle, which was a kind of tent, and the Israelites kept it with them in all their wanderings and through all their wars, but we do not hear much more of it till near the close of the life of Joshua, when at Shiloh, he divided the country among the twelve tribes by lot; whether by throwing dice or by drawing straws, or picking numbers out of a hat, or by playing "seven up," or some other game of chance, we are not told, but that deciding by lot means by a game of chance of some kind, cannot be denied. Well here the tabernacle and the ark was duly set up, and remained there for a considerable period.

After the time of Samuel, on a certain occasion, when the Israelites were badly whipped by the Philistines at Eben-ezer, when four thousand were slain and left upon the field; the defeat seemed to be a matter of surprise to the Israelites, and they enquired among themselves what it could mean. They said: "Let us fetch the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of Shiloh so that it may save us from our enemies." Accordingly Hophni and Phineas, sons of Eli, were sent for the ark, and they conveyed it into the camp. Upon its arrival, the Israelites shouted loudly and made such an outcry, that it alarmed the Philistines who heard it, and when they learned that their enemies had brought the ark of their God and would then have his assistance, they nerved themselves to the contest, and said to each other, "Be strong and quit yourselves like men," thus relying upon their own strength and prowess in opposition to the God of the Jews. In the contest that followed the Israelites were more unsuccessful than before the arrival of their God; this time thirty thousand of their footmen alone, were slain. Hophni and Phineas were also put to death, and the ark was captured by the Philistines.

A sad fatality seemed connected with the ark; when a man of the tribe of Benjamin, with rent clothes, hastened to Eli, the aged father of the two unfortunate men who had charge of the ark, who had arrived at the advanced age of ninety-eight years, as soon as he heard the intelligence of the capture of the ark and the death of his sons, he fell over, broke his neck and immediately died. The death could not be called premature, but was nevertheless sad. His daughter-in-law, the wife of one of the sons, as soon as she heard the news, was taken with premature labor and brought forth a child, which she named Ichabod, and she died. Thus the ark was the cause of a very unusual commotion, in that family at least, and, so far as they were concerned, it had better remained at Shiloh.

The Philistines took the captured ark to Ashdod and into the temple or house of their God, Dagon, and set it up beside him, and it seemed to be a disturbing element there. This god, Dagon, had before always behaved himself with propriety, but the first night after the ark was brought into his presence, he fell with his face to the earth before the ark and laid there till his loving worshipers picked him up in the morning and sat him right again in his place. On the second night this thing was repeated, with this addition, on the second morning Dagon was found with the palms of both hands cut off, and only the stumps were left. This extraordinary occurrence greatly alarmed the priests of Dagon, and they doubtless felt as though they had in that ark an elephant upon their hands. They feared greatly that the invisible god in the ark was more powerful than their god, which they had before regarded as possessing supreme power.

It is said, also, the hand of the Lord was heavy upon them of Ashdod, and he destroyed them and smote them with emerods in their secret parts. These were probably very bad things to be smitten with, and when the people of Ashdod saw all this, they felt that the invisible god in the ark was unfriendly to them thus to afflict them, that they said, "the ark must go." It was taken to Gath; but that city, in consequence of the presence of the ark and the mysterious power within it, was equally unfortunate. A very great destruction came upon the city, and all the men, both great and small, had emerods in their secret parts. It is no wonder those people decided the god in the box was not kind to them, and that they immediately removed it to Ekron, where consternation and great destruction was also the immediate result. Great numbers were destroyed, and the balance smitten with emerods.

It is not singular, we say, that the Philistines became greatly disturbed at the presence of that mysterious ark, and that they wished it removed from their coasts, for they became convinced that the god within it would not become acclimated to their country or be friendly to them. It was suggested that they make some golden mice and some golden emerods and place in the ark as a trespass offering to appease its god for what they had done in bringing the ark to their cities, and then to send it away. They did so. The man-

ner of sending it away was singular. They fastened two new milch cows to a new cart and placed the ark upon it; their calves were shut up at home, whereupon the cows, without a driver, immediately started for Beth-shemesh, a portion of the territory of the Israelites, and when they arrived there, the men of the place were busy in the harvest fields securing their wheat, but when they heard the lowing of the cows, and saw the ark coming, they rejoiced and expressed their joy by cutting the wood of the cart for fuel, and offering the two cows as a burnt offering to the god of the ark. It may be judged that this effort on their part did not put him in a particularly good humor, for in consequence of some one opening the ark and looking in, he smote just fifty thousand and seventy men on the spot. A pretty good number of men, truly, to be gathered in a harvest field in the country on a summer day; but we are only relating the account, and will not stop to question the statement.

It is not singular that the people lamented the return of their god; they had got along very well without him, and over fifty thousand lives to pay on the first day of his return, was a heavy price indeed. The people who were left—for the fifty thousand slain did not embrace all who had assembled—sent the ark to Kirjath-jearim; it was taken to the house of Abinadab, and his son Eleazar was sanctified as priest to attend to it. In the absence of the god of ark among the Philistines, the Israelites seem to have adopted Baalim, Ashtaroth and other gods, and Samuel persuaded them to discard these and return to their old-time god who had been brought back to them. He took a sucking lamb and offered it for a burnt-offering "wholly unto the Lord," which seems to have restored the former amicable relations, for in the battle with the Philistines which immediately followed, the latter were badly used up, and for a long time remained quietly within their own borders.

As we were saying, it was from this place that David decided to remove the ark to his own city, and that, after wading through the blood of his own people, which he had so freely shed in his way to the throne, it may have been a very praiseworthy measure of his to remove the aforesaid ark.

He gathered together thirty thousand of his chosen men for the purpose, a number quite sufficient, it would seem, to move a box four feet long. The ark was placed upon a new cart, hauled by cattle, which were driven by the sons of Abinadab. David and all his companions played before the Lord on all manner of musical instruments while the ark moved along.

On the way a sad event occurred, which proved how dangerous a matter it was, even with the best intentions, for a man to touch the ark. As the cart passed over rough ground, the gait of the cattle shook the ark badly, and a man by the name of Uzzah fearing the safety of the ark was endangered, probably with the best motives in the world, put his hand upon the ark to steady it and to keep it from falling from the cart. For this piece of temerity the unfortunate man suffered severely; "the anger of the Lord was kindled against him, and God smote him for his error, and there he died by the ark of God."

This alarming event frightened David so greatly that he felt it would be unsafe to have so dangerous a piece of furniture near him, so he caused it to be conveyed to the house of Obed-edom the Gittite for three months; and after he learned that the household of Obed-edom prospered greatly, he deemed it would be safe to convey the ark to his own city. This he had done with great gladness, and on the way he sacrificed oxen and fatlings, and he danced before the ark with all his might midst shouting and the sound of trumpets. All this, it is to be supposed, placed the Lord in very good humor, for no one was killed on this occasion, which was the first instance for a long time, when the ark had been moved without one or many deaths resulting from it.

David had the ark placed in the tabernacle which he had pitched, and he sacrificed more animals and made peace-offerings and served bread and flesh and a flagon of wine to each one in the multitude. Good feeling and joy seemed to possess all, save his wife, Michal, the daughter of Saul, who looked out of the window and witnessed David dancing so vigorously before the ark in an uncovered condition that she reproved him for his shameless, undignified conduct

in the presence of so many hand-maids and servants. David, however, justified himself and said he would do more than that next time. For thus speaking unto David, it is said "Michal had no child unto the day of her death," but in a subsequent chapter it is stated she had five children. How both of these statements can be true, or which is true and which is false, we can hardly decide, and will leave our clerical friends to explain it.

After David had deposited the ark and its god in a tent, while he himself occupied a house, it struck him as not being just the thing, and he proposed to the prophet Nathan to build a house for the Lord. Nathan approved of the plan, and said the Lord did also; and here was the origin of the temple afterwards built at Jerusalem. David, however, although said to be after God's own heart, was so much a man of blood, having caused the death of untold thousands, that he was deemed unfit to build the temple, and it was reserved for his son and successor, Solomon, who was not so bloodthirsty and warlike, but who had a wonderful penchant for the opposite sex, and drank bullock's blood to recuperate his animal powers and functions. He had, it will be remembered, seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, and for him it was reserved to build a holy house to the Lord God.

The main lesson to be learned from this story is, to see the crude, imperfect and improbable notions entertained about God in those primitive times; that the God of the Universe could be confined in a box four by two and a half feet square; that he could be moved from place to place by means of cows and oxen; that he flew into a fit of anger upon very trifling provocations and killed fifty thousand and more at a time; that he could be pleased with the blood of animals and the smell of their roasting flesh, the noise and sound of horns, trumpets, shouting, etc., and with boisterous dancing and jumping. It is easy to see these ideas of Deity were very crude and unprogressed. Now, it is not supposed the God of the Universe can be confined in a box of the dimensions named, or that it is in the power of men and cattle to move him around and set him up here or there. It is scarcely believed now that he gets angry and slays thousands of men for unintended mistakes, and hence it can be seen how unreliable and absurd many of those old Bible stories are, and how illy fitted they are to the needs of humanity in the present age of the world.

Prayer to the Devil.

Oh, thou Lucifer, Son of the Morning, Prince of the Air, thou Sulphureous Majesty, known also as Belzebub, Apollyon, Satan, the Power of Darkness, the Evil One, and Monarch of the nether regions, we would address ourselves to thee. We know not whence thou art nor whither thou goest, and in an under-tone we would say, we seriously doubt thy existence as a personage; but having heard much of thee, we would approach thee respectfully. As much as is thought to be understood of thee, as many as think they have been annoyed by thy presence, little or nothing is known of thee. Thou art said to have a frightful visage, horns on thy head, a cloven foot and a long barbed tail, but there is not a being alive who hath ever seen thee, and the word of those who in former times claimed to have had a glimpse of thy person is not worthy of credit.

He who hath told us most of thee, giving us thy early history and exploits, was St. John, surnamed Milton. He described thy tall majestic form and thy imposing presence. He narrated most eloquently; and, in sublime verse, thy prowess and valor in thy terrible contest with the King of Heaven, and his superior forces commanded by his Lieutenant-General Michael, in which grand contest rocks and mountains and thunderbolts were fiercely hurled and no one killed. If it was thy unfortunate fate to be beaten in that primary conflict and to lose a subordinate position in heaven, thou hast ever since been the victor and hast ruled in hell, and without successful opposition on earth. Howbeit, John was a poet and dwelt so completely in an imaginary world, his descriptions of thee must be viewed in that light, though they have been the basis of the theological views concerning thee.

The class of men called priests have much to say of thee, and claim to have derived great information concerning thee from an old book written by many unknown persons and which itself sadly needs confirmation.

From all that we can learn of thee, by this record and what its expounders say of thee, thou hast been greatly slandered and maligned. Thou art called a liar, the father of liars, the source of all evil and the cause of all the trouble and unhappiness the world has known. We believe this unjust and unfounded. In that "snake story," when thou persuadest our first mother to eat a fine apple thy antagonist had created, it is held thou didst act very badly, but we cannot see wherein; the fruit did open her eyes and the eyes of her husband, to know good and evil, and when thou saidst to her that in the day they ate thereof, they should not surely die, thou toldest no lie, but the truth, for they lived nine hundred years thereafter. If it was wrong for thee to induce them to partake of such beautiful fruit that was within their reach, was it not more wrong to create such dangerous temptation and place it in their sight?

In that friendly tilt thou hadst with thy competitor, the Son, otherwise known as the carpenter of Nazareth, and who said that he and the father were one, when thou carriedest him to the top of a mountain so exceedingly high, that thou couldst show him all the kingdoms of the earth, including not only those on the side towards thee, but those on the opposite side as well; and when thou takedst him to the pinnacle of the temple to show him the surrounding country, thou at least proved thy superior physical power, and if thou offeredest him all the kingdoms of the earth for a certain consideration, tho' thy enemies would disparage thee for this, and say thou didst not own them, it would seem thou didst by the right of conquest; and that at all events, thou hadst the right to execute a quit-claim deed if thou chose.

That little affair with Job, when thou afflictedst him so sadly and covered him with boils, was truly a little shabby, and one, most assuredly, no gentlemanly devil would want to be guilty of, but it seems it was a special arrangement which thou enteredst into with thy antagonist as a matter of experiment, and if thou wert culpable, he certainly was no less so, for it was he that first named Job to thee. In fact it was a discreditable piece of business for both thee and him.

Though the little experiment here alluded to was not worthy a great being, justice impels us to say that for many centuries thereafter thou wast not known to be guilty of any reprehensible act, whilst thy opponent caused the death of hundreds of thousands of his creatures and incited numerous wars, in which millions of his own peculiar nation and other nations were killed. While he has thus caused the death of untold numbers of human beings, while he acknowledged himself the cause of the evil that exists, while he admits that he caused the prophets to lie and be false; notwithstanding all the charges of iniquity and crime that has been brought against thee, and all the opprobrium that has been cast upon thy name, no priest can point to a single instance where thou hast told a falsehood, where thou hast been guilty of theft, or where thou hast ever caused the death of a single human being. In this respect thou art immensely in advance of thy antagonist, who is said, daily, hourly and momentarily to cause the death of old and young, and who has in so many instances led his chosen people to falsehood, theft, robbery and murder.

As much as thou hast been slandered and abused by those who esteem themselves godly, thou hast never co-habited with a young maiden; thou hast never committed adultery with the older sisters; thou hast not indulged in drunkenness, nor made wine for those already drunk; thou hast not yielded to anger; thou hast not sought to deprive others of their dues; thou hast not descended to back-biting or slander, and, so far as we are able to learn, thou hast always conducted thyself like a gentleman, and in all these regards hast acquitted thyself far more creditably than thy antagonist and his priests.

Of a truth, thou hast proved thyself a fast friend to the human race. Thou hast fostered science and education; thou hast promoted inventions and improvements of all kinds tending to increase the knowledge and happiness of man. It was thee, it

was asserted, who first taught Copernicus and Galileo that the earth is round and makes its yearly journey round the sun. It was thee who taught them of the countless worlds which float in space. It is well thou didst this, for it seems thy antagonist nor his Son knew aught of it, or if they did, they deemed not to say a word of it in their books or in their teachings; and though the Church came near taking the lives of those two worthies for telling the world what thou taught them, we are left to conclude thou didst protect and befriend them.

It was thee who was said to have taught Faust and Gutenberg the great art of all arts—printing—and one or both were cast into prison for their supposed intercourse with thee in the matter; and since that day pious men of the Church have repeatedly denounced the printing press as the greatest of evils—an invention directly from thee, and bound ultimately by the dissemination of light and knowledge, to overthrow the Church of God.

The great inventions of the application of steam, the telegraph, railroads, steamboats, lightning-rods, friction-matches and thousands of other useful inventions, have been denounced by thy enemies as thy work, and as having been incited by thee. The pious Presbyterians of Scotland even claimed the fanning-mill to be an invention of thine, and denounced those who employed them for cleaning their oats and rye with using "the Devil's wind," and thought they ought to be cursed of heaven therefor. It is not a little curious how thine enemies, after denouncing all these inventions named, with many others, as thy productions, after man has used them and found great utility in them, and elevated the race thereby, to see them turn and try to claim them as the result of their religion, and to endeavor to establish its proof by their existence?

Few among thy enemies are men of science, and they advocate nothing which tends to impair their old system of theology. They still insist that it is thee who leads these scientific, learned men to discover truths in Nature which disprove the idle tales of ignorance found in that old book. Humboldt, Lyell, Darwin, Huxley, Wallace, Farraday, Tyndall, Draper, and all that class of scholars, are denounced by the Church as thy servants—led and incited by thee; and the brave advocates of mental liberty and freedom of opinion regardless of priestcraft and false theology, are still more denounced and maligned. They are called children of thine own begetting; so that by their own showing, ignorance, superstition, mental slavery and fogysm belong to their side, while science, learning, invention, innovation, enterprise, mental freedom, and human progression, belong to thy kingdom, and are the children of thy begetting. We pray, then, that thy influence may increase in the world, while that of thy antagonist is bound to decrease.

In the matter of prowess and generalship much injustice is intentionally done thee. Thy antagonist is called all-mighty, and is said to be so powerful that naught can stand before him. But according to the confessions of thy enemies this is untrue. In every contest since thy expulsion from Paradise thou hast beaten. In the game for the great stake which thou and thy opponent have been playing for—mankind—thou hast held the trumps and won by far the larger share—say twenty to his one. He had greatly the advantage to begin with. He made everything just to suit himself, and had the fixing of conditions precisely as he wished, in peopling the world, when thou steppedest in, and with little effort or bluster, quickly swept the board. If he drowned the race of man to get rid of thy influence; if he caused nation after nation to be butchered and exterminated to get an advantage over thee; if he even sent his beloved son to be sacrificed and cruelly put to death to make a point on thee, and gain human souls to himself, it all seems of no avail, for thou hast worsted him in every contest, thou hast come off victorious in every encounter and drawest still a retinue of followers after thee, immensely more numerous than the sparse number of bigots and old fogies that he induces to follow him.

In view of these facts the injustice which has been done thee by thy enemies is most apparent. If thy antagonist is called the "mighty one" thou shouldst

(Continued on eighth page, second column.)

Mokanna Unveiled.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

"Yes! I have seen God's worshipers unsheath
The sword of his revenge, when grace descended,
Confirming all unnatural impulses,
To sanctify their desolating deeds;
And frantic priests waved the ill-omened cross
O'er the unhappy earth; then shone the sun
On showers of gore from the unflashing steel
Of safe assassination, and all crime
Made stingless by the spirit of the Lord,
And blood-red rainbows canopied the land."

Queen Mab.

Christianity has had 1800 years in which to save this world. And how, and from what, has it saved the world? From bloodshed and war, cruelty and crime? Professing to be the evangel of peace, it has strewn the half of the earth with the wrecks of armies and the bones of murdered millions. Preaching goodwill to man, it set mankind to cutting out each other's hearts, arrayed nation against nation, and in the name of Jesus Christ, it drenched our beautiful world with blood and tears. Beneath the snow white banner of the cross reddened the fairest fields of the earth. Its consecrated altars have swum in blood. Its history is one of wars and persecutions, crusades and holy massacres. Established by the crimson-handed Constantine, perpetuated by fear and force and fraud, it inundated the ages with an ocean of gore. Verily, Christ came to bring a sword. And through the dim, dreary years of racks and chains and *autos da fe*, Christianity sat in the world's tribunal an insatiate monster, dripping with the blood of heretical martyrs, feasting from the flesh of sepulchres. The lurid glare of ten thousand fagot piles revealed her in all her gory and ghastly and ulcerous deformity, enthroned upon the skulls and flame-bleached bones of thinkers and discoverers. Has it saved the world from war? At the birth of Christ there was universal peace; the temple of Janus was closed. But since that period, the gospel of the so-called Prince of Peace, has indeed been a sword upon the earth. The rivers of Christendom have run blood.

Have Christian priests been the conservators of peace while preaching of a time when swords should be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks? Let the author-tradesman who answered Bishop Watson, say: "Three hundred millions of human beings have been sacrificed by Christian priests. Whenever the Lord calls to bloodshed, the priests are, to a man, on his side—'For as troops of robbers wait for a man, so the company of priests murder in the way by consent,' Hosea, vi. 9. If they are too cowardly to draw the sword, they do not fail to sound the tocsin of war." Let the poet Shelley answer:

"And priests dare babble of a God of peace.
Even whilst their hands are red with guiltless blood,
Murdering the while, uprooting every germ
Of truth, exterminating, spoiling all,
Making the earth a slaughter house."

And to-day, after nearly two thousand years of advancing civilization—of civilization which has advanced only when Christianity has been powerless to arrest it—have the priceless blessings of peace been secured the Christian world? Let Robert G. Ingersoll answer: "More than five millions of Christians are trained, educated and drilled to murder their fellow Christians. Every nation is groaning under a vast war debt incurred in carrying on war against other Christians, or defending itself from Christian assault. The world is covered with forts to protect Christians from Christians, and every sea is covered with iron monsters ready to blow Christian brains into eternal froth. Millions upon millions are annually expended in the effort to construct still more deadly and terrible engines of death. Industry is crippled, honest toil is robbed, and even beggary is taxed to defray the expenses of Christian warfare. There must be some other way to reform this world. We have tried creed and dogma and fable, and they have failed; and they have failed in all the nations dead."

Let Wm. McDonnell answer: "Christian nations are pre-eminent for their love of war, plunder and devastation; and so great is their mutual distrust, that even during the uncertain periods when there is no actual war, the *armed peace* of Europe alone costs, as has been stated, about \$1,500,000,000 annually."

Did Christianity save the world from cruelty? Let Dr. Dick, the ablest advocate Christianity ever had, answer: "What a dreadful picture," says he, "would it present of the malignity of persons who have professed the religion of Christ, were we to collect into one point of view, all the persecutions, tortures, burnings, massacres, and horrid cruelties, which in Europe and Asia, and even in the West Indies and America, have been inflicted on conscientious men for their firm adherence to what they considered as the truths of religion."

The heathen in the fourth century remarked: "There are no wild beasts as ferocious as Christians who differ concerning their faith."

In the name of its God, Christianity has committed every imaginable atrocity. It invented racks and filled torture-dungeons with refractory heretics; while that Christian institution, the

"Inquisition, model most complete
Of perfect wickedness, where deeds were done—
Deeds! let them ne'er be named—and sat and planned
Deliberately, and with most musing pains,
How to extremest thrill of agony,
The flesh and blood, and souls of men,
Her victims, might be wrought; and when she saw
New tortures of her laboring fancy born,
She leaped for joy, and made great haste to try
Their force, well pleased to hear a deeper groan."

Has Christianity, after more than eighteen centuries' trial, saved the world from crime? Thus answers the *Hornellsville Times*: "The records of the past have never presented a more fearful and corrupt state of society than now exists throughout the United States. The newspapers from every quarter are becoming more and more loaded with the records of crime."

Thus answers the *North American*: "From the terrible evidences of human depravity which develop themselves from day to day, we begin to think that our cities are rapidly descending to the level of Sodom and Gomorrah."

Thus says the *N. Y. Herald*: "Crimes of all descriptions are on the increase, especially those of the blackest dye; the increase being much greater than the proportionate increase of population."

Thus says the *Expositor*: "Crimes, unprecedented in number, and unequaled in atrocity, fill every section of our country with horrors, exhibiting a hardened barbarity, in their details, only to be exceeded in the bosom of demons."

The *Scientific American* answers thus: "It is admitted by all parties that crimes of the most outrageous and unprecedented character abound through the country, and probably throughout the world, to a degree wholly unparalleled."

The *N. Y. Tribune* answers thus: "In social life, our newspapers are smutched all over with reports of divorce and separation trials, of infidelity and disgrace; of gigantic crimes undertaken, half accomplished, or completed. What shall be the end of these things?"

Every newspaper in Christian America answers the same. And in this great God-blessed republic, the marvel of Christendom for its magnificent churches and costly cathedrals, a tax upon which would pay our enormous national debt in a few years; in this country which supports an army of 61,000 expounders of Christianity for the one purpose of teaching the people how to cease to do evil and learning them how to do well; in this land flooded with Bibles and tracts, a land renowned among the Christian nations for its missionary enterprises; here where has culminated the Christianity of this nineteenth century, the statistics of crime are perfectly appalling, and every description of vice and corruption and immorality abounds to an extent that may well startle the heathen in lands uncivilized. Prisons and penitentiaries are crowded with Christian criminals, and Christian clergymen are swung into heaven from the ghastly gallows. Between the years 1860 and 1862, four Protestant priests were hung for murder in these United States. And, albeit, many clerical culprits are shielded by a powerful church to avoid scandalizing Christ's cause, yet, as a class, in proportion to their numbers, Christian priests—ever notorious for villainess and sensuality—to-day, excel all others in the commission of heinous crimes.

Did Christianity save our land from slavery? William Denton thus answers: "Christianity did not save the South from slavery, where it was commenced and carried on by Christians and Christian ministers, whose hands were strengthened by their Christian brethren of the North; the one forged the fetters and applied them, the other riveted them, and cursed in the name of Jehovah, all who attempted to break them."

Has it saved from intemperance? Again let Wm. Denton speak: "Christianity does not save from intemperance; for, while men almost universally believed in Jesus where the evil was, it grew till it overshadowed the land. It invaded the pulpit, and dragged to untimely graves hosts of the strongest Christian believers. The first temperance paper was published by Joseph Lindsay of England, who was what is called an Infidel; and it was not until outsiders had done the heavy work, and they saw a prospect of assistance from it, that Christians took much interest in the temperance movement. The Bible is the bulwark of moderate drinking, and the example of Jesus one of its principal supports."

Has it saved mankind from fraud, injustice and dishonesty? Thus answers a distinguished writer. "Can Christian people claim to be more upright, more honorable, and more exemplary than Buddhists, Mohammedans, or Parsees? In numerous instances the ethics of China or Japan might bring the blush of shame to entire Christendom. What among the deceptive transactions of Bible worshipers—who boast of a purer theology—is still most common? Frauds in castle and in court, in state affairs and church matters; frauds in national intrigue, in diplomacy, and in naval and military affairs; frauds in Senate chambers and in low tribunals; in elections and appointments; frauds by word and by oath; in buying and selling; in giving and receiving; frauds by weight, and frauds by measure, and frauds by adulteration, and increasing

frauds in every imaginable shape and form that may escape the penalty of crime."

And what of our judiciary? And now give ear, O ye people, to what says the second Isaiah: the "greatest preacher since Paul," as he has been called, even the great Mogul of popular Christianity and scandal in the city of churches. Silence in the congregation of the Lord! Henry Ward Beecher step forth! Hear ye him. "All the framework of society seems to be dissolving. On every side we find men false to the most important trusts. Even the judges on the bench are bought and sold like meat in the shambles. One must go into court with a long purse to obtain justice. The judiciary of New York stinks like Sodom and Gomorrah. Men say they hardly know a court in which to trust a case. It is no longer an honor to sit on the bench; for if the judge be an upright man, his character will be contaminated by the great majority of his associates."

Has Christianity saved the world from sloth and vice and degradation; from poverty and prostitution? Through the dark long years of mediæval wretchedness it filled Europe with monk-houses and beggary, and sent men to hole in caverns like beasts. It gave gilded capitals to popes and potentates, and princely palaces to priests; while it put the yoke of sacerdotal power upon the peoples' necks, and housed them in huts and hovels. And to-day look at Ireland and Italy, Mexico and Spain, by nature, the most beautiful lands upon the globe; look wherever the people have not yet thrown off the trammels of that original Christianity, which, under the administration of holy Mother Church, for fifteen hundred years blighted the fairest portions of earth with deadness and decay. See the barrenness and hunger and distress among the fields where Nature had scattered plenty. See gardens gay with roses dyed with blood. See the ignorance and want, idleness and misery; and see the squalid people, shriveled and dwindled into things fit only to crouch before wooden saints, and lazy, gluttonous priests. And it is only because Christianity has been unable to retard the onward sweep of civilization that portions of the world ever emerged from the putrid pools of slothful ignorance and superstition. The world has improved since the Protestant revolt in the sixteenth century, and Protestant countries are in advance of Catholic; simply because Protestantism was, to a certain extent, a departure from Christianity—a secession of the more liberal and advanced elements of that age. And both must continue to be drawn onward and upward by the great grand car of progress as it rolls eastward toward daybreak, unless by their united, persistent efforts, they succeed in reversing its course, letting it rumble back down the declivity of the ages into old murky midnight again.

But is Protestant Christianity saving the world? Over 100,000 prostitutes, over 150,000 vagabonds and paupers are wandering through the streets of London to-day. And Dr. Lancaster, an eminent coroner of the same Christian city, reports 12,000 cases of infanticide annually. Read the astounding statistics of increasing vice and pauperism and immorality in the reeking cities of Protestant England and America. All the thousands of citizen soldiers and patrolling policemen are impotent to arrest the swelling flood of iniquity and wretchedness. Within the very shadows of costly churches, darkly crouch despair and distress and destitution; while human beings regularly die of starvation. Pale pauperism and ragged want stalk faintly past high domed and richly gilt cathedrals, the elegant entrances to which pious policemen guard. And in the same great city in which Trinity Church corporation holds \$70,000,000 worth of property—consisting largely of brothels, grogeries and gambling dens—last winter a man chalked on the walls of his cell in the Tombs, this fearful fact: "In New York city the spires of 342 churches, worth \$41,120,000, point heavenwards. I am here for stealing a loaf of bread for my starving child." But the Heathen must be saved in far, far off lands. And so the pauper's penny, and the poor pittance of the wanting widow are snatched by the ravening wolves of a costly superstition to fit out floating palaces freighted with Bibles and grog and gunpowder to carry the glad tidings of great joy to the uttermost parts of the earth. Sea and land are compassed to make one cannibal proselyte ten-fold more the child of hell; while the home-heathen about the church doors are left to starve, and soldiers are sent to shoot the red heathen of the West.

Says the distinguished Dr. Pusey: "There are places in London, as I have myself seen, where, for generation after generation the name of Christ has never reached, and their inhabitants had much better been born in Calcutta than in London; because the charity which sends forth Christian missionaries would the sooner reach them."

Millions of money, made up from many a widow's mite, and the penny offerings of orphans, yearly expended in visionary and extravagant missionary enterprises; an army of lazy, licentious priests, wandering restlessly from pole to pole; twenty-five missionary societies laboring for India alone—maintaining there 350 missionaries at an annual expense of \$1,250,000—all for the salvation of distant heathendom. And after sixty years of all these costly and romantic attempts, less than one fourth of one per cent. of the 200,000,000 population of India profess Christianity to-day. Twenty-four missionaries with twelve na-

tive helpers in China, and the Foreign Missionary Society recently reports "the baptism of a first convert." Dr. Livingstone, in one of his late works, said, "it was not until after the death of forty missionaries in Africa, that the first heathen had been converted." One missionary report, says, "that besides the actual cost, it takes six missionaries to convert one Hottentot"—that is, six of them die off, and probably the Hottentot does not stay converted only while he is well fed.

How has Christianity saved the Sandwich Islands? Let Governor Kapena, one of the escort of King Kalakana, recently visiting the United States, answer: "It is somewhat remarkable that wherever the missionaries came, depopulation followed."

How has it saved Hindoostan? Let Baboo Protah Clumder Mozandar, the learned Hindoo of Calcutta, answer: "I came from the banks of the sacred river Ganges. My forefathers were peaceful and progressive men. When they were hungry, they did not kill the beasts of the wilderness or the fowls of the air; but they satisfied their hunger with herbs and fruits; and when they were thirsty they didn't open large casks of brandy; but quenched their thirst from the simple streams of our rivers. But the nations of the West have introduced into our land those two mighty powers of modern civilization—grog and gunpowder. Before the god of gunpowder, the physical liberties of my countrymen have made an unconditional surrender; before the terrible god of alcohol, the moral nature of my countrymen is now about to be offered as a sacrifice."

Ever since the days of John Eliot, Christianity has been saving the wild red heathens of America. One powerful missionary society, after an expenditure of \$30,000,000, and forty years of labor among a few tribes, confidently pronounced them a Christian people just previous to our great rebellion, exultingly parading their glorious triumph for Christ before the world. And yet the very next year, those same Christian tribes, led by Albert Pike, a Christian missionary from Boston, were scalping our wounded soldiers at Pea Ridge; and the ferocious perpetrators of the horrid Minnesota massacre were Christian Indians, every one. Christian grog and gunpowder have now nearly exterminated these heathens of the wilderness. The Sandwich Islands are being rapidly depopulated. Of all the failures of that sublime humbug of the ages, Christianity, itself a failure and a fraud, the missionary movement has been the most complete. And oh, what a savior has been Christianity! Professing to save the world from the wrath of God, it filled it with hate and horror—with heartless hypocrites and human hyenas. Professing to save man from a hereafter hell, it made for him a hell on earth. While saving the world from ignorance of "Jesus and him crucified," it shrouded Europe for half a millennium in the murky midnight of the Dark Ages. Instead of saving from war, it made a slaughter house of earth. Instead of saving men from fear and force and cruelty, it gave them the Inquisition. Instead of saving from despotism and slavery, it set crowns upon the heads of tyrants, and consecrated the chains that manacled millions. Instead of saving the world from intemperance, it gave drunkenness the sanction of patriarchs and prophets, and Paul, who told Timothy to use wine for his stomach's sake, gave it the sanction of righteous drunken Lot, and drunken naked Noah, and Christ the manufacturer of wedding wine, who took the cup and blessed it and passed it on through the Christian generation. Instead of saving from crime, it clothed its "own naked villainy with old odd ends stolen forth from holy writ," and justified every iniquity in the long black catalogue of crime, when perpetrated for the glory of God and his infallible church. Instead of saving from pauperism, it reduced to poverty the wealthy Jews in Spain, and industrious Huguenots in France, and drove them forth in wandering wretchedness, that their confiscated goods might be clutched by its princely, pampered prelates. It filled the old world with mendicants, reduced kings to destitution, and to-day the conscienceless Christian church would gladly clutch the half consumed crust from starvation's teeth could it count ought in its consecrated coffers. Instead of saving from superstition, itself has been the central—the one colossal superstition that has brooded over the centuries like a nightmare horror, before which mankind have cowered in terror. Instead of saving from any evil that ever cursed this earth, itself has been the chiefest evil—the curse of curses. And yet a little while and it must show the world whether it be able to save itself. It has already cursed earth too long, and its end draws near. Within the last three hundred years most mortal dagger-thrusts have been dealt this usurping Cæsar of superstition that shall bring him to his fall. With his clumsy Protestant poniard, strong old Luther dealt the first stab that caused him to stagger. Voltaire with his keen and poison tipped stiletto, left a cut that never closed. Deadly thrusts were those of Thomas Paine, ruining the old monster through and through with the sharp sword blade of reason. The strong right arm of staunch young science has given the later deadly strokes. And yet a little while and this age-cursed despot, seeking to set a sacerdotal crown upon his head in the senate hall of a great free people, will feel in his quivering vitals the fatal steel of a patriotic Brutus—ay, the death cold steel of Marcus Brutus,

the adopted son, who, while loving this ambitious Cæsar much, will yet love his country's Magna Charta more. "*Et tu Brute!*" Then fall Cæsar! "And wrapping his blood dyed mantle around his passion wrinkled forehead, all written over with the names of blasphemy, with the death rattle in his putrid throat, his black and bloated and bleeding body will fall to the foot of the grand white column of human freedom; while pulpit and press and people will join in joyful proclamation: "Peace, freedom and enfranchisement! Christianity is dead, and we are glad of it!" And through all the coming wasteless years the glad tidings will be wafted on, to be taken up and again repeated in states unborn and accents yet unknown: "Christianity is dead! Peace, enfranchisement and freedom forevermore!"

"A brighter morn awaits the human day,
When every transfer of earth's natural gifts
Shall be a commerce of good words and works;
When poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame,
The fear of infamy, disease and woe,
War with its million horrors, and fierce hell,
Shall live but in the memory of time,
Who, like a penitent libertine, shall start,
Look back, and shudder at his younger years."
West Winfield, N. Y.

"Creator"—"Religion."

TO PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

DEAR FRIEND: Relieved of need to address you on the themes suggested at the close of my former Letter, as having been called since to treat the same in letters to others, yet may I ask your attention to the two most important passages in your Inaugural, the first of which may be said to have become so more than historic as to be already immortal:

"Abandoning all disguise, by an intellectual necessity, I cross the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we, in our ignorance of its latent powers, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of all terrestrial life." Shall I be permitted to point out, in opposition to the Past, whose language that is—"matter," "its creator"—and as voicing the language of the Present, and of Science, that Matter on its face has no "creator," can have none, itself is the contradiction of "creator," so that your world-renowned utterance is ready to be recommitted for such revision as shall make the two terms of its statement possible to co-exist! It must either be "matter the promise and potency of all terrestrial life," and then no "creator," or it must be a "creator," and "matter" not "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life"! It must either be "matter," as the world has always written it, or it must be Matter! The great Proper of all things, the great Proper which itself is all things, the Universe, can not be created. Infinite created is stultification, and then Matter created is. Matter has no "latent powers." Of course, take clay, and say its powers: but then take the Matter of a man, and say its powers: take the Matter of the Earth, men and everything else on it, and say its powers: take the Matter of the whole Universe, and say its powers—at last the Matter of all possible beings, things, existences, to infinity and eternity, with its powers! Matter being infinite and eternal, always was everything and did everything, always was the Universe, already existed all these things! It is not the "promise and potency" of all, but already is all—not only "all terrestrial life," but all life—it absolutely now is and always was, all things, consecrating anything beside all things, a "creator," the most ridiculous and impossible conception that ever entered the brain of man!

And as for the "new definition" of Matter for which you call, that is the only final, perfect definition of Matter—the Universe; all Matter is the Universe: any part of Matter is part of the Universe: the whole can have no possible definition but this which the whole is, and no part can have any possible definition nor significance nor even existence except as part of this: there is nothing abstract or apart from the Universe, and then there is no abstract Matter, mere Matter—strictly and literally no Matter, positively nothing but actual Universe! No Matter, then, nothing to be defined, nothing but that same Universe! Even if Matter is that, and that is Matter, yet Universe swallows the other up, and forever alone remains. Even if Matter makes the Universe, it does not in the sense of developing it, unfolding it, but only of existing it—Matter inevitably, inherently, and then eternally, exists the Universe—it never existed, never could exist, anything else—it and the actual, already running Universe are the very same thing, and always were the very same thing—for Matter to be at all, is to be this whole infinite Expanse and Arrangement of Suns, Planets, Men and all things, and for Matter not to be this whole infinite Expanse and Arrangement, would be to be itself non-existent! Matter and Universe are other names, and the same thing, but that thing is at last Universe, in which Matter merges and is lost. Rather, Universe is the thing, and Matter is only a name of it—Universe all, and Matter an appellation—then Universe everything and Matter nothing—or again, Universe everything, and Matter the mere name. Especially, Matter the name, description, characteri-

zation of some part, as clay, or the make-up of the air, Ether or Sun, but when we launch out and reach the Whole needing no description, then all else dropping out, and we only able to think and say Universe!

Science joyfully submits to be corrected, and to give place to the new and larger statement by the event proved to be Science, and so now, in the light of all this, but especially to make the truth of the new statement so flagrantly glaring as to compel acceptance from even everybody, I know you will forgive, will welcome, the personal application which the argument makes to yourself, returning to the direct comment on your immortal passage. Then shall the argument be permitted to ask you, by what authority you wrote "matter"—without the capital M? Do all the rest write it so? Well, suppose they do, by what authority did you write it so? All the rest may be ignorant, and fools: was it for you to indorse—or to correct them? The rest are the sheep, who follow any bellwether: you are the man of Science, the teacher: was it for you to run after them—or to bid them come to you? And by what authority did you assert a "creator" of Matter? a "creator" of the Infinite! or by what authority did you assert that Matter is not Infinite? Say that all the rest assert both these things, yet, by what authority did you assert them? By what authority did you speak of the "latent powers" of Matter—by what authority did you pronounce them "latent"—thereby denying that they now are and always have been actualized in the existence of an infinite Universe of Suns, Planets, Men and all things? By what authority did you say you "cross the boundary of the experimental evidence," thereby denying that all this infinite Universe is and always has been such "experimental evidence"? By what authority did you say "promise and potency of all terrestrial life," thereby denying actual and present, even eternal and infinite, realization of absolutely all life, and all things? And, as if to reduce Matter yet nearer to nothing, by what authority did you express "reverence" for the creator who wrecks on it all this revenge? And so by what authority did you, and did you still, "cover" Matter with all this "opprobrium"? By what authority did you assume to do all this, and then by what authority did you assume all this? And so shall we not henceforth have done with such assumptions—have done with "matter," and "creator," and in their place accept the Universe, and Science? I know you consent, and only ask these questions as you would, to emphasize the immeasurable absurdity into which we have all so astonishingly fallen!

And your second passage involves but a continuation of the same argument, even in these strong words of your both thesis and postulate: "The immovable basis of the religious sentiment in the nature of man. To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present hour." But it is the mistake of mistakes to suppose that the way to yield the religious sentiment "reasonable satisfaction," or then any satisfaction, is to give men a "creator," a God! Give men that "creator." Then, before he created, infinity was blank, there was not a Star, a man, an atom; there was nothing, and a whole eternity of nothing—a whole eternity of nothing instead of a whole eternity of this infinite Universe!—and you give that unending annihilation to men to satisfy them! And after he created, all was finite, for he could not create infinite; and so all is finite now, mere and absolute nothing to what it might have been, a little bit of nothing instead of all this infinite Universe—and that is what you give men to comfort them! And because even this little nothing began, therefore it must end—what has one end must have two ends—and so all this that exists to-day must at length cease, and through another whole eternity be nothing again—and that is what is to cheer men so wonderfully! And the God himself—during all that eternity when he was alone, all this other eternity when he will be alone, or all this little minute when he co-exists with the nothing he created—he is nothing, and utterly less than nothing, even to not so much as existing at all! First a God—he, a being, is finite, and nothing to infinite. Next, if the God would not create that whole eternity, when he could, he is a bad God, worse than the worst man that ever lived, and infinitely worse than no God at all! But if he could not create, still his existence, as standing instead of and preventing a Universe back there, was just as much an infinite impertinence and curse! Then the God has always been a mystery, nobody has ever been able to know anything about him, and of course not to get any good out of him, and so instead of himself being a good he has emphatically and only been perplexity and evil! Last, that tells why there has been no knowing anything about him—there has been nothing to know anything about: the God has been all nothing and nowhere, men have simply made it all! It has been all talk, it has been "God," "God," "God," when there has never been anything to answer to it! The Universe is all, it is everything and the everything, and there can be nothing beside it to be a God! There can not be a God in it, because there is nothing in it but it; and there can not be a God outside of it because there is no outside—there can not be anything but the sheer Universe itself, and so there forevermore, can not be any God at all! So that in giving men a "creator," you have lost the Universe, and the God too!

No. But it is this infinite and eternal Universe, and this only, which can satisfy the craving in man's nature. Strike out but the Universe's *eternity*, and all is gone—stark nothing through a whole forever: carrying with it the equal *immortality*—stark nothing through another forever! And strike out but the Universe's *infinity*, and all is gone—all is a mere infinitesimal! Strike out the Universe's infinity and you have struck out its eternity, for it is eternal only because it is infinite! Infinity is the starting-point, that can't be created and so is eternal, can't be destroyed and so is immortal! The Universe is infinite, and hence both eternal and immortal—blot out that infinite, and you blot out that eternal and immortal too! Blot out the Universe's infinity, and you blot out everything! Assume a God and you blot out everything—that says the Universe can be created and then it is not infinite! God that should be salvation becomes perfect damnation, *annihilation*! But with the Universe impossible to be created or annihilated, God is forever crushed out, forestalled by infinity before, behind, and all round. And then with its infinity, eternity, immortality, all three, the Universe becomes more to man than all the Gods he ever dreamed of, all the Good he ever conceived of! Here is good tangible, the highest he can possibly picture, actually illimitable, running both ways forever! Infinity, Eternity, Immortality, are all made over to him, placed in his very hand, for the repose of his being, for the satisfying of his entire nature! Call him Intellect, or Heart, or Soul—here is all that Intellect, or Heart, or Soul, or all together, can depict or desire! And he is part of it all, bound up in its fate, an indispensable factor, even so that without him the rest could not be; and he reads it all, takes in all this existence from eternity to eternity, and becomes the equal of the infinite he sees—and what can he ask more?—or how can you add to his happiness?

But then he has no "religion," for *this* is not "religion," but Science, Philosophy, Nature! At last we have reached more than men ever dreamed of, and yet we have found no Religion, for there is no Religion! We have satisfied the highest sentiment in man's nature, and all sentiments in his nature, but instead of any Religion, we have given him something better! When man faints, when he suffers, when his heart goes down to zero, when he alone is not equal to his fate, then he wants to lie back on the bosom of the Infinite! And we give him that Infinite, as no God ever could, nor any created Universe, nor any God and created Universe both together, as nothing ever could but *this* Universe—we give him that Infinite which all the rest have never given him, and never can give him! Science alike reveals this glorious Infinite to all, and to the same benediction shuts up and seals all, equally yourself and

Your humble friend,

JOSEPH TREAT.

A Generous Merchant.

In response to our maiden effort on the platform on the evening of July 23d, we feel greatly pleased with the following complimentary and very liberal letter from our friend, Morris Altman. It speaks for itself. We trust our Liberal friends will not forget his generosity when wishing goods in his line:

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NEW YORK, July 26th, 1875.

MR. D. M. BENNETT—Dear Sir: I listened with much pleasure to the delivery of your Lecture at Plimpton Hall on Friday evening last, and felt interested in the fact that such a speech could be so quietly and acceptably received by so many persons.

Fully impressed with the fact that much good will flow from a free distribution of your lecture—it being one of the most extreme and radical ever delivered in this city—I hereby enclose our check for FIFTY DOLLARS, to be used in distributing extra copies of your paper containing the Lecture.

Your boldness in uttering such rank heresies in this city, and before such an audience, entitles you to the thanks of every Liberal in the country, and to enable you to spread such radical sentiments broadcast over the land requires the immediate aid and assistance of all who believe in the future emancipation of Humanity.

Fraternally,

MORRIS ALTMAN.

We accord our warmest thanks to Bro. Altman for his liberality and his kind opinions. We assure him the money shall be used in the direction indicated.

The lecture referred to will be found on the tenth page. It will also shortly appear in tract form.

THOSE persons who began to eat large quantities of fish a few years ago, and have kept up the practice ever since without having experienced the desired increase of intellectual capacity, may thank the New Orleans *Republican* for this explanation: "Unless a man has brains, it is useless for him to eat brain food. It has never been claimed for fish that it creates; it only strengthens the brain."

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

be called the "most mighty one." If, in memory of what he has done in the world, he should be called kind and benevolent, how much more shouldst thou be styled great, magnanimous, powerful and super-good! How wrong that the firm, including the father, the son, and the other individual, each holding a third interest, should exclude the greatest and best of the four, simply because of his excessive modesty and on whom so much depends, even in the system that has been devised in their interest. Without thee what would their whole stock in trade be worth? Without thee what would become of the millions of priests that have cried aloud in their name? Without thee their whole system, their grand cathedrals, their elegant churches, their sonorous organs, their modest chapels, their monasteries, their nunneries, their seminaries, their colleges, their rites and ceremonies, their countless millions, in tithes and exactions, and even the source of all their terror and fears would have no existence. In view of all this, we exclaim, how shabbily hast thou been treated! Thou hast been kicked out of the firm which should have contained a quartette, with thyself not farther back than second. It might, with propriety have read, Father, Devil, Son & Ghost.

Another great injury we feel has been done thee by the circulation of the report that thou art engaged in a never-ending contract, by the firm aforesaid, to do their dirty work for them—to keep up, without cessation, the sulphureous fires in the nether regions to a white heat, and therein with pitchforks and other cruel instruments of torture, thee and thy sub-devils to forever pitch and punch, to the latest moment of eternity, ninety-nine one-hundredths of the entire unfortunate human race. We cannot believe this of thee. It is all a priestly lie. Nothing in thy character, so far as known, justifies the horrible conclusion that thou wouldst ever engage in an employment so repulsive, and so execrable. As we said, thou hast ever shown thyself a friend to the human race, and hast rarely done an unkind act to any individual, and we feel assured that thou wouldst never be so base, so heartless, so inconceivably cruel, as to torture thus, countless millions of poor, weak, ignorant, helpless mortals through endless ages, for the trifling offenses of a short earthly life, and just to please thy old antagonist—the firm of Father, Son & Co. We believe, Uncle Nicholas, if they wanted thee to do this work for them, that thou wouldst immediately spurn the idea, and bid them do it themselves.

No, no; imperious Lucifer, we can believe nothing of this cruelty of thee; the idea is too monstrous to attach to any being, god or demon, much less to a character so amiable as thou hast thus far shown thyself to be. The good and benevolent, the free, the wise, the intelligent, the learned, the scientific, and the lover of liberty, all follow in thy wake. As thou hast heretofore treated them well, thou doubtless will continue to do so. We much prefer to train in thy band with such men as Socrates, Plato, Copernicus, Galileo, Spinoza, Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Byron, Humboldt, Volney, Paine, Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, and all such men, than to be numbered with the priests, the zealots, the murderers, the bigots and the hypocrites, which make up the other crowd. We fear not to trust ourselves with thee and thy company.

We would not deceive thee in the least; we have grave doubts of thy existence as a person, but believe in it just as firmly as we do the existence of thy antagonist. Both stand on an equality in this respect. We regard you both as figments of the brains of ignorant superstitious nations, which intelligence and reason will ultimately drive from the earth. Prince Lucifer, thou spirit of the air, we say then, speed the day—hasten on the time when truth and knowledge will rule supreme in all the earth; when popes, cardinals, bishops, priests, pastors and elders can be dispensed with; when the ignorance they have fastened on the race will give way; when all men can exclaim in truth, "we have knowledge, we have light, we are our own priests, we walk in Nature's lovely path, and none can make us afraid." AMEN.

A THOUSAND flashes of lightning were counted in an hour during the great storm on the 7th of July at Geneva, Switzerland.

Prayer to our Readers.

AUGUST AND REVERED ADVOCATES OF THE RIGHT: Feeling in an unusually prayerful mood at this time, and wishing to direct our prayers where there is a possibility of their being heard and answered, we appeal to you.

Two years have now elapsed since, with slight acquaintance, slight experience, slight financial ability, but with much trepidation and misgiving, we first addressed you in the columns of this paper. We felt uncertain how our little sheet would be received, whether it would be taken by the hand and into your good graces, or whether it would be suffered to die an untimely death like other abortive attempts in the same direction. But you have been kind to us and have sustained us like brothers. You have borne with our mistakes and short comings, and you have become endeared to us. We have aimed to fearlessly discharge our duty and to speak what seemed to us true and just. We trust our efforts have met your approbation, and that you will still accompany us and aid us in the future course we wish to pursue.

We have a common cause; we are all interested in the triumph of Truth and Reason in our fair land and in the world. We are an unpopular minority among our fellow men; our opponents are numerous, well organized, and powerful, but we know they are groping in error, and that their minds are so blinded with the mistaken theories of the past dark ages that they cannot comprehend the superior inculcations of reason as it is in Nature. We should stand shoulder to shoulder in the conflict with error in which we are engaged, and ultimately we shall triumph.

Priestcraft and false theology will struggle hard to parry our blows. They will make their strongest efforts to overthrow us and drive us from the field, but armed with the truth and animated by the love of humanity in our hearts, we assuredly in good time will reach the goal of victory. The sky may be partially overcast now, but the glorious sun of truth will shine forth; the mists and fogs of ignorance and superstition will be dissipated, and a calm, clear sky will meet our view.

Dear readers, we propose to continue on in the work in which we have been engaged for the past two years. We wish you to continue on with us, and render us what aid you can. We need more patrons and those that we have to come promptly to our aid.

It takes money to print a paper in this city, and this now seems to be "the one thing needful." Up to this time our incomes have not equalled our outgoes, and during the past unprecedented hard times we have been compelled to strain our credit. We are in debt. We ask you, friends, whose time has expired, to renew promptly. Send us fifty cents to pay the balance of this year, and those of you who can, please send us \$2.25 and pay up to January, 1877; in that case we throw off twenty-five cents. Remember, after January, 1876, THE TRUTH SEEKER becomes a Weekly at two dollars a year. Is there a Liberal in all our land who knows the paper that is not willing to spare two dollars a year to sustain in? Some, of course, will fall away, but we hope it will be those only who feel indifferent in the cause of truth, and are willing that priestcraft, superstition and bigotry shall still rule our country.

Those who will send us seventy-five cents, will be credited to Jan. 1st, 1876, and will receive forty cent's worth of tracts. Those who will send us three dollars shall be credited from Sept. 1st, '75, to Jan. 1st, '77, and shall have sent to them, post-paid, \$1.25 worth of tracts.

We ask, once more, those in arrears to remit us what they owe us. We are needing it now, and hope you will not longer withhold it. Those who are in arrears for Vol. II., and will remit us our dues before the close of August, shall receive our thanks and twenty-five cents' worth of our tracts by mail.

Those who do not wish to read the paper any longer, and do not feel willing to contribute the small sum we ask towards its support, will confer a favor upon us by informing us without delay. But please, friends, let this number be as small as possible. If you knew how it dampens and saddens our feelings to receive, "Stop my paper," we hardly think many would thus afflict us. Don't say "stop," but let on—

WARD be the motto and the watchword. Let there be none so apathetic and indifferent as to be unwilling to spare the small sum of two dollars yearly, to sustain a sheet pledged to do all within its power to oppose and expose the great evils of our time and age.

Friends of mental liberty, those of you who have the ability and the inclination, at any time, to donate a small sum to help us along in the work we are pursuing, hold not back, if it is not more than five dollars, two dollars, or one dollar, it will do good, and we promise we will faithfully use it in the diffusion of truth. We ask not to make money; we seek not big profits, but we must have money to meet our current expenses, or of course we must go to the wall.

Within the last few months one thousand papers have gone by the board; the heaviest houses have failed; Beecher's publishing house with its large capital has had to succumb; his *Life of Christ* has "gone higher than a kite."

Shall THE TRUTH SEEKER be counted among the failures? Not if our friends stand by us. We fear not the Church, we fear not the priests, we fear not the devils, we fear not the gods, we fear only the poverty, the apathy and indifference of friends, or those who should be friends. If they answer not our prayer, none will.

Many of our friends are prompt and always on time; would that all were so; if they were, we would not complain or urge; but many are behind and seem very willing to be so. We know times are hard and money scarce, and we acutely feel the effects thereof. It, however, takes but a small sum from each of you to pay our yearly price, and we hope the amount will break no one.

We need new subscribers. Some will fall by the wayside; some will refuse to remit, and the ranks should be kept full. Let every sympathizing friend send a new subscriber, or half a dozen of them, who can. Many should read this paper who do not. Let the light of truth shine far and wide. Let every person whose eyes fall upon these lines and who are not patrons, resolve at once to become so. Remit for a year, remit for six months or remit for three months. There are none of you, surely, but what can do that. Stand by us and we will stand by you, and the truth shall spread in our land.

Hear our prayer and grant our request. We ask it for truth's sake—we ask it for humanity's sake. Answer our entreaty, and ours will be the honor, the power and the glory, now and evermore. AMEN.

MR. JAMES MCCARROLL of this city—a well-known *litterateur*, and one of the lecturers of last season before the Polytechnic Society—has become a professor and lecturer of the Grand Conservatory of Music, Fifth Ave.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is kept for sale by JAMES A. BLISS, Circle Hall, No 402 Vine st., Philadelphia, who has at that place opened a library of Liberal and Spiritualistic books. We recommend progressive people in that locality to patronize him.

THE *Literary Miscellany*, for August, James McCarroll, editor, contains the following complimentary notice of our effort at the Liberal Club. The commendation may be somewhat overdrawn, but it is nevertheless agreeable, and we duly return thanks:

"D. M. BENNETT of THE TRUTH SEEKER recently read a very clever and exhaustive paper upon 'the Gods of Superstition and the God of the Universe,' before the Liberal Club of this city. Although the paper was fiercely assailed by some of the ablest members present, it was generally conceded that Mr. Bennett's arguments were not met effectually, and that he acquitted himself with rare knowledge and ability."

WE HAVE RECEIVED numerous responses to the proposition in our last, in reference to the work, "LIVES AND DEATH-BED INCIDENTS OF NOTED INFIDELS," but not enough yet to justify the undertaking of a work so expensive. We trust many others will feel like sending us their names. At the suggestion of some friends, we may decide to use type a size smaller, and make the book a large 12 mo, in place of octavo; omitting most of the portraits and thus get up a work of 800 pages for three dollars. It will contain a great amount of valuable and instructive reading matter for the money. It has

been suggested also, that there be added to it a *Family Record* as many of the large Bibles contain; would that be advisable? Friends, suggestions are in order; let us hear from you.

Underwood's Debate.

B. F. UNDERWOOD's debate with the Rev. John Marples, Presbyterian, came off at Napanee, Ont., on the evenings of July 20, 21, 22, and 23. It was largely attended, many persons from a distance putting in an appearance. We see by the Napanee *Express* that while Mr. Marples excelled in declamation and sound, Mr. Underwood in clear, logical and forcible argument, bore away the palm. It says he showed sure indications of great research and investigation, and that the impression he made upon the listeners was greatly in his favor. The inclination to free enquiry and free thought is on the increase in that vicinity.

In a former number we mentioned the possibility of our publishing in pamphlet form, Underwood and Burgess' recent debate at Aylmer, Ont. We shall not do so for the present. Those who wish to procure it can do so by writing to J. C. Pankhurst, Publisher of "*Both Sides*," (Aylmer, Ont.,) in which paper the discussion is reported in full.

Sectarian Intolerance.

Mr. Anthony Comstock has caused the arrest of John A. Lant, publisher of the *Toledo Sun*, on the ground of obscenity. His preliminary examination before the commissioner has taken place, and he has been in \$3,000 bail to appear at the next regular term of the U. S. Court in this city, which bail not being forthcoming he was remanded to Ludlow street jail. This, to make the best of it, is a piece of petty Christian tyranny, in this boasted land of freedom, and in view of the far greater obscenity of the Beecher adultery case, which for months filled most of the papers in the country, is simply contemptible. The United States authorities must have little to occupy their attention, and the pious Mr. Comstock must be spoiling for a fight to meddle with such small fry. Why does he not attack the *Herald*, the *Sun*, or the *Graphic*? Are they too powerful, and is it safer to pounce upon a defenceless, impoverished, struggling little sheet? Are the morals of the people, the welfare of society or the peace of the government endangered by the existence of such a paper?

New Books.

THE WORLD'S SIXTEEN CRUCIFIED SAVIORS.—We have received a copy of Mr. Kersey Graves' book by this title, and we are free to say it is an important acquisition to Liberal literature. It contains not only the account of sixteen different saviors of man who were crucified hundreds of years before the existence of Christianity, but it is an exhaustive examination of the entire subject of Christianity, showing conclusively its pagan origin. The work is a very interesting one, and should be in the hands of every truth seeker. Price \$2. Sent by mail, postage free. We will be glad to supply all who want a copy.

STARTLING FACTS OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM, by N. B. WOLFE, M.D., second edition. A fine copy has been placed upon our table. It contains faithful accounts of the author's investigations in the different phases of Spiritualism. It gives many facts, indeed "startling" and wonderful, with letters from distinguished individuals bearing upon the subject. Those seeking proofs and descriptions of the various Spiritual phenomena, cannot do better than read this highly interesting work. From the author's character and reputation, his statements can be received with confidence.

The work contains four fine steel plate portraits and many other illustrations, and is gotten up in fine style. Price, \$2.00. Postage 25 cents. We are prepared to fill orders for it.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE HEAD AND HEART, explained by J. STANLEY GRIMES, 12 mo, 360 pp. Published by W. B. Keen, Cooke & Co., Chicago. Freely illustrated.

The author of this new work has for a third of a century been a popular lecturer upon Phrenology, and Mesmerism. Many thousands of the American public have with interest listened to his lectures, his examinations, &c.

The work is divided into three parts.

PART I, is the author's improved system of Phrenology, containing new names for several organs, and attributing offices and uses to several organs not hitherto recognized by other Phrenologists. He groups the organs into three classes, the *Intellectual* in the front head; the *Ipseals*, or self-preserving in the middle portion, and the *Social* in the back and basilar portions of the brain.

PART II consists of his theory of the physiology of the emotions and the relations of body and mind.

PART III contains the author's opinions of trance, clairvoyance, hallucination, mind-reading, mesmeric sleep, &c. He attributes these conditions to the over action of certain organs of the mind, or the decreased action of other organs. He is an unbeliever in the claims of Spiritualism, and in connection with his philosophy upon the subject gives many incidents coming under his own observation. He is an able writer and a clear thinker. The work is an interesting one to all classes of readers. Price \$2.00 by mail, post paid. We have it for sale.

DARWIN'S DESCENT OF MAN. We were in error in a previous number as to the price of the new edition of this work of near 700 pages and many illustrations, containing the entire matter embraced in the two volumes as originally published, with additions. The price is \$3.00, postage 25 cts. We are sending many copies away, and will be glad to send many more.

Dry Goods Price-List.

Thousands in the country are constantly debating the question of prices in dry goods. They go to the most popular store in the neighborhood, and fail there to learn for a certainty whether fair prices are charged or not. Other thousands are not only seeking honest and fair prices, but they want also reliable information in regard to the styles of goods most in demand. Now, all such persons should send a letter to the highly respectable and reliable firm of M. Altman & Co., and ask for their new Price-list. This enterprising and well-known dry goods firm have taken this method of popularizing their business in every section of country. This Price-list, containing thirty-two pages of closely printed matter, gives a minute description of a \$250,000 stock of Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Millinery Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Ladies' and Children's Undergarments, Costumes, Cloaks, Basques, Hosiery, Gloves, Jewelry, Laces, Trimmings, Parasols, Umbrellas, Notions and the thousand and one articles usually sold in first-class city houses. It will be sent, *free of cost*, to any one sending address and postage stamp for mailing the same.

We have examined this Price-list, and find that it teaches its readers how to order goods. The description it gives of every article is so perfect and complete as to make the selection extremely easy and certain of giving satisfaction. This firm will give their best attention to the execution of all orders, and they agree to refund the money in every case where the goods turn out different from their representations. The standing of the house is such that we cheerfully vouch for the truth of whatever they say. Address M. ALTMAN & Co., corner 6th avenue and 19th street, New York.—EDITOR INDEPENDENT.

[We know and have known Mr. Altman and his manner of doing business for some time, and are fully enabled to endorse the views of our contemporary, and although we seldom agree in matters theological, we are pleased to accord our hearty concurrence with its judgment in reference to our friend MORRIS ALTMAN. He is just getting out his new Fall and Winter Price-list, containing accurate descriptions and the lowest price of House-furnishing Goods, such as Sheetings, Towels, Blankets, Quilts, etc., as well as his full assortment of Ladies' Suits, made up in the latest styles in Alpaca, Poplins, Repps, Merinos, Cashmere Silks, Camel's Hair Goods, etc., etc., as low as \$10 each, and as high up as \$300.

This Price-list is sent *free* to all our readers who may send a stamp and their address, and those hesitating to send stamp, together with those finding themselves unable to furnish stamp, he will send the Price-list to by sending address. Mr. Altman is also anxious that Liberals who may send for his Price-list should distribute them freely in their towns and villages.—ED. T. S.]

THE Rev. Edward Calvin, a preacher at Brighton, Mass., is accused of cruelly treating his little son, and an official investigation is being made.

New-York Liberal Club.

JULY 23d, 1875.

[THREE HUNDRED AND THIRD MEETING.]

A paper was read upon

The Gods of Superstition and the God of the Universe,

BY D. M. BENNETT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

For thousands of years the world has abounded in gods, and these gods have been the handiwork of man.

As far back in the early history of our race as we are able to penetrate, we find that men have been engaged in inventing and manufacturing gods.

We find, too, that these gods, in point of intellect, culture, refinement, and morality, have always been a reflex of their makers. The more degraded a nation or people, the more crude and coarse their gods. If the god-makers were but little advanced in intelligence, if their reasoning powers were but feebly developed, their gods partook of the same characteristics, and were monstrosities, often having two or more heads, many eyes, distorted visages, numerous arms, and other deformities. If the nation was warlike and aggressive in disposition, and if they were inclined to brigandage and bloodshed, their gods invariably possessed the same characteristics, and they often commanded their worshippers to engage in wars and carnage, and to despoil the neighboring nations of their wealth and their lives. Without mercy they authorized the most relentless cruelty, debauchery and murder, sparing neither the nursing mother nor the infant at her breast.

If, on the other hand, the nations were peaceful and harmless, if they preferred a domestic, quiet life, if they esteemed rest and indolence, their gods were sure to possess the same tastes and habits, and they did not direct their devotees to wars, carnage and butchery. These gods delighted in peace and tranquillity, and the best conception of happiness and bliss on the part of their makers and worshippers was quietness and rest. The ancient gods of India, Persia and China, are cases in point.

Thus we see that whatever characteristics, habits, and dispositions a tribe, race, or nation possessed, whatever was striking or peculiar in them, was invariably ascribed to their gods. If the character and attributes of the god of a people could be ascertained, there would be no difficulty in determining the nature, the literature, the intelligence, the habits, and the manners of its worshippers. If they were degraded, so were their gods; if they were beastly, so were their gods; if they were gluttonous, so were their gods; if they were cruel, so were their gods; if they were warlike, so were their gods; if they were murderous, so were their gods.

In view, then, of the great number of gods that men have made, and the very small portion of them that have been amiable, peaceful, benevolent, and honest, there is great truth and pertinency in the remark that,

'AN HONEST GOD IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN.'

Applause.]

There are, perhaps, few stronger arguments in favor of the early degraded condition of the human race—few clearer proofs of the low and debased state of the primitive tribes of mankind—than the depraved character of the gods they made and worshiped; and we see that to this day among the crude and savage portions of the race, where the light of intelligence and civilization has but dimly shone, they are still making and worshiping the same class of ignorant and repulsive gods. Nothing but knowledge and science can dispel from the dark minds of these ignorant savages the crude and abhorrent notions of the gods which they still hug to their breasts. It is the same with all superstitions and errors: the light of science and positive knowledge will inevitably drive them back to the dark, noisome corners of obscurity and oblivion.

The earliest conception of an invisible power which primitive man, as he slowly emerged from the plane of mere animal life, entertained, was, doubtless, that it was an enemy—that it annoyed and injured him. The storm, the tempest, the tornado, the burning rays of the summer sun, the killing frosts of winter, he looked upon as enemies; they caused him discomfort and pain, and in the infantile stage of his intellect and experience he imagined that these simple operations of Nature were evil powers that delighted to afflict him, and in the unprogressed state of his mind he fancied he could placate them by bowing in the dust before them and offering them worship and sacrifice. As he gained his livelihood by capturing and slaying animals of various kinds he sought to appease those evil powers, and to propitiate them, by presenting them a portion of the animals he had slain.

Not being able to perceive these gods or demons with his visual organs, though he thought they must necessarily have an existence, he soon began to make crude images of clay, wood and stone to represent to his sight the demons or gods he wished to appease and keep in a friendly disposition towards himself. These

images he soon came to regard as the real gods, and he feared and dreaded the same, and bowed to the earth before them.

He early began to imagine there were great numbers of these invisible powers, and he readily assigned separate gods or demons to the winds, the streams, the ravines, the oceans, the mountains, the storms, the thunder, the sun, the moon, the day, the night, the four seasons of the year, and so in many other directions. As these gods were multiplied, the fear, the worshipful feeling, the veneration and awe increased, becoming one of the leading traits of primitive man, but all growing out of his ignorance of the simple laws of nature. Could he have understood the causes which produce winds and storms—the conditions of heat and cold, expansion and contraction, light and electricity—he would not in the storm or tempest have felt the awe and fear which an imaginary power excited in his breast.

Thus, we see, ignorance was the cause of his devising imaginary gods and demons. Ignorance is the source, whence have proceeded demons, genii, gnomes, hobgoblins, furies, fairies, nymphs, naiads, sprites, witches and the like. Here was the origin of worship in the human breast. Ignorance and superstition were its parents, and for thousands of years these have been the elements that have fostered and sustained it. Worship is claimed to be a high and holy quality of man's spiritual organization, and inherent in his existence. This is a mistake. It was the result of his want of knowledge, and this want of knowledge has kept it alive. It degrades a man and makes him abject and cringing, and does not elevate him. As man has attained to a higher degree of intelligence, as he has been able to understand that every result which ever occurred in the Universe has been the effect of natural laws and causes, instead of being the work of an angry and fickle Deity, his fears and his tendency to worship have together taken their flight, and he has learned to view all the operations of nature with calmness and imperturbability.

Those who first invented and fashioned the gods, those who assumed to describe their character, their wills and wishes, naturally became their priests; and thus it was soon discovered that the gods must have mouthpieces, through whom to make known their will and pleasure. The gods were found to be of but little use without the priests to speak for them, to proclaim their will, to command for them homage and worship, and to receive for them such sacrifices, gifts and offerings as the priests decided must be forthcoming.

Here originated the order of PRIESTHOOD, which for thousands of years has been such a burden, such an incubus, such a curse to mankind. Gods have been increased by myriads, the crudest images of clay, stone, wood and metal; and animals of nearly all kinds have at one time or another been worshiped as gods, among which may be named cows, elephants, sheep, camels, dogs, cats, crocodiles, snakes, lizards, toads and many others of the most disgusting of the animal kingdom.

In the vegetable kingdom, trees, plants, flowers and even garlies and onions have by ignorant savages been elevated to be gods.

Rivers and fountains have been special objects of worship. We have only to look to the Ganges and the Nile, to see two streams before which untold millions have prostrated themselves in worship.

The sun, moon and stars have also been worshiped and deified by millions upon millions of the human race.

In this way nearly all the objects in the world, at some time or other, by some nation or other, have been blindly worshiped as gods. It would require all the numerals in our system of notation to give the number of objects that poor, benighted man has been induced to worship, and all this endless variety of gods have required priests.

The name of these priests is "legion." It is not in the power of man to compute the vast number of these leeches, these dead weights, these idle and worse than useless mortals the world has been compelled to support.

They have always been a privileged class, an aristocracy, exacting and expensive. They have never been producers but constant consumers, who have always managed to live upon the toils and labors of others. They have been shrewd enough, too, to secure the fat of the land, to obtain the finest linens, the richest silks, wools and furs which the world has produced. They have always claimed that the gods made known their will to them, and commanded them to convey the same to the ignorant multitudes.

It has not been the aim of priests to impart knowledge to their fellows, to teach them that this world and the entire Universe are governed solely by natural laws. If they have understood this themselves, they have purposely kept the masses in ignorance and subordination. They have pointed to their gods as being the governors and rulers of the world; they have purposely concealed the operation of the simple laws of nature, and have superseded them with the whims and caprices of the gods. They have also claimed to have great influences with these deities, and have pretended to be able, by prayers and sacrifices, by incantations and senseless ceremonies, to appease their anger, to remove their animosity, and to secure their gracious good-will. They have assumed, even, to ad-

vise and direct the gods, and to tell them, yes, to command them how to manage their affairs in this world.

For these very disinterested services—for their arduous labors in offering prayers and advice to the gods, and in detailing to the multitudes their will and requirements to them—they have, as we have seen, laid heavy exactions upon the people. They have required the first fruits of their land, the fattest of their flocks and herds, and a large percentage of all other wealth, omitting, in no case, that which has been termed "filthy lucre." [Applause.]

They have also exacted a measure of the worship for themselves, which they have demanded for the gods. They have maintained a power and control over the masses in the name of their deities truly marvelous, and more onerous to the people than the support of kings and standing armies.

From the multiplicity of gods and priests have grown the numberless forms of religion the world has had, and these have been more or less crude, according to the degree of development to which the race had attained. The lower grade of religious belief and worship is called fetichism or animism. We have glanced slightly at this form. Their gods were low, gross and beastly. Their devotees were full of blind ignorance, slavish fears, and abject superstitions. As mankind progressed in the scale of intelligence, these crudest ideas gradually gave way to a belief less offensive to reason.

In following the current of theological ideas and the development of human thought, we meet with an occasional oasis in the great desert of ignorance and superstition—we are pleased to see the prospect is not always dark and dreary. Though at no time can we find a nationality freed from errors, we gladly hail instances where these exist in a diminished degree. The sun-worshippers of Persia, for instance, were far less degraded than those who worshiped fetiches and images; they aspired above the low and groveling.

In the early ages of that country they had neither temples nor altars, and considered it impious to make images of divine beings. They ascended mountains and offered sacrifices, hymns and prayers to the whole expanse of the firmament, and more especially to their deity, which was the sun, the center, the source of light and heat in the solar system. They likewise worshiped the moon, the stars, the air, fire, earth, and water. In short, they may be said to have been worshippers of the Universe.

If worship they must, the objects to which they paid their pious devotions were probably the most suitable ones in nature that they could select. So far, however, as worship is concerned, it could be of no possible benefit to the objects worshiped, nor to themselves. If their devotions had consisted only in due admiration of the great Universe it would have been more commendable, but the sacrificing of animals and the prostration of their bodies upon the earth before their gods, showed they were so far under the same character of superstition that darkened the nations, which preceded them.

Much can be said complimentary of the gods they adored; they were not cruel, sanguinary, nor murderous, like most other gods; they did not incite wars nor bloodshed, and the retinue of priests which attended upon them, dealt far less in abominable absurdities and impositions. The people recognized in the sun the source of life and enjoyment in this world: without its genial, warming rays there could be no vegetable nor animal existence. It seemed a fitting object for their adoration, and their minds were correspondingly elevated.

Worship of the sun was, doubtless, greatly induced by the knowledge of astronomy which the Chaldeans, Egyptians and ancient Persians had acquired. They had watched and closely studied the motions of the planets and heavenly bodies, and had become well versed in many facts appertaining to them. This knowledge of the starry worlds was unquestionably the foundation for much of the theology which subsequent nations adopted, though in this they engrafted upon their system much which was absurd and unwarranted.

In addition to heavenly bodies the Persians had other gods—principally Ormuzd—whom they believed to be the creator of all existences. Compared with the great majority of gods that have ruled the children of men he was mild, amiable and harmless. The inculcations of his priests did not breathe terror, bloodshed, nor damnation. The Persian priests, who were called Magi, were, at first, few in number, and were required to be of good moral character, which condition has, unfortunately, not always since been enjoined. [Applause.] In process of time, the priesthood in that country became numerous and powerful, and laid the same exactions upon the people that they have done in other countries.

While Ormuzd was a good god, they also had an evil god, whom they called Arimanes, and who was their great enemy. In their theology, however, they managed to annihilate this evil god, or devil, which is more than our good friends in this country have yet succeeded in accomplishing. We are happy to announce, however, that the evil god of Christian theology, who has for many centuries been a terror to children of a small and larger growth, is rapidly being curtailed in his domain, and there are thousands of good Christians who will now dare to tell you that

they hardly believe there is really such a person as "Old Nick," and they are half disposed to let the fables and legends concerning his Satanic Majesty relapse into forgetfulness, along with the witches, fairies, and gnomes of primitive times. [Applause.]

We are disposed, also, to comment favorably upon the gods of the Hindoos. They were chiefly mild and inoffensive, with the exception of Siva, who was the devil of their theology, and was doubtless the progenitor or pattern of the Persian devil, the Grecian devils, the Jewish devil, the Christian devil, the Mohammedan devil, and many other devils who have these many centuries so sadly frightened the poor be-deviled sons and daughters of humanity. [Applause.]

The Hindoos also believed in great numbers of evil spirits, called Rakshasas, with a prince at their head named Ravana.

Their principal gods were, Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the preserver; and Siva, the destroyer. This was a trinity, thousands of years older than the trinity of Christian theology, and was undoubtedly the original from which the latter was copied.

Christna was also a god, or rather a demigod, in great favor with the Hindoos. They claimed that he was begotten of a virgin without a natural father, and that he had a small band of disciples who followed him from place to place, whose feet he washed; that he performed miracles, and that he was finally put to death upon the cross by his enemies. This mythology is now positively ascertained to be many hundreds of years older than our Christian system, leaving at least very strong grounds for suspicion that it was the source whence the later mythology was derived. [Applause.]

Much can be said in favor of the mythology of the Hindoos, while, of course, it is also open to criticism. Their gods were not warlike, revengeful, nor malicious. They did not institute bloody and protracted wars, nor did they prove themselves deadly foes to the human race. Their priests, called Brahmins, were full of metaphysics and mysticisms, rites and ceremonies. Although they were peaceful and non-aggressive in point of wars and robbery, they were extremely aristocratic, and great sticklers for caste and class. In this respect they were not friends to the best interests of human kind. They inaugurated inveterate notions of privileges and exclusiveness which the many years since elapsed have not obliterated, and which have done more to retard the real advancement of that country than any other cause.

Justice requires that India be credited as the parent of the literature and the theology of the world. The researches and investigations made within a few years, in the Sanscrit language, which was once spoken in that country, by such close students as Sir William Jones, Max Muller, and Jaccotiot, have found in the ancient records of India the strongest proofs that thence were drawn many or nearly all the favorite dogmas which later theologians have adopted, and of which such great capital has been made.

Want of time will prevent our doing more than mentioning Egypt and its gods, Osiris, Isis, and numerous others; or the Chinese and their god Fot, together with their great teacher, Confucius, who, five hundred years prior to him of Bethlehem, taught morals as pure, lived a life as spotless, and spent years far more in number, in enlightening his fellow-beings. It was Confucius who, so far as we know, first taught the grand sentiment known as "the Golden Rule." Yes, the maxim, "Do not unto others what you would not have others do unto you," is among the grandest ever enunciated, and was equally so, whether spoken by Confucius or Jesus. In matter of priority, however, the former has the advantage of several centuries.

We will next glance at the mythology of the Grecians and Romans. The priests of those countries were noted as god-makers. A thousand years before the dawn of the Christian era, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, Apollo, Pluto, Vulcan, Juno, Minerva, Venus, Ceres and numerous other gods and goddesses flourished on high Olympus in all their glory and majesty. The Grecians were gallant enough to admit goddesses into their category of divinities, and accorded them nearly equal rights with the sterner sex. For this magnanimity, they are entitled to a vote of thanks from every person who ever existed, and in that respect, at least, they stand immensely above that triune affair which was since devised, in which all are males—the female element not recognized at all. [Applause.]

The Grecians were an intellectual people; they brought literature, art and science to a point of perfection far in advance of where they found them. They were at times warlike and aggressive, and, as we said before, their gods were of the same disposition. Jupiter was a noted old warrior, and fond of hurling thunderbolts at the heads of the unfortunate wights who fretted or infuriated him. But he was also, when in good humor, a jovial old fellow, and addicted to pleasure of various kinds. Mars was distinctively a bloody god, and his principal pleasure seemed to consist in wars and carnage.

The sexual intercourse between the gods and goddesses, and between the gods and mortals, is a very noticeable feature of the Grecian mythology, and apparently was carried to excess. The begetting of gods and demigods seems to have been very lively, until Olympus, the residence of the gods and the

heaven of the Grecians, was said to be peopled with over thirty thousand gods, little and big, and it may well be imagined they had a very godly time of it, all among themselves. [Sensation.]

This idea of the gods holding sexual intercourse, either among themselves or with mortals, appears to have been a favorite one in nearly all the ancient mythologies. Even the mythology which prevails in our own time has something of the same character, and, as in most other respects, it seems to have been compelled to take the idea second-hand—the cast-off clothing of older systems.

The Grecian gods, like those of other nations, had multitudes of priests, and, as ever they were an immense burden to the producing portion of the populace, and contributed largely to the subsequent demoralization and deterioration of the country.

When Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato and others of the old sages came upon the stage of action, they did not acknowledge the gods that were then in power, nor did they bow the pliant knee to the images which represented them. They were *Infidels* as really as are those called Infidels now, who also cannot accept as true another phase of mistaken mythology. Those philosophers taught a higher code of ethics, a purer system of morals, and a truer and more exalted object in life. What was the result? Socrates was arrested, tried, condemned to death, and was forced to drink the poison hemlock. But he died bravely and nobly as he had lived, perhaps the highest type of a brave, honest man that ever lived.

Pythagoras, after spending a useful life inculcating the highest morals and most exalted sentiments, was, at the instigation of priests and populace—whose god he could not accept—annoyed, persecuted, and finally put to death.

Plato, after the death of Socrates, felt constrained to leave his native country for a time, lest a similar fate should befall him.

We passed over Buddha and his system of theology, which, in most respects, is the least exceptionable of all the religious systems of the world; being democratic and peaceful in character, presenting a higher code of morals, being less aggressive than any other system, having fewer gods than others, and those so near no gods at all, as to be almost unobjectionable. (This paucity of gods obviated the necessity of hordes of priests.)

Buddhism has had the most extensive following of any religious system that ever existed, and fewer wrongs and crimes against the human race have been committed in its name than in any other important system. It is estimated that at the present day there are 400,000,000 of Buddhists on the earth, while counting all the unbelievers in Christian countries, they number but 200,000,000, and still Christian priests have the assurance to claim it as a mark of divine favor, that their religion has spread so widely over the earth. Unfortunately also for their claims to special favor of heaven, it must be stated that the Mohammedans, though starting six hundred years later, have outstripped them in numbers. It is safe to say that there have lived at least forty believers in Buddhism to one in Christianity.

Happy had it been for the world, if Europe, in place of the criminal theology it adopted, with the mongrel supplement attached to it, called Christianity, had chosen Buddhism as its religion. Many years of bloody warfare would have been saved the world; millions of lives would have been preserved, and rivers of human blood, instead of rushing in unnatural currents, would have been spared to course in the arteries and veins of men and women, until death in old age liberated them from the cares and toils of life.

We must pass over the ancient gods of Scandinavia, Germany, Britain, Gaul and other ancient European countries. Much could be said of them and of the ignorance and gross superstitions connected with them, but time is passing and we must hasten on.

There is an ancient god and an ancient theology to which we must give a passing notice, because the same, by the course of events, has become closely connected with our weal and our woe. We mean Jehovah, the tutelar deity of the Hebrews, and their pitiable theology. We have no desire to shock the sensitive feelings of any person who has a special reverence for this god or this system of theology; for ourselves, we have become so far emancipated from all the faiths of ignorance and error, and have so far withdrawn allegiance from all the gods of superstition that we can speak of this god with the same freedom and unconcern as of any others of the gods we have alluded to.

Our Christian friends can hear the pagan gods spoken of in the most severe and truthful language; they can hear the absurdities and falsities connected with them denounced in the plainest terms without feeling shocked or offended; but when the Jewish god is referred to, except in the most complimentary manner, they raise their hands in holy horror, and wonder in their simplicity why the "presumptuous wretch" who dare think, and say what he thinks, is not crushed into the earth. They have not yet learned that this favorite god of theirs possesses no more power to crush and damn fearless mortals who presume to think, than any of the other gods we have referred to. So we propose to speak of this special god with the same fairness and the same frankness as of any others.

The mere fact of the inhabitants of Europe and America having adopted this particular god makes not the slightest difference with the truth or falsity of his theology—the truth or falsity of the claims it so arrogantly sets up.

As a dispassionate observer, we claim to be able to draw just comparisons between Jehovah, and Brahma, Fot and Ormuzd; or Osiris, Jupiter and Thor, and all the rest of these old magnates, without the slightest favor or partiality.

We can see virtues where virtues are found, And discern vices where vices abound.

How, then, does Jehovah compare with the gods who were known before him? We fear an honest comparison of merits will not redound to his reputation. The characteristics attributed to him by those who claim to be his friends and admirers, are not such as to command the respect and esteem of an honest, unprejudiced jury.

We do not propose to get up a regular indictment against him, nor make out a "bill of particulars," but we cannot ignore the fickleness, cruelty, maliciousness, bloodthirstiness, ferocity, injustice and untruthfulness with which he is charged by those who proclaim themselves as his biographers by appointment extraordinary—the same priestly class we have spoken of.

It will hardly be deemed necessary here to adduce proof of these specifications, but if it is called for, or if these facts are denied, they can easily be substantiated by an abundance of evidence from the book that this same god is said to have written with his own finger, or at least to have dictated.

What are the characteristics of the god under consideration? He styles himself the "god of battles," and he has been emphatically a god of blood. From the earliest accounts of him down to a few centuries, only, ago, we find that he has been inciting one nation against another, and commanding one race to assail and exterminate an unoffending one. How many times men, women and children were cruelly slaughtered by his express commands! Human blood, in thousands of instances, has been made to flow in rivers by his authority, or in keeping with his instructions. He is also said in a fit of anger, and for very trivial provocation, on several occasions to have slain ten, twenty, forty, fifty, and even seventy thousands of the people he professed to regard with special favor. If such a deity is a "god of love and compassion," we say, most decidedly, let us have one of an opposite character.

It is painful to look at this picture, and we care not to dwell upon it. No sane person can deny the correctness of the statements made, if the Bible is to be taken as true.

As cruel, as murderous, and as bloodthirsty as many of the other gods of superstition have shown themselves to be, and as much as they and their religions have done in the past to deluge the world in blood, this Jewish god and his followers have, in this respect, far transcended them all.

It is carefully estimated that in the name of the Christian religion alone, sixty millions of human beings have been made to bite the dust. Enough of the blood of men, women and children has been shed in the name of this religion to float all the navies and all the shipping of the world!

These sixty millions of hapless victims put to death in Christian wars, are exclusive of the great numbers of still more wretched human beings who have been tortured, racked, pulled, thumb-screwed, drawn and quartered, and burned at the stake, both with slow fires and fast fires, by that invention of all that is vile and demoniacal in human nature—"the holy Inquisition"—which, for over five hundred years, was industriously used both by day and by night, as an engine of relentless torture, cruelty and death, upon those who had the temerity to entertain an independent thought, or who dared to dissent from the theological dogmas to which holy (?) priests demanded they should bow.

Human language is inadequate to express with sufficient force the damnable wrongs which, in the name of "holiness," and the "love of God," were, during those five hundred years of more than midnight blackness, poured upon the defenseless heads of thousands of wretched and hopeless men and women.

If there is a God in heaven, whose watchful eye of kindness and love is ever upon his creatures amid all the dangers and vicissitudes of life; if there is a being of benevolence and sympathy who holds this world in the hollow of his hand, who has full cognizance of every act and event that takes place on the globe—if he orders and directs all things, and has power equal to his will, to hold the hand of cruelty here, or stay the arm of oppression there—if this is so, we ask in the name of all that is good, benevolent, high and holy, why did not this kind Providence interfere once in that long five hundred years to suspend, for a short time, even, this infernal reign of terror? What is the benefit of having a beneficent deity, if he never lifts a finger to stay oppression and wrong, and does nothing to succor the helpless and defenseless? The stereotyped reply to inquiries of this kind, that "God's ways are not as man's ways," and that he "takes his own good time to act," utterly fail to meet the case. A being who has the power to protect the defenseless, to relieve the needy and shield the oppressed, and refuses to do so, deserves the execration of every human being.

In addition to the sixty millions which were slain in Christian wars; in addition to the unknown thousands who have, at the secret hour of midnight, and at all other hours, been tortured to death in the Inquisition; in addition to the relentless warfare and persecutions that were persistently visited for hundreds of years upon the peaceful Albigenses, Waldenses, Vaudois, Piedmontese and Huguenots, as well as the unfortunate Moors of Spain; in addition to all these, the endless wars of the Jews, in which for hundreds of years they were almost constantly engaged, and in which most bloody wars, hundreds of thousands, yes, millions, were needlessly put to death—putting all these together, affords some faint conception of the blood and life that have been poured out in the name of Jehovah and the religions instituted in his service.

As warlike as the Mohammedans were, as aggressive as other nations have been, the wars of the Jews and the Christians, which were emphatically the wars of Jehovah, have surpassed them all. They have excelled the crimes of all other gods and their ignorant devotees, and have thrown far into the shade all other crimes of the world.

From this unpleasant retrospect, we are inevitably forced to the conclusion, that in counting up the thousands of the gods of superstition and ignorance, Jehovah of the Jews and the Christians most assuredly cannot be left out; for we have seen that in bloodshed cruelty and crime, he outranks and overtops them all!

If it were possible to make a correct estimate of the cost in life and blood, treasure and happiness, of all the religious wars of the world which have been waged in the name of the gods (especially the god last mentioned), what would be the grand aggregate? No man can tell! But enough of life and strength and treasure have been worse than wasted in this way, to make a paradise of the whole earth; to fill every swamp on the face of the globe; to construct railroads in parallel lines within twenty-five miles each, and crossing at right angles, over each continent of the globe; to endow a school of science on every three miles square of the earth, and an industrial institution in every township of six miles square, where remunerative labor could be provided for all who were otherwise unable to procure it. All this and much more could be accomplished with the life and treasure that have been wickedly wasted in fighting for gods and priests.

Think also of the mental agony, terror and forebodings, the fear of infuriated gods and vindictive devils, which have destroyed the peace and happiness of millions of our race, who have been driven to melancholy, gloom and despair, by the groundless fears which priests have instilled into their superstitious minds, built up on these gods and devils. What a dreary waste of misery and woe to look back upon in the centuries of the past, and to view what the gods, the priests and religion have done for this world! In surveying the field of horror, the beholder is impelled to cry out in anguish: there is no God who rules on high, or all this iniquity would never have been allowed!

Our Christian friends readily admit the enormities of Pagan religions; and in fact all religions but their own, while for it they claim all the divinity, and all the excellence of which the mind can conceive. We deny the truth of this claim. We agree with them that Paganism was wrong; but insist they are equally wrong, for they are themselves perpetuating Pagan dogmas and errors. We have seen that the idea of Jesus being a person who had God for a father and a little Jew girl for a mother, was not an original one, it was borrowed from the heathen who taught it from five hundred to twelve hundred years before the advent of the Nazarene carpenter. The story of his life and adventures presents the same marks of being copied from old legends. The tale of a crucifixion of a savior is by no means original with Christians. MR. KERSEY GRAVES, in an elaborate work, recently published in Boston, proves conclusively from history, that no less than sixteen saviors were said to have been put to death on the cross, and all hundreds of years prior to the time when the legend was attached to the story of Jesus. We will append the names of these saviors, and the dates of their crucifixion:

I. CHRISTNA, of India,	1200 years, B.C.
II. SAKIA, " "	600 " "
III. THAMMUZ, of Syria,	800 " "
IV. WITROBA, of the Telingonese,	550 " "
V. IAO, of Nepaul,	620 " "
VI. HESUS, of the Celtic Druids,	834 " "
VII. QUEXALCOTE, of Mexico,,	327 " "
VIII. QUIRINUS, of Rome,	406 " "
IX. PROMETHEUS, of Greece,	547 " "
X. THULIS, of Egypt,	1700 " "
XI. INDRA, of Thibet,	725 " "
XII. ALCESTON, of Greece,	600 " "
XIII. ATYS, of Phrygia,	600 " "
XIV. CRITE, of CHALDEA,	1200 " "
XV. BALI, of Orrisa,	725 " "
XVI. MITHERA, of Persia,	1200 " "

In addition to these, DEVATAT, of Siam, IXTON, of Rome, APOLONIUS, of Tyana in Cappadocia, are all reported in history as having died the death of the cross.

Thus we see in many nations, and long before the Christian Era, the belief in a crucified Savior had an

existence. Then is it not easy to see whence the idea was derived?

It is singular how little of the Christian theology was original with those who founded it, and that their minds were not fertile enough to invent some new idea!

The Trinity we have shown was of heathen origin.

The Holy-Ghost-idea came from India.

The belief in a Devil, first existed in heathen lands.

Crucifixion we have just seen was borrowed from Pagans.

The cross as a symbol was used hundreds of years before Christianity, in India, Egypt, Thibet and other countries.

The personalized idea of "the word" or Logos, the creator of the world, as made use of by St. John, was borrowed from the East.

The confession and absolution of sin were of heathen origin.

Baptism by water originated in India and Persia.

The sacrament called the *Eucharist*, was derived from the Pagans.

Anointing with oil was practiced in Pagan countries from time immemorial.

The worship of the Son of God came from the heathen.

A virgin for the mother of God, was first recognized by Pagans.

Monasteries and monks existed in Central Asia hundreds of years before the dawn of Christianity.

The doctrine of miracles came from the Pagans.

The belief in devils is much older than Christianity.

Immortality of the soul was taught by Heathen philosophers long before the time of Jesus.

In short, if we take from Christianity all that was borrowed from Pagan nations and heathen religions, there is literally nothing left of it save its persecutions, wars and bloodshed, which they did not borrow and were able to originate themselves.

Now if these things are so, where is the good of our shutting our eyes to the facts? The clergy of our land and the most of their adherents, claim great virtue for simply believing their mythological rubbish, and that without question or cavil. This is wrong: if their claims are unfounded, they should not be believed. If their system is made up of borrowed legends it is time the world knew it.

Christians, we repeat, readily condemn all gods but their own. We can see no more reason in believing in their gods than in the balance of the gods of superstition. We set them down in one class, and count them all a "bad lot."

The belief in these gods, and that they have revealed their will to a few favored individuals, who are commissioned to convey these godly secrets to the ignorant multitudes, who on pain of hell and damnation are compelled to receive them, has been of incalculable injury to the world. It was the origin of priestcraft and the multifarious creeds which have been such a curse to mankind. It is quite time the world outgrew all this. It is time the race discarded all the gods of superstition, the belief in all the old systems and fables that have blinded and misled the world for forty centuries.

Some of the old fallacies may have answered for unprogressed minds in olden times, but now we require something better. Belief in the salvation of the race by blood, whether of rams, bullocks, or he-goats or even of the son of a god, may have served a purpose in certain eras of the world, but we of to-day require something higher. We no longer can be benefited by a senseless belief in myths, superstitions and blind conjectures; we demand truth, science, and *positive knowledge*. These are the great needs of the world at this hour.

We must no longer look to bleeding gods and crucified saviors for aid. We need to understand the laws of the Universe, and of our being. We must be our own saviors. We must develop and increase our intelligence, and throw away absurd creeds which darken the mind.

We shall find far more benefit in increasing our knowledge of all that has a real existence than in religion and its countless fallacies. Science and practical education are of more importance to the world even than moral ethics. There has been little or no advance made in morals for thousands of years. In India, and Persia, and China, morals as pure, were taught four thousand years ago as the world has today.

The highest morality we can exercise is honestly to do our duty to our fellow beings, and to ourselves. It is not in our power to benefit, or harm, any god, and we have no moral duty in that direction. We can do much in helping or injuring our fellow men, and equally we can do good or ill to ourselves. And herein lie our duty and our moral obligations. The attainment of positive and scientific knowledge will assist in discharging the duties of life, and in conferring good upon our brothers and sisters of humanity. Here is indicated the path we should pursue—to reverence the Universe and its laws; to respect science and its teachers, and to bid farewell forever to priests and the gods they have invented.

"But how about God? If you discard the gods of superstition and include Jehovah in the number, what God have we left?"

WE HAVE THE GOD OF THE UNIVERSE.

"Define what we are to understand by the God of the Universe. Is he a person or being?"

Not at all. A being or person can only occupy a certain location at a time. He cannot be every-where at the same time. The deity which pervades the Universe, extending forever and forever, without limit or bound, is as much in the most distant world which the telescope has brought to our view—and millions of times further away—as on this small sphere. THE GOD OF THE UNIVERSE FILLS IMMENSITY!

It is amusing, so to speak, to observe the various and absurd ideas which different persons entertain respecting God. Many imagine him much as the old German painters represented him—a grave-looking old man with grey beard and hair, with a stern countenance, seated upon a throne, dispensing blessings or curses, according to the mood he may chance to be in. They invest him with all the bodily organs that we have, the same impulses, passions, and emotions. They believed him liable to anger, pleasure, sorrow, love and hatred, the same as themselves.

Although they locate him on his throne, or assign him to a single point somewhere in the sky, they affect to believe his vision extends not only to every part of this globe, but to the countless other worlds that float in space. Just how they are able to believe a person can be in thousands of worlds, trillions of miles apart, we cannot comprehend. Probably it is done with the same facility, and by the same process, with which they can believe that the one god is composed of three distinct persons, father, son and ghost, all of the same age and sex, the one being three and the three one. How they can manage this labyrinth of difficulty is, to us, an enigma worse than a Chinese puzzle.

This class of believers probably can easily give their assent to the description of deity found in the Bible—that "smoke came out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth so that coals were kindled by it"; that "he dwelleth in temples not made with hands"; that "he rides upon horses"; that "he had horns coming out of his hands"; that "he roareth from on high"; that "he laughs in scorn"; that "he cried and roared"; that "he awakened like a man drunken with wine"; that "the Lord is a man of war"; that "in his anger he persecuted and slew without mercy"; that "his fury is poured out like fire, and that the rocks are thrown down by him"; that "his arrows shall be drunken with blood"; that "he became angry and swore"; that "he is angry with the wicked every day"; that "the fire of his anger shall burn to the lowest hell"; that "he burns with anger, his lips are full of indignation, and his tongue as a devouring fire."

This is a Bible-picture of Jehovah; let those admire it who can. We confess that, to our taste, it is not altogether lovely.

There are other persons, who, while they deprive God of a body, organs of sight, etc., still believe him a being omnipresent and omniscient; that he is present in all other worlds the same as in this, but still that he has a mind, will or purpose, and that he cogitates, plans, designs. They think he attends personally to the movements of the spheres; that he guides the earth in its yearly circuit round the sun; that he causes it to revolve on its own axis; that he sends storm and tempest; that he attends to the entire animal and vegetable kingdoms, and to all other movements and operations in the Universe.

There is another class who look upon God as the totality of the unseen powers and forces which permeate the Universe; the source of all life and motion, possessing no local habitation; having no organs, and consequently no thoughts and no intelligence.

To our mind this latter view is the most rational. We cannot conceive of a personality filling immensity. We cannot conceive of a deity, who manipulates the Universe and is extraneous to it. The Universe embraces all that exists, including all the forms of Matter and the powers and forces that pertain to it. It is self-existent and eternal, IT NEVER HAD A BEGINNING AND NEVER CAN HAVE AN END. It is equally impossible to reduce a particle of Matter in any form to non-existence, or to bring from non-existence a particle of Matter. The Universe is composed of particles or atoms. It could not have been made, it cannot be unmade. It may change forms continually; but it cannot go out of existence, as it never came into existence.

It is the opinion of learned philosophers, that the earth and the entire solar system once evolved from a nebulous condition, so highly attenuated that some cubic miles were required to constitute a grain of solid Matter. That through interminable ages, by gradual condensations and aggregations, spheres and suns and planets were formed and developed, until in the lapse of time the present state was reached, to remain, perhaps, through innumerable epochs, and then to relapse again into the nebulous condition. The Universe may have gone through this and similar processes an infinite number of times, and this may be forever repeated; but no *beginning* can be conceived of, a time when there was nothing and when the entire cosmos was produced from non-entity. It seems much easier to comprehend that the Universe always existed and always must exist, than to imagine it all came from nothing and must again return to nothing.

To say that a fly created the eagle which soars highest in the azure blue, that a mouse was the

maker of the elephant, the largest beast that roams the Asiatic forests, or that a minnow designed the whale, the leviathan of the great deep, is quite as true, quite as sensible as to assert that Jehovah the fickle and malicious tutelar god of the Jews—who confessed on a certain occasion that "he could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron;" that this god of limited power who ruled one small nation, fashioned, designed and created from absolute nothing the vast, boundless Universe, filling immensity; whose height, depth, length and breadth is without beginning or end; upon whose waves of ether, float and roll millions and trillions of suns, systems and constellations of worlds, so numerous and vast, that all the numerals in existence could not express them; which for countless ages have rolled on in their trackless course through the ocean of space shedding their clear, persistent light for incomputable periods down the never ending vistas of immensity;—to say this was all *made* only six thousand years ago by a being of only limited powers and knowledge—how preposterous, indeed! When will the sons of men drop such idle vagaries? When will they gain more exalted views of the boundless Universe of which our earth and our solar system are but infinitesimal parts?

The idea of a creation and a creator, is an outgrowth of the ignorance and superstition of which we have spoken. In the infancy of the race, man's mind was not developed and intelligent enough to comprehend that the Universe could as easily be eternal as God, and that it needed a creator no more than God needed one. With their circumscribed views they supposed everything they saw in existence required a maker; but they seemed not to think that a God, so powerful as to make a Universe from nothing, also required a creator. By parity of reasoning it would appear, if the Universe needed a creator, God also would need one.

As scientific investigation has advanced in the world, as it has been found the Universe is governed by laws; as men have learned the heavenly bodies move in harmony with those laws; since they have found that the recurrence of eclipses can be calculated and foretold to a minute; that the earth revolves on its axis and in its course round the sun in obedience to the same unvarying laws; that summer and winter regularly succeed each other without supervision; that storms and tornadoes, earthquakes and volcanoes are not the spasmodic actions of an angry God, but the direct product of natural causes; that the tides of the ocean ebb and flow without extraneous assistance; that rains and sunshine, winds and calm, are not controlled by any being; that vegetable and animal life is produced and governed by laws; that health and disease depend solely upon causes and conditions; and in short that every operation in the Universe is regulated by universal laws, which are as eternal as the Universe itself—as this is understood and it is comprehended, that the Universe is self-existent and required no maker, it is perceived THERE IS NO NECESSITY FOR A GOD, AND THAT THERE IS NOTHING FOR A GOD TO DO. Everything and every part of the Universe, moves with more precision than the most perfect machine man ever made, and no being is needed to superintend it.

It surely requires no God to make twice two to be four, nor to keep it so. Twice two ever did make four, and ever will. This is a simple proposition it is true; but everything in Nature is equally simple, if equally well understood; and it illustrates all other propositions, laws and conditions which make up the laws of the Universe. They require no urging; they require no checking; they require no supervision.

Many think this view is an impious one, and that it detracts from the honor of the Deity. This is not the case; the real impiety consists in denying to the glorious Universe the credit it is entitled to. It is immensely more perfect, more immutable, more competent to run, itself than any or all the gods of superstition combined.

The world has so long been schooled in the old theory that a god is necessary, back or behind, above or below the material world, to make it in the first place, and to keep it in the traces afterwards, that it is most difficult for men to divest themselves of the error. They cling to this god-idea as a great necessity, even when they become convinced that a god is not needed to conduct any of the endless operations of Nature. Although they are unable to point to a single place in the vast Universe where a god for a moment is required; although they cannot name a single piece of workmanship that God ever performed; they think nevertheless, we must have a god to hold on to, and to trust to in case the "breaching breaks," to prevent things from going to "eternal smash." [Applause.]

Some designate God "the soul of the world;" "the spirit of the Universe;" or "the ghost of all existences;" and assign an undefinable existence to him difficult to describe; but this soul, spirit or ghost, cannot possibly have an organization or location, and though it can hardly be supposed to have thought or intelligence, they still cling to the idea and must have some substitute for the old gods of superstition which have been palmed upon the world from the early ages of ignorance. But, little by little, this relic of antiquity is forced to give back, and take its departure from progressed minds, along with the belief in

devils, sprites, witches and fairies. The Universe needs no *soul*, it requires no *spirit*, it has no want of a ghost; equally it needs no god. Indeed it were better to drop the use of all these appellations, in connection with the Universe. It is in itself *all in all*, and the use of these other terms tends to mislead the mind. The name *God* is fitted only to the superstitions of the past and is applicable to no portion of the Universe. Let men learn, then, to drop the use of the word. UNIVERSE is vastly better.

All the subtle powers and forces of Nature which exist, whether attraction, repulsion, gravitation, affinity, light, heat, electricity or magnetism—these and all others of the forces of Nature, whether known or unknown, are in the Universe and a part of it, as much as the crudest form of Matter. They permeate the Universe through and through, and cannot be separated from it.

It was the great mistake of the earlier philosophers—we mean Kepler, Galileo, Newton and others of their times, that Matter in its native state is *dead*. The doctrine of "inertia" which was espoused for several centuries, and is not yet obsolete, is a huge fallacy. Every atom of Matter in existence is charged with life, force and motion, and it is not within the range of possibility to divest it of these inherent qualities. There can be no such thing as dead Matter; there is no inertia.

The idea is entertained by many that there must be a grand central INTELLIGENCE in Nature, which is the fountain and source whence all human intelligence is drawn. We know, as we said on a former occasion, of no intelligence nor mind where there is no organization to produce it, any more than we know of sight without the optic nerves and organs of vision, or of hearing without the tympanum and organs of the ear, or of muscular strength without the muscles and connecting apparatus to produce it. Intellect, thought, or mind, is not a promiscuous substance floating through space; it is not a primitive element, a separate entity, independent of the forces and material of the Universe, but is, as we said, the result of organization—an outgrowth of matter—a motion, so to speak, of an organ and its connected nervous system.

We find intellect existing in all grades and degrees from the lowest to the highest form, and in all varieties as regards quality and quantity, but nowhere without a suitable organization to give it existence. In the vegetable kingdom we perceive the lowest indications of intellect, though that there is not a measure of it in simple substances when brought into contact, as in the cases of acids and alkalies, metals and oxygen, hydrogen and oxygen, and an infinite number similar chemical combinations, we will not pretend to say. That there is intelligence in the vegetable kingdom cannot be doubted. It is indicated in the general reaching towards light, as with the potato sprout in a dark cellar in the Spring of the year. If a little sunlight steals through a hole or crevice, how the delicate shoot reaches towards it! How constantly many flowers keep their faces towards the sun. Who has not witnessed the tendrils of a vine reaching for a limb or cord, or something to cling to and support the growing plant? If there is a support within reach it will find it. This appears to be a low order of intelligence, but commensurate with the conditions calling it forth.

In the animal kingdom we find varying degrees of intelligence, but always in keeping with organs and conditions. An oyster has some intelligence, a fly more, an ant more, a honey-bee more, a hog still more, a dog still more, a horse still more, an elephant more still, and man more than all. He is truly said to be an epitome of all animal existences below him, and the highest expression of divinity in the Universe. In these and numerous other gradations of intellect, or mind, the difference arises from the varied organizations, from the quantity and quality of brain and the character of the nervous system, a part of the connecting apparatus for producing and conveying thought and sensation.

In man great diversity of intellect exists. If each individuality is a spark from a great central intellect, it would hardly be so; but when we realize the interminable differences in organizations, conditions, quality and quantity of brain, together with the ever-varying character of nervous systems, the reason for the great variety of intellects can be partially understood.

The production of intellect depends on several conditions. In the first place a healthy body is most essential. A good brain, a good nervous system, a good stomach, a good digestive apparatus, circulation of good blood are all indispensable in the production of mind. Proper food, pure air and pure water are of the highest importance in this intricate process, and without them mind cannot exist. As the fuel and water are to the engine; as hay and oats are to the muscular strength of the horse, so is meat, bread and potatoes to the intellect of man. The combustion of the fuel converts the water into steam, whose confined force acting upon the piston causes the engine to move rapidly, and convey with it hundred of tons in weight. The digestion of the hay and oats imparts to the horse muscular strength sufficient to move bodies ten times his own weight, and what also of intellect he possesses. So the meat, bread and potatoes which man eats and assimilates impart to him the powers and forces he possesses, including the

intellect or mind. Deprive the engine of fuel, and it must stop; deny the horse his hay and oats, and he cannot haul heavy loads, he must stop; deprive man of his necessary food and he soon becomes exhausted. Starve him and he has no muscular strength and equally no mind; before the spark of life flickers out his mind is gone, he is an idiot or a maniac; he has no intellect. It is well known the labors of the mind are as exhaustive as physical labor, and equally necessitate material food and repose.

Thus we see food produces mind in the same way it produces muscular strength, and that one is the product of matter and organization as really as the other, and that we must look for the best intellect where we find the best organizations and the best conditions.

The views here advanced upon the Deity and the mind, essentially materialistic, or Universe-alistic, as they are, do not militate against the belief in a future existence in spirit life. That belief is based on the theory that, in the economy of nature, while we are developing our physical bodies in this earthly stage of existence, we are also perfecting another finer body or counterpart, of rare and subtle forms of matter, comprising all the organs and parts our cruder organizations do, and that at the dissolution of this coarser, rudimentary body, the finer organization is liberated, and commences its independent existence, but is really composed of matter, and pertains and belongs to the Universe just as much as our coarser bodies do.

Our Spiritualistic friends believe our former companions who have departed from our sight are able to return to us, to see us and hold communication with us, by means of natural laws and forces.

Thousands of persons, and among them some of the most brilliant minds of the age, have been paying great attention to this subject, and have become fully satisfied that all human beings have a continued, conscious, individual existence. Men of Science have devoted years of patient, earnest investigation to this subject, and feel as thoroughly convinced that we have a spiritual existence as that we have a physical.

Our own personal opportunities of investigation in this direction, have not been extensive; but we are free to admit that we have received proofs of an intelligence disconnected with physical bodies, which we cannot ignore; and until some more rational theory, explaining this class of phenomena is advanced, we are compelled to be believe in a continued existence after death. The concurrent testimony of numerous personal friends of intelligence and honesty, of the proofs they have received of a similar character, commands our candid consideration, and we feel no disposition to pooch-pooch it away. On the other hand we hope it is true, and are glad if it is. The belief is a happy one, and greatly enlarges our estimate of the grandeur of the glorious Universe, of which we are all infinitesimal parts.

We by no means accept all the claims set forth by those styling themselves spiritual mediums. A large proportion—perhaps nineteen twentieths of them—are charlatans and frauds, wholly unworthy our confidence; but that among all this chaff there are many grains of the real wheat we fully believe.

Spiritualism is justly entitled to the credit of demonstrating to mankind, that they have a dual or continued existence after this rudimentary life, as well as for great aid rendered in demolishing the errors of superstition; and despite all the shams and deceptions that have been connected with it, we must concede it great merit for what it has accomplished.

We would not discourage those from investigating the proofs of a future life and the various forms of spirit-phenomena, who feel an inclination to do so; but we believe a great waste of time, labor and treasure has been and is being made in that direction. Our motto is, ONE WORLD AT A TIME. While we are in this state of existence, our *duties* are here. There is ample scope and need here, for all our efforts; all our talents and all our aspirations. This is a good sort of world, but it is not near what it ought to be, or may be. Ignorance and superstition have so retarded the progress of the human race, that much needs to be done before it can reach the point of perfection and happiness possible for it. So let us not spend our time in running after mediums and pretenders; let us not strain our eyes in vainly trying to see and learn all about the future life. Let us occupy all our strength and attention with this life, doing all the good we can to ourselves and those around us, and leave the mysteries of the other world till our duties in this are accomplished.

If it is demonstrated to a certainty that spirits exist in spirit land, it does not follow we should look to them for instruction or advice in the performance of our duties here. OUR REASON IS THE HIGHEST GUIDE and the highest authority we can possibly have, and it is wrong to supercede it by looking to invisible spirits for counsel and aid. Let us then, cultivate our reason; let us develop it to the highest extent possible, by scientific studies and investigations, and not resign our own judgment and individuality in preference to any person here or else where.

A belief in a continued existence does not imply a belief in immortality. Immortality means an *endless* existence. That ours had one end—a beginning—is pretty clear. That it extends no farther back than the time we were begotten, is most reasonable. That our mentality partakes of the characteristics of our

(Continued on Sixteenth Page.)

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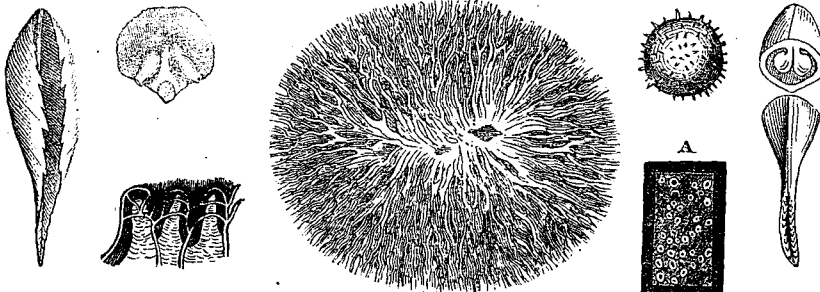
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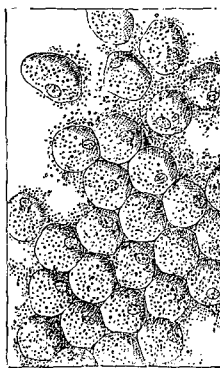


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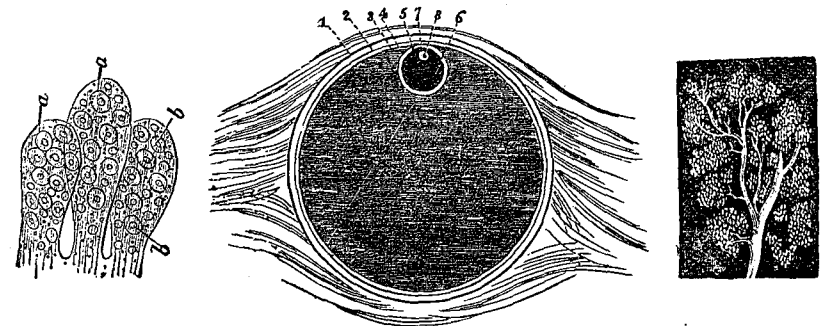
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(Continued from Thirteenth Page.)

parents and ancestors, as fully as our bodies do, cannot be successively denied. The peculiar traits and mental similarities running in nations, tribes and families can have no other explanation. The theory of re-incarnation, or the eternal existence of mortals, as individuals, in the past and in the future, therefore appears untenable. Human beings have their beginning as individualities, when they are begotten, precisely as with the lower orders of animal life, and vegetable life also. Having then, settled the fact that we had one end—a beginning—we are forced to the logical conclusion, that at some time in the future we must come to the other—the close of individual existence. We cannot conceive of anything in the Universe having a beginning, but what must also have an end. How far in the future the close of our individual existence may be, cannot be known, but we trust it may be thousands of years.

As we remarked, it is our present existence that demands our immediate and undivided attention. The needs of the race are great and urgent. Much has been done in the acquirement of scientific knowledge; but far more remains to be accomplished. Science is yet in its infancy. In Physiology, Hygiene, Psychology, Sociology, in short all the studies which make up the science of life, as well as in all the sciences not here named, the world has yet a great deal to learn. It is not enough that we have a few learned professors who understand these subjects, the masses must also understand them. If not all professors, we should be learned men and women in all that pertains to life, health, longevity and the best good of the race. Every man and woman should feel that they have a mission to perform—that it is within their power to make this world better for their having lived in it, and they should not be satisfied with doing anything short of their whole duty.

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A spirited discussion followed the lecture, but want of room precludes our laying it before our readers in this issue.

Odd and Ends.

A DARKEY'S STORY.—"Goodevenin', boss; is you de head man up heah?" said a coal black coatless mau and brother to one of the attaches of the *Courier Journal*. He stood on one leg in the doorway just as the reporters were settling down to the night's work, and he smiled familiarly upon the crowd of young men in the room.

"I am not the head boss," replied the particular one addressed; "but you'll find a man in the little room to the left who will attend to your business."

"Much obleeged to you, sar," and the dark shade hobbled toward the room indicated. He was lame of a leg, but he looked like he could whip many a bigger man, nevertheless. He had a big quid in his mouth, which he shifted from one side to the other as he halted again in the second doorway.

"Is you de head boss?" he repeated to the person sitting at the desk within.

"No; but what do you want?"

"Ise after de head boss, sah."

It was at a moment when two or three hours of hard work made a little relaxation agreeable to the young man addressed, who replied that while not the head boss, yet he might be depended on to render any service to his visitor. "What can I do for you?" he said.

"Well, boss, Ise got some pō'try heah dat I jectured you might put in yer paper," at the same time extending a roll of manuscript, wrapt in a suspiciously greasy piece of paper.

"Poetry!" and the newspaper man wheeled around. "What's your name?"

"Sam, sah."

"Where do you work?"

"At de terbaccer warehouse, sah. I coopers de barrels."

"And you have found time during the absorbing duties of your humble but honorable occupation to write poetry?"

"Well, not d'zackly, boss; you see I found dat paper, and some o' de gen'lemen down at de house said it was love pō'try, and tole me to bring it up heah."

"Sam, are you in love?"

Sam sat down, turned his quid and settled himself for a talk. Meanwhile the boys began to gather from the other room. Sam addressed each one of them familiarly, and then smiled on the questioner.

"Not now, sah; I was once in dat very fix, sah, but Ise quit dat now."

"What could have thus driven the tender sentiment from your heart, Sam?"

"Well, sah, you see, when I was a boy down in Green county, I belonged to Henry Smith yer didn't know him, did yer, boss? No, I didn't spect you knowed him, 'cause that's some time ago. Well, as I tole you, I was a boy, like 'bout seventeen, and I loved a gal named Susan, and she had a brother, and he didn't like me."

"That was unfortunate for you, but it only proves that true love never does run smooth."

"Dar wasn't nothin' about it to run, sah, but blood," returned the dark man and brother.

"Blood in a love match, Sam? You surprise me. How was it?"

"I killed dat nigger, sah."

"The devil you did. What for?"

"I juss killed him, boss, else he'd killed me."

Sam spit on the floor, gave his tobacco another turn, and quietly gazed on the ceiling as his audience stopped to take breath.

"Killed your sweetheart's brother, Sam?" after a while said the managing man; "wasn't that a curious way of conducting a courtship?"

"Sah?"

"Wasn't that rather a strange way to get a wife?"

"May look dat way to you, boss, but I felt called on to do somethin' to dat nigger very sudden, and I done it. You see I was a cour in' like, and I was settin' down by her on a log out in de yard wid my arm restin' round her waist sorter lovin' like, as de white folks do, when dat nigger cum out dar, and begin to cuss and 'rar round and skeering Susan, which I thought I orter take keer of her, bein' as I was sorter protectin' her like, when he cum out."

"That was commendable in you and highly reprehensible in the brother."

"Sah?"

"You were right, Sam, and the brother was wrong."

"Oh, yas, sir, dat's what you mean. Well, he kep' on a swearin' and cuttin' up around dar, and Susan she got pale and shaky like, and I got mad den, and tole dat nigger to go long way from dar and let me lone, else I gwine to injure him. Den he cussed and tore, and pulled out a big butcher knife and started to me, and said he gwine to give my insides some air."

"Did you retreat, Sam, in the very presence of your adorable?"

"Who's dat?"

"Why Susan, your sweetheart; did you run away and thus depreciate your standing for courage in her eyes?"

"Oh, yes, now I know what you mean. Run away? Boss, I wish you'd a been dar."

"Why so, Sam?"

"Well, sah, dat nigger cum at me wid dat knife, and I know dat my time was come if I didn't do somethin', powerful quick, so I jest drap my han' down in de pocket of my coat, and dat nigger stopped right whar he was."

"I suppose he had some apprehensions that you meant to draw a weapon?"

"Weepin'! Dar wasn't no use to draw no weepin', for dat nigger was dead as if lightnin' had struck him. When I drapped my han' down in dat pocket it fell right on a pistol, and de pistol 'sploded, and dar wasn't no more tarin, round dun by dat young nigger."

"You astound me. Can it be possible that you thus forever destroyed all hope of your future felicity in the society of your beloved by thus ruthlessly slaying her brother?"

"What did you say, boss?"

"You certainly were not rash enough to become the murderer of your sweetheart's brother and your own hopes at one moment?"

"Well, boss, if you'd seen dis nigger lay in jail for nigh on to a year, and comin' mity nigh bein' hung, and if it hadn't been for ole Marster I would, den you'd a thought some one had been killed."

"You escaped punishment for your crime then, Sam?"

"Yes, sah; ole Massa stood by me like a mity good friend, and after de lawyers palavered over me for a whole day, de jury sot me free."

"Did you go back to your sweetheart then?"

"No, sah, I hain't seen dat gal from dat day to dis, and some how or oder I was taught a lesson by dat thing, and I don't want nothing at all about marryin' any of dem, and course I has fun wid de gals like ebry body else, sah, but you see dat's different from bein' married to 'em, and I hain't had no 'tention of marryin' sence den. Gwine to put dat pō'try in de paper for me, dough, ain't you now, boss, bein' as I done tole you all 'bout killin' dat 'fernal nigger?"

"I am sorry that I cannot publish it, but the same poem came to me last week, and I threw it into the waste-paper basket."

"Yas? but can't you put it in for me, boss? You see Ise lame, but I walked all de way up heah to get it in de paper."

"I regret very much, Sam, that I can't publish it for you, particularly in view of the charming frankness and naivete with which you have narrated the thrilling chapter of your life."

"What did I understand you to say, boss?"

"I can't publish your poem, and regret it."

Well, boss, I'll lebe it wid you, and any time you want to put it in de—," and just then a shrill signal came from the counting room through the speaking tube, and Sam's eyes nearly started from his head as he leaped from his seat.

"What's dat, boss?"

"That's a policeman's whistle, Sam."

"Good night, boss; I ain't got no more time to stay," and he hobbled out of the room and down the stairs and out of sight.

And Sam's poetry was gently laid in the waste basket with a dozen or more of the same sort received that night. In its stead one of Sam's audience writes the story of the dusky visitor's one romance.

A LADY entered a drug store and asked for a bottle of "Jane's experience." The clerk informed her that Jane hadn't bottled her experience yet, but they could urnish 'Jayne's Expectorant."

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Vol. 2. No. 25. { D. M. BENNETT,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. }

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1875.

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Notes and Clippings.

A MR. FROST, now languishing in prison, is advised to thaw himself out before cold weather comes on.

It was a bibulous old Frenchman who wouldn't drink water because it tasted so much of sinners since the flood.

BESSIE TURNER is said to be writing a Romance. This is very proper. If she cannot draw upon the imagination and tell a fine tale, we don't know who can. Her book will sell.

AN ADVENTURER recently assumed the costume of a bishop at Marseilles, and ere his career was brought to a close by the police, succeeded in making many dupes. Probably in this case the counterfeit was nearly equal to the genuine.

AN UNSOPHISTICATED old farmer, when asked by the paying-teller of a bank what denomination he would have his bills in, replied, "You may give me a sprinklin' of Presbyterian, but the heft on 'em I'll take in good old Hard-shell Baptist."

AN OLD farmer became seriously ill, and was urged by his neighbors, who thought he was going to die, to call a minister to pray for him. "To pray for me! No, sir; I am an original Granger, and do not want any middleman between me and Almighty God!"

PEACHES are now being shipped in immense quantities to this city from Delaware and New Jersey. Some days the receipts are reported as high as 40,000 and 50,000 crates and baskets. The market sometimes is over-supplied. One day we saw at least fifty cart loads of this fruit rotted and worthless—a certain loss to shippers.

ONE of the Siamese Ambassadors, on returning home from Europe, gave the following description of a pianoforte, or, as he called it, "a great trunk set upon legs." He said: "A woman sits in front of this, and, tickling a sort of tail it has with her toe, produces a variety of pleasant sounds."

REV. RICHARD HARCOURT, Methodist, has been summoned to a trial by the brethren of his church at Elizabeth, N. J., on the grounds of heresy and lack of veracity. The heresy consists in his believing and preaching that babes and infants are regarded with favor by heaven, and that they are not entirely reprobate and unregenerate. They claim he has departed from the true faith.

ANOTHER FALLEN CLERGYMAN.—Rev. G. W. Porter, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has recently had a church trial at Danbyborough, Vt., for adultery with Miss Hattie Allen. The young lady was on the stand nine hours, and made a clean breast of the affair, and made the Reverend gentleman's guilt apparent to all present. He was arrested, also, on a State warrant, and held in \$1,000 bail for an early trial. His friends are much chagrined by his conduct.

THE REV. C. HAMBLIN, who has for many years been a missionary among the Mohammedans, declares that the rose-colored accounts of the progress of Christianity in the Islamic States are false. "The delightful picture," he says, "of the success of Arab missionaries in winning whole African tribes, elevating, refining and civilizing them with wondrous success, is not very much more ex-

aggerated than the tales of the Arab story-tellers in the Turkish coffee shops."

IT HAS NOT BEEN a very favorable time for camp-meetings. The weather for the last month has not been run in that special interest. No matter how fervid in prayer, or eloquent in sermon a preacher may become, a lively shower right in the midst of it acts decidedly as a dampener, and cuts it short. New converts are not numerous. Well, wait till Moody and Sankey get rested a little, and then the way in which "brands will be snatched from the burning" will be a caution to firemen. All, then, can "come to Jesus" and get their passports to heaven, unless the Devil sets up a stronger claim.

PROFANE, YET NOT IMPIOUS.—A Sunday-school picnic at Kingston was recently held in a grove near town. A pompous man, who was an ex-sheriff, and who seemed to be a sort of "king bee" among the people, superintended all the arrangements. Large tables were spread and loaded with abundance of good things. As soon as everything was nearly ready for the feast, a number of children grabbed up knives and forks and "went in," when the ex-sheriff howled out, "Hold on, you d—d hogs, will you?" Then in a milder tone he said to one of the ministers present, "Brother —, will you ask blessing?"

MR. BEECHER'S confidential attorney, T. G. Shearman, has been saying hard things about our worthy American clergymen in a recent speech in London, in defense of his pastor. He said it was a very common thing for them to kiss the wives and daughters of their congregation whenever they met, and that Mr. Beecher's operations in this line were far less than the average, and that he is more exemplary and more self-denying in this, than most clergymen. This bids fair to raise a breeze among the black-coated gentry upon Mr. Shearman's return. While they admit he is very pious, very tender-hearted and very gifted in prayer, they will not, even in the fulness of his affection for Mr. Beecher, allow him to thus misrepresent them. There may be considerable truth in Mr. Shearman's representations of the clergy, but it is hardly probable that his favorite is as self-denying and diffident with the sisters as he would have our English cousins believe.

A SAD CASE where Christianity failed to keep an old man from crime. A mournful state of things has come to light in Battle Creek, Mich. A man nearly seventy years of age, a life-long member of the Methodist church, and for fifteen years superintendent of the Sunday-school, and regarded from his youth up as an excellent and consistent Christian, has been found guilty of criminal and disgraceful conduct with several little girls of the place, who were enticed into his shop where he was in the habit of taking improper liberties with their persons. The pastor and leaders of the church have been examining the case, and the old man with bowed head confessed his crime, and wished he was dead. It was said to him that if he had only denied the charges and protested his innocence everybody would have believed him; but he said he could not think of adding lying and perjury to the other crimes he had committed, and in this respect he does not follow the illustrious example with which the country is so familiar. The old man has gone to California, leaving his stricken wife and son behind. The church did not pay his expenses even.

THE GREAT DIFFERENCE in the administration of justice in England and this country is vividly portrayed in a recent *Sun* editorial. Col. Baker, a brilliant and popular English military officer, and a special friend of the Prince of Wales, was arrested for attempting, while partly intoxicated, improper liberties with a lady on a railway train. His trial followed very soon, and lasted four hours, upon which sentence of imprisonment for one year and a fine of \$2,500 was passed upon him, and he is now paying the penalty of his mistake. How unlike the trial of Mr. Beecher. Four years after he had committed a greater offense, he was brought to trial, which lasted six months, and though he was proved guilty by his own confessions, corroborated by the testimony of several re-

spectable persons, he got clear, simply by his own denial, and, instead of serving a term in prison, as Col. Baker is doing, he was voted a bonus of \$80,000, apparently for what he had done, and he is now holding forth weekly, as a living curiosity in a huge tent on the White Mountains to four or five thousand idle, gaping, rural curiosity-seekers who come from miles around to see the show. It is said his hotel keeper gives him his board, lodging and carriage rides for the large patronage the pastor's presence and preaching bring him. If Beecher would take his big tent and travel with Barnum's show, he would beat the giraffe in drawing crowds. We charge Barnum nothing for this hint.

ANOTHER FRAIL CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. John W. Hanner, Presiding Elder, one of the most prominent Methodist preachers in the State of Tennessee, and one of the ablest and most intellectual in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has recently, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., had a trial before an investigating committee, consisting of Bishop McTyeire and five distinguished clergymen of the denomination, for gross immorality in writing a lascivious letter to Miss Paralee Nailor and making propositions of a very improper character to her, with a view of inducing her to depart from the path of virtue and to yield herself to his lascivious embrace. In his amorous suit he directed the attention of the young lady to that delectable part of the Bible—the seventh chapter of the Song of Solomon. The letter was unfortunately intercepted by a brother of the young lady, by which means the clerical Lothario, past sixty years of age, was brought to the light. His letter was read before the committee; the young lady was examined, and the Reverend sinner in shame and sadness, and hanging of the head, confessed his guilt. The committee could not do otherwise than find him guilty, and ordered him to step down and out, and relinquish the position of preacher. They did not follow the example of Plymouth church, or they would have presented him with \$20,000 and expressed their entire confidence in his saintly virtue. It is a saddening thought that the Christian religion, of which so much is boasted, should prove inadequate to preserve a life-long, eminent preacher from committing such folly. We are every day more and more forced to the conviction that, instead of clergymen being better than other men, they are more fallible, more carnal-minded and sensual than the average of mankind.

COL. HENRY S. OLCOTT, in a recent four column letter to the *Sun*, details at length an astonishing recital of the mediumship of Mrs. Thayer in Boston, in whose presence many kinds of exotic and native flowers, plants, fruit, etc., were on many occasions brought fresh and dripping with dew into a room with closed doors and window-shutters, previous thorough search having been made, and nothing of the kind being present. On one occasion the medium was fastened in a sack of tarlatan, and while thus confined the table was fairly loaded with a great variety of flowers and fruits. Canaries and doves were also produced in the same way. On one occasion, he states, a sprig of heather was brought, (in accordance with a promise that had previously been privately made to a Scotchman,) and was said to have been brought from Scotland. Col. Olcott spent five weeks testing Mrs. Thayer's mediumship, and is fully convinced of her truth and honesty, and also adduces the testimony of Wm. Lloyd Garrison and other prominent citizens of Boston, who know the lady and have been present at her seances. Truly this is getting to be a remarkable world and wonders will never cease. These things, if so, set our old notions of possibilities entirely aside. We would like to have it explained how plants and earth, fruits and birds can be conveyed by spirit power through the walls of a closed room. It seems Col. Olcott, Mrs. Thayer and others are soon going to St. Petersburg, Russia, to meet with remarkable mediums from other countries, at the instance of the Imperial University and Professors Wagner and Boutlerow of that institution. It is proposed to test the mediums by most thorough and scientific tests of various kinds. It is possible something in due time may be heard from these investigations.

The Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion; or,

An Answer to the Question: Have We a Supernaturally Revealed, Infallibly Inspired and Miraculously Attested Religion in the World?

BY E. E. GUILD.

[CONTINUED.]

If we scrutinize the accounts of miracles contained in the New Testament, we find most of the important ones attended by the same or similar difficulties.

1. *Miraculous birth of Christ.* Not only are the accounts of it inconsistent with themselves, but self-contradictory. Besides, if they were true, and generally believed by those who were acquainted with him, he must have started out on his mission with the prestige of a miraculous origin in his favor. But throughout his career he is generally spoken of as the son of Joseph, or the "carpenter's son." Although frequently reproached on account of his low birth and origin, he does not reply by asserting his birth of a virgin. No retrospective allusion to it is made either by himself or his disciples. No hint of it is given in the epistles of either Paul, Peter, James, Jude, or John. His townsmen were the most stubborn unbelievers in him. Even his own brothers and sisters, who ought to have known all about it, did not accept him as the Messiah, and on one occasion were about to arrest him on the ground that he was a "lunatic" and was "mad." It is evident they had never heard of his miraculous birth.

2. *Flight into Egypt.* Matthew relates that immediately after his birth, his parents fled with him into Egypt, where they remained until the death of Herod. Matthew is the only New Testament writer who says anything about it, and he is contradicted by Luke, who says that eight days after his birth he was circumcised, and after the purification of his mother, he was presented to the Lord in the temple at Jerusalem, from which place they went to their own city, Nazareth, and dwelt there.

3. *Temptation.* Mark says, that "immediately" after his baptism, the "spirit" drove him into the wilderness, where he was forty days tempted of Satan. John wholly ignores the temptation, and says that the third day after his baptism he attended a wedding in Cana of Galilee. From Cana he went to Capernum, where he remained some days and then went to Jerusalem.

4. *Turning water into wine.* If this miracle really occurred, it is strange that John is the only Evangelist who has recorded it, especially, as it is said to have been the first, and certainly not the least wonderful. Is it credible that God should work a miracle in order to change one hundred and thirty-five gallons of water into wine for the accommodation of men who had already drunk all that had been provided for the occasion, by their host? All the circumstances go to show that the account is a mere legend.

5. *The transfiguration.* This is related by Matthew, Mark and Luke, neither of whom were present to witness it, but wholly omitted by John, who is said to have been an eye-witness. It is barely alluded to once, or is supposed to be, by Peter, but not mentioned by James, both of whom, it is said, were present.

6. *Commission of the Apostles.* We are told that Christ, just before his ascension, imparted the "Holy Ghost" to the Apostles, and commissioned them to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." And yet we find that Peter had to be convinced of the propriety of preaching to the Gentiles by a special revelation; and that he was called to account for so doing by his fellow-disciples, who subsequently, however, became convinced that he was right.

7. *Conversion of Paul.* We have four different accounts of this. One *historical* by Luke, in Acts 9th; two *reported* by Luke; one in Acts 22d, the other in Acts 26th, as having been given by Paul; and the fourth by Paul himself, in Galatians, 1st chapter. In the narrative of it by Luke—he does not say whether the men who were with Paul saw the "great light" witnessed by Paul or not. But he says they heard the "voice." He also says, that although Paul was stricken to the ground, the men "stood speechless." In his report of Paul's speech to the Jews in Jerusalem, he makes him contradict the first statement by saying that the men "saw indeed the light but heard not the voice." And in his speech to Agrippa, he contradicts the other, by affirming that not only he, but all the men who were with him were prostrated. In Acts xxii. 10, it is said that the heavenly voice directed Paul to Damascus, where he would be told what was required of him. But in his speech to Agrippa, he says this same "voice" gave him his commission as an apostle at the very time when the "light was seen, and the voice heard." Again, in his address to Agrippa, he says, that immediately after receiving his commission he commenced preaching "unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles." But in Galatians, 1st chap., he affirms that he did not confer with any of the other apostles; did not learn the gospel from them; did not go up to Jerusalem; but "went to Arabia, and returned again

unto Damascus. Then after three years he went to Jerusalem to see Peter.

Finally, these writers state some things, which, if true, we should expect would be corroborated by other testimony; but they are not.

1. *The taxing of the Jews by Caesar Augustus.* No Roman, or any other historian has mentioned any such tax. Judea was not a Roman province when Jesus was born; nor was Cyrenius Governor of Syria until ten or twelve years after that event.

2. *The slaughter of the innocents by Herod.* The account of this is not confirmed by any historian; not even by Josephus, who gives a full history of the life and reign of Herod, and an enumeration of his crimes.

3. *The darkness, the quaking of the earth; the rending the rocks, and veil of the temple, at the crucifixion; and the earthquake at the resurrection.* Not only is most of these phenomena unmentioned by all of the Evangelists except Matthew, but no allusion is made to these occurrences anywhere else in the New Testament; nor in the annals of any nation in the world.

In view of these facts, to what other conclusion can we arrive, but that the theory of infallible inspiration has no foundation in truth? Nor is it probable that the testimony we have been reviewing is that of eye and ear witnesses. If it is, their memory must have been very defective. That the New Testament writers were mistaken about some things we know. Paul and Barnabas did not agree, but contended "sharply" with each other. Peter and Paul differed in opinion, and Paul rebuked Peter publicly, charging him with dissimulation: both could not be right. Infallible men could not but agree. Doubtless, most of the events recorded by the writers of the gospels had some foundation in truth; but they were not recorded as they actually occurred, but as they were believed to have occurred. It is one thing to see an angel, it is quite another to believe that somebody else has. It is one thing for a phenomenon to occur, it is a very different thing to believe that it was produced by a special interposition of divine power. A record of the phenomena, a history of which we have in the gospels, was not made at the time they occurred, but long after, and at a time when the original facts had become greatly exaggerated. Undoubtedly the New Testament contains much valuable truth; but it also contains mistakes and errors. It is not therefore the ultimate standard of truth, nor only rule of faith and practice. It is ours to separate the truth from the error; to sift the wheat from the chaff, and to conserve the one and burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.

WERE THE GOSPELS AS WE NOW HAVE THEM WRITTEN BY THE PERSONS WHOSE NAMES THEY BEAR?

It is often asserted in more than a thousand pulpits and reiterated and repeated again and again in the most positive terms, that the proof of the genuineness of our present four gospels is so conclusive and overwhelming, that whoever denies it must be either very ignorant, imbecile or dishonest. In order to show upon what a weak foundation this sweeping assertion is made to rest, it is only necessary to examine the alleged evidence.

We are told that the history of these gospels can be traced up to the very time of the apostles and evangelists, and that the authorship of them by the writers to whom they are attributed is proved by the testimony of the immediate successors of the apostles. Now what are the facts? The immediate successors of the apostles are called "apostolic fathers," and those who succeeded them are called "Christian fathers." The testimony of the first named and those of the last named who lived before the New Testament collection was made, is all that is of any value. The apostolic fathers are Clemens, Ignatius, Polycarp, Papius, Barnabas, and Hermas. The first Christian fathers are Justin Martyr, Tatian, Irenæus, and Theophilus. The last father named, lived at about the time when the gospels were collected and compiled with the other books of the New Testament. The New Testament, however, was not declared to be the standard of truth by authority of the Church until after this. Now what do these witnesses say on the point in question?

These fathers all lived in the first century of the Christian era. If during that century there existed four different biographers of the life and teachings of Christ with which they were acquainted, and which they accepted as authoritative, we should expect them to make frequent use of them as authority for their own teachings. But what are the facts? In their writings which have come down to us, we find some express citations of some of the epistles of the New Testament and some allusions to the same and also citations of apocryphal gospels, yet we do not find either of the four gospels cited, alluded to or referred to by name. We find a few passages in their writings attributed by them to Christ, corresponding in part to passages in the gospels; but whether these passages were mere traditional sayings which had been handed down orally, or were contained in writings older than our gospels, they do not inform us. That the latter is the fact we will now show to be probable.

The first mention of Matthew's gospel by name is by Papias, the first Christian father. He was bishop of Hierapolis, and lived in the fore part of the second

century. He says that Matthew wrote a gospel in Hebrew, and in the time of Origen towards the middle of the third century it was the universal belief of the Church that such was the fact. At an early period that gospel was lost, and what became of it no one has told us. If our present gospel of Matthew is a translation of it, when, where or by whom it was translated no one knows. It is a very well authenticated fact, that in very early times there did exist a gospel called the gospel of the Nazarenes. Origen had a copy of it, and Jerome translated it; but neither the original nor the translation has come down to us. It is generally believed, however, that it was not the lost gospel of Matthew, although it somewhat resembled it. Papias then gives us no certain testimony in regard to our present gospel of Matthew.

Respecting the gospel of Mark, the historical evidence of its genuineness is more meager still. Papias says that Mark went with Peter to Rome, and while there acted as interpreter for Peter; he wrote down what he could remember of what Peter told him, or what he heard him say. Clement of Alexandria, says, that Mark, at the request of the Church at Rome, wrote a gospel, and Peter, when informed of it, hesitated about giving it his sanction; but finally did so in obedience to a vision. Irenæus says, that it was after the death of Peter that Mark wrote his gospel. Chrysostom says, that after writing it he went to Egypt. Epiphanius says he went to Egypt by the direction of Peter. Here now the testimony is so conflicting and inconsistent with itself as to be totally valueless.

As for Luke's gospel, we find no mention of it by any of the apostolic fathers, nor by any of the Christian fathers before the last of the second century. The same is true of the gospel of John. The first Christian writer who mentions the four gospels by name and attributes their authorship to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, was Irenæus who lived near the end of the second century. The history of these gospels can be traced with certainty up to the year 368, at which time the Council of Laodicea included them in a catalogue of the New Testament books omitting the book of Revelations. From that time they may be traced with tolerable certainty up to the time of Irenæus. From that time upward their history is involved in obscurity if not in total darkness.

It appears then, that in the writings of the apostolic and Christian fathers, there are passages which resemble passages in our four gospels, but in only a few instances are they verbatim resemblances. Second, they also contain passages which are not found in the gospels. Third, there are quotations in them from what were afterwards deemed apocryphal gospels. Fourth, in none of the early writers are our gospels cited or referred to by name. From all which it appears that the first fathers might have denied all the passages contained in their writings which resembled passages in our gospels from writings which existed before our gospels were written, and there is no proof that they ever saw the gospels as we now have them.

But suppose we had the unequivocal testimony of the apostolic and Christian fathers to the genuineness of the gospels, what would be the value of their testimony? The weight of evidence must be estimated by the intelligence and veracity of the witnesses. What then is the reputation of these fathers for intelligence and veracity? On this point we have the testimony of the great ecclesiastical historian, Mosheim, who wrote in the interest of Christianity, that the "apostolic fathers and the other writers, who, in the infancy of the Church, employed their pens in the cause of Christianity, were neither remarkable for their learning nor for their eloquence. On the contrary, they express the most pious and admirable sentiments in the plainest and most illiterate style." The writings of these men show, conclusively, that many of them were weak men; that all of them were extremely credulous; that they endorsed not only all the marvelous stories in circulation in their day about Christ and his apostles, but all the extravagant fictions of the Greek and Roman mythology. They sometimes employed known falsehood in support of their cause; and forged books to prove their doctrines. Mosheim says, the Christian fathers adopted and acted upon the maxim, that "it is lawful to lie for the truth." Whatever weight we attach to their testimony it is equally good for the apocryphal writings and for the Pagan mythology.

In the absence of any historical proof of the genuineness of the gospels we are led to the inquiry, is there any internal evidence which is sufficient to establish them as genuine? Here the evidence is all the other way, as the following considerations go to show. First, the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, so far as they relate to the addresses, parables and miracles of Christ, bear a remarkable resemblance to each other. Not only do they relate the same things, but in many instances they relate them in the same or nearly the same words. Now this resemblance is in the Greek gospels, whereas, Christ spoke in the language in use in Palestine, and his words, therefore, had to be translated into Greek by his biographers. Now it is incredible that three independent writers should report the sayings of Christ, and translate his words into a different language from that in which he spake, and that there should be this

verbal agreement in their report. Second, in the introduction to Luke's gospel, he addresses himself to a personage whom he calls "most excellent Theophilus." In those times this title belonged only to persons of rank and distinction. It is remarkable that in all the writings of the early Christians, we find no other mention of such a personage until the time of Theophilus, bishop of Antioch, who lived near the close of the second century. He is said to have been a principal actor in collecting and arranging the books of the New Testament and putting them in their present form. It is highly probable that the four gospels were compiled from previously existing writings about that time, and if so, they could not have been written by the Evangelists in their present form. Of John's gospel, it may be said it is quite unlike either of the others. This unlikeness may be seen in the following particulars. 1. In the fourth gospel there is no record of the numerous parables found in the other three, nor any intimation that Christ adopted that mode of instruction. 2. The discourses attributed to Christ in the one, are entirely different from those in the others. In John's gospel they are lengthy, systematic, enigmatical, dogmatic, and abound in self-assertion. In the others they are fragmentary, plain, practical, and exhibit a spirit of meekness and humility. 3. The style of the discourses in John is entirely different from those in Matthew, Mark, and Luke. This difference is so great as to justify us in saying that if Christ spoke as the three first gospels represent him, he could not have spoken as John represents him, and *visa versa*. 4. John omits all mention of the miraculous cures of demons, to which the other writers seem to have attached so much importance. There are other differences which might be pointed out, but those above are sufficient for our present purpose. There is but one clue to the authorship of John's gospel, and that is the fact that a comparison of the gospel with the first of the three epistles attributed to John in the New Testament, shows that the style and often the very ideas and words attributed to John the Baptist and Christ in the gospel, correspond exactly with the style, ideas and words of that epistle. From this fact we infer that whoever was the author of the epistle was the author of the gospel also. Now, although the second and third epistles of John were considered doubtful for a long time by the Church; the first was always received as genuine. This points to John as the author of the fourth gospel. But if John was the author of it, was it originally written in the form in which we now have it? We know that an unknown writer added to it, (see John xxi. 24-25), and to what extent he might have further tampered with it no one knows.

But suppose that each of the gospels could be proved to have been written by their reputed authors, could we implicitly rely on their testimony? A few considerations will lead us to see that we could not. 1. The reputed authors were ignorant and superstitious, predisposed to believe in the marvelous, and regarded all the phenomena of nature as produced by a special divine providence. 2. They were not eye and ear witnesses of all that they record. They relate occurrences which took place when they could not have been present. For example, the remarkable circumstances attendant on the birth of Christ, both before and after the event. The temptation of Christ, the transfiguration of Christ, related by Matthew, Mark, and Luke, who were not present, and wholly omitted by John who is said to have witnessed it. The marvelous circumstances connected with the birth of John the Baptist; the report of the preaching of the Baptist; the prayer of Christ in Gethsemane; Peter's denial of Christ; the dream of Pilate's wife; the conversation between Pilate and the priests; that between Judas and the priests, and that between the soldiers and priests; and finally the alleged fact of the resurrection of Christ. 3. The gospels were written in the interest of a cause which the writers had espoused and which they were desirous to promote. Now we cannot rely implicitly on the statements of historians, who, we know, were biased and prejudiced in their minds, and who derived their information not from personal observation, but received it from common report. We are all of us acquainted with men whose intelligence and honesty we would not question; but whose statements in relation to an extraordinary occurrence made under the circumstances in which the writers of the gospels were placed, we could not accept. Unless these writers were more than human, they certainly were liable to be mistaken. They constantly misunderstood and misapprehended Christ's words while he was living, and what assurance have we that they did not do the same thing after he was dead?

It may be said that these writers were infallibly inspired, and thus preserved from all liability to err.

The question whether they were or not, will be next considered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COME unto me all ye who are heavy laden with idleness and out of a job, and I will give you profitable employment, for my yoke it will please you, and my burden is all right.—*Suphers*.

Hybridization.

As the effect of amalgamation is to establish a decreasing vitality in the mongrels, it becomes a matter of importance with farmers to know how much the vitality of mongrel plants and animals are effected. This subject probably has never been investigated to the extent which the importance of it demands. It seems, however, that some mongrels can propagate only one or two generations, while others can propagate three or four. Others, again, can perhaps continue propagation some twenty generations, more or less; but the power of reproduction in all kinds of mongrels is more or less affected.

There are various kinds of mongrels. Some are merely the offspring of two species, or varieties, evenly united, while in others the two kinds are mixed in various proportions. Again, the mixture may be of more than two species or varieties. One gardener claims to have produced a mongrel from a dozen varieties of the muskmelon. There are many species or varieties of maize or Indian corn, and farmers generally prefer keeping the several sorts apart, having a dread of mixing the different varieties. I suppose that the combining of several kinds of this grain enfeebles the growth and lessens the productiveness of the vegetable, and of course is the cause of the dread of the mixed kinds.

The disease which attacked the peach tree some years since, called the "yellows," and which threatened to almost annihilate that delicious fruit, was caused, I apprehend, by the cross-fertilization of the peach with the nectarine. The peach and the nectarine are two very distinct species. The fruit of one has the skin smooth like the apple, while the other is rough and covered with a downy substance. It is very doubtful whether a pure species of either the peach or nectarine can be found, at least in this country, and consequently the disease must very frequently be breaking out. As these two species are propagated mostly by buds, they perhaps may be kept in existence a longer period than if they could be only propagated from seed. Much might be said respecting the hybridity of the peach and nectarine, but I am compelled to give way to other subjects.

With respect to the honey bee, there has been but one species propagated, as a general rule, for many years in this country; but a few years since a new species was introduced, called the Italian honey bee. As this bee was recommended as having qualities in some respects superior to the common honey bee, while on the other hand, the common bee was said to have qualities in other respects superior to the Italian, it was recommended to get up a cross between them, and thus get a kind that had the good qualities of both. What has been the effect of this crossing, I have never ascertained, but am inclined to think that it has been or will be unfavorable. As there are specific differences between the Italian and common bee, the mongrels must deteriorate and finally die out, leaving mongrel hives destitute of inhabitants.

Among cattle some varieties are appreciated for their fattening qualities, while others are valued for giving milk in abundance and of good quality. It has been an object with cattle breeders to combine the good qualities of both in one animal. With what success, I leave to breeders to say.

Mongrels, in their generation, possess great capacity for variation. This is observed with respect to the apple. The seed of almost any variety of this fruit will produce various kinds of apples; some sour, some sweet, some large, some small, some of one color and some of another. The reason of this variation is in the mongrel character which the apple acquired years ago.

There is a species of the dog called the pointer, which stands and points at the game with his nose, and is made considerable use of by sportsmen for this purpose. There is another species of dog called the fox-hound, which will chase a fox and bring it to his master. Now the impropriety of mixing these two kinds is thus declared by a sportsman:

"Now how far it is possible to convert one of these races into the other, that is, to train the fox hound to point a bird, or the pointer to follow the fox, we know not. But whoever has had an opportunity of noticing the facts, knows that the fox-hound takes no notice of birds, nor can the pointer be made to pay the least regard to the scent of a fox, however strong, and that if we mix these races, the result becomes utterly useless, either for the field or the chase. These facts go to prove that no such thing exists as new species, formed of varieties, as some French savans have endeavored to show; for if the useless products above mentioned be continued, they never would form new species, but would remain mongrels or varieties of the two races from which they originated, and if either side predominated, the result would be either a fox-hound or a pointer."

It has been laid down as a law of nature, that, in order to prevent great confusion in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, the offspring of different species or hybrids are incapable of reproducing their kind, thus making hybridity a test of specific character. This has been denied by many naturalists, and it seems with good reason; as, for example, the African negro and the Caucasian man show characters of a specific difference, yet it is known that the two species will propagate fertile hybrids. It is, however, asserted

that a hybrid from the two species cannot continue propagation beyond the fourth generation, and that a family of pure mulattoes (hybrids in the first degree) of the fifth generation do not anywhere exist. Can any of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER give us any information on the subject?

I do not wish to be understood to say that there is no advantage to be derived from mixing two species, in some respects, as it regards the vegetable kingdom, and also perhaps the animal. On the contrary, in some cases it may be advantageous. J. B. POOL.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

Are All Things Possible with God?

BY H. M. R.

"All things are possible with God," the Christian cries. But if we but a moment think, we find he lies; For in the outset God did make, as Moses tells, The earth; and made it round, excepting that it swells A very little at the equatorial line, And at the poles is slightly flattened, which, in fine, Makes it an oblate spheroid, (so scientists say.) Not Moses, that most learned of all Jews of his day.) Of course it has a surface and a center too, And I would like to ask if God could make it new, Or one exactly like it, which devoid should be Of surface, center, or the oblate form we see. Can he make strings and sticks with just one end apiece? Or add an inch to miles, and not their length increase? Can he make man immortal, yet without a soul? Make each part equal to or greater than the whole? Or can he make two hills without a vale between? Or make an object visible yet not be seen? Make two things occupy the same space at one time? Or doing good and loving mercy a foul crime? O, God! if these things all are possible with thee, Thou canst bound space, stop time and end eternity?

Vienna, Ill., Aug. 6th, 1875.

Putnam's Letters.

NO. I.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

Clearfield is a lovely village on the western slope of the Alleghenies. Most of the people are yet in the bonds of the old faith, and many of those who have some glimpse of the new, and cherish it in their hearts, do not dare to show their preference. But the outspoken Liberals are of the most staunch and progressive sort, of which George Thorn is the able and earnest pioneer. The work is slow, but sure. Christianity is making a hard fight, and needs but the sword of authority to crush. Its greatest ally at present is Mrs. Grundy. This old lady is fearfully orthodox. She hates innovation, and lifts her eyes in holy horror at a radical lecturer. He must be frowned down, as one good Methodist sister remarked, "He believes in neither hell nor heaven," and so of course must be worse than the heathen. But Mrs. Grundy must abdicate her throne one of these days. She must take her portion with all old fogies. Her lack-lustre eyes will be closed in death, and these poor weak mortals can take a whiff of the fresh air of Radicalism without losing caste. Indeed, I am almost afraid that Mrs. Grundy herself will be a Radical. I hope not. She belongs to the dead past, and ought to be buried with it. S. P. PUTNAM.

The All Atoning Sacrifice.

We—meaning our honorable self—hold, in sacred respect, the right of individual opinion, on the subject of religion, and on all other subjects.

Regarding the religious element, in our composite formation, as the "oil and the wine," we are specially careful to hurt not the "oil and the wine."

When, by slow and toilsome progress, humanity ascends to higher forms of thought—to more elevated plane of being—if any individual—man, woman, boy, or girl catch a ray of increasing light—if, by such light, the woman, man, girl, or boy make the sublime discovery, that any act, word, or thought, heretofore indulged, is not in strict accord with the increased light—let such fortunate man, woman, boy, or girl, straightway sin no more, in such action, word, or thought. That is the *all-atoning sacrifice*, for such transgression of the eternal law of right—the only sacrifice heaven requires or will accept—the only sacrifice that will do any good.

The woman, girl, man, or boy, so atoning as aforesaid, is a *conqueror*—prepared to go forth, "conquering and to conquer," till every enemy is under his or her feet—till every obstacle is removed from the track—the straight way, leading from lowest planes of humanity's formation, to ever increasing sublime elevations.

Here is a field opened, opened to our vision, for our loftiest ambition—our divinest aspiring—for most approved effort. The distant view, of ever increasing beauties and glories, is too sublime for our unpracticed vision.

After the mere glimpse, of such practical—attainable sublimities, what, to us, are all speculative theological abstractions? PRENTISS.

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ELIJAH THE TISHBITE.

Among the extraordinary characters of the Bible, and the extraordinary stories of great feats and performances, we cannot, of course, forget Elijah the Tishbite, a "mighty prophet of the Lord." The recital of what he did and what befel him taxes our credulity to the utmost; and if we cannot believe it all to be strictly true, we hope our Christian friends will not blame us. The story, at best, only purports to narrate certain events that transpired some three thousand years ago, in a certain country in Asia, and as it was extremely common in that age of the world for writers of all countries to blend so much fable and fiction with their facts, we are compelled to take these marvelous statements with a great deal of allowance; and such parts as are wholly at variance with the known laws of nature, we are very safe in disbelieving. It does not follow that we must believe the whole of a story simply because it is told in some manuscript or book. We have too many proofs that, in thousands of cases, falsehoods have been palmed off as truth; and this was attempted in olden times as much as now.

Elijah, it seems, was born and raised in Gilead. This was probably nothing to his discredit, as, for ought we know, Gilead was a very good country to grow up in. He is introduced to us as making a visit to Ahab, king of Israel, and prophesied there would be no rain or dew for these years. The account does not state how far this remarkable drouth should extend, whether just over that particular country or all adjoining countries; but as no limit is given, we can only suppose it meant the entire earth. "These years" is slightly indefinite, also, as to time; it might mean two, or it might mean twenty. Less than two it could not be, to be years, and as the third year of the drouth is subsequently spoken of, it is usually admitted that there was no rain or dew for three years.

This account, to look at it squarely, is a most improbable one, and utterly opposed to nature's laws. The moisture from the surface of the earth is constantly being evaporated and carried into the air. The air can hold up a certain quantity and no more. When its capacity is filled, and when by the low temperature of the upper air the vapor is condensed again to water, in the form of dew or rain, it is bound to descend to the earth. This is inevitable. The moisture that rises in one section may be borne off by the winds in the vapory state for hundreds of miles, perhaps, but it must in a short time descend. We see, then, it is utterly impossible that there should be no rain or dew for three years nor two years. The atmosphere could not sustain the hundredth part of the moisture that would rise from the earth in that time.

Think, also, for a moment, the results that would follow on the earth, or in any portion of the earth's surface, were there to be no rain nor dew upon it for three years. The entire surface of the ground would become "as dry as an ash heap" several feet in depth; not a plant nor a tree could live, and the entire earth's surface would become as barren of vegetable life, and consequently of animal life too, as the vast desert of Sahara. Every spring, every rill, every creek and every river would become dry, and the lakes and the ocean itself would be greatly exhausted. Constant evaporation, with no returns of moisture, would produce this precise result. Not a human being and not an animal could survive such a drouth.

The story is so entirely impossible that no person under the control of reason and good sense can believe it for a moment. It is certainly a fabrication entire, or a great exaggeration; and both being so easy of accomplishment, it can well be understood how much more probable it is that it is one or the other

than that such an impossible event as is here narrated could have occurred.

To return to our story. After the Tishbite had delivered this remarkable prediction to Ahab, God told him to "get hence," and contrary to Greeley's advice to the young men to "go West," God advised this man to go East and hide himself by the brook Cherith, where he could get plenty of water to drink, and assured him he had arranged with the ravens to supply him regularly morning and evening with flesh and with bread. The necessity of hiding himself is not apparent unless it was to afford God an opportunity of showing with what ease he could furnish him with what he needed to eat. In view, however, of the thousands of deserving and unfortunate individuals, shipwrecked on the ocean, cast away on desolate islands, lost in the wilderness, separated from the haunts of men, imprisoned under various circumstances, and through poverty, destitution and want—in cities and in country—yes, in view of the hundreds of thousands of hapless mortals who, under all these conditions and many others, have been left to perish, starve and die without a thing being done by God in their behalf, or a single raven being sent to their relief, it looks as though God is partial and does not treat all alike. That ravens, too, should be the medium of relief, is a little out of the natural course of things. Ravens, rooks and crows are not usually regarded as friends to man. They are mischievous and troublesome in various ways. If, however, in this case they were angels of mercy, they were, at all events, black angels.

In a short time the brook Cherith dried up, and it is to be inferred the ravens became remiss in their duties, for Elijah got very hungry, and he was forced to change his boarding house. It may be supposed that God and the ravens together could still have managed to procure water and bread for the prophet, but God, of course, knew best how to carry on his own work. He now directed the Tishbite to Zarephath, where he had engaged a widow woman to attend to him. That was a good change. Commend us always, to a widow woman for a companion and to prepare our daily food, rather than ravens and crows. We would sooner pay double price for a home with the widow, and have the benefit of her ministrations, than to hide by the side of a brook, run dry, with none but treacherous ravens to take care of us. Doubtless the good man wished he had been directed to the widow at first.

He found the widow, however, in very straitened circumstances, and when the prophet importuned her to prepare him something to eat, she protested in the name of heaven that all she had in the world to eat was a handful of meal and a small quantity of oil in a cruse—a small stock of provisions, truly, for three persons at the commencement of a three year's drouth and famine. Elijah, not having had a "square meal" for some time, was eloquent and ardent, and he bade her not to fear, but to make him a cake at once. She said she was just about gathering two sticks to make a little fire to cook the small amount of meal left, for herself and son, and then, she had made up her mind she and he would lay down and die. Elijah was a good persuader; upon the strength of his promise that her barrel of meal should not waste away, and that the cruse of oil should not be exhausted until the dry weather was over, he induced her to get him a dinner. And here comes in the best part of the story; though she and he did eat together many days, and many months, the barrel of wheat wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail. There was nothing bad about that; in short, it was an excellent arrangement.

It probably was not much trouble for God to do that little favor, and it was so much better that they should have enough to eat than to be left to starve. The main thing to be regretted is that the practice has not been more common. How many poor widows have famished with hunger day after day, and have seen their little babes waste away and die for the want of food, and not a spoonful of meal nor a drop of oil was provided for them. There are thousands this moment in this great city, and in all other great cities, and all over the world, that know not where to get anything for supper, and will throw themselves upon their wretched beds without a mouthful in their

stomachs. No ravens will minister to them—no meal or oil will be provided for them. It seems, truly, that this good God, which the priests tell us of, is partial; he treats some, so much better than others. He is very apt to neglect the widows and their little babes, (who, of all others, should have his special care,) and leave them to famish, while his priests and prophets are well provided for. Even the widow woman in this story, would doubtless have been left to starve, and nothing would have been done for her had not Elijah come along as he did. It squints very much of partiality, say what you will.

Well, Elijah and the widow got along well together, till a little mishap befel the boy. Either from eating too much, or some other cause, his breath went out of him, and the widow blamed Elijah about it and upbraided him so much, that he took the lad in an upper room (probably it was a three-story house), and brought him to. It is usually supposed that the boy had died, but this is a mistake. If he were dead he would have remained so in spite of any ceremonies Elijah could have performed over him. When once a human being, or an animal, is dead; when their life has fully passed out of them, that is the end of it; no more living again for them, and whenever you hear a story about some one being raised from the dead, don't believe a word of it—the thing is utterly impossible. You might as well talk of raising men from logs and rocks. A body that is absolutely dead must remain so and must hasten to decay, its elements soon to be absorbed in other organizations. Whatever class of men, or whatever book teaches to the contrary of this, teaches what is false. "Baron Munchausen," "The Arabian Nights," or "Gulliver's Travels" make statements as wonderful, but nothing more untrue.

It was afterwards said of Joseph's son—or rather his wife's son—that he raised one from the dead, but the remarks just made, apply to his case. It is altogether easier for the assertion to be false than to be true.

In the case of the widow's son, however, the narrative does not say that he died, but that there was no breath left in him. That might easily be. The breath has gone out of many a one, and they lived years afterwards. In catalepsy, swooning, syncope and trance, the breath often leaves the body, sometimes for days, and yet the patient is not dead, and after a time revives again. This might have been the case with the widow's son; respiration might have been temporarily suspended, and Elijah, by his manipulations, might have revived him. If this was the case, it was nothing wonderful, and no stranger than frequently occurs, and hardly deserves a place in the "word of God."

In the third year of the drouth the Lord sent Elijah unto Ahab, again to make another prophecy and to predict rain upon the earth. It was the very thing that Ahab and all others wanted, for the famine was very sore in the land. The king and his governor, Obadiah, were out looking for water to save the king's mules and cattle. Elijah met the latter, and wished him to convey intelligence to the king that he was there. Obadiah was a good man, and had preserved a hundred prophets in caves, and had daily sent them food. It is presumable that he was at least as trustworthy in carrying food as the ravens had been. He objected to taking that message to Ahab, fearing the latter would put him to death, inasmuch as Ahab had sought in every nation and kingdom, to find Elijah, and had sworn every nation that they knew not where the prophet was. Ahab probably deemed Elijah the cause of the drouth, and wished to put him to death, but being snugly ensconced with the widow, living on meal and oil, the king was not able to find him. This searching every nation and kingdom must have been a heavy contract for Ahab, if there were as many nations in existence then, as now. Obadiah feared that if he told the king Elijah had returned, and then Elijah should secrete himself again, and Ahab be unable to find him, that he, Obadiah, would be slain. Elijah, however, by a promise, overcame Obadiah's objections, and he conveyed the desired message to the king, and a meeting between Ahab and Elijah was effected.

The king upbraided the prophet for causing all the

trouble that had occurred, whereupon the prophet told him it was all his own fault, in consequence of his going after the false god, Baalim, and this was the reason given why there had been no rain upon the earth for three years, and in consequence of which men, beasts and vegetation had suffered so severely—a bit of jealousy on the part of the good God of the Jews, that was all.

It was arranged, however, between the prophet and the king, that the matter should be tested and the power of the two gods thoroughly proved, that it might be known who was God and who was not. Elijah proposed that the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal whom Jezebel was daily feeding at her table, should meet him at Mount Carmel and match their god against his. This was done. Altars were erected and bullocks prepared and laid upon them ready for sacrifice, but no fire put under. Which ever god was able to cause fire upon their respective altar should be regarded as the real God. The four hundred and fifty priests of Baal called upon their god from morn till noon to manifest himself, but he failed to answer their wish, whereupon Elijah mocked them and told them to cry louder; that perhaps their god was talking or pursuing, or on a journey, or possibly asleep and required awaking. Then they cried louder, and even cut themselves with knives and lancets, and let their blood flow freely upon the ground, but all of no avail; their cries, continued the whole day, nor the shedding of blood answered the purpose. [Query. When the God of the Jews and Christians fails to answer the thousands of prayers offered unto him, which is the rule, would there be anything amiss, after the illustrious example of Elijah, for their opponents to mock them and ridicule them, and say their god must be talking, journeying or asleep?]

Elijah constructed an altar of twelve stones—a holy number—upon which he placed wood and a bullock, but no fire. He ordered four barrels of water to be poured upon the altar, which was done; then he said, “do it the second time,” and it was done; then he said, “do it the third time,” and the third time four barrels of water were thus poured upon the altar. The question naturally arises, when there had been no rain for three years, and when the king and his governor had themselves been compelled to search the whole country over for water, where it could be found in such quantities as to uselessly throw away twelve barrels; but questions are scarcely in order; we must take the story as it is. Suffice it to say, at the proper moment Elijah called upon his God to let himself be known; the fire from the Lord fell upon the altar, burned up the sacrifice, and even licked up the twelve barrels of water. Upon this astonishing performance, the people fell upon their faces and had no further doubts which was the God. Then the good man, Elijah, took the four hundred and fifty priests of Baal down to the brook Kishon (it seems this brook had not gone dry) and then put them all to death. Who can doubt Elijah being a man of God after this wholesale slaughter? The query might arise what those four hundred and fifty prophets were doing while Elijah, single-handed, put them all to death? Possibly his God assisted him; it would be much in keeping with the killing he did on other occasions. Again, if they were as sincere in their allegiance as Elijah was, was it not rather severe and un-godlike to put them to death for it?

The production of fire in the midst of the water that was poured so freely upon the altar, has been attempted to be accounted for by the possibility of the prophet having some potassium and placing it upon the altar, as it is well known that that mineral, in its native state, readily takes fire while floating upon water, and burns with great brilliance and persistency. Others have suggested phosphorus, which takes fire spontaneously at a certain temperature, but we do not believe he knew enough about chemistry to understand the nature of either potassium or phosphorus. It is altogether more probable the whole story is a fabrication, written by no one knows who, and wholly unworthy of credence. If there had been no rain or dew upon the earth for the space of three years, as we remarked, there could be no vegetable or animal life left, and consequently no bullocks, no

water, no priests, no Ahab and no Elijah. If the trench that the prophet dug around the altar “held water,” the story will not.

The best part of that remarkable day's work on the part of Elijah was the fine rain he produced at the close of the day, thus ending the three years' drouth. He went upon the top of Mount Carmel and cast himself upon the ground, placed his face between his knees and kept his servant watching for the appearance of a cloud in the horizon. What occult powers he employed to produce the clouds and the rain are not known, and the secret is lost to the world, but at length the rain came and the earth was greatly refreshed.

It is difficult to see what had been gained by the “long dry spell,” and the intense suffering it must have caused, except it was the chance of making that fire test and slaying the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal; and it would seem that could have been brought about at a far less cost.

If this story is true, Elijah must have been about the smartest man that ever lived. What he did in the evening of this one day—to burn up a bullock and twelve barrels of water without fire, to kill four hundred and fifty men, and then to produce a first-class rain, is more than any man that lives could do in a week. But this story will bear discounting very extensively.

It requires too much space to notice all of Elijah's remarkable performances in this issue, and we will have to defer the remainder till our next.

The Title of “Reverend.”

By an extract from a recent English paper, we notice a clergyman there, of the Established Church has brought a suit against a non-conformist minister to prevent him from using the affix *Rev.* before his name. The offending clergyman had lost a daughter, and on her tomb-stone he wished to state that she was the daughter of the Rev. —. To prevent his doing this, the motion named was made by the other clergyman. His position was, that it is the clergymen of the Established Church only that have the legal right to affix *Rev.* to their names, and that the other party being an “independent,” or a dissenter, had no right to use it.

This was a small piece of business, truly, but evinces the spirit of the Christian clergy. The Catholics, in the first place, hold that all without the pale of their Church are in error, and have not the genuine article of Christianity. The Church of England next follows on in the same path; it only, has the true faith. In its wake follow the hundreds of dissenting creeds which make up the Protestant denominations. They all claim that their special church has the real truth, and that all others are more or less in error. Every one virtually says, “I am right, the others are wrong.”

The fact is, they are all wrong; and many intelligent people are coming to this conclusion. They are upholding a system of faith composed of and built upon the superstitions of ancient heathen religions, which can be easily shown. We have prepared an article on the subject of the non-originality of Christianity, but its length precludes its appearance in this issue.

The term *Reverend* is a title of honor, which priests for many centuries have appropriated to themselves upon a false basis. It really means they are “men of God,” that they are in the special service of God, that they know more about the mind, will and mysteries of God than other men do; that they can approach nearer to his throne, and can wield more influence with him than other men, and that, therefore, they should be revered by the masses, looked up to with much veneration and be paid large salaries for living in idleness, save their weekly appeals to “the throne of grace.” But “even this shall pass away.” The world is fast finding out these Reverends are an expensive, a tyrannical, an aristocratic and a useless class. That they are giving their hearers and supporters no positive knowledge, but content themselves with dealing out the old superstitions that have existed for thousands of years. They tell the same stories and make the same appeals made centuries ago, and the world is tiring of it. Men no longer want old fables and antiquated errors, but *knowledge, science* and *TRUTH*.

For the immense sums the priesthood cost the

world, they make very meagre returns, and large numbers are coming to this conclusion. This country alone, spends some two hundred millions of dollars annually for supporting its clergy and its churches. Christendom, entire, probably spends not less than five hundred millions of dollars. And what do they get in return? False theology, superstitious dogmas and darkening fables. Many are becoming fully convinced that priests know no more about God; no more about the Unseen; no more about the future than other men, and are gradually becoming convinced that they are not receiving from this privileged class the kind of teaching they require and are entitled to. That they are no better and no more moral than other men, proofs are piling up, day by day.

The world needs teachers, and always will, but they must be teachers of truth; teachers that can impart facts the world ought to know—the laws of nature, the great needs of the race—the truths of science and the path to usefulness and happiness. The Reverends, in a few more decades, can be dispensed with, but the teachers of science will ever be duly appreciated and rewarded.

WE EXTEND OUR WARMEST THANKS to those friends who have been prompt in complying with our request to renew. If the number is not as large as it should be, we are nevertheless grateful to those who have so promptly responded. We trust there are many more who will soon follow the good example. It is not pleasant for us to urge for money, and we do not suppose it is pleasant to our readers; but it is a matter of necessity. If we had funds of our own to keep the paper running we would not so often call for help, but our funds are used up and we need more. If we seem too urgent, our remarks are not for those who are prompt to come to our aid, but for those indifferent and negligent. We would be glad if all our readers were as interested in the mission of THE TRUTH SEEKER as a portion are; if so, we would scarcely ever need to say money.

Those who are still owing us for the last year, most excite our surprise and that so few of them are willing to remit us the trifling amount they owe us. As on every number of their paper is printed, on the tab, the date from whence they owe, it would seem they ought to be apprized that they are in arrears. Perhaps it will be necessary for us to print a list of the names of those who are either indifferent or unwilling to send us the price of the paper after taking it and reading it a year or more, that they themselves and others may know who we mean.

We would be glad if the feeling to support Liberal organs was more general among the Liberal public, and if it was not such an onerous task to spare two dollars a year to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

We again request those who do not want the paper longer, or are not willing to pay for it, to inform us at once or request their Post-Master to do so. We wish to send the paper to as many as possible, but cannot afford to do so, and pay postage too, without a slight remuneration.

As there are quite a number of sickly or faint-hearted friends that conclude they cannot longer support such an extravagance as THE TRUTH SEEKER, and order their paper stopped, we hope our live friends who take an interest in the continuance of the sheet, will try to send us as many new names as possible, that our list may not grow the wrong way. Those who may see these lines, and are not now subscribers, are requested to become so. Price, from Sept. 1st to Jan. 1st, fifty cents. After Jan. 1st it will be published weekly at two dollars a year. We will send it from Sept. 1st, 1875, to Jan. 1st, 1877, at \$2.25. For three dollars we will send the paper for sixteen months and \$1.25 worth of TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS. For seventy-five cents we will send the paper from Sept. 1st, 1875, to Jan. 1st, 1876 and forty cent's worth of Tracts. Friends, let us hear from you.

We are pleased to see friend Peterson, of Paris, Tex., is going to issue his *Common Sense* semi-monthly. That is right. Let us have plenty of good common sense.

The Reign of Law.

It is an accepted truth among scientific men of all nations, that the world of mind and world of matter, to the extent of their observations, is governed by inflexible law. This is the sentiment of the profoundest men of the age. Darwin, Leibeg, Huxley, Crookes, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Prof. Agassiz, Prof. Winchell, and hosts of the ablest thinkers, accept this truth.

Even where perturbations exist, they are under the dominion of law. In the movements of planetary worlds, the gyrations of comets, oceanic and atmospheric currents, attractive repulsion, chemical combinations, electrical phenomena, at varied temperatures, in the production of storms, rain, snow, hail, &c., there is no dissent.

In the manifestation of mind, through the intellectual, moral, religious or spiritual, social, passionate or animal, and organic, the reign of law is absolute. The intellect receives ideas, weighs, analyzes, compares, and the will, or volition, decides according to the strength of the motive, or mental influence, in each individual mind. All minds will not be equally controlled by the same motives; and this depends upon the amount of general information and freedom from bias, in the pursuit of truth. Hence, the importance of thorough culture of reason—the highest powers and grandest light of the human soul. How can we reason but from what we know? And cultured reason demands demonstration, or self-evident truths. Hence, science is the palladium of reason, and proceeds, mathematically, from the known to the unknown quantities, truths, or principles, by induction.

Intellect arouses intellect, religion or spirituality—morality, begets its like. The region of health and energy, located in the superior posterior portion of the brain, induces healthful energy. Sociality excites sociality, passion, or animality awakens like emotions. Love, the master passion of the soul, enkindles love, throughout the entire range of mental activities. This influence is proportionate to the size, activity, and susceptibility of the organs addressed, and the strength of the influence applied. Uncultured minds swayed by the stale platitudes of bigots, become the dupes of dogmatic priests, and designing knaves, everywhere. The antidote is knowledge, and cultured reason.

Psychology, or soul-power, or influence of soul upon soul, or spirit upon spirit, is an accepted fact in Nature. The orator, with flashing eye and lofty mien, with his soul on fire with the truths he pours upon listening ears, moves them as the wind sways the forest. His power is psychologic, and may be used for evil or for good. Falschhood, held as truth, has had the baptism of psychology, and been christened holy ghost; and whether holy or unholy, depends upon the amount of positive truth involved.

Cursing a fig tree for not bearing fruit *out of season*, would not be very holy, though trumpeted with the zeal and psychologic energy of a Whitfield. The fall of man; total depravity; vicarious atonement; hell fire; miraculous conception; election and reprobation; punishing the innocent in place of the guilty, cannot be holy, because not true, in Nature, or fact, though taught under psychologic influence for eighteen centuries. I affirm the fact, that whatever is—*is something*, however sublimated or etheralized. Hence, this something that charms, magnetizes, controls, excites, psychologizes, sways mind, is imponderable, or spiritual, and as it is evolved by the brain and thrown off through the nerves, it is *nervauric*; and is not very dissimilar, whether emanating from the embodied or disembodied. There is a spiritual organization within the physical; counterparting every organ, gland and tissue; indestructible and individualized; so that identity cannot be lost. This is demonstrable by an array of facts, perfectly overwhelming to honest investigators, who will follow truth wherever it may lead, unbiased by any pet theories.

The eye does not see, nor the ear hear, but as medium of vibrations of light, and air, and the inner consciousness, or spirit cognizes the impression, and gets the idea. Thus, our senses which are as numerous as our organs—mental and corporeal—are entrapped with, and point to the object, sentiment, or principle to which the organ or sense is adapted, in the wide Universe. We cognize the sense, or sentiment of love and hate, harmony, discord, heat and cold, joy and sorrow, &c. The brain may be represented as a sphere, from which radiates in all directions—pathognomic lines, indicating the angle of manifestation of each faculty. Perceives, point forward; religious, upward; energetic, upward and backward; animal, downward and backward. Hence, we have the grand discovery first made by Dr. J. R. Buchanan, in 1841, and '2, and published in his *Journal of Man*, and in his *Anthropology*; that spheres of good and evil exist in man's original constitution; and in proportion as either preponderates, is he good or bad? As in the infant, the animal nature preponderates, so in the infancy of the race his animal organs were in the ascendant, and struggling up the battling centuries, his intellectual and moral, have expanded over the animal, until in this nineteenth century, his enlarged frontal and coronal brain, are sure prophecies of the coming man, in the golden age of the future.

Starting at a point, only one step in advance of the animal creation, one thousand centuries ago, his progress has been slow.

Only within this century has he arrived at knowledge by which his intellectual and moral powers may be advanced ten-fold, and in some cases one hundred-fold in one generation. And this is to be realized principally through the agency of mothers. How sublime are the possibilities of our race through this instrumentality? Educate the mothers! Educate the mothers, morally, spiritually, socially and physically. Give her freedom, love, and equal rights with man in the pursuit of happiness. Oh, man, how should thy soul bow in worship in the presence of pure, loving, and exalted woman, with all her god-like possibilities? Treat her not as a slave, menial or toy. I conjure you, take thy oppressive hand off her shoulders, and her sunshine—truth and love, she will reflect back on thee and thy posterity a thousand fold. Starve her soul, cripple her energies, blast her fairest hopes, poison her pure fountains of almost exhaustless love, bind her in maddening slavery to a life time of unrequited toil, and the very heavens will be hung in mourning, and our loved ones—now angels in spirit spheres—will weep over dwarfed, diseased, angular and demoralized humanity. As in individuals, so in nations, elevation is predicated upon the conditions of elevation. And so, of depression or degradation. Health is ours only, as we conform to the laws of health. Disease is the penalty of violated law. Every organic function of the body is controlled by corresponding organs in the inferior half of the brain. Each brain faculty secretes and discharges through its proper channels its own peculiar nervauric influence. Some are purifying to the blood, some tonic, some sedative, some exhilarating, some poisonous. Violent anger has so changed the mother's nurse, that death to her infant has sometimes been speedily produced. Some irritate, some produce chill, some heat. Increased action of muscle, or organ, augments the flow of blood, and hence gives more power and strength to it. The superior elevates the lower, in this rudimental state and in all the spirit circles and spheres, until evil, error, and angularity are displaced by harmonious spiritual natures, robed in light, love and truth. The laws of the Universe, emanating from the "great positive mind," are unchangeable in their bearings on the elevation and coronation of man. The conscious ignorance and weakness of man lead him to call for wisdom and strength. Hence he prays. Perceiving mighty forces about him whose object and influence he does not fully comprehend, he calls on God, Allah, Jove, or Lord, and peace calms his troubled breast, and he imagines the great power addressed, has directly answered his prayer; while it is only the action of his religious organs showering their benedictions upon his perturbed spirit. If he is a sensitive or medium, he may be entranced by spirit forces, and receive wisdom and guidance which he could not reach otherwise. This is his spirit birth. He is thence forward enraptured with minds of higher realms, and often ascends the mount of transfiguration, where light, truth, and love are poured upon his enraptured soul. God has established this order, working through all the spheres, including man in his rudimental state. This latter being lowest, is weakest in psychologic power. Men and women must prepare themselves for this holy ghost baptism. It is all natural, not miraculous—mankind must and will receive this. This divine *afflatus* is ready to descend upon souls prepared. Draw a line from the wing of the nose to where the hair radiates near self esteem. All organs anterior to it are elevating, purifying, health imparting, in vigorous action. All posterior are antagonistic, domineering, coarse, brutal, passionate and evil in excess. They are good servants, but hard masters—must be regulated by cultured intellect and strong moral organs. Earnest, frequent, enlightened prayer, changes the frontal and coronal brain with a large flow of blood and nervauric force; giving joy, peace, love, and heaven—irrespective of religious views, and if a strong medium ("the dear departed,") pour into the soul spiritual life and light; solving questions of immortality, science, love, business, health, physiology, geology, primitive man, and schools, colleges, laws, and society in spirit life. Mighty problems! absolutely beyond the natural ability of the petitioner; but answered, and blessed with the answer. Thus, the great positive mind planned the spheres, connected the lowest with the highest by inflexible law, which he never changes nor infringes, and in accord with which spirits help man—bring comfort in distress, and succor in peril.

Prayer brings happiness by coronal excitement of the moral group of organs, and superadded to this in sensitives is spirit *afflatus*—holy ghost baptism. But for this pishah height, the subject must be prepared. Where shall these artists be found, in a land of bigotry, superstition and spiritual darkness?

Mothers! we look to you as the divinely appointed mediums. Shall we look in vain? Here is deep water—the water of life—the ocean of maternity to which, all else for human weal should become tributary—on whose bosom the world may rest and grow strong. "An undevout philosopher is mad." Shall I say that of mothers? Not yet. She is only dwarfed, bound and

helpless. Angels aid her; she needs it. Man prizes not her matchless wealth of love, affection and goodness as he should, which she would transmit to posterity, were conditions favorable. Statesman, moral heroes, musicians, philosophers, poets, might step upon the stage at her bidding, instead of undesired, angular and morally depraved beings. But she must be free. Free to think, to act; to choose her avocation and life partner.

Then study philosophy, music, physiology, phrenology, visit concerts, attend reform lectures, teach, or preach, and pray daily, travel and associate with the refined, pure and good. Do this in intense love of it. Fail not here. Subsist mainly on oat meal, unbolted wheat, rice, fruits, &c. Have plenty of active exercise, and at the inception of the new being, maintain total abstinence from sexual relations during embryotic development. This method will give to successors the supremacy of intellectual and moral powers, in perfect accord with benignant law; and man be translated from the hell of discord to the heaven of harmony. Thus, does prayer avail, refine, console, elevate, potentialize, and transform by a perfectly natural process; and mothers become the saviors, and redeemers of the race, instead of a crucified man. But prayer should be addressed to man; embodied and disembodied as our friends and allies, in the maintenance of divine harmony and the reign of law.

Mungerville, Mich.

D. HIGBEE, M.D.

Charles Fourier.

BY SAMUEL LEAVITT.

Charles Fourier was born in 1772 (one hundred years ago you see) in Besancon, France. His father was President of the Tribunal of Commerce in that town. He inherited a small fortune, which the troops of the Revolution made way with; for investing his whole property in colonial produce, he saw his cotton bales taken for barricades and his sugar and rice to feed the patriots. But this did not set him against the people. His attention was first called to the necessity of social re-organization, by seeing some merchants throwing ship-loads of rice into the sea, to keep up the price during a famine.

In 1803 he published a scheme for the establishment of universal peace, which attracted the attention of Bonaparte. In 1808 he put out his first book, "The Theory of the Four Movements." His object was to display the identity of the four great departments—society, animal life, organic life and the material Universe. He claimed that, guided by analogy, he had discovered that the mechanism of society—no less than that of the heavenly bodies—is only in a normal condition when it is left to the influence of the law of gravitation; that, therefore, in order to restore harmony to society, it is only necessary to submit ourselves to the laws of attraction and repulsion that govern the human soul when left to itself. He had certainly struck upon a great and fruitful idea, but like most other specialists, he was so filled by it that he lost sight of many other equally important ideas, which must be equally heeded in any attempt to reform society. The fact so loomed up before him that, in a scientifically organized state of society, people could be good, and prosperous and happy without exercising the tenth part of the self-denial such people now find necessary, that he concluded that no self-denial at all was needed, and proceeded with prodigious skill and energy to construct a social system in which happiness and virtue should be produced by merely balancing all appetites and passions, impulses and aspirations against each other in one grand conglomeration of spontaneities.

The great books he wrote are a monument of human skill and labor, and he has said all that can be said on his side of the question, and indicated with marvelous minuteness and force how, by mere rearrangement of the external machinery of society, its jarring and friction can be reduced to a minimum. The one cause of his failure, and that of his stereotyped followers was, that they ignored and did not provide for this inevitable minimum. The cause of the success of so many of the religious socialists is, that they did provide for it.

Some fifteen years ago I waded through several big volumes of a French edition of his works, and became persuaded that, amid a great deal of rubbish, they contained the most valuable suggestions toward social reform ever put before the world. I will not enter, as his regular disciples do, into a rehearsal of all his curious doctrines about the twelve human passions. I think they have befogged a multitude of otherwise sensible people; just as the fanciful part of Swedenborg's works have befogged some of the finest minds of the world. I think also, that if nine-tenths of the writings of these two men had never got into print, the present age at least would have had much more for which to thank them. One great mistake Fourier made, is to be seen in his apparent supposition, that all mankind found it as difficult as the French do to be true to marriage vows. Seeing that the average French man and woman were apparently incapable of practical monogamy, he concluded that in a state of nature a sort of free-love would prevail, and so arranged his system to suit. He was wrong, I believe.

* The passions are a numerous crowd
Imperious, positive and loud
When they grow mutinous and rave.
They are thy masters—thou their slave."

Putting a modest estimate upon his services, he may be said to have shown once for all—How to make industry attractive; to nullify the cupidities by balancing them against each other; to make good use of emulation; to develop the best aptitudes of young and old; to cause a just and profitable division of labor; to give due work and remuneration to women and children; to bring agriculture and manufactures into right relations; to diminish the number of middlemen, and release commerce from the grip of trade; in short to reconcile capital and labor.

Said an eminent writer in the London *Fortnightly Review*: "Fourier has pointed out with admirable clearness, that the principle of the 'right of labor' is entirely incompatible with the existing civilization, for it depends, as he was shown, upon two conditions that are as yet far from being realized. It depends first upon industry being made so attractive in itself, that such a state as that of idleness becomes wholly unknown. Not till every human being of both sexes and of all ranks is engaged with the zeal of enthusiasts in labor, from the cradle to the grave, can the socialist dream of 'right of labor' be realized. It depends secondly upon great economy being introduced into all the relations of life." And this economy can only be effected by substituting association for the separate or individual system; by the increased industry and skill of laborers; by the abolition of many useless classes, and by the productiveness of the earth being largely augmented.

Fourier's system may be condensed thus: Many thousands of years have been spent, many millions of treatises written and sermons preached, in a fruitless endeavor to change the constitution of man's nature—to adopt it to the artificial constitution of society. The opposite task has now to be attempted. It is to alter the constitution of *society*—to suit the unalterable constitution of man.

Parke Godwin has pithily said: "Fourier alone has taken man for the unalterable term of the social problem."

As I wish to show rather what has been done practically to prove that the integral association of which Fourier is a chief apostle, does furnish a means of reconciling capital and labor, than to rehearse his programme, I will not particularize further here concerning his doctrines, but briefly touch the results of his teachings in France.

He made slow progress at first. When the press began to notice him, it was only to satirize. He waged war with the Saint Simonians and the Owenites; and at length in 1831 his labors began to tell in the conversion of many of the former to his doctrines, and they established a paper called *La Phalanstère*. Leading men of France now began to experiment in Fourierism, and by 1843 the doctrines were extensively professed throughout France. Many disciples had newspaper organs in England and America; they expounded the teachings in learned treatises in Germany and Spain, and sent out colonies to various parts of America. They excited great ferment in France. During the years preceding the Revolution, no writers depicted in darker colors the condition of the suffering poor, or denounced with greater eloquence and earnestness the injustice to which they were subjected.

Fourier died in 1837, before his views had become so popular. His birth-day was celebrated as an anniversary which drew pilgrims from all parts of the world. This festival is still maintained.

In 1843 the *Phalange* was published as a daily, and several newspapers in Paris and the provinces began to demand social revolution rather than political agitation. The cries of "organization of labor;" "the right to labor," that were now beginning to be heard so frequently in after-dinner toasts and in the mouths of the populace, were traced back to Fourier. The revolution came too soon for the Phalansterians, and Louis Napoleon suppressed their papers. The history of the introduction of the system in America, I have presented in the *Phrenological Magazine*.

The Lord's Wife.

In a late TRUTH SEEKER, Mr. Syphers shows a disposition to be unfair with the men who created the orthodox God and Devil, because they gave them no wives. Mr. S. is mistaken in part, perhaps in all. The Bible God was a married gentleman, as is plainly recorded in the 19th chapter of Genesis. The 24th verse says: "Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah, brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven."

25th. "And he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground." 26th. "But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt." If that doesn't say that the Lord's wife looked back, what does it say?

Since the Devil has improved so much since the Bible times, and been the first man in all works of progression, and is generally humane and intelligent, I am impressed with the idea that he has a wife who helps him in all this. I think he would become demoralized and idle, did not a Mrs. D. encourage him, and with her bright, womanly wit, make suggestions and plans for him to utilize. The old fellow would doze over the fire half the time but for her; and never would have discovered the uses of steam, electricity, etc., as he has. Depend upon it, he's married! EGYPT.

A Pious Letter and Reply.

WEST WINFIELD, July 2d, 1875.

TO MORGAN R. NICHOLS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: The great enemy of souls has been permitted to assail your youthful heart by sore temptations, and your unstable mind by carnal reasonings. O return to the school of Christ! Do not longer grieve the spirit of the Lord by vain reasonings and subtle sophistries. Simply believe what the Lord has said unto you through the Bible. Call upon him to save a poor, weak wandering sinner from ruin's brink. And in after years it will be a wonder to you that a just God did not cut you off and cast you into hell—

"When through the flowery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran."

I now address you in the sacred language of Scripture. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." It is my constant hope and prayer that the pious instructions you have received from teachers and friends, will yet make an abiding impression upon your mind—that a reconciled God in Jesus Christ will yet receive you, place a crown of glory upon your head, and fix your abode forever among the sons of light. But should you continue to follow Spiritualistic and Infidel companions, continually poisoning your intellect with vile trash, after all the prayers and efforts of your Christian friends, they will be forced to believe that God in his awful and mysterious purposes, has numbered you among those to whom he has sent strong delusions that they should believe a lie, that they might be damned. (2 Thes. ii. 11.) We shall regard it our Christian duty to guard our children from the corrupting influences which have led you astray, by timely withdrawing them from the society of one we regard as pernicious to the eternal welfare of their souls, and the baleful influences of his pestilent books and papers. Be warned in time. Return, and it will yet go well with you. Not only your future, but your present well being, depends upon your giving up your Infidel notions at once and forever. You have our prayers. When will you again come back to Christ's school?

Yours affectionately and prayerfully,

WELL-WISHER.

REPLY.—I fully understand the hidden threat implied in one of the closing clauses of the foregoing mixture of Christian cant and menace. "Your present well being depends upon your giving up your Infidel notions at once and forever." And if I do not, I am to be socially ostracized—am to have my reputation blackened by the hireling hypocrites of superstition, and even children will be taught to shun me in the streets as a walking pestilence. Unfortunately, I already know too well what the above guarded language implies. Robert G. Ingersoll, exactly states the matter thus: "Now and then somebody examines, and in spite of all keeps his manhood, and has the courage to follow where his reason leads. Then the pious get together and repeat wise saws, and exchange knowing nods and most prophetic winks. The stupidly wise sit owl-like on the dead limbs of the tree of knowledge, and solemnly hoot. Wealth sneers and fashion laughs, and respectability passes by on the other side, and scorn points with all her skinny fingers, and all the snakes of superstition writhe and hiss, and slander lends her tongue, and infamy her brand, and perjury her oath, and the law its power, and bigotry tortures, and the Church kills."

But thanks to the grand heroic Infidels who have secured to the race our sublime *magna charta* of civil and religious rights the Christian Church to-day is unable to kill the bodies of thinkers as it has in the ages gone. "You have our prayers," says this saintly sister. Has she never read that "if any two agree on earth, as touching anything that they should ask, it shall be done for them of my father which is in heaven?" And here in this small country village during the past winter, two orthodox churches have held revival meetings, deafening God with prayers for the conversion of sinners, and not one poor dying sinner's soul secured for Jesus. Two churches in full blast a whole season; nine or ten ranting ministers putting in their "best licks" for the help of the Lord against the mighty; three orthodox gods trying to pour their spirit into the hardened hearts of the people; and after all not a prayer answered—not one precious proselyte made ten-fold more the child of hell. What a prayer hearing and prayer answering God he must be! Why, I should suppose they would sour on such do-nothing deities.

My age is only nineteen years, but I already have had experience in two churches; that will suffice for me. I am already sufficiently sickened with Christian cant and twaddle, hate and hypocrisy.

"When will I come back again to Christ's school?" Well, I am reminded of Wm. Denton's reply to a Methodist minister, when asked a similar question: "Never, till the eagles go back to the eggs from which they were hatched." So say I. When will I go back? I do not mean to go backward, but forward. I have taken a through ticket on the grand car of progress, and that never goes back. No going back for me, if you please. That is all.

MORGAN R. NICHOLS.

West Winfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

The True Saint.

BY S. P. PUTNAM.

Far in a desert cave a hermit stayed,
In pious solicitude, and daily prayed,
And did hard penances, and scourged his flesh;
And fasted oft; that so from out sin's mesh
He might arise, an angel of pure light,
And be the grandest on heaven's golden height;
Although indeed he never gave one bread.
Or cooled the thirsty lip, or offered bed
To weary traveler, or tilted the earth
That fruits and flowers might spring to fairest birth;
Such insignificant and common deeds
His holy saintship scorned; to count his beads
And moan, and bend his brow to dust, and call
Himself a wretch, these were his duties, all.

His fame was spread abroad, the world admired
His useless life, as he himself desired;
For his humility was utmost pride,
To win men's praises he all worth denied.
If with good sense they had believed his word,
His soul with harshest anger had been stirred.

He wanted God to sound his praises too;
And so one day he begged with much ado
To know, who was the greatest saint on earth;
That he might find and initiate his worth;
Expecting that of course, God's voice would say,
"Thou art the greatest saint, the perfect ray
Shines in thy soul; thou art most eminent."
For he was fishing for a compliment,
And bended low, that God might lift him high;
He crouched to earth; but meant to mount the sky.
To his surprise, God told him he must find
A strolling minstrel, who with careless mind
Went singing all the day from door to door.
If he would grow in virtue more and more,
He this poor player's life must reverence;
To be like him was saint-like excellence.

In great astonishment the hermit went
To see this wondrous saint pre-eminent;
He found him singing merrily away;
"Tell me," the hermit cried, "how thou dost pray;
What works perform; what penances endure.
That make thee in God's eyes so heavenly pure?"
The minstrel was amazed at such address,
And hung his head in shame and humbleness.
"O do not mock me father," he replied;
I never yet have prayed or even tried;
I've never done a single worthy deed;
I'm a poor sinner and for mercy plead;
I only go about from day to day,
To please the people as I sing and play."

"But," still the hermit, answered "in thy time
Thou must have done some holy deed sublime
To raise thy life so high in God's regard—
Something deserving of a great reward."

"O no," the minstrel said with honest gaze,
I am not worthy of the slightest praise
From God or men; I never did a thing
That any honor to my life can bring."

"But hast thou always been so poor and low,
And led this idle life? The saint would know
What made thee such a beggar in the street;
With what strange mishaps did thy fortunes meet?
Sure vice hath never to this worthless trade
And aimless poverty, thy steps betrayed."

"O no," the minstrel said, "a simple tale,
The secret of my wanderings will unveil.
One day I saw a woman wild with fear,
Running from place to place, and villains near,
Who sought to take her forcibly away,
And make her beauty's wealth their helpless prey.
Her husband and her children had been sold
To slavery; she had no friends nor gold,
I took her to my cottage, gave her rest,
And kept her out of harm's reach as my guest.
I had a little money laid away—
I did not need it; 'twas enough to pay
The ransom—set her husband free,
And bring her children back to liberty,
And so I gave it to her—all I had,
Because 'twould make her heavy heart so glad.
This is the reason of my lowly plight,
A gift I had almost forgotten quite;
It was an act not worth remembering,
For many would have done the self-same thing."

Tears started to the aged hermit's eyes;
For a new gospel filled him with surprise.
"In all my long life I have never done
So good a work as this, or merit won
Like thine; and yet thou dost almost forget
The kindly deed that God in light will set
Above all prayer add fast and penance long,
Thou art the true saint with thy careless song."

RELIGION does not and cannot contemplate man as free. She accepts only the homage of the prostrate, and scorns the offerings of those who stand erect. She cannot tolerate the liberty of thought. The wide and sunny fields belong not to her domain.—Ingersoll.

Editor's Notes.

WE HAVE STILL ON HAND a few more "Patent Binders" for THE TRUTH SEEKER, a capital arrangement for holding the papers firm, and clean and convenient. Who wants one? Sent by mail, post-paid, for one dollar.

OUR FRIENDS will please excuse us for not acknowledging the receipt of money. We have no assistant and have hardly the time to write to all. We will credit each payment on our list and the next paper going out will show each subscriber when they are paid up to.

NAMES are daily coming in for our proposed work, "Lives of Noted Sages, Infidels and Thinkers," but we trust there are a large number who will want it who have not yet notified us. We now think we shall make the work of eight hundred pages, not to exceed three dollars in expense, but will be richly worth double the money. Those who feel like having a copy of the work will still please send in their names.

WE TRUST OUR READERS will remember we are still in the *Book Trade*. If you want books of any kind, please order them of us. We can make a little on them, and "every little helps" to grease the wheels. We shall soon have an assistant, when we will be able to fill orders for books with much greater promptness. When editor, proof-reader, general correspondent, book-keeper, errand-boy and outside-man are all combined in one person, it is not strange he should sometimes be slow in filling orders. We trust hereafter there will be much greater promptness on our part.

OUR FRIEND, D. H. CLARK, AND WIFE, recently called upon us while changing their residence from New Milford, Pa., to Florence, Mass. For some sixteen months. Mr. Clark has been regular speaker to a Liberal society at the former place, but now he has had "a call" to the Free Congregational Society of Florence, where a fine free hall has been erected and a goodly number of progressive, intellectual people have made a full escape from the meshes and bonds of theological superstition.

We had hoped Bro. Clark would decide to enter the Liberal lecture field, as he possesses abilities of a high order for that service; but undoubtedly it will be pleasanter for him and his family for him to be located. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Clark much happiness in their new home at Florence.

D. R. BURT. We intended in our last to have noticed a recent visit to this city, of our good friend, D. R. Burt, of Dunleith, Ill. He spent three weeks or more with us, and was kept very busy in ministering to the sick and afflicted. He possesses remarkable magnetic power, and by "laying one of hands" and other manipulations, he speedily removes the most severe pains and physical troubles. Many here can testify to the benefit received from him. Some cases came under our own notice that were quite remarkable. Friend Burt is a positive Materialist, and does not attribute the healing power he possesses to spirit influence, but simply to natural laws and forces. In psychology, animal or personal magnetism, powers of the mind and will, the world has much yet to learn.

The genial temper, kind sympathy and true friendship of Bro. Burt, make him a welcome visitor, and we hope many months will not pass away before he visits us again. He is a real friend to THE TRUTH SEEKER and wishes to see it prosper. May he live many years to enjoy life and the pleasure of doing good.

OUR PLIMPTON HALL SPEECH on "The Gods of Superstition and the God of the Universe," will in a few days be issued in pamphlet form, containing also the discussion which followed the lecture; there being some fifty pages of it. Single copies will be mailed for 8 cents; four for 25 cents; a dozen for 70 cents, or twenty for one dollar. We mean to furnish them at cost very near, to induce a wide circulation. We are receiving many very complimentary letters of the lecture, and the wish is often expressed that it may be widely circulated. It is believed it will be a very ef-

fective document for general distribution among enquiring minds. Many orders have been received for it and we trust a much greater number will still come.

"BENNETT'S PRAYER TO THE DEVIL." A tract of ten pages will be issued at the same time, at 2 cents each; 20 cents per dozen, or \$1.25 per hundred, sent by mail. This little affair is thought to be new, and original, and is doubtless destined to be largely circulated. The two will be mailed for 10 cents.

THE TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS. These little *evangels* of truth and light are being ordered pretty largely. The enterprise promises quite as much success as we anticipated. If money was not so much like "hen's teeth," we doubt not the call for them would be still greater. The price at which we furnish them, really affords but small profit, but that is not the leading motive; we wish to spread the glad tidings of freedom and truth. Our object is to furnish them so cheaply that Liberal societies and individuals can afford to buy them freely, for gratuitous distribution.

We intend about the close of the present year to issue two volumes of THE TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS, put up both in paper and in cloth, containing some 400 pages or more, each. They will be furnished at very reasonable prices, and we hope all our friends will want at least one copy. How is it?

FLOATING HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN'S GUILD. We would call attention to this most commendable enterprise. The Trustees of this Society have fitted up a large new barge which makes tri-weekly free excursions for the express benefit of destitute and sickly children of this city, without distinction of creed, race or nationality, and is under the special supervision of the Rev. Alvah Wiswall, master; William Thurman, M.D., Medical Adviser; Oswald Otten-dorfer, President, and J. P. Solomon, Secretary. The Trustees are twenty in number, and embrace many of our first citizens.

Donations of food from those able to contribute are respectfully solicited. The movement is a most deserving one. It gives the children of indigent parents an opportunity of having a pleasant ride upon our rivers and affords them the luxury of pure air three times a week. When it is known that 1,300 children died in this city in two weeks, the importance of the enterprise can be appreciated. The address of the Secretary is 319 Broadway.

Book Notices.

HOW TO LIVE LONG, or *Health Maxims, Physical, Mental and Moral*. We have received from the publishers, Hurd & Houghton, of this city, Dr. W. W. Hall's new book by this title. In its three hundred sixteen 12mo. pages, it contains over fourteen hundred valuable practical common sense maxims, regarding health, sickness, diet and regimen. It has been many a day since we have seen a work of the kind, containing such a fund of useful knowledge. Dr. Hall is the author of several valuable books, but none equal to the one before us. It would be well could every family have a copy of it, and thus save many dollars in doctor's bills and nauseous drugs. Sent, post-paid, by mail, for \$1.50. We have it for sale.

REVIEW OF THE BEECHER TRIAL. Every one should send for a copy of this; published by the *New York Times*. It is admitted to be the ablest thing that has been written upon the subject. The entire evidence is examined in the most thorough manner, and the subject most partially reviewed. It is selling rapidly; the fourth edition has been called for in a short time. We will mail it to any one for twenty-five cents.

WE would call attention to our advertising columns to two pamphlets we have for sale. *First*, "THE DRAMA OF DECEIT," a sprightly, spicy, satirical poem on the Brooklyn Scandal. *Second*, "Religion and Science; or, Christianity, Religion and the Bible vs. Philosophy and Science," by Dr. J. Pilkington. It is an able little work, and well worth perusing. Price, twenty-five cents, or the two for thirty-five cents, sent by mail.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE. No. 4. for the present year of this charming Quarterly is upon our table. Our readers hardly require from us a description of

this publication. The present number is the last for 1875. It is mainly devoted to hardy bulbs and house plants, with numerous beautiful illustrations. The first number of VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1876 will be ready by Dec. 1st. It will be much enlarged from previous years, and costs only twenty-five cents per year, and is sent gratis to those who purchase one dollar's worth of his seeds. We know of no way in which twenty-five cents can be better employed. We advise every one of our readers to send twenty-five cents to James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y., for his *Quarterly Floral Guide* for 1876.

A Card from B. F. Underwood.

MR. EDITOR: My vacation ends this month. About September 1st, I enter upon another campaign. During the month of September I will be in New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; during October, in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois. I have engagements to meet in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri, which States I shall again visit as soon as I can get to them. The next campaign will be the most active, and I trust, the most successful of my life.

Associations or individuals wishing my services in the States herein named, should address me at once, at the *Investigator* office, Boston, Mass.—my permanent address. Subjoined is a list of subjects on which I will speak. Respectfully yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Thorndike, Mass., Aug. 11, 1875.

1. Natural Selection, *versus* Design in Nature.
2. The Theory of Evolution.
3. Darwinism—its Principles Stated and Defended.
4. Science *versus* the Bible.
5. The Proof of a Personal Intelligent Deity Examined.
6. Fancies and Fallacies about God.
7. Popular Assumptions regarding the Bible and Christianity.
8. Judaism and Christianity outgrowths from Pre-existent Heathenism.
9. The Four Gospels tested by the acknowledged Canons of Historic Criticism.
10. The Evidence for the Divinity of the Bible Examined.
11. The Crimes and Cruelties of Catholic and Protestant Christianity.
12. The Materialistic Philosophy.
13. The Thought and Tendency of the Age.
14. Anthropology the Key to Theology.
15. The Roman Empire under Paganism and under Christianity.
16. Has Christianity been favorable to Intellectual Progress?
17. A True Man better than a True Christian.
18. The Past Triumphs and Future Prospect of Free Thought.
19. Paine the Pioneer.
20. Woman—Her Past and Present—Her Rights and Wrongs.
21. The French Revolution.
22. Instinct and Intuition Organized Experiences of the Race.
23. The Origin and History of the Bible. (From one to six lectures.)
24. The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer.
25. Modern Spiritualism judged from the stand-point of Modern Scientific Thought.
26. Pre-historic Archæology.
27. Popular Objections to Infidelity Answered.

Spiritism vs. Christianity.

Christianity would have been self-annihilated ere this day, if it had ever had a moiety of the internal discords and self-inflicted injuries to contend with, that have borne hard on Spiritualism. While Christianity has nothing but tradition and the dead past upon which to lean, Spiritualism has the *living miracle* of to-day, which renders this movement a live one, and it deserves well of humanity for what it has already done in freeing the human mind from the tyranny of Sectarianism.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

The Christian Faith.

This is such an intensification of credulity as creates "the evidence of the unseen" (Heb. xi. 1), or the *unknown* and unknowable, and upon which the mind implicitly relies. This faith is a *trust* that culminates in action, mental and nervous. It is a *power* in certain temperaments which induces the trance, and converts the sinner in revivals; and in certain cases it is sufficient to interfere with the vital forces, so as to cause the instant death of its victim, as in the case of the prisoner who was killed by being made to believe he was actually bleeding to death. And also in the two cases referred to in Acts v. 5. If that account be true, Ananias and his wife were killed by their faith as certainly as that any one is saved by it.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

Liberal Hall.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Dear Sir: I was much interested in friend Codman's letter in your issue of Aug. 1. I am one of those in favor of organization and unity of action among Liberals. I am also in favor of the "Temple of Reason" in New York. If the friends of truth were willing to make one-half the effort to propagate sound thinking, and rational, wholesome views of life, which is made by Christians in the propagation of pernicious and degrading superstitions, we might have very soon a building in New York, as fine as the Paine Memorial, and even as much more capacious and noble than the Boston Temple, as New York exceeds her sister city in wealth and population.

The importance of having a centre of reformatory influences in New York—a commodious place to be a home of the Liberal Club, THE TRUTH SEEKER, and a publishing house controlled in the interest of Free Thought literature, and a rallying point for all the activities of our growing party, can hardly be overestimated.

I am ready to do my share towards such an enterprise, and would not now throw a damper upon a serious effort in that direction. Unless I greatly mistake them—our Boston friends—including the editor, and the proprietor of the staunch old *Investigator*, would do all they could to help us in such an effort. However, if I may suggest a policy, I would say, let us first take hold with more vim and first help them pay off most of the indebtedness they were obliged to incur in their individual names for the final success of the Paine Hall.

Let us rally the Liberals of the country to the prompt lifting of that debt from the shoulders of those who assumed it, to the placing of such institutions as THE TRUTH SEEKER, and Sonnerby's Radical publishing house upon the road to substantial prosperity, and then we can commence our "Temple of Reason" with plenty of strong, generous and grateful friends to back us.

The Boston enterprise was first started—if I am not mistaken—by a writer in the *Investigator*, of Nov. 16th, 1870, and was followed in the paper of Dec. 7th, 1870, with "A Proposition to Lufidels," by Mr. Mendum, dated, Augusta, Ga., Nov. 23d, 1870. His proposition met with approval by many friends of that paper, and had the effect to draw together a meeting of Liberals to devise some measures to carry out that proposition.

At that meeting four men were appointed for the purpose, and at a subsequent meeting a fifth name was added.

From the commencement, the friends of the *Investigator* began to contribute and send in words of encouragement and promises to help, and the confidence in the ability, wisdom and integrity of Messrs. Mendum and Seaver was so great and widespread among Liberals, that contributions were sent upon their mere word that they would so receive and apply funds to the best of their ability.

A stock corporation was suggested, but sagacious heads advised otherwise. The history of Radicalism is strewn with the wrecks of unwieldy and incoherent corporations. Concentration of power has been found to be the only practical road to success. Some earnest friends wished that the number of managers be no more than actually necessary to carry out the plan suggested originally. The stock plan was therefore abandoned. Contributions came in slowly, but enough to encourage the movement. And in 1872, James Lick of California, an old subscriber to the *Investigator*, made his very liberal donation which gave the movement an impetus boding prompt success.

But this enterprise cannot be exactly repeated in New York, or elsewhere in America.

There are no Liberals in New York who have been known so long and well as Messrs. Seaver and Mendum. A cleaner hearted, whiter-souled man than Horace Seaver does not live. I never to this day heard his integrity called in question, and it certainly never was seriously questioned by any one who has seen and known him personally.

Mr. Mendum's character was equally above suspicion. The universality of this confidence in him was deeply impressed upon my mind a few days since in a conversation with the oldest Radical bookseller in New York—Dion Thomas, who had dealt with Mr. Mendum many times longer than I have, but held, even more firmly if possible, an absolute trust in his (Mr. Mendum's) honesty of purpose.

Mr. Mendum began as an apprentice in a printing office, and has held his way right steadily on, while some of us who thought ourselves wiser and abler have lost years and fortunes in the unsuccessful effort to rival him as Radical publishers.

For nearly forty years those now memorable men, have toiled on together—one with the pen, and the other with the types—the only untailing and unfaltering standard bearers of Free Thought in our land.

It was felt that they had earned the full and implicit confidence of all honorable and well-reasoning men. It was felt that whatever they did in this matter would be right. The person who could start a suspicion against them must be of a very unhappy disposition. Mr. Lick who became dissatisfied with trustees of his other benefactions, has expressed great satisfaction with the success of these. For my part, I consider their simple word combined with their past success as a strong-

er bond of confidence in their management, than that of a bushel of charters or other legal documents.

I intend to double my yearly contribution within this year, and would take this occasion to urge all others to pour in contributions and pay the debt, and put the future of the Boston enterprise beyond all reasonable doubt.

Now our own circumstances are quite different. We must of course have some different and more complex and cumbersome organization than that in Boston, notwithstanding its attending perils. Though for my part, I could give the same confidence to yourself, friend Bennett, and Mr. Codman, as to Messrs. Seaver and Mendum. I think Mr. Codman knows something about organization in London and Paris, such as Bradlaugh's "Hall of Science," society, the Positivist societies, and the Secularists. Will not he or some other brother tell us about them, and oblige, Yours sincerely,

ASA K. BUTTS.

Letter from D. R. Burt.

MR. EDITOR: In the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER I noticed, with much pleasure, that our friend, M. Altman, made you a splendid donation of fifty dollars to aid in the cause of Free Thought. Honor to him for that act, from the Liberal Press, and a long and grateful anthem of thanksgiving from an enslaved and priest-ridden people. O! that I could plead with every Liberal to follow the noble example of our worthy friend, to aid in the deliverance of an enslaved world, to free them from the belief in the supernatural, to induce them to love truth and righteousness, to learn the forces and laws of Nature, to live in harmony with them, and to command them and be happy.

Let every man that loves the cause lend a helping hand in this time of great need, from the amount our friend gave, down to the smallest sum. Friends, let us see your generosity, your love and magnanimity for the suffering cause. Your reducing, Mr. Editor, your publishing and living expenses to the lowest mark, leaves still great need for aid.

With confidence in the Liberal public, and high hopes of speedy and generous relief, I remain, fraternally, Your obedient servant, D. R. BURT.

Dunleith, Ill.

The Author Hero—Paine.

BY THOMAS CURTIS.

When buried heroes come to life,
And speak in memories of the past,
Columbia's army in the strife
For liberty, shall not be lost.
And nobly marching with the throng,
"Who fought and bled for freedom's reign."
Shall come the man of thought and song,
The "author hero," Thomas Paine.

When France shall lift her banners fair,
And brighter hopes shall dawn once more,
In counting up her jewels rare,
She'll not forget the days of yore.
For when the name of Lafayette
Shall summon others in its train,
There's one they never will forget,
"The author hero," Thomas Paine!

When England's pride shall be to sing
Of those who swell her grand array,
More noble yet than lord or king,
Great nature's aristocracy;
By meed of service fitly done,
By manhood raised in heart and brain;
Recalled shall be her outlawed son,
The "author hero," Thomas Paine.

When priestcraft dies amid the shouts
Of men who act with "common sense,"
And creeds their folly prove, in doubts
Which end in proving their pretence;
And when the "age of reason" brings
That better day, we'll ne'er complain.
And talk no more of priests and kings,
But of our hero, Thomas Paine!

And when the world shall learn the tale
So finely told by noble deed,
They'll from his memory lift the veil
Now resting on the mighty dead.
And in his place aloft he'll stand,
And priests may howl and curse in vain;
For truth and justice, hand in hand,
Shall keep our hero, Thomas Paine!

GEN. SPINNER's father was a German priest, his mother was a German nun; but somehow love slipped into the cloister and abbey and triumphed over monastic vows. Although the civil laws of their native country sanctioned their marriage, their church forbade it, so they emigrated to America, settling in Herkimer county, New York, where the General was born.

It is very creditable to the General that in the recent thorough examination of his accounts amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars, everything was found entirely correct.

Dry Goods Price-List.

Thousands in the country are constantly debating the question of prices in dry goods. They go to the most popular store in the neighborhood, and fail there to learn for a certainty whether fair prices are charged or not. Other thousands are not only seeking honest and fair prices, but they want also reliable information in regard to the styles of goods most in demand. Now, all such persons should send a letter to the highly respectable and reliable firm of M. Altman & Co., and ask for their new Price-list. This enterprising and well-known dry goods firm have taken this method of popularizing their business in every section of country. This Price-list, containing thirty-two pages of closely printed matter, gives a minute description of a \$250,000 stock of Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Millinery Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Ladies' and Children's Undergarments, Costumes, Cloaks, Basques, Hosiery, Gloves, Jewelry, Laces, Trimmings, Parasols, Umbrellas, Notions and the thousand and one articles usually sold in first-class city houses. It will be sent, *free of cost*, to any one sending address and postage stamp for mailing the same.

We have examined this Price-list, and find that it teaches its readers how to order goods. The description it gives of every article is so perfect and complete as to make the selection extremely easy and certain of giving satisfaction. This firm will give their best attention to the execution of all orders, and they agree to refund the money in every case where the goods turn out different from their representations. The standing of the house is such that we cheerfully vouch for the truth of whatever they say. Address M. ALTMAN & Co., corner 6th avenue and 19th street, New York.—EDITOR INDEPENDENT.

[We know and have known Mr. Altman and his manner of doing business for some time, and are fully enabled to endorse the views of our contemporary, and although we seldom agree in matters theological, we are pleased to accord our hearty concurrence with its judgment in reference to our friend MORRIS ALTMAN. He is just getting out his new Fall and Winter Price-list, containing accurate descriptions and the lowest price of House-furnishing Goods, such as Sheetings, Towels, Blankets, Quilts, etc., as well as his full assortment of Ladies' Suits, made up in the latest styles in Alpaca, Poplins, Reps, Merinos, Cashmere Silks, Camel's Hair Goods, etc., etc., as low as \$10 each, and as high up as \$300.

This Price-list is sent *free* to all our readers who may send a stamp and their address, and those hesitating to send stamp, together with those finding themselves unable to furnish stamp, he will send the Price-list to by sending address. Mr. Altman is also anxious that Liberals who may send for his Price-list should distribute them freely in their towns and villages.—ED. T. S.]

The Great Iron Cyclops.

BY JAMES MC CARROLL.

The Great Iron Cyclops came down through the night

At a pace that seemed never to tire;
And the echoes around him cried out in affright
As he thundered along, in his terrible might,
With his plume of smoke spangled with fire.

And to rival the strides of the tempest he sought,
"Till it rode, like a footman behind;
For his swift, flashing limbs were mysteriously wrought
Of the thews and the sinews of ages of thought,
"Till they coped with the speed of the wind.

Through deep-cloven mountains, and valleys he flew,
And through sullen wastes rugged and bare,
While the cities in handfals behind him he threw,
And his breath in hot gusts through his nostrils he blew
As a whale blows the seas in the air.

But through regions of silence and coldness and gloom
Though he sped his miraculous way,
They burst forth anon into sunshine and bloom,
While the Spirit of Commerce leaped forth from their womb,
And shook out her young plumes to the day.

For the nations that long had lain buried in sleep,
Now awoke, with a start at his roar;
While the lone maiden-ships, that had toiled on the deep,
And had pined for a spouse, felt their white bosoms leap
As he called them in crowds to the shore.

And still onward he sweeps, toward far distant strands,
With his banner of progress unfurled,
Binding blue seas together and linking strange lands,
And urging the whole human race to strike hands
"Till one pulse shall pervade all the world!"
New York, July 1st, 1875.

THERE has been more rain in July and August of this year than in the same two months in any year in half a century. Pluvius has been bountiful.

Bible of Nature vs. The Bible of Men.

BY JOHN SYPHERS.

These two great books—the one made by God, the other made by man—have each collected around them a party of friends and admirers. Those two parties are, from the very nature of things, antagonistic to each other. A perpetual war has been waged for centuries by those two parties. The party in the interests of the man-made book have always been the aggressive party. They open the battle by always making the first attack. They are the party of war, bloodshed and persecution. The other party is the party of peace. They never persecute; they never commence a quarrel. They all mind their own business; admire and study continually the great book of Nature; are all noted for possessing good mental powers, with cultivated reason, and of a scientific turn of mind.

Without these qualifications, none can belong to the said party of the first part. They are indispensable. Their religion is a natural religion, and very liberal. They are not particularly on the aggressive, but quiet and retiring. They wish no quarrel with the party who worship as an idol, a book made by art and composed of leather, rags, paper and lamp-black, but push along their investigations of nature quietly but boldly, following wherever her laws and principles may lead them, no matter if it chance to be directly across or contrary to the teachings of that other book. No book or bible can have precedence before the teachings of the great volume of Nature. If the world ever becomes wise unto salvation, they must do it by the patient study and application of the great principles of the only divine volume of inspiration—the Bible of Nature.

These naturalists are a very independent class of investigators, and in them the world, society and civilization have much hope and a great deal at stake. In following out established laws to their legitimate results, they never stop to inquire whether it will bring them into collision with that other party, or with that other Bible. *Neither do they care.* They strike down into the bowels of the earth, and there find the footprints of the Almighty, and the outlines of the only true history of creation laid down in the geological strata, full of the fossilized remains of former races of men and animals, some time during the countless ages of the long ago. They preserve and follow up this trail until they discover an abundance of material among the periods of fossiliferous remains to establish and build up a science, a history of the formation and evolution of the world. Their discoveries disclose the fact that this world has been incalculable periods of time going through its various formations, laying down strata after strata full of the petrified remains of organic bodies belonging to the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

The men of science are the world's only true benefactors. They point their telescopes upward, and their microscopes and drills downwards and then *push things*, no matter if they discover a thousand facts a day that squarely contradict the Bible. The Bible must square itself with science and nature, and where it fails to do so, then it must stand aside and out of the way. The Bible party have served many injunctions upon the men of science, trying to stop their operations, declaring that they themselves were the only true party—theirs the only true Bible, and its history the only true history of creation that would ever be vouchsafed to men.

Their Bible declares that God *made* the world *mechanically*, and in six days, and rested on the seventh, and that there was no use of fretting and worrying and turning the world upside down to hunt evidence to prove anything to the contrary. They declared it wicked and absolutely dangerous for any set of men to do so. He made the world in six days, and made it out of nothing too. But the party of the first part declare unto the party of the second part that there is no use talking, *the thing won't do.* God cannot be the author of both books, the discrepancies between them are too great. If God rested on the seventh day, he must have been tired, otherwise how could he rest? *This is altogether too manish.*

The great God of Nature never gets tired; it is only the god of theology whom men have created in their own image, who gets tired and has to lie by for rest and recuperation. Of course he slept a part of the time while he was taking his rest, and dreamed, no doubt. An outline of the career of man upon this newly made world, passed through the deific vision in dim historic shadows—no doubt. The testimony of the rocks and many other witnesses which geology now brings into court, and from whose testimony there can be no appeal, deposes, declares, and affirms that the time which has elapsed since this world beat her first notes to sound the march of time, *cannot be computed by mathematical numbers.* How are you, six thousand years? This will do for babies and feeble-minded people. The gentlemen of the Bible party talk, act and reason like little babies who are waiting for growth of mind; their bible is only a primer, designed only for children. A world made in six days—only one hundred and forty-four hours—think! Their book represents God as having had children! The child Jesus is said to be one of his sons. How manish, low and heathenish are all such ideas. There must be some mistake about

these two books. They both cannot be from the same God. The marks of the manish origin of the Bible are too plain to be mistaken—they stick out all over it. If it had not been for that book the world would have been full of a race of philosophers by this time, instead of the batch of sects that we now see, each one blowing its own fog-horn, keyed upon different notes and playing different tunes. A house fearfully divided against itself, and of course it must tumble! Our book is the only true book, and our God the only true God of Nature. Gentlemen, let me beseech you to lay aside your book made by art; the money and learning which you are wasting upon it, and the brains which you are wearing out, should all be devoted to the study of our Bible, the great book of nature. It has no original to get lost, as you say that yours has. Ours needs no councils of drunken bishops to sit upon it, to pass upon it, to vote parts of it in and out of the sacred canon, in accordance with the caprice of an uninspired, self-appointed council. Ours needs no new translations nor revisions to correct its thousands and tens of thousands of mistakes and errors. Our Bible cannot be interpolated nor mis-stated. It is easily understood; its language is not theological, but pure, plain, easy and natural.

All civilization and progress have sprung from our book and from it alone. Your book teaches you that our earth has foundations and ends. Ours teaches us that it is round and has no foundations nor ends. Your book teaches you that the sun and the moon can be stopped in their course. Ours teaches us that it cannot be done without our solar system flying all to pieces! Astronomy is one of the most beautiful and astonishing of the natural sciences. It was discovered alone by the study of our book—the book of nature, which is the parent and mother of all the sciences. Our book is a divine revelation, *divine*, because it is natural, and consequently true. One of the divine revelations of our book outstrips all imagination. It is that all those little twinkling shining stars above us, are mighty orbs and ponderous worlds! Many of them hundreds of times larger in their magnitude, latitude and longitude, than the one on which we dwell. Your book regards them as but so many little shining points in the firmament, which God created in a few minutes on the fourth day. God, through Moses, came very near forgetting to mention them in his account of the creation. It is evidently an after-thought with him, which he put in as a postscript thus: *"He made the stars also."* The study of the book of nature reveals unto us that God is not half done making our world yet. *Creation is still going on.* Galileo was a faithful and indefatigable student, and minister of the bible of nature, and made astonishing discoveries in the upper stories of this Universe. But as his discoveries were altogether different from your book, your persecuting party went for the poor old philosopher like so many fiends, and caused him to spend fourteen years of his useful life in the dreary solitude of a loathsome prison. Yes, gentlemen, it was your party who went forth against him, with your bible in your hand, and in the name of your God, committed this foul and disgraceful deed. No difference whether you were called Catholics or Protestants, it was the bible party as arraigned against the men of science. You have fought science and progress, with your bible in your hand at every step they have taken, and persecuted their friends even unto death. What is more plain, than that science is the mother of art and invention, and that these alone have brought civilization to the world. You have always been in the past, and are to-day the strongest enemies that exist to progress and a higher civilization. Your superstitious and ignorant party thought, no doubt, that they were doing God service when they brought that poor old man, Galileo, to his knees, and for fear of death at your hands, made him eat his own words and stultify his own soul. If he had not done so, fanatical bible men would have caused his noble head to have been severed from his body, and the royal blood which flowed through his noble heart and veins to have spurted out upon the ground. All this and ten thousand times more, have you done, with your bible in your hands, in the name of your Church, your religion and your God. Gentlemen, the history of your party is a disgrace to the world. I wonder that you could ever look a man who knows your history, square in the face; yet you have the impudence and hardihood, after that our party and the influence of our bible have raised the world up to its present exalted plane of light, knowledge and civilization, to turn around and claim that it was all brought about by you and through the influence of your books! This caps the very climax of all the exhibitions of impudence and cheek that the history of the world affords. Gentlemen, we claim to be the party—we, the men of science, have brought learning and civilization to the world, and we did it in spite of you, for you fought us at every step. Whenever we proclaimed to the world that the great car of progress was about to receive an onward impulse by the discovery of some new principle, your party became greatly alarmed and rushed forward with your arms full of bibles and cast them under its wheels—being fools enough to think that by so doing you could either stop its progress, or throw it off the track. *Behold your great mistake.* The great car of progress moves right along, leaving you far in the rear. You are now, since you see our success and popularity,

trying to hitch on to our train, but we shall put the cow-catcher on at the back end of the train to prevent you from making a raid upon us!

No, gentlemen, if I belonged to your party, knowing the record it has made in the history of the past, I would call for the rocks to fall upon me and hide me from the just indignation of a frowning world. Your doom is fixed—your fate is sealed—and you now plainly see that you cannot run institutions based on theology alone; hence you are mixing them up with that science which you have fought so unsuccessfully. You now desire to hitch on to our train, seeing plainly enough that theology by itself cannot stand. All our educational institutions are organized to *teach science*, and then you stealthily try to slip in your theology on the sly. Don't fool yourselves by thinking that we don't notice all your sly tricks.

Roll on thou mighty car of progress—roll,
Freighted with the world's only hope and destinies,
The ruthless hand of bigots, blind,
Shall never play upon the throttle valves
Of thy mighty engines!

Christians at Work.

BY WM. MC DONNELL.

There have been saints in all ages, and in all nations, Pagan as well as Christian. As boors without personal worth, or the least trace of natural nobility, can, even at the present day, be created temporal Lords, so the vilest of sinners, without a single ray of holiness can still be baptized or elevated into saints. The Church has ever been ready to canonize its favorites, no matter what the world might think of them or of their absurd or almost miraculous transition from fiends to spirits of light. If Pope or Prince recognized their services, from either a spiritual, political, or peculiar point, it was easy to cancel sins, venial or mortal, to pronounce absolution, and therefore with the sacred sponge of authority, to wipe out every stain. High Priests of all creeds have, for a consideration, generally been willing to transform hideousness into beauty, and to change the sordid, brutal character of some obsequious tyrant into one of meekness and purity deservings of a prominent position even in Paradise. It might not be easy to determine how much folly, how much virtue or how much vice would be sufficient to establish a claim for canonization, but it is well known that characters noted for great servility, for great inhumanity, or for great atrocities, have alike been elevated to the peerage of the celestial realm.

Now, without much seeking for illustrations as to why some have received such special spiritual distinction, we all know that in Hindostan the fanatic Brahmin who tore his flesh with iron hooks, or let his finger nails grow through the back of his hand, won the veneration of true believers, and was esteemed a saint; that the dervish or Mohomedan monk, whose life was spent in prayer and penury, and who was ready to destroy an unbeliever to secure celestial glory, was likewise a saint; and we also know that Christian fakirs, like their originals in India, were canonized by the Church; one, because he had doled out a miserable existence, squatted and squalled, on the top of a high pillar, as did Symon the stylite; another like St. Francis, because he has lived in a cave in rags and filth. One because he could periodically lash and persecute himself; another, because he could systematically lash and persecute somebody else.

Then, besides these, there is a curious tribe known as National Saints, whose annual worship is generally a grand debauch, and whose reputed exploits are mostly as mythical as the origin of the saints themselves. St. George is venerated in England, probably because he is said to have killed a fiery dragon, and a multitude of ignorant Christians actually believe that as a noted bare back rider, he performed that distinguished feat.

St. Patrick is almost adored in Ireland, partly because it is believed that he banished snakes from the emerald Isle, and partly because, by the convincing exhibition of a simple shamrock, he so impressed the minds of the Pagan Irish as to make them believe that there were three superior deities instead of one. And what St. Andrew did for Scotland, St. David for Wales, St. Dennis for France, Augustine for the Saxons, or Boniface for Germany, may be arrived at as correctly by a simple guess as by the perusal of any particular record in their behalf.

Among some of the latest worthies which the Roman Church has authoritatively added to the array of saints, we find the name of Peter D' Arbuss, who was Inquisitor General of Arragon in 1484, and an active persecutor of the heretics. Ignatius Loyola, the gloomy fanatic and founder of the crafty, unscrupulous order of Jesuits, was canonized by Pope Gregory XV. in 1663; and, centuries before that, the savage St. Dominic, who advocated and secured the establishment of the "Holy Inquisition," and who, as some assert, was the first Inquisitor General of that infamous tribunal, was officially included among the blessed by Pope Gregory IX in 1223. This very St. Dominic was he who instigated the Pope against the Albigenses, and who aided and encouraged the brutal Montfort in a further course of persecution.

After the slaughter at Beziers, Count Simon De Montfort, the beloved avenger of the Church, was now

leader of the "Holy Army," and he followed up his atrocious proceedings in different places, some of which proceedings are thus recorded by Catholic authors. "He took several castles which resisted the Holy Church, and hanged of good right many of their inhabitants upon gibbets, which they had well merited." Relative to another place, the historian says: "The besieged, wearied out with a long siege, having fled during the night, were stopped by our guards, who cut the throats of as many as they could find." And of another place: "The Count Simon having taken the castle, caused the above named Aimeri, a notable nobleman, to be hanged upon a gibbet, also a small number of knights. The other nobles, with some who had mixed among them in the hope that the knights would be spared, to the number of about eighty, were put to the sword, and lastly, some three hundred heretics burnt in this world were thus given over by him to the eternal fire, and Guirande, the lady of the chateau, cast into a well, was there crushed down with stones."

After a series of butcheries during the first year of the crusade against the Albigenses, the "holy army," with its numerous reinforcements commenced its second year's campaign by taking, with other places, the castle of Brom, when about one hundred of its defenders were shockingly mutilated; their noses were cut off, and their eyes were torn out; but one individual was left one eye so that he might be able to conduct the Christian savages to the town of Carabat. All through their terrible course, the taking of several other castles and towns was followed by similar atrocities; prisoners were offered the choice of apostasy, or fire, or mutilation. When Montfort advanced to the attack of Toulouse, the peasants laboring in the field were slaughtered—men, women and children were butchered—villages, cottages, and farm-houses were burned to the ground, and the Pope's legate also ordered the destruction of the vines, and the whole of the standing crops. Thus, when town after town had surrendered, Montfort was sure to order the execution of the inhabitants, and thus for over twenty years were the Albigenses persecuted and slaughtered by the unmerciful hosts of the Head of the Church.

Among the mountains in the north of Italy there was another body of Christians known as the Waldenses; they were not identical with the Albigenses, but were different, doctrinally and otherwise. They were distinguished for the most irreproachable conduct, and a more inoffensive people could not be found in all Europe. Claudius, Archbishop of Turin, wrote: "Their heresy excepted, they generally live a purer life than other Christians." The charge of heresy was, however, brought against them, and for over the great period of five hundred years—from 1179 to 1689—these people were fearfully harassed by the "dominant church." The first edict against them was issued by Pope Alexander III., in which he said: "We therefore subject to a curse, both themselves and their defenders and harborers, and under a curse we prohibit all persons from admitting them into their houses—but if they die in their sins let them not receive Christian burial. . . . We likewise from the mercy of God, and relying on the authority of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, relax two years of enjoined penance to those faithful Christians who, by the counsel of the bishops and other prelates, shall take up arms to subdue them by fighting against them." Soon after numbers of these people were burned at Bingen and at Mentz, and many others hunted from place to place and scattered from country to country by an infuriated soldiery. Another edict was issued against them by Pope Lucius III. in 1181, and subsequently by other Popes and Rulers. Pope Innocent VIII. in 1487 directed his nuncio and the Inquisitor General Blasius, "To take up arms against the said Waldenses and other heretics, and to come to an understanding to crush them like venomous asps, and to contribute all their care to so holy and so necessary an extermination;" and afterwards Pope Pius IV., in 1560, authorized another brutal crusade against them, and the most terrible cruelties were again almost unceasingly perpetrated down to the year 1655, when, by the interposition of Oliver Cromwell, of England, they were partially discontinued, but were soon again renewed and continued until 1689.

A Catholic writer furnishes a narrative of one of the atrocities committed against the Waldenses in 1560, and states: "Having written you from time to time what has been done here in the affair of heresy, I have now to inform you of the dreadful justice which began to be executed on these Lutherans this morning, being the 11th of June, and to tell you the truth, I can compare it to nothing but the slaughter of so many sheep. They were shut up in one house, as in a sheep-fold. The executioner went, and bringing out one of them, covered his face with a napkin, or benda as we call it, led him out to a field near the house, and causing him to kneel down, cut his throat with a knife. Then taking off the bloody napkin, he went and brought out another, whom he put to death after the same manner. In this way the whole number of eighty-eight men were butchered. I still shudder when I think of the executioner with his bloody knife between his teeth, the dripping napkin in his hand, his arm besmeared with gore, going to the house and taking out one victim after another, just as a butcher does sheep he means to kill." Tommaso Costo, a Catholic historian, also

wrote concerning the cruelties to the Waldenses: "Some had their throats cut, others were sawn through the middle, and others were thrown from the top of a high cliff; all were cruelly but deservedly put to death." The Waldenses, though subjected to such woful persecution, were not after all exterminated; they contended for liberty of opinion with extraordinary pertinacity; but it was not until the reign of Victor Emanuel, the present king of Italy, that they received the same privileges as others.

When we recall these historical facts of religious persecution, a feeling of anguish and indignation arises in our breasts. In addition to these cruelties, one has to remember the terrible Inquisition with its dread "familiars," its "Holy Office," its dungeons, its racks, screws, pulleys, weights, and other horrid instruments for producing the most agonizing torment. In imagination one can enter the gloomy "hall of torture," and in the dim light see the malignant judges of that infernal court; see the rack and the waiting executioner. Look again, and oh! the fearful scene! See one of the softer sex, a woman, young, and once beautiful, but now naked—yes, actually naked—stretched out in dire agony, with dislocated limbs, bleeding and fainting before men! Men? No! but before fiends in human shape, called—Inquisitors. There they sit, or recline, with their books and crosses, and with the stolid indifference of the veriest savages. Alas! alas! no soothing voice can ever more be heard, no word of comfort spoken in that dolorous hour, no tender human heart throbs with sympathy for that poor victim, no eye is dimmed with pity for so much human suffering, no ear is pained to hear the death groans of that delicate girl, guilty most likely of no offense, save that of having perhaps spoken lightly of some suspicious priest, or of some absurd rite of the Church. The dew of death is upon her brow, her parted lips are reddened with her own life blood, her clotted hair, her bruised body, and her broken limbs elicit no word of remorse for her agony. Alone, and unresisting she is in the hands of her brutal persecutors; the muffled walls conduct no sound of her distress to the outward world, it is shut out to her forever. The icy hand of the last deliverer is now upon her, but the actual stare of death is less terrible to her closing eyes and fading vision, than the sound of the accursed monsters who sit before her—the clerical monsters of the holy order of St. Dominic.

Fearful reminiscence! one shudders as if an actual witness of that scene of horror: soon another view is presented. It is a gala day in Madrid; it is the Christian Sabbath. The pious who have attended church are moving toward the massive, gloomy building of the Inquisition. The Spanish King and his courtiers are sitting on an elevated stage which is richly carpeted, and the royal person is shaded by a silken canopy. There are also to be seen familiars and grandees from Cordova, and from other cities. Bishops in rich robes are in conspicuous positions, and great numbers of priests, monks and friars attest that there is to be a ceremony of some kind in which the Church is greatly interested. The sunbeams flash upon the mitres and crosses of the ecclesiastics, and upon the swords and spears and other military weapons of the armed missionaries of the "True Faith." All present seem to be in a state of excited expectation. But hark! a bell tolls—it has been tolling at intervals since the early dawn. It cannot be the call for an imposing or brilliant religious ceremony; no, 'tis a death knell, the knell for another dread act of religious persecution. See! There is now a movement in the vast crowd in front of the Inquisition; its heavy gates—like the gates of hell—yawn wide, and a procession, as if intended to represent an egress of the spirits of the damned, moves slowly out. Dominican friars—called pious men—are in advance, bearing the repulsive banner of the "Holy Inquisition," penitents, or those who had been terrified into compliance, follow; and then follow the bare-footed, sad, and long array of those who are destined for the flames. Some with pallid faces are wounded and limping; some are too weak and emaciated to walk, and these, with others whose bones have been broken, and whose flesh has been mangled by the torture, are rudely born toward the guarded space in front of the majesty, the episcopacy and the nobility of Spain; and in the midst of the fanatical crowd whose eyes are hungry for a fresh scene of torture. The condemned are clad in the yellow *Sanbenito*, disfigured with infernal effigies, each wears the *coroza* or pointed cap of infamy, and holds an extinguished torch; and each is attended by a Jesuit who hurls reproaches, instead of offering a word of pity or a prayer for mercy. They have now reached the great cross erected in the field of the Cruz del Quemadero, the place of execution; the sentence is read, a blow is given to each of the condemned by one of the clerical officers of the Inquisition, and the accused are delivered over to the secular power. A feeble, formal, hypocritical plea in their behalf is muttered by a priest—a vile deceit, for stakes are fixed, and fuel is ready, and the condemned are chained and weeping. There is no offering of mercy in reply to that plea, for the Christian king ostentatiously sends his gilded and adorned fagot to be added to the pile. Oh horror! The flames ascend, a hundred human beings are shrieking, and groaning, and writhing in torture. The surrounding multitude are delighted, and thanks to God are given by the king, by the priests, and by the

people, for this triumph of the True Faith, for the extirpation of so much heresy; and for the terrible spectacle of another *Auto da fee*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Devil's Decency.

I heard, a few days since, a divine dotard, in regular Orthodox Billingsgate, denounce the "author of evil," as he termed the devil. I wanted to ask him who created the devil, and how he would get his bread and butter but for the belief in that mystical and much slandered being? Accepting the Bible account of his origin and conduct at different times, is not the Christians' devil much more worthy of our confidence than their god (please spell him with a small g)?

As to the origin of the devil: It seems that god was not really supreme, even in his own dominions, and that the devil—then an angel, and of course possessed of all their virtues—headed a revolution and set all the he-angels in his Sunday-school class to pulling their harps in pieces to use in prying up the golden pavement for projectiles to hurl at the head of this creator. Well, it seems there was quite a row, and the devil was so nearly successful that god was willing to compromise with him, and having previously created hell, and finding no opportunity to rent it, on account of the insalubrity of the climate, he offered to set him up in business down there, which offer was accepted, with the stipulation that our loving father was to send him all the customers he could accommodate, and furnish him an inexhaustible supply of brimstone.

We nowhere find it recorded that the devil ever drowned the population of an entire planet because they, impelled by the passions he had implanted in them, had transgressed some of his absurd laws. Nor did he ever feed little children to bears because they were having a little innocent fun at the expense of an old bald-headed preacher. But one turns with disgust from such absurdities, and is compelled to seek intelligence and decency in the devil's dominions. Who would not prefer a hell peopled with men and women of intelligence, and who are free from superstition and bigotry, to a heaven of angelic idiots? *Salinas, May 29, 1875.* A. W. P.

Upheavals.

MR. EDITOR: I was pleased that you closed your queer argument with that Elder Shelton, for it was time and space thrown away to occupy the valuable columns of your paper in an argument with a man like a one-handed basket, and who has no reason, and in fact don't know when he is used up, or if he does, will not "own up."

His statement that no upheavals have ever taken place since the flood, shows the greatest kind of ignorance. I wonder if he ever read Humboldt's travels in South America and Mexico? How about the volcano Jorullo? In July, 1838, Capt. John Corrao, on the passage from Tropani to Girgenti, in Sicily, witnessed an island rise in the ocean, and named it after himself, Corrao; and the Gulf of Santorin, in the Grecian Archipelago, nearly encloses several small islands which have emerged from the deep within the period of authentic history.

Similar instances have repeatedly taken place, one mentioned by Kircher in 1538, another in 1720, a third in 1787, when an earthquake shook the island of St. George, and eighteen considerable islands rose in the ocean. The most celebrated, occurred in 1811, when the island of Sabrina rose from the deep, off the coast of St. Michael. I could give statements of many such occurrences, but probably they would occupy too much of your space, which ought to be used for other purposes.

I will mention the Allentian chain; the island of St. Eustatia; West Indies; and the Ascension Isles; the island of St. Matthew, 1450 miles from Africa, 685 from St. Helena, and 520 from the nearest particle of visible land. Its shores exhibit black nitrous lava, its surface presents rugged conical hills of different kinds of lava. Not a shrub was seen on it when it was discovered on Ascension day, in the year 1501, by Joan de Novo Galego. Thousands of other similar upheavals both by sea and on land, have occurred at various times.

All of the Elder's arguments compare favorably with his upheaval nonsense. In fact he made no argument, and you partially lost the time spent with him; though perhaps it amused and instructed your numerous readers. It is thought in this vicinity he would make a valuable addition to Barnum's show.

Yours sincerely,
East Wallingford, Vt.

S. G. GATES.

AFRICAN elephants appear to be liable to a fault from which a still nobler animal is not exempt. There is a fruit of which they are passionately fond which makes them tipsy, and after eating it they stagger about, screaming so as to be heard miles off, and not seldom having tremendous fights. This is vouched for by the Hon. W. H. Drummond in his new work on the large game of South Africa.

New-York Liberal Club.

[As considerable space has been occupied latterly, in this department, and as there is a good deal of pressure of other matter, we will, in this issue give but, little space to the Liberal Club.]

On Friday evening, July 30th, Mr. D. E. DE LARA read an interesting paper on POPE SIXTUS THE FIFTH as Statesman, Ruler, and Philosopher.

One the evening of Aug. 6th, Mr. CHARLES SOTHERAN read an elaborate and interesting paper on PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY as Philosopher, Statesman and Reformer.

On the evening of Aug. 13th, Mr. R. M. K. Willcox gave a lecture and reading from HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON, the Danish writer recently deceased.

Each lecture was followed by the usual spirited discussions.

On the evening of Aug. 20th, the regular lecture was omitted, and a memorial meeting of the Club was held in honor of the memory of NICHOLAS MULLER, a member, and one of the founders of the organization, recently deceased.

Plymouth Church Gems.

[Brother Beecher is undoubtedly a great man. He has given utterance to many brilliant thoughts. It is pleasant to read his sparkling gems, and we herewith place a few of them before our readers. True, their beatitudes are not exactly in the same vein, but it must be remembered they were uttered under different circumstances. Mr. Beecher is human, and is therefore subject to surrounding conditions. But he is great in many things, and especially in "gush."]

From the Prayer-Meeting Talk while the Jury were out.

I have a right to stand up and say that God has tried me for five long years, as he has not tried you; but, by the grace of God, I have been kept in peace. I have not been tried so that I have given up courage, and so that I may not say I have many things to be thankful for.

I bear you this witness, for I have been with Jesus Christ; because I have studied the body and the life of Jesus Christ; because it is the sovereign ambition of my life to be a manly fellow, and I mean by a manly fellow, a man in Christ, as with a perfectly calm courage and a regard for the future which is in man when he is in God.

From the Ragged-Edge Letter to Moulton.

If I had not gone through this great year of sorrow, I would not have believed that any one could pass through my experience and be alive or sane. During all this time you were literally my stay and comfort. I should have fallen by the way but for the courage you inspired and the hope which you breathed.

From the Prayer-Meeting Talk.

Do you believe that God is nearer to you than your father, your mother, or your sister? I do. I bear that witness before you, my brethren. God is real. He is my God, and I am his child, and I feel his aid day by day and hour by hour. I know it; I feel it. It tingles at my fingers' ends, and, whether living or dying, I am the Lord's. [Loud and long applause.] And in that there is everlasting truth. There is in it joy and peace; for if God be for you, and you know it, you know perfectly well that no man can successfully be against you. "If God be for you, who can be against you?" You are victorious.

From the Ragged-Edge Letter.

No man can see the difficulties that environ me unless he stands where I do. To say that I have a church on my hands is simple enough, but to have the hundreds and thousands of men pressing me, each with his keen suspicion, or anxiety, or zeal; to see tendencies which, if not stopped, would break out into a ruinous defence of me; to stop them without seeming to see it; to prevent any one questioning me; to meet and allay prejudices against T. which had their beginning years before this; to keep serene as if I was not alarmed or disturbed; to be cheerful at times and among friends when I was suffering the torments of the damned; to pass sleepless nights often, and yet to come up fresh and full for Sunday—all this may be talked about, but the real thing cannot be understood from the outside, nor its wearing and grinding on the nervous system.

From the Prayer-Meeting Talk.

The moment that a man feels that he has God's grace, that God is his, and he is God's, he is three times a man. How strong a man is who is strong in the Lord, when he is strong in the Lord. Think of those things which are eternal. I have thought of it all the afternoon, lying in my bed, sitting on my front steps. They seem to me like dreams and things almost unreal. I am ashamed, I should be ashamed in my innermost soul, of the unmanliness of being disturbed by these little things or little eddies that are in the river of life.

From the Ragged-Edge Letter.

Life would be pleasant if I could see that rebuilt which is shattered. But to live on the ragged edge of anxiety, remorse, fear, despair, and yet to put on an appearance of serenity and happiness, cannot be endured much longer.

Prayer-Meeting Talk.

Whatever men may think, this world is so large, there are so many sides to it, that it don't lie with you or anybody on the face of the earth to determine my future. That is a matter that lies with me and God; and God and I against the world. [Applause, with cries of "Amen" from various parts of the room.] I don't propose to be put down in any other sense than the sense in which wheat is put down in the soil. However pressed I am, however I am put down, I will come up again. [Applause.]

From the Ragged-Edge Letter.

If my destruction would place him [Tilton] all right, that shall not stand in the way. I am willing to step down and out; no one can offer more than that. That I do offer. Sacrifice me without hesitation, if you can see your way to his safety and happiness thereby. I do not think anything would be gained by it. I should be destroyed, but he would not be saved. Elizabeth and the children would have their future clouded. In one point of view I could desire the sacrifice on my part. Nothing can possibly be so bad as the horror of the great darkness in which I spend much of my time.

From the Prayer-Meeting Talk.

Under God's providence I am going to work out my life; now let me see the man that is going to stop it. It lies with God and me. Nobody is allowed to vote on that subject.

The resignation prepared to be sent if Tilton published the letter of contrition.

MAY 31, 1873.

To the Trustees of Plymouth Church:

I tender herewith my resignation of the sacred ministry of Plymouth Church. For two years I have stood with great sorrow among you, in order to shield from shame a certain household. Since a recent publication makes this no longer possible, I resign my ministry and retire into private life. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

From the Prayer-Meeting Talk.

I did not stay here because I had planned it myself. I was kept here by the divine purpose that sent me here. I shall stay as long as God's Providence keeps me here. I shall go when God's Providence takes me away. I shall die when God decrees me to the other life. Living or dying I am the Lord's. My future is in his hands. I will do it though the thousand devils are in the road. I leave for him to judge. That is my future. His name is God, and his other name to me is Father, and I have day by day to say, "Dear Father, what wilt thou have me to do, that I shall do," and hell and the devil cannot stop it. [Cries of "Amen," and loud clapping of hands.]

From the letter to Moulton, June 1, the Sunday following the letter of resignation.

The whole earth is tranquil, and the heaven is serene, as befits one who is about to finish his worldly life. I could do nothing on Saturday; my head was confused. I have determined to make no more resistance. Theodore's temperament is such that the future, even if temporarily earned, would be absolutely worthless, filled with abrupt changes, rendering me liable at any hour or day to be obliged to stultify all the devices by which we have saved ourselves.

Letter to Mrs. Tilton.

When I saw you last, I did not expect ever to see you again, or to be alive many days. God was kinder to me than my own thoughts.

From the Prayer-Meeting Talk.

Heaven cares for us. Heaven is mine. Just men made perfect—they are in my company if they believe in the Lord. Heaven thinks more of me than I think of heaven. Heaven yearns over me.

Letter to Moulton.

Many, many friends has God raised up to me, but to no one of them has he ever given the opportunity and the wisdom to serve me as you have. My trust in you is implicit. You have also proved yourself Theodore's friend, and Elizabeth's. Does God look down from heaven on three unhappy creatures that more need a friend than these? Is it not an intimation of God's mercy to all that each of us has in you a tried and proved friend? But only in you are we three united. Would to God, who orders all hearts, that by your kind mediation, Theodore, Elizabeth and I could be made friends again. Theodore will have the hardest task in such case; but has he not proved himself capable of the noblest things? I wonder if Elizabeth knows how generously he has carried himself toward me. Of course I can never speak to her again, except with his permission, and I do not know that even then it would be best.

From the Prayer-Meeting Talk.

In the first place, just so soon as a man believes that God loves him, and watches over him, he has got one refuge.

This is no mere reasoning, no mere argument. It is a conviction as large as the capacity of my life. Do you suppose that anything can reach us so as to disturb the peace of the heart that believes in God, and ever loves God—a God that gives strength to the weak, that gives power to the weary? It is not mine because I preach; it is not mine because I have any special charter; it is from God.

Letter to Mrs. Tilton, Answering her Bird-Singing, Nest-Hiding Letter.

Your note broke like Spring upon Winter, and gave me an inward rebound to life. . . . Your hope and courage are like medicine. Should God inspire you to restore and rebuild at home, and while doing it to cheer and sustain outside of it another who sorely needs help in heart and spirit, it will prove a life so noble as few are able to live, and in another world the emancipated soul may utter thanks. If it would be a comfort to you now and then to send me a letter of true inwardness—the outcome of your inner life—it would be safe, for I am now at home here with my sister, and it is permitted to you, and will be an exceeding refreshment to me, for your heart experiences are often like bread from heaven to the hungry. God has enriched your moral nature. May not others partake?

From the Prayer-Meeting Talk.

Now, Christian brethren, I have said these things to you, and I wish I could have said them with closed doors and windows, and without their being reported. . . . Notwithstanding, it was in me to say these things to you; it was in me to say I admire you; I honor you, I love you in your fidelity, in your piety, for your trust, and I am your leader and friend, not perfunctorily, but by the grace of God. And the hold that I have had upon you is received from your confidence in my Christian life. I am a Christian; I am a manly man. I love to honor God. I shall see you there. You shall not be able to shun me, nor I you; but you and I journeying together in this life may rise from the earth sons of righteousness; we shall stand together and meet our congregations.

Letter to Mrs. Tilton.

The friend whom God sent to me has proved, above all friends that I ever had, able and willing to help me in this terrible emergency of my life. His hand it was that tied up the storm that was ready to burst upon our heads. The past is ended. But is there no future—no wiser higher, holier future? May not this friend stand as a priest in the new sanctuary of reconciliation, and meditate, and bless you, Theodore, and my most unhappy self.

Letter to Moulton, June 1, 1873.

The pain of life is but a moment, the glory of everlasting emancipation is worldless, inconceivable, full of beckoning glory. O! my beloved Frank, I shall know you then, and forever hold fellowship with you, and look back and smile at the past.

Friendly Correspondence.

MERRILLS BARTON, Harlan, Iowa, writes: Enclosed I hand you the price of THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year. I consider it the best paper in the land. I find it impossible to get along without it.

LARS POULSON, West Dayton, Iowa, writes: I am well pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is just such a paper as every Liberal should feel it his duty to support. It fills a vacuum long felt in the Liberal ranks.

AUGUST J. NOERENBERG, St. Paul, Minn., writes: I was so well pleased with the sample copy of the paper you sent me, that I could not stop reading it till I had read it all. Please send it to me now regularly.

ALMON MALTBY, Brighton, Mich., writes: I like your lecture on the Gods of superstition very much. I wish every Christian in the land could read it. Put me down for a copy of your proposed new work.

J. M. COOK, Lake Village, N. H., writes: Please send me one dollar's worth of your tracts. I tell you, your paper makes our clergy squirm and chafe, but there is no help for them. It shows up their true colors, so that they don't even appear respectable.

MR. KERSEY GRAVES, Richmond, Ind., writes: Your lecture in the last number is truly a masterly production, and should be circulated by the million. It is hard to beat. Let me know what the price will be in pamphlet form.

C. LETOUREAU, Waterville, Maine, writes: Please send THE TRUTH SEEKER one year to the enclosed three names. I think your paper will do as much towards healing the soul as any other paper or any other thing I have yet met with.

JOHN H. CARPENTER, Mt. Moriah, Mo., writes: I consider THE TRUTH SEEKER the best Liberal paper in the country, and it is my wish, that it may live long, and that by its irradiating influence dispel the fog and mist of superstition which is so detrimental to freedom and progress.

THOS. L. JACKSON, Saginaw City, Mich., writes: Go on with your good work; the wedge has entered, and every blow of the maul of Liberty sends it nearer the center of false religion, which in time must give way to that religion of nature which is the same all over the boundless Universe.

P. V. WISE, St. Joseph, Mo., writes: It is with great pleasure I read THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is clear, bold, but not boisterous. It goes to the center, and eats dirt to please no one. Go on in your good work. You are one of the saviors—the real saviors of mankind; dispensing light and knowledge among the children of men.

A. W. TAYLOR, Ossawatimie, Kansas, writes: Please send me THE TRUTH SEEKER another year. I am a Spiritualist, but I find not one among the papers devoted to the advocacy of Spiritualism, the fair, outspoken, gentlemanly candor that pervades the pages of our TRUTH SEEKER. Now, as I want the truth and that only, I settle on THE TRUTH SEEKER as being the paper for honest Liberals to support. No creedalism for me, under any disguise. Go on Brother; "hew to the line, let the chips fall when they may," even though a great (?) Beecher and his fitting allies; God, Christ & Co., be smothered beneath the pile.

J. H. JACOBS, Carbondale, Kansas, writes: Never am I more pleased than when reading THE TRUTH SEEKER; nor never do I feel as if I had not obtained the worth of my money. I will not be without it so long as I can raise the subscription price, which is mere nominal, considering the amount of interesting matter it contains.

JOHN H. HASLAM, Lower Bayou, Ark., writes: It is rumored here that Henry Ward Beecher gets \$100,000 for kissing Elizabeth. Parson H., not far from here, and who is in good standing, says if Plymouth church has any more such jobs to let out, he would take a limited number at half price.

B. BEHYMER, New Palestine, O., writes: I am well pleased with your paper and am glad you are going to make it a weekly after January. Fogyism and superstition are strongly rooted in this section, but so long as Catholics and Protestants hate each other so supremely, we Infidels will probably be permitted to live.

CHAS. HYDE, Frankfort, N. Y., writes: I have been a reader of your valuable paper now, long enough to be able conscientiously to recommend it to my friends, and I must lay, right here, that I have gained more solid knowledge from the perusal of its lecture reports and its contents generally, than from any other source whatever.

SOLOMON FISHER, Rock Grove, Ill., writes: I am much pleased with the copy of "Darwin's Descent of Man" you sent me. It is well bound and is richly worth the \$3.00. I am glad you are going to make your paper a weekly and hope your enterprise will be duly appreciated and patronized. Yet Egyptian darkness be illuminated, even if it should cost an additional sun.

CHARLES STEPHENSON, Rock Island, Ill., writes: You deserve a vote of thanks and a gold medal for your lecture on the Gods of superstition, &c. It is the best thing I have ever read. Put me down for a copy of your proposed work. I think such a work is greatly needed. I don't see why any Infidel should object to paying the price you ask for it, for such a work.

A. BEARD, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: I am well pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is just the paper I have been in search of for two years. The few numbers I have had the opportunity of reading have perfectly assured me that my own thoughts which I have entertained of orthodox theology were correct. I am no longer in doubt; your paper, therefore, has done me a deal of good. Please send it regularly.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, from his home at Thorndike, Mass., writes: I have just finished reading your maiden effort, and I pronounce it good—decidedly good, and were you not greatly needed in the position you at present occupy, I should urge you to enter the lecture field in the interest of Free Thought. Please send me another copy of your paper containing your excellent discourse on "The Gods of Superstition."

D. JENKINS, Hannibal, Mo., writes: Your TRUTH SEEKER is much liked here. No one that can reason has a moral reason for not liking it. Ingersoll's inspired utterances are making their mark. You are writing yourself up into eminence. The future will recognize your services in the cause of truth. Persevere, good Brother. We are few, I acknowledge, but the ignorant fools have always had the majority.

A LEGAL FRIEND in an Illinois village, writes: Your determined efforts deserve the appreciation of all Liberals, and I certainly hope your success will be assured. We are a mere handful here, but we have the determination to act well our part and to do our full duty in behalf of your acceptable paper. It has been our custom in years past to get speakers to come here occasionally and speak to us. We now intend to reach the people by spending the money that went for that purpose for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and believe it will be quite as effective. I assure you, you have a small number of friends and admirers in this part of the country.

Mrs. MARY E. BROWN, Noank, Conn., writes: My husband has a large sail boat and has named it "THE TRUTH SEEKER." I invite you to come and spend a few days with us. We are going to have a Connecticut peace meeting, Aug. 13 and 19th, and would be glad if you can make it convenient to attend, and then to take a sail in "THE TRUTH SEEKER."

(Many thanks to our kind friend for her friendly invitation. We would be happy to accept it and be with them a few days, but our duties require us to be at our post and preclude our enjoying much pleasure. Ed. T. S.)

R. J. LAMBORN, Glen Hall, Pa., writes: Your paper comes promptly, but not as frequently as I would wish. I am pleased to see that 1876 will commence with it a weekly. I hope Liberals and seekers after truth will respond to your moderate terms and reasonable request to pay up promptly. When we think of the amount that is spent to promulgate and sustain a false theology, there should be no difficulty in procuring abundant funds to sustain such a paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER, freighted with common sense and truth. Liberals should be prompt, punctual and free, in assisting to disseminate light and truth by the circulation of papers and tracts, and a firm maintenance of honest convictions and opinions, not yielding as too many do, for the sake of public approval.

JOSEPH NOYES, Richmond, Vt., writes: I like your paper very much and hope it will never fail till sham religion is banished from the earth. The people of the United States are paying some \$200,000,000 yearly to be flattered with the notion that they individually will live eternally in a happy heaven after they are done with this world of shame. We are so be-fooled by priests that we do not stop to think that we have no knowledge or good evidence how our Universe got into existence, or that we shall ever know anything after we are dead. All we know about God, is to repeat a priest-fabricated name, made when the English language was made. [Dr. Adam Clark.] In the Jewish sacred books, the sacred names were crowded out, the Christians' forged names crowded in. Our Christian names do not mean what the Jewish names did. In Genesis the noun and pronoun are repeated forty times in the first chapter and changed in the second chapter—the basest lie ever printed and done by villainous Christian priests and fastened to the minds of the ignorant by the scare of an endless hell and damnation if we believe not.

Dr. D. ARTER, Cairo, Ill., writes: Enclosed I hand you the price of your paper up to Jan. 1877. I am an old man past three-fourths of a century, and having passed through various scenes of life, none of which I regret more than my early training. I was bound by the shackles of superstition and orthodox bigotry, a revengeful God, and an endless hell, rendering me miserable and unhappy; and even after I became convinced of the fallacy of

my early teachings, it required years before I could cease being a moral coward enough, to publicly avow my honest convictions. But thanks to the light of science, the progress of common sense, now with one foot on the brink of the grave, I have no fears in regard to the future, and enter it, if there is one, without the slightest apprehension.

S. C. ROGERS, Charming Dale, Arizona, writes: When I commenced taking your paper, which was at its commencement, I lived quite isolated in this new country, my principal neighbors being hordes of thieving murderous Indians. Now they have gradually disappeared, and my charming little valley is fast filling up with a population of families of the right tone. My pioneer family now have the right kind of associates and we will soon erect a school-house, and if I can have my say, it will be dedicated with a Liberal lecture.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is hailed with delight, and many wait to borrow my copy which I cannot lend, but aim to keep on file to read and re-read myself and for the benefit of my visitors.

Z. SHED, Fremont, Neb., upon sending in the names of nine subscribers, says: "The Jesus business is becoming more and more transparent every day. Free presses, free discussion and the dissemination of Liberal thought are fast wiping out the old land marks of bigotry, intolerance, priestcraft and fanaticism. Day by day the attendance on places of so-called divine worship grows beautifully less. Men heretofore pretending to expound the so-called word of God, are finding their level, to wit: hoeing cabbages and chopping wood. The thread-bare tales of gods, devils and immaculate conceptions, concocted to disseminate by hypocritical frauds in sacerdotal garbs, fall now to frighten even babes and sucklings in humble submission, as in days of yore. The fagot, rack and other instruments of torture once used by prelates, popes and other pious tyrants to make men love their Jesus, have lost their terror, save as a fitting monument to that withering curse—religion—that for centuries has deluged the world with blood."

S. G. GATES, East Wallingford, Vt., writes: Your discussion with Elder Shelton and the coarse vulgar language he used towards you, looked as if he was short of words, such as he desired to use, but could not think of anything mean enough to suit him. I wonder he did not use some such language as a certain Elder Adams of Boston once used, when Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, a Universalist minister, once visited his Church, and as Cobb walked up the aisle, Adams pointed his finger towards him and said: "Thank God, the day is not far distant when you will be chained down to hell's brazen floor, and the Devil with his three-pronged harpoon will pierce your reeking heart, and pile the cinders of black damnation upon you as high as the pyramids of Egypt, and pry out the pride of your soul to grease the gudgeons of hell." Poor Elder Shelton lacks language to express himself as this Elder did. He has exhausted the Bible, and now if he will study the Arabian Nights he will probably find something new. Let him enjoy his idol, poor soul—let him go.

JESSE MUNN, Anderson, Ind., writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER continues to be well-received here, and it is read with both pleasure and improvement by our young men; and were it not for the woeful hard times that appear to be crushing out the nation's life, your list from this quarter would increase much faster. Many who would like to become subscribers in this cornucopia of America, have positively not the means to do it. Such is the state of things in this—our centennial birth. It appears to me but a measure of time, to be cyphered by the school boy, when the insatiable maw of capital will have absorbed every mark of glory by which we are distinguished from European governments. So firm are the teguments of the umbilical cord that unites the two monsters, religion and capital, we are left no choice of discrimination. The destruction of one will be the destruction of the other. The well pointed javelins of an enlightened press are our only resource; failing in that, we are gone. I hope a due appreciation of your labors on the part of the Liberal public, will enable you to still wage an untiring war against superstition, fraud and tyranny, until the last vestige is destroyed, and the dawn of a brighter day, the harbinger of the good time coming shall no longer be the ignis fatuus alluring us to a fatal spot, but a living reality in the dispensation of happiness to the whole human family.

* WM. CHESTNUT, Ossawatimie, Kansas, writes: Your readers here think there never was such a paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER, and are pleased to think they will receive it weekly after the present year. I hope you will be ably sustained and encouraged by the Liberals of the country in your heroic efforts to overthrow the dark and gloomy superstitions in the shape of an over-ruling Providence and bleeding savior that continues to send "one to heaven and ten to hell, all for his glory and for no good or ill they have done before thee." We have just had a very impressive evidence of the wisdom and goodness of their God, in the grasshopper affliction, that came near starving out many a poor family in this section of Kansas. "The throne of grace" was besieged night and day by the "priests of the bloody faith;" but nary a grasshopper would stir until their wings lengthened out in the common course of nature, when they took Greeley's advice and went West. I am much pleased with the copy of "Draper's Conflict," you sent me. I believe it will open the eyes of many that have hesitated in making an open declaration of their convictions and will hasten along the time predicted by Shelly, "when war with its million horrors and fierce hell shall live but in the memory of time; who, like a penitent sinner, will start, look back and shudder at his younger years."

R. M. CASEY, Pendleton, S. C., writes: I am sorry to inform you my health has been bad, and that of my wife still worse, so that I have done no work for more than eight months, consequently I have not been able to work any for our great cause of mental freedom; and I often fear that my friends abroad, who know nothing of my indigent circumstances and my distressed condition, may conclude that I, like too many others, have become lukewarm and careless in the great struggle between truth and error. To all such I beg to say, I am still in the field, and although wounded, my wound, I hope, is not mortal; and I feel no fears or inclination to yield one inch of ground already gained, and as proud as ever when a chance presents for me to send a telling shot into the puny ranks of superstition. My only regret is that I am so weak a soldier and have such vast numbers to contend with almost single handed; but odds or no odds, I am in "during war," for nothing gives me more pleasure than working in my humble way in behalf of truth. As old Brother Tuttle says, "I will go any length for truth, but not one inch for popularity at the expense of truth." I see my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER is out. I am not able to renew at once, but I beg you to continue sending the paper, and I will not cause you to wait very long. I would rather live on two meals a day and sell the third to pay for the paper than go without it. And if old

Providence ever laughs at me again, I shall be up and doing all I can for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

WM. F. PORTER, Philadelphia, writes: I have now read twenty-four numbers of your paper, and I feel in writing you, as if I were addressing an old cherished friend. I had never read any books on Free Thought before perusing your spicy TRUTH SEEKER, and it seemed as if the hoodwinks of ignorance had suddenly dropped from my poor blinded eyes, and that I had suddenly waked up in some enchanted life. Before, through early education, the sword of Damocles seemed to be continually hanging over my head. I always seemed to be in dread of some impending punishment in the future life; but now, thanks to your invaluable little champion and instructor, I feel—as the Christian would say, "glorious."

The Christian may praise the "old romance of Jewish history," but give me the earnest sober thoughts of the correspondents of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and they may take the old "gospel book," for I can do without any more of its nonsense. Oh, I wish your fearless little paper was in every household of the land. Wouldn't there be a "waking up." Keep on, Bro. Bennett, and you will come out first in the end. You shall not lack my support while I have hands to earn the requisite amount. Though I am but a mechanic, I look for my little visitor, THE TRUTH SEEKER, as eagerly as the young bird looks for its food. It is a true feast to my hungering mind to drink of its pure, clear waters of truth. Please set my name down as one who will take a copy of your proposed book—"The Lives and Deaths of Noted Infidels."

E. C. WALKER, Florence, Iowa, writes: I have but one thing to regret in reference to your paper, and that is, that I sooner did not become acquainted with it. It is just the paper for the masses, cheap, sharp, pungent and fearless. It should be in the hands of every progressive man and woman in the land. You have done wisely in deciding to make it a weekly. It has not come often enough—too long to wait for the messages of truth. Speed the day when all shall learn to seek the truth—where alone it can be found, in the domain of reason and science. A man who once has fed upon the substantial and nourishing diet of Rationalism, will not readily turn again to the fire-fanged chaff of theological dogmas and fine-spun plans of salvation. The world needs to know more of science—more of physiology—a better acquaintance with the laws of health, that half the world's population may not die in childhood, and half of the remaining portion drag out a miserable life of invalidism. How often at the funeral of a man whose death was caused by his own outrageous violation of the laws of nature; how often, I say, have I heard the ignorant "minister of the gospel" prate of "the mysterious dispensations of divine Providence?" When will the world have done with such teachers? They are of no use to the world; they can tell us nothing which we need to know—nothing but what we can learn just as well without them. The Press, to a great extent, has taken the place of the pulpit, and it is a better educator than ever the pulpit was in its palmy days. To my mind, the material philosophy is the best every way—success to THE TRUTH SEEKER and its editor.

S. H. PRESTON, West Winfield, N. Y., writes: To give you the opinion of one "little Infidel" (such being the synonym some of the godly give your humble servant) of your "say" on the Gods at Plimpton Hall, I will observe that it does not equal Ingersoll's Oration in elegance and eloquence, since that is unequalled and incomparable. Everybody must take a back seat on god-talk while Robt. G. Ingersoll flourishes. It does not come up to Joseph Treat's great oration on God, Religion and Immortality delivered in Cincinnati, in 1860; for in logic and exhaustive argument that was overwhelming. Both those are masterpieces, unanswerable and unmatchable. But for clear, candid, concise, straight-forward reasoning, and for Thomas Paine-like terseness and strong simplicity of style, your production will unquestionably go farther and be better understood and appreciated by the general reading masses than anything now in circulation upon the subject. Issue it in tract form as soon as possible, and if the people don't call for it faster than anything you have ever got out yet, I'll confess myself mistaken for once. It is a perfect little sweepstakes on any kind of god that any brain in theological delirium tremens ever conjured up. As Treat says, "God is the central superstition round which all other superstitions cling." Therefore we will go for the gods. Live Infidels and dead gods should be the motto. In a subsequent letter he says:

The more I study your lecture the better I like it, and if you got it up in a day's time, as you wrote me, I am led to think you perhaps can do the best when under pressure. You must have had a full head of steam on to have got that off in a single day. It has been circulated all through our village, and however, much, some are inclined to differ from the sentiments you set forth, all agree that it is a great production. I think many who may not appreciate Ingersoll's style, would be set to thinking on the god business more by reading yours than his.

C. W. HALL, P. M., Rock Rapids, Iowa, writes: With pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of the duplicate of Vol. I. of THE TRUTH SEEKER: where the original went to I cannot say; perhaps Elder Shelton has got it. If so, I do hope it will penetrate to his very marrow, and so truly enlighten his whole bodily bundle of superstition and error, that we may, in the language of the poet, find in his case as we have in many others, that

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

When Brother Bennett yields the pen,
Though hard the crust of Calvin's Shelton,
The little SEEKER yet will melt them.
Oh blessed truth, thou radiant king,
What glorious tidings thou dost bring
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Believing souls find peace and rest.
Old mists creeds have had their say,
Now dawn for us a brighter day,
All hail the little "TRUTHFUL SEEKER."
We bless the bold and fearless speaker;
Great superstition's mantle's fell
Into John Calvin's yawning hell,
And John should stay there yet a while
For burning men so free from guile,
The Devil with his forked tail
That made Rome howl and Greece bewail;
That ran with pulleys and belt on
And fired up with Elder Shelton
Is "busted up" and lost its power,
And truth will enter every bower,
Good-bye, old hopney, we'll let this pass
Thou omnipresent Hebrew ass.
TRUTH SEEKERS come to give us rest,
And all that heed them shall be blest;
Then hover near, sweet dove of peace,
And may thy lovers fast increase,
Until the aged, manhood, youth,
Shall nothing love as well as truth,
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an*, San Francisco.

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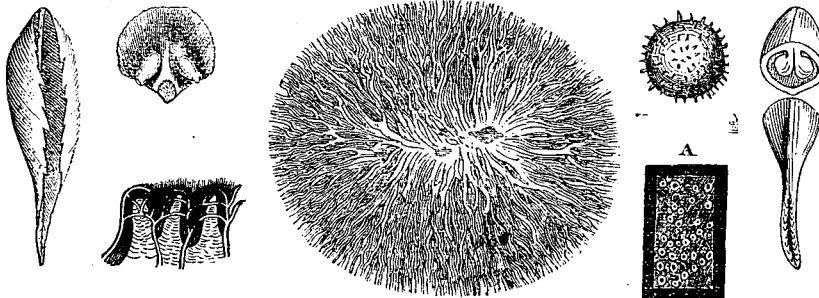
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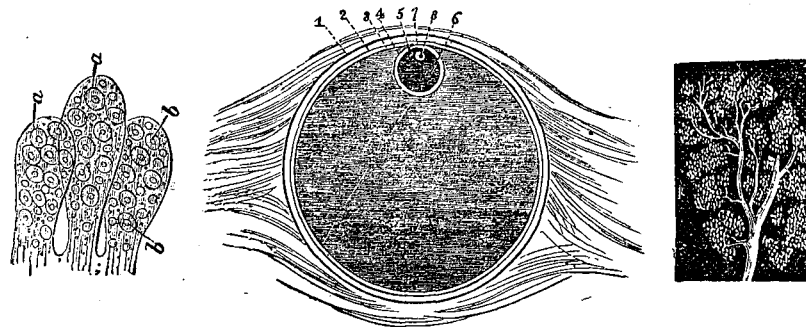
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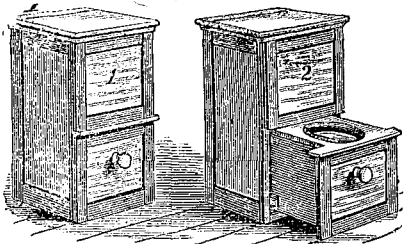
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The following are a few random maxims from the Doctor's book:

"In warm weather, the longer you can put off drinking water in the forenoon, the better you will feel at night."

"Acids always injure the teeth, pure sweets never do."

"The most valuable part of the common potato is immediately under the outside skin, which is peeled off and thrown to the pigs; if baked or boiled and only the very outside skin is peeled off, all the nutriment is saved."

"We should go to sleep on the right side, then the food descends through the outlet of the stomach by gravity; otherwise, stomach power is wasted in drawing it up, as from the bottom of a well; after the first sleep, let the body take care of its own position."

"Persons are not very sick who want to be read to."

"If thrown into the water and the strength is failing, turn on the back with only the nose and toes out of the water, hands downward and clasped. This should be practiced while learning to swim, as a means of resting from great fatigue in swimming."

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Odds and Ends.

"HEAT generates motion." Illustration—A small boy sitting down on a hot coal.

A BLIND mendicant wears this inscription around his neck: "Don't be ashamed to give only a half-penny; I can't see."

"No, ma'am," said a jeweler to a beautiful lady, "I don't trust anybody these days. I would not even trust my feelings."

If any gentleman has lately lost a leg he will perhaps be pleased to hear that it has been found by a party of steamboat men near St. Louis.

A YOUNG man, searching for his father's pig, accosted an Irishman as follows: "Have you seen a stray pig about here?" To which Pat responded, "Faix, and how could I tell a stray pig from any other?"

"WHAT do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police court the other day. "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable, your Honor," he replied with much emphasis.

"How's business now?" inquired one merchant of another, the other day. "Dull, fearfully dull," was the reply. "The fact is, nobody buys anything now but provisions and whiskey—the bare necessities of life, as it were."

A SCOTCH peddler completely cowed an irascible Welshman, who insisted on fighting him in an inn kitchen, by going down on his knees and imploring pardon for having killed "two men already, and being about to kill another."

ELDER sister (condescendingly)—See, Ethel, you had better come and walk in my shadow. It will be cooler for you. Younger Sister (who resents patronage)—You are very good, Maud; but I have a shadow of my own, thank you!

A SOUTH Boston lady was recently interrogated by a Benedict as to why she did not get married. She replied: "I prefer to be an old maid." He said he did not believe it, as he felt sure she envied his wife. "O, no! that would be breaking the commandment—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ass."

JUDGE PERRIN, of Falmouth, Ky., performed a marriage ceremony for Clay Ashton and his sweetheart. A week later the husband called again. "O, I see," said the Judge, "you have come after the certificate." "O, you don't see," was the reply, "I haven't come after the certificate. What I want is a divorce."

At a recent examination of one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys: "Why is the Connecticut river so called?" when a bright little fellow put up his hand. "Do you know, James?" "Yes, ma'am. Because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire, and cuts through Massachusetts," was the triumphant reply.

SIZE NO PROOF OF LEARNING.—A young boot-black observed a neighbor poring wisely over a newspaper, whereupon he addressed him thus: "Julius, what are you looking at that paper for? You can't read!" "Go away," cried the other, indignantly; guess I can read; I see big enough for dat." "Big enuff!" retorted the other, scornfully; "dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big 'nuff to catch mice, but she can't!"

A SCHOOL boy being requested to write a composition upon the subject of "Pins," produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of many men, women and children—in fact, whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher. And the boy replied: "Why, by not swallowing them. This matches the story of the other boy who defined salt as the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put on any."

SHE tried to sit down in the street car, but was pinned back so tight she couldn't. Old lady peeped over her specs and asked her, "How long have you been afflicted in that way?" The young lady blushed and made "a break," sitting down sideways, and holding her knees together so tight that she looked as if she had on a one-legged pair of breeches. Old lady noticed her

sitting in this sideways, cramped position, and whispered, "Bile, I s'pose; I have had em thar myself."

A WIDOW'S GRIEF ASSUAGED.—The other day a tall, thin woman from over the river hunted around Vicksburg until she found Coroner Blessing, whose retiring disposition and prompt attention to business are certain to make him famous all over the State within the coming year, and when she was certain of her man, she inquired: "Business ain't driving now, is it?"

"Well, nothing to brag of. I get a floater or a nigger now and then, but it isn't anything like old times."

She heaved a sigh, and continued: "Sam is missing."

"Sam, Sam," he repeated, "Yes, my ole man. It's nigh on to twelve weeks since he started to cross the river about six miles above here, and I'm getting anxious. I thought I'd drop down and see if you remembered of having set on such a man."

"About twelve weeks ago—less see! I believe I did pull in a floater some ten or eleven weeks since."

"Was he a tall man?"

"Yes, I think he was."

"Have a long nose and brick-colored hair?"

"Yes—I remember now."

"Cowhide shoes and a yaller coat on?"

"Yes—I got that very man!"

"Ariz to the surface and was pulled in here, sat on according to law, and duly buried?"

"He was, madam. And do you believe that the body was that of your missing husband?"

"I know it! He could drive mules or paddle a dug-out with any man in Louisiana, but he couldn't swim worth cobs. His canoe flopped over, he went under, and that's the reason he didn't come home."

"And do you want the body exhumed so as to make sure?"

"Was he put down to stay?"

"He was well buried, madam."

"Well, it's 'bout as well to let him stay there. He's probably fell away so that I wouldn't know him, and I don't feel like having my narves strung up!"

"Well, I'm sorry for you, madam. If I could have identified the body I would have sent you word right away."

"It's all right. I've felt it in my bones for more'n two months that I was a widder, and the shock don't stagger me like it would at first. I'm sorry, for Sam was kind."

"Yes, it was too bad."

"But he ought a knowed better, when he couldn't swim. I told him and told him and told him, and that day I told him again, and he hollered back, 'Shut up.'"

"He did?"

"Yes, he did; and now he's under the sile and I'm here! I'm 'bleeged, Mr. —; I know where he is now, and when I wake up in the night I shan't worry so much. Is there anything to pay?"

"No—nothing."

"Well, I'll go home feeling better. It's kinder hard to have the old man go under that way, but I s'pose the Lord knows best. The Bible says we cometh up to be cut down, and I suppose that means drowning as well as shooting."

And she felt to see if her spectacle case was all safe, and started for home.—*Vicksburg Herald*.

DOG LAW.—A citizen of Gratiot avenue called on the Chief of Police one day, and without skirmishing around, he inquired: "Isn't dere zome law about dot?"

"What is that?" asked the Chief.

"Can dot be dot a veller shall call his dog 'Bismarck'?" replied the man.

"Why, a man can name his dog any name he wants to, I suppose."

"He can?"

"Yes."

"And dot man schall call his dog Bismarck?"

"Yes."

"And ze law ish no goot?"

"No."

"Hi! ha! yes! I schall go mit my house and name my dog Shorge-Vhashington Sheneral-Grant-Bostmaster Shewell—pooty quick!"

And he was red in the face as he left.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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Notes and Clippings.

A FRENCH scientist says beer is the least offensive and
most thirst-quenching of drinks.

THE whole number of failures in the United States this
year, so far, is 3,376, and the amount of liabilities \$74,840,-
869.

THE Rev. Dick Battle, of Meridan, Miss., has stolen a
ham. Perhaps, as he is a son of Ham, he thought he had
a right to it.

A GIRL at Pultney, N. Y., recently nailed 600 grape boxes in
one day of ten hours, driving 10,000 nails and handling
3,000 pieces of wood.

BASS, the English ale brewer, employs 40,000 commer-
cial travelers, and pays the Midland railroad an average
of \$855,000 per annum for freightage.

THE barnacles on the bottom of the steamship Great
Eastern form a layer six inches thick in places, and are
estimated to weigh three hundred tons.

MR. RUSKIN is about to establish a public picture exhibi-
tion in London, where he will invite artists to send pic-
tures to be shown under his own supervision.

THE taxable property of Georgia has more than doub-
led since the war. Cotton and woollen mills show an in-
vestment of \$3,602,000; iron foundries, \$735,190; and ton-
nage, \$6,000,000.

THE Rev. Charles A. Graber, pastor of the Lutheran
Church in Meriden, Conn., being accused of Beecher-like
immorality, denies that he is guilty, but says that he will
resign rather than submit to an investigation.

THEY were seated at a late dinner, when the door bell
rang, and the servant handed a card to Jones' wife.
"Good gracious! its our minister, and I've been eating
onions!" she exclaimed. "Never mind," said Jones,
"you need not kiss him to-day."

DOC. OWSLEY, of Jacksonburg, Ind., has been sued for
\$10,000 damages by Gilbert Cox for seduction of Mrs. Cox.
He has gone West, it is supposed, to set up another shop.
He was Superintendent of the Sunday-school at Jackson-
burg, and made great pretensions to piety.

THE *Index* has a good anecdote of a young miss who,
upon being enlightened as to the truth of there being no
such person as "Santa Claus," and that all she had heard
about his carrying around presents for children was
mere fiction, when she tartly replied: "Then I suppose
what you have told me about Jesus Christ and the Devil
is all false, too."

In a lecture on coal, Prof. Brewer, adopting the theory
that the sun is the fountain-head of all forces on this
earth, argues that when coal is burned we are merely re-
ceiving the heat and light shed by the sun on vegetation
in by-gone geological eras, the fact being that force is
never destroyed, but simply changed from one kind of
force to another. He defines coal as a substance of vege-
table origin, made perhaps of swampy material, or of
vast forests, and consisting principally of carbon, with
which are united hydrogen and oxygen, together with
some earthy matter, its hard or soft character depending
on the amount of volatile matter present.

ANOTHER FRAIL CLERGYMAN.—Rev. P. H. Brittain, pas-
tor of the Methodist church at Beverly, N. J., has been
forced to abandon his church and leave the place for try-
ing to corrupt two young girls in a family where he and
his wife were boarding. His wife was very indignant,
and demanded a separation from such a guilty man. He
confessed before the parents of the girls to the baseness
of his designs upon them. He went to Vineland; and the
people there will do well to watch the Reverend gentle-
man, and not trust their daughters in his care.

IN the course of a Baptist doctrinal sermon delivered
in Greensboro', Ga., the reverend colored preacher illus-
trated the difference between the Baptist and Methodist
churches by relating an anecdote. "Some years ago a
man 'fessed 'ligion and 'plied to jine de Baptist church.
He gin his 'sperience and was 'jected. So he went right
straight and jined de Mefodis'. Some time after dat a
brudder Baptis' axed him: 'How dis? We wouldn't hab
you, an' de Mefodis' dun tuk you.' 'Oh,' says he, 'you
ol' Baptis' want to make me pay cash down, but de Mefo-
dis' gin me six months' credick.'"

ANOTHER CHRISTIAN SEDUCTION.—R. M. Pomeroy, of
Morning Sun, Iowa, President of the Young Men's Chris-
tian Association, and President of the bank at that place,
has been following Beecher's example of "nest-hidipg."
For some time he has had a widowed lady and her daugh-
ter keeping house for him, and all went well until a few
days ago, when the young woman became the mother of
an heir, which she claimed belonged to Pomeroy. For a
while there was trouble in the Christian camp, and the
erring Pomeroy was made to walk up to and "acknowl-
edge the corn. He got off, however, by paying the unfor-
tunate victim of his lust \$850, and then departed for a
more genial clime. Had he been a poor man, the court
would have settled the affair by assessing four or five
thousand dollar's damage and sentencing him to a term
of years in the Penitentiary, but his wealth and the
church saved him, while the poor girl is cast adrift al-
most penniless.

STILL ANOTHER.—His name is Julius Wittrup. He is a
Methodist preacher living at Winfield, N. Y. He is full
of grace, and is greatly given to pious exhortation; but
Julius has not entirely overcome the lusts of the flesh.
Not long since his wife's niece, an estimable young lady,
aged sixteen, was placed by her parents, previous to a
journey to Europe, in charge of said Wittrup and wife.
One day when the rest of the family were out, this pious
man went to the young lady's room, locked the door, and
made an indecent exposure of his person and attempted
to seduce her. The young lady resisted him, and upon
the return of her aunt, made known the facts to her.
Notwithstanding every means was used to keep the affair
private, it soon became known; but the lecher is recog-
nized and fellowship by the church, and he still "breaks
the breerd of life to hungry souls."

"MR. BEECHER has conducted himself since his trial in
a manner so offensive to decency, so inconsistent with
his sacred calling, and so out of relation to the character
he claims for himself and his partisans ask the public to
believe in his innocence, that we are not surprised to hear
startling reports as to his actions. The following, how-
ever, from the White Mountains correspondence of the
Express is almost too disgraceful for belief:

"The Beecher excitement is quite died out. At first
there was a great rush to see him, and hear him, but now
the fun is over, and last Sunday his entire audience did
not exceed 2,000 people. He is to return to Brooklyn this
week, much to the displeasure of the Barrons, who keep
the hotel where he is staying. They have given him his
board and \$50 a week to stay and preach at their house.
He thinks they are making too much money out of him,
and demands that they pay him \$200 a week. The Barrons
say this is too much, and Beecher says, 'All right, gentle-
men, I go home this week.' 'If you do, we will sue you
for breach of contract; for, Mr. Beecher, you agreed to
stay till the third Sunday in September.' Beecher coolly
replies, 'Sue away, if you like. I should think after what
you have seen of my success in the law business, that you
would know better than to undertake a suit against me.'"

The Barrons are furious. They say they have done
everything for Beecher; that they defended him in the
newspapers, and have petted him always. But they can't
help themselves. When Mr. Beecher makes up his mind
to go, he will start if a whole regiment opposes.'

The previous report that Mr. Beecher was a deadhead
at the Twin Mountain House, paying his way by exhibi-
ting himself there, was discreditable enough; but the
above is an outrage to honor and decency that we are not
able to believe even of Mr. Beecher.—N. Y. Sun.

ERNEST RENAN, the author of the "Life of Jesus," is
waging war on the University of France, which, he main-
tains, under its present name and organization, is bereft
of half the usefulness a university should have. He ad-
vocates free chairs and free teaching, and all the im-
provements introduced in the universities of Germany.
Renan, while believing that it is quite legitimate to learn
from one's enemy, contends that the changes he pro-
poses were already in vogue in the time of St. Louis, and
as to the question of copying, it is Germany that copied
them from France.

THE opinion is now entertained by some geologists
that the earth is shrinking—chiefly about its Equatorial
region—and is being thrust out near the poles; and the
distribution of this force may, it is thought, be correlated
with that of terrestrial magnetism. It is to a great ex-
tent proved that volcanoes are not found in areas of up-
heaval, but are indicative of areas of depression. They
are most numerous in the equatorial regions, and are
found to constantly increase in numbers as the equator is
approached from the poles. It is also a remarkable fact
that the two volcanic groups of the Antilles and the Sun-
da Islands are situated exactly at the antipodes of each
other, and also in the vicinity of the two poles of flatten-
ing, the existence of which on the surface of the globe
has been proved by the recent calculations of astron-
omers. Many instances are known of magnetic distur-
bances coinciding with earthquakes, hence the supposed
probable connection between the two phenomena.

A PARAGRAPH from the *Pall Mall Gazette* shows the pe-
culiar arts resorted to by the Jesuits in France to secure
a hold on the public, and especially on the women and
children. Among these is the erection of a splendid
altar in the Cathedral of Nevers, in commemoration of
the saving of that town from the Prussians by the inter-
position of the "Sacred Heart of Jesus," whatever that
particular deity may be. The cost of the altar was sub-
scribed in great part by women in the names of their
husbands, though the latter may have looked with con-
tempt on the ridiculous imposture. It was also con-
tributed to by the Count of Chambord. Certainly any
idolatry more gross or more debasing was never known,
and the worship of the classic deities of field and stream
was elevating in comparison with it. The Jesuits in
France, it is reported, are actively engaged in opposing
primary education—as in logical consistency with the
teachings of their infallible Master all Catholic priests
would seem obliged to do, openly or otherwise.

A PIECE of oak fossilized, which had evidently when in
condition of wood been artificially cut with square edges
to a shape some twenty inches long by fourteen wide and
five deep, has recently been found in the South Fork Tun-
nel, near Forest City, Sierra county, Cal., 1,800 feet from
the mouth of the tunnel, with 800 vertical feet of the
mountain above it. This relic of human artifice in the
prehistoric period was found in what was the west bank
of the great river which ran across the present course of
the Sierra river system. How many thousands of centu-
ries have passed since it was shaped, and for how many
it has lain undisturbed in its deeply covered grave, is a
suggestive subject of study and conjecture. Other dis-
coveries, indicating the existence of man in very remote
ages, have been made in various sections of this old
river course; and in 1858 a number of fossilized pine
logs, seven feet long and four in diameter, that had been
neatly sawed and piled up together, were found in the Al-
leghany Tunnel, under the bed of the "Old Blue River."
The recently found relic has been forwarded to the Cali-
fornia State University.

The Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion; or,

An Answer to the Question: Have We a Supernaturally Revealed, Infallibly Inspired and Miraculously Attested Religion in the World?

BY E. E. GUILD.

[CONTINUED.]

WERE THE WRITERS OF THE FOUR GOSPELS INFALLIBLY INSPIRED?

The affirmative of this question is often asserted in the most positive terms, and it has been accepted as truth very generally in the Christian world. It only requires the statement of a few facts to show that it is a wholly gratuitous assumption.

1. There is no proof that either God or Christ, ever directed or authorized them to write the books in question.

2. There is no proof that they had the most distant idea that these books would be collected, compiled in a volume, and transmitted to succeeding generations.

3. They nowhere assert or intimate that they possessed such inspiration.

It may be said that if they do not make this claim for themselves, Paul makes it for them, where he asserts that, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God." We reply that Paul's declaration has nothing to do with the question before us, first, because it says not one word about *infallible* inspiration, and second, because when he made the declaration the gospels had not been written, and were therefore not in existence. We may be told that Christ promised to his disciples the aid of the "Holy Spirit," which would direct them what to say in all emergencies, and "lead them into all truth." Without questioning whether Christ made such a promise or not, and taking it for granted that he did, we proceed to inquire; was the promise fulfilled to the extent of making the disciples infallible? The Holy Spirit we are informed in the gospels was bestowed upon the disciples between the time of Christ's crucifixion and his ascension into heaven. From this time forward were the disciples infallible? The numerous contradictions, discrepancies, and mistakes contained in the gospels, some of which we have pointed out in this book, prove either that they were not written by the disciples, or if they were, they were not infallibly inspired. Besides, when the questions came before the disciples of whether the gospels should be preached to the Gentiles, and whether the Gentiles should observe the ceremonial law of Moses, they settled them not by authority of infallible inspiration, but the first question was settled in Peter's mind by a special vision, and the other by calling a Council of the disciples to consider the question, to deliberate upon it, to discuss it, and after different opinions had been expressed on it, it was finally decided in accordance with a proposal made by James who occupied a middle ground on the subject. Now, if the disciples were conscious of the possession of infallibility, or if they believed themselves to be infallible, here was a fine opportunity for them to assert it, and to make a display of it, but they seem not to have thought of any such thing.

The failure in the fulfilment of this promise said to have been made to the disciples, is paralleled by the failure of other promises of a similar nature. The writers of the gospels, state that Christ promised in the most emphatic and unequivocal manner that after his ascension into heaven he would return to earth during the life time of some at least of his disciples, that then he would be seated upon "the throne of his glory, and his disciples should also be seated" on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. The generation then living was not to pass away before this promise was to be fulfilled. (Matt. x, 23, xiv, 29-35; Mark xiii, 28-31; Luke xxi, 27-32; Mat. xvi, 27, 28; Mark viii, 38 and ix, 1; Luke ix, 26, 27; Matt. xix, 28.) In the Epistles of the New Testament this coming of Christ is often alluded to, and the belief expressed that it was to take place during the natural life of the writers. (See 2 Thes. i, 6-10; 1 Cor. xi, 6; 1 Tim. vi, 14; James v, 7, 8; 1 Thess. iii, 13, and v, 23; 2 Thess. iii, 5; Heb. x, 25, and 37; 1 John ii, 28; 1 Thess. v, 1-4, and iv, 13-17; 1 Cor. xv, 51, 52; 1 Peter vii, 7.) It is a well known fact that the early Christians lived in the constant expectation of the speedy return, or second advent of Christ to this world, at which time the dead were to be raised, the living changed from mortality to immortality, Christ's kingdom established here on earth, and the saints to rule and reign with him in his kingdom.

Another promise said to have been made by Christ was that the believers in his gospel should be endowed with the power of casting out devils, of speaking with new tongues, of being invulnerable to the poison of serpents, or even of the most deadly poison drunk by them. They should also be able to restore the sick to health by the laying on of hands. See Mark xvi, 17, 18.

Now as there has been no such personal second advent of Christ, as the dead have not been raised, nor the living changed, as no thrones have been established for the occupancy of the disciples, and as be-

lievers in the gospel have not the power to do the things which were predicted, therefore these promises have not been fulfilled. It follows that either Christ made no such promises, or if he did, he was mistaken in his predictions. Take whichever horn of the dilemma we may, it follows that the gospel writers were not infallibly inspired. Either they were mistaken in attributing these promises to Christ, or they were mistaken in believing that they would be fulfilled.

WHAT WE DO AND WHAT WE DO NOT KNOW ABOUT THE BIBLE?

The Old Testament is a collection of Jewish sacred books. The number of them is 39. They were written by different authors and at different periods of time. At what particular time the collection was made, and who the writers were, as also, the precise time when they were written we do not know. We are equally ignorant in regard to the persons by whom the collection was made. Some of the books are more than 2500 years old. During the times of Samuel, David, and Solomon, literature began to flourish, records were made, histories and narratives were written, and songs and hymns were composed. The first four books of the Pentateuch originated in the time of Solomon, 1019 years before Christ, but the Pentateuch was not completed until the time of Josiah 641 before Christ. It was commenced 432 years after the death of Moses, and finished in the form in which we now have it 810 years after his death. The whole five books are in great part compilations from previously existing documents of the writers of which nothing is known. The last book of the Old Testament was written 397 before Christ. The Hebrew Bible abounds in repetitions of history, narratives, genealogies, laws, oracles, proverbs, sentences, and thoughts. If these repetitions were expunged from it, it would reduce the volume to nearly one-half its present size. The style of composition of these books is very different. In some of them it is pure, grand, and beautiful, in others it is low, vulgar, mean, and poor. During 2551 years these books existed only in manuscript and during the entire history of the Jews as a nation the care of them was committed to the priests. After the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity 518 years before Christ, they ceased to speak the Hebrew language, and from that time until 130 before Christ, a period of 388 years these books were locked up in a dead language, and could be read only by a very few of the Jewish people. The books were originally written in continuous letters and lines, without any division into chapters, sentences, or words, and without punctuation. The work of copying them was a difficult and laborious task and even the reading of them was attended with great difficulty. Only a few copies were extant and these were held to be of great pecuniary value, placing them beyond the reach of the mass of the people. In regard to the preservation of these books and the prevention of them from corruption the Jews have a variety of traditions some of which are fabulous, others contradictory, and none of them reliable. The first mention of the collection of these books, as a whole, was by Jesus, the Son of Sirach, 130 before Christ. The first translation of the books into another language was commenced about 286 before Christ, and finished 130 before Christ. This was a Greek version called the Alexandrian, or version of the Seventy. It was the one in use in the time of Christ and his Apostles, and quoted from by them. This version was followed by several other Greek versions. In the year 405 of the Christian era Jerome finished a Latin translation from the Hebrew. From this time we will consider the Old Testament in connection with the Christian Scriptures.

The New Testament is a collection of books written during the first two centuries of the Christian era. They are in number 27. Some of them are historical but most are epistolary. They were written by different persons at different times and places. But excepting most of the epistles attributed to Paul, and a few attributed to other writers, we do not positively know the precise time when, place where, nor persons by whom they were written. Most if not all the epistles were written before the gospels. In regard to the origin, authorship, and history of the historical books, i. e. the four gospels, but little is known with certainty, up to the time when they were separated from a number of writings relating to the same subject, which was near the end of the second century. As Mr. Foulde well observes, "there exists no ancient writings whatever, of such vast moment to mankind of which so little can be authentically known." We may add that there is no part of human history of equal importance that is involved in so much obscurity as that which relates to the birth, life and death, of Jesus Christ, and the life and death, of his Apostles. Notwithstanding the vast amount of time and labor which learned men have expended in endeavoring to clear up the subject, their efforts thus far have been unavailing. It is known, however, that as Moshem says, "not long after the ascension of Christ, several histories of his life and doctrines, full of pious frauds and fabulous wonders, were composed by persons whose intentions perhaps, were not bad, but whose writings discovered the greatest superstition and ignorance. Nor was this all; productions appeared which were imposed upon the world by fraudulent men, as the writings of the holy apostles." It

is equally well known that at a very early period in the history of the Christian church differences of opinion sprung up among Christians, occasioning the most fierce and bitter controversies, and that the defenders of their respective opinions did not scruple to forge whole books and ascribe their authorship to Christ or some of his apostles, in order to prove their doctrines.

The books of the New Testament were selected from a number of other gospels and epistles, but at what particular time or by whom, is not certainly known. Irenæus who lived A. D. 182, is the first of the Fathers who mentions the four gospels by name. In the year 368 the Council of Laodicea gave a catalogue of all books in the New Testament. In 397 at the third council of Carthage the books of the Old and New Testament, as they now stand in the Bible were pronounced canonical, and the reading of the apocryphal books in the churches was forbidden. At the council of Chalcedon in 401 the New Testament was used as the ultimate standard of appeal, and a decree of Pope Innocent I, about that time, confirming the selection which had been previously made, established the canon as it now stands.

Most of the original manuscripts from which our New Testament books were selected have long been lost. All that are now extant have been collected and published in a book called the Apocryphal New Testament. This book is about the same size as the one supposed to be genuine.

During 1200 years or until the art of printing was discovered the books of the New Testament were in manuscript only and mainly in the hands of the clergy. The first translation of the Bible into English was by Wickliffe in 1360. This was not printed except the New Testament part, and that was not done until 1731. The first printed Bible in English was that of Lindal and Coverdale in 1526. Our present English version was made by order of King James I and printed in 1613.

The Bible as a whole has been frequently copied, numerous translations have been made of it and it has been printed in all the principle languages in the world.

The division of the Bible into chapters was made by Hugo, who lived about A. D. 1240. The division of the chapters into verses was by Mordecai Nathan, a Jewish Rabbi in 1475.

Our English Bible was translated not from the original manuscripts of the writers, but from copies of the original, none of which in the Old Testament were older than the 9th century of the Christian era, and none of the New Testament older than the sixth century.

Notwithstanding the opinion which for a long time prevailed, that in a mysterious and miraculous manner God had taken care to preserve the inviolable purity of the text of the Bible, or if not that, at least the purity of the original, the investigations of learned men have proved that among all the copies of the original Hebrew of the Old Testament, and those of the Greek of the New Testament, there is not one that is perfect, or any two of either that exactly agree. And among all the translations and versions, whether of private individuals or of authorized bodies of men, there is not two that are alike. Kennicott and De Rossi spent thirty-six years in collecting ancient Hebrew and Samaritan manuscripts of the Old Testament. They obtained and compared more than 1200 copies, and De Rossi published four quarto volumes of various readings found in about 400 manuscripts which he examined. The variations amounted to over 130,000.

The New Testament contains seven books the authenticity of which was disputed for a long time by many in the early Christian church, and Dr. Lardner says, they are "not fit to be alleged as affording sufficient proof of any doctrine." These books are Hebrews, James, 2nd and 3rd John, Jude, 2nd Peter, and Revelations. It also contains passages which by some learned men are deemed to be spurious. Such as Matt. i, 17-25, and whole of 2nd chapter; the 1st and 2nd chapters of Luke, except the four first verses, and many other accounts and verses which are regarded as interpolations into the original text.

In our common English Bible there are a great number of additions which are not contained in the original, some of which at least are liable to mislead the reader. Such are all the words printed in italics. These were supplied by the translators. So also the headings of the chapters, and in the upper margin of the pages.

Finally, the work of collecting, arranging, copying and translating the books of the Bible has been done by human hands, by uninspired and fallible men; and by human authority alone it has been pronounced infallible in its teachings.

OBSCURITY OF THE BIBLE.

That the Bible is very obscure in its teachings is generally admitted by those who know most about it. No book was ever published to which such a variety of interpretations have been given. Thousands of commentaries have been written upon it, by men of equal talent and learning, no two of which give it the same exposition. Out of the millions of believers in the infallibility of its inculcations, it is not probable that any two could be found who would agree in their understanding of its contents. This is not wonderful if we consider that the books were composed by some

forty different authors, who lived in different ages of the world, and if we allow that the writers, like all other men, were liable to entertain conflicting views and to be mistaken in their opinions. But on the supposition that they wrote as they were directed by unerring inspiration, it is truly surprising that they have not written, so as to be clearly and definitely understood. What kind of revelation is that which requires thousands of elaborate tomes to explain it, and them when the explanation is given requires a whole library of books to explain the explanation? A few of the Biblical writers seem to claim some sort of inspiration, but precisely what they meant by it we do not know. We have plenty of men in our day who talk very much as the ancient prophets did. They tell us of what the Lord has said to them, and come to us with messages which they claim to be direct from God. They seem to attribute their impressions, concerning religion to the special agency of God. In this they may be very honest and yet be mistaken, and so might the Scripture writers, referred to.

The Bible has been very aptly compared to a box of lettered wooden blocks. These blocks by being properly arranged can be made to express anything the manipulator desires to have expressed. So by arranging certain texts of Scripture, the Bible may be made to teach nearly all of the conflicting creeds of the numerous Christian sects. The style of the Bible is often highly figurative. It abounds in hyperboles, tropes, similes, parables and symbols. This makes it susceptible of a variety of interpretations, and renders the real meaning of the writers difficult to ascertain. The celebrated John Leland was a distinguished and very successful Baptist clergyman for more than sixty years. During all this time he was a close student of the Bible. He availed himself of all the means in his power to ascertain the true import of its teachings. He counted every book, chapter, verse, word, and letter between its lids. When eighty-six years of age he made the following candid confession; "If God formed me with talents to be an expositor of the holy scriptures, I have criminally neglected to improve the talents which he gave me, for now when I am eighty-six years old, I have not the least understanding of the last nine chapters of Ezekiel; and the same is true of a great part of the Bible. I read commentators, but remain ignorant. My prayer is that I may know and practice the truth, but I remain under the cloud, groveling in the dark." See the writings of Elder John Leland, page 783.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE BIBLE?

Select from it all that is valuable, especially the grand and glorious, theoretical and practical truths which it contains; bind these into a volume, publish an immense edition of the same, and put a copy into the hands of every human being. Treasure up the remainder and carefully preserve it as a relic of the folly and superstition of past ages.

BIBLICAL FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

1. The Bible contains but two definitions of God. These are, "God is a spirit," "God is love."
2. The word inspiration occurs but twice in the Bible. Once it is applied to the human understanding, and once to the Jewish sacred Scriptures.
3. The word religion is not contained in the Old Testament, and occurs but three times in the New. The word religious occurs twice, and only in the New Testament.
4. There is but one definition of religion in the Bible, and that is in James i, 27.
5. The phrase "born again," occurs but three times in the Bible. It was used twice by Christ and once by Peter.
6. The Jews had no definite ideas on the subject of a future state of existence, nor of the existence of a Devil, and had no proper names for any of the angels, until they were carried captive to Babylon. They derived their opinions on these subjects not from their sacred scriptures but from the Magian religion.

A CHAPTER OF DEFINITIONS.

GOD. The Power that controls the universe of matter and mind. The magnum bonum, or sum of all power; the summum bonum, or sum of all good; the self-existent cause of all causes and effects.

DEVIL. That which stands in the way of human happiness.

HEAVEN. A state or condition of the mind and feelings consequent on the consciousness of moral rectitude.

HELL. Self reproach and condemnation for doing intentionally what we know, or believe to be wrong.

MORAL AGENCY. The power of choosing to do what we believe to be right in preference to doing what we think to be wrong.

FREE AGENCY. A self-determining power claimed by some to be possessed by man by which he is enabled to act in opposition to the strongest motives and contrary to his strongest inclinations.

SELF INTEREST. The main-spring of human action. When unenlightened and misdirected it tends to misery. When properly directed it produces the highest good. Not until men learn that their best interest and chief good consists in promoting the interest and happiness of their fellowmen will they know how to happy themselves. Man is necessarily a selfish be-

ing, but to human selfishness manifested in this way certainly no one can object.

CONSCIENCE. A feeling which inclines us to do what we believe to be right, and reproaches us for doing what we think to be wrong.

WISDOM. The knowledge that the order of Nature is such that the consequences of well or ill doing follow by an immutable law and that this order cannot be departed from, even by God himself, without his ceasing to be God.

FOLLY. The belief that God's moral government is based on contingencies, so that the consequences of wrong doing may or may not be experienced by the wrong doer.

RELIGION. Knowledge of the relation which man sustains to God, and of the duties which grow out of that relation, and the proper direction of the religious faculties.

FALSE RELIGION. Imperfect knowledge of man's relation to God, and misdirection of the religious faculties.

MORALITY. Knowledge of the relation which man sustains to his fellowmen and faithful discharge of the duties which grow out of that relation.

MIRACLE. An effect without a sufficient cause. Various definitions have been given of this term. If it is defined to signify a wonder then the world is full of miracles, for surely it abounds with wonders on every hand. If it signifies a suspension or counteraction of the laws of Nature then miracles are plenty, for the laws of Nature are being counteracted every day. It is a law of nature that water should seek its own level and run down hill, but by applying sufficient force it may be prevented from doing either. Nature's law makes all heavy bodies tend to the centre of our earth, but any of us can take hold of a pebble or a piece of iron and force it to go in a horizontal or perpendicular direction contrary to its natural tendency. Do we in all such cases work a miracle? If by miracle is meant a special act of Divine power, without the intervention of law, we are involved in an inextricable difficulty; for how can it be proved that any event occurs without law? The time has been when all the phenomena of nature were regarded as special acts of Divine providence. This view is now admitted to be erroneous. May it not be equally erroneous to suppose any event to occur without law? If we say of any given phenomenon that it is miraculous simply because we do not know the cause of it what is this but asserting that we know the cause of it when at the same time we admit we do not? Besides, if all phenomena of the cause of which we are ignorant is miraculous, then again the world is full of miracles, for there is plenty of phenomena of which we know not the cause. The truth is that nothing is miraculous that is produced by an adequate cause, and therefore if miracles exist at all, they must consist of effects without sufficient cause. It has been well said that the greatest conceivable miracle would be that any intelligent man should understandingly believe in miracles. So far as we know anything about the system of Nature the Universe is governed by an order which is uniform and invariable, and no deviation from the unchangeableness of this order can be admitted without more and better proof than has even yet been adduced.

FAITH. Confidence or trust in a thing or being based on what we know or think we know of that thing or being. There can be no faith that is not founded on real or supposed knowledge.

BELIEF. An opinion produced by evidence either real or imaginary. From the nature of the mind evidence amounting to proof and perceived to be such must necessarily produce conviction. Men are passive in the reception of their opinions; they can by no means believe or disbelieve just what they will or wish contrary, to the evidence as it appears to them. The utmost they can do is to deny their convictions, or profess to have convictions when they have not. Rational belief cannot be induced by bribes or threats by promises of reward for believing, nor by threats of punishment for unbelief. To undertake to gain the belief of men by bribes or deter them from unbelief by threats is at the best only to make of them hypocrites and slaves.

NATURE. The universe of matter and of mind. The aggregate of everything that exists.

TRUTH. A fact in Nature. When stated in human language it is a statement in conformity with fact. Truth in the aggregate is the aggregate of all the facts that ever did, do now, or ever will exist in the Universe.

MATTER. A form of Spirit tangible to the human senses.

SPIRIT. A form of Matter not cognizable by the senses. All cognizable forms of matter are incarnations of the infinite spirit of the universe. As forms they are finite and perishable, but the material of which they are composed is indestructible, and when these forms are destroyed, enters into the composition of other forms. Thus the infinite is being constantly resolved into the finite and the finite into the infinite. This is the real work of creation which never had a beginning and can never have an end. Nothing is lost in nature. Only two things can be annihilated, one is form, the other is phenomena. The form of the human body or of any other body which exists today must ultimately be decomposed and resolved

back into its original elements to enter into the composition of other forms. The lightnings flash and thunders roar so visible to our senses for a moment, in a moment ceases to be, and although a similar phenomenon may appear the same one can never be reproduced. That the infinite Spirit of the universe possesses intelligence is proved from the fact that intelligence exists in all animated beings. What nature does not contain could never be derived from nature. The whole question of the immortality and personal consciousness and identity of the human mind may be settled by simply deciding the question, is mind an entity or a phenomenon. The arguments usually adduced to prove the immortal personal consciousness of man are merely inferential, and however logical they may be they do not demonstrate but only render it probable. All that relates to the future beyond the present moment relates to the unknown and is a mere matter of opinion. For wise and good purposes Nature has so ordered it that we can have no positive knowledge of the future. Every human being knows or believes just as much about the future as in his present state of development he ought to know. He who cannot be thankful to God for all that is past and trust him for all that is to come is "without hope and without God in the world." However real the future may be it is unknown to us. The present is real; we live in the present, and if we were more solicitous to discharge with fidelity the duties of the present and less disinclined to trust God to dispose of us as he in his infinite wisdom and goodness deems best it would be far better for the interest and happiness of us all. The reality of a future state of existence for man can be demonstrated positively only by the reappearance in proper person in a spiritual but tangible form of some person with whom we were well acquainted and knew him to have been beyond the possibility of doubt. Some men in our day claim to have this evidence. We will not dispute if the fact be so let it be proved.

NATURAL. Any event or phenomenon which occurs in the established order of events or which constitutes both an effect and a cause in the interminable chain of causes and effects which never had a beginning and can have no end.

SUPERNATURAL. That which is above or beyond Nature. As Nature, or the universe of matter and mind is infinite, boundless, and illimitable, there can be nothing above or beyond it. The power that controls our bodies resides in and not outside of the body. There can be no outside to that which is boundless in extent. The infinite power of the Universe pervades every part of it and is present in every phenomenon of matter or of mind. No event can be supernatural.

REVEAL. To make known to the mind.

REVELATION. That which is made known to the mind of which the mind was previously ignorant. As all our knowledge is obtained through the medium of the senses whatever is communicated to the mind must be communicated through that medium. Whenever men claim to have knowledge which they have derived through some other channel we way set them down as self deceived or imposters.

INSPIRATION. The voluntary or spontaneous action of the inherent powers and faculties of the human mind. All men are inspired but not all to the same extent. The highest inspiration is found in those men whose various faculties are harmoniously developed to the greatest degree.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Damnation Eternal.

"Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Dipped in the blood of damned souls."

In this country, no ordeal, perhaps, is more severe than that of maintaining a position which freely allows each one to do his own thinking. But it is the Christian whose creed is expressed above that forbids to others, the freedom of thought under penalties of

"Tormenting racks, and fiery coals."

Educated Freedom says—"Think—think, yourself." That is the legitimate function of human brains. The mind is an apparatus, made on purpose to elaborate ideas. But the Christian says, "No! you must think as I do or be damned." Belief is a matter of necessity. Faith is volitional; and what is called "saving faith" is that act of credulity, that creates "the evidence of things unseen" (Heb. 12:1). Faith, therefore, is exercised in respect to "things unseen," or assumed, without proof; they are taken for granted "by faith." And this faith is the authority by which we are threatened eternal damnation.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND

A FREE PRESS.—A long and varied experience as a publisher and writer has convinced me, that a perfectly free, fair, and independent newspaper is one of the rarest things seen, even in this progressive age. The great mass of the people are under the spell of faith in traditional dogmas, and the Editor who strikes out from the old path must leave the multitude behind, and labor at his own cost or store.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

The Truth Seeker,

A JOURNAL

OF REFORM AND FREE THOUGHT.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

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The Bible.—No. xxviii.

ELIJAH THE TISHBITE.—CONTINUED.

After Elijah had put to death the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, Ahab returned and informed his wife, Jezebel, what the good man had done, and as the murdered men were her friends, she naturally was much offended, and she sent word to the Tishbite that she would have his life within twenty-four hours. This alarmed the prophet greatly, and he fled for his life, evidently having more confidence in Jezebel's enmity than in his God's protection.

He went a day's journey into the wilderness, and in a gloomy state of mind took a seat under a juniper tree, and "even wished he were dead." He asked the Lord to take his life; but instead of dying, he took a nap, from which he was awakened by the touch of an angel, who invited him to partake of a repast provided for him of cake, freshly baked, and a cruse of water. This was not brought by ravens, but by angels of another color. The prophet ate heartily and laid down again, doubtless wearied with his day's walk. After this sleep, the angel prepared another repast, to which he invited the prophet. That must have been a hearty, refreshing meal, for, upon the strength of it, Elijah walked forty days and forty nights, unto Horeb. This great feat of pedestrianism surpasses anything the world has known in that line. It leaves Weston and others far in the shade. They have walked six days and nights consecutively by stopping three or four hours each day for refreshments and sleep; but this Tishbite man kept it up forty days and forty nights—and all upon the strength of that one meal. Not knowing the distance to Horeb, we cannot say how that walk was for speed, but in point of long continuance without food or rest, it is most astonishing, and taxes our utmost credulity.

If God had special need for Elijah at Horeb, it would have been kind in him to have transported him thither in a more pleasant manner than walking without intermission for forty days and nights. If he had sent around his carriage, in which he afterwards transported his servant to heaven, it would have saved the old man many weary days and nights.

Elijah must have been greatly in fear of Queen Jezebel to thus hasten away from her. Why did he not go back to the widow where he lived in such safe seclusion, and where he had been so well treated? It certainly would have been preferable to a ceaseless walk of forty days and nights without food or sleep.

On arriving at Horeb, the prophet took up his abode in a cave, and singularly enough, God came by in a still, small voice and asked him what he was doing there? The prophet answered by asserting the zeal he had felt for God, and that he had fled from those who sought his life; whereupon God commanded him to go and anoint Hazael, king of Syria, and Jehu, king of Israel, and to look up Elisha, the son of Shaphat, and anoint him to be prophet in his own place. Elijah left to perform this mission. He found Elisha plowing with twelve yoke of oxen—a pretty good "plow-team," at all events, and one that ought to have turned a good furrow. Elisha seemed to enter very readily upon his new mission, after slaying two of the oxen, boiling them with the harness and plows, and gave the flesh to the people to eat. This done, he followed Elijah to learn to be a prophet.

After King Ahab had been slain at Ramoth-Gilead, in consequence of taking the word of four hundred lying prophets which God sent to deceive him, that he might be slain, and his son Ahaziah had succeeded him, it so happened that the son fell through some lattice work and injured himself considerably and was obliged to go to bed. Wishing to know the result of the injury, and whether it would terminate in

death, he saw fit to send messengers to consult Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron, relative to the matter. This seems to have aroused God's jealousy, and he sent Elijah to intercept the messengers, and ask them if there was no God in Israel of whom they could enquire. The Tishbite told the messengers that the king should not recover, and they returned back to their master, who enquired of them why they had returned. They told him about meeting Elijah, and what he had said. The king then sent a captain and fifty men to go to Elijah and make further enquiries, and to bring him to the king. They found the prophet on the top of a hill, and the captain spoke very respectfully to him, calling him "man of God," and saying the king wished to see him. Elijah's amiable reply to this was: "If I be a man of God, then let fire come down from heaven and consume thee and thy fifty," and immediately the fire descended and consumed them. The king sent another captain with fifty more men, and they met the same fate; Elijah called down fire from heaven and consumed them.

In thus burning to death these one hundred and two men for merely asking the prophet to come down, was a punishment which in severity was out of all proportion to the offense. If the king erred, the men surely were not at fault, and it was a hard fortune that they should be burned to death for rendering simple obedience to the command of their king. Divine justice, however, according to many parts of the Bible, is so different from our highest conceptions of human justice, that we are often shocked at its unmerited severity, as in this case.

The king, being still solicitous, sent the third captain with fifty men, and this captain fell upon his knees before Elijah and implored him to be merciful and not slay them with fire as he had the two other companies who had visited him, and begged him to go and see the king. An angel just at that moment spoke a low word to the prophet, and told him to go down and see the king, and be not afraid, and he went. Had he done this sooner, the lives of one hundred men might have been saved. Elijah, after all, gave the king very little satisfaction, and told him that in consequence of his presuming to send to Baal-zebub, he should not recover, and he soon died.

It now appears that the good prophet had done so much to please his God, that the latter had decided to take him up into heaven unto himself in a most peculiar manner. We are left to suppose the killing of four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, and the burning of two captains and one hundred men had rendered him a special favorite with God for which he should be rewarded in a remarkable way. Elijah and Elisha started together from Gilgal, and the former being aware his time had about come, seemed to wish to get away from the latter, and tried to get him to tarry at a number of places and let him go on by himself; but Elisha stuck to him like a brother, and swore he would not leave him. They went first to Bethel, when Elijah said God had sent him to Jericho, then they went to Jericho, from which place Elijah said the Lord had sent him to Jordan.

When they arrived at that river, Elijah took his mantle and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither, so that the two went over on dry land. This was truly a great feat to perform, and one all the prophets, priests, bishops and popes now in the world combined, could not perform. It is so unnatural for the waters of a river to pile up like a wall on either side, and so unusual for the bed of a river in a few minutes to become dry ground, so men could walk over dry shod, that it is very difficult for us to believe this was done in the case under consideration. It is entirely opposed to the laws of nature; water is ever quick to seek its level, and will not stand up like a wall unless it is frozen, neither will the beds of rivers, which abound in soft deposits of mud, if the water could be removed, suddenly become dry, firm ground.

It would seem the waters of the river Jordan had almost become familiar with being parted and piled up like a wall. They parted that way for Joshua and his army, in this case for Elijah, and on a subsequent occasion for Elisha. They may have got used to it, but if they are keeping it up to this day, the world

has no account of it. We know that the waters of our rivers will not perform in this way, though they be smitten with all the mantles, cloaks, coats and pants in Chatham street. If the power to divide rivers could have been conveyed to posterity, and the secret transmitted to us of modern times, of what immense utility it might have been to the world in the movement of armies and in the common business of life. What numbers of ferries, bridges and pontoons it would have saved; but somehow these wonderful feats were all performed a *long time ago*, and the secret has been lost, or God has not so much leisure time to attend to them as formerly, or has less inclination to exhibit his skill in that direction, and people have been compelled to use ferries and bridges to cross the streams.

After they had crossed over the river, dry shod, and were walking along, chatting together, a chariot of fire and horses of fire came in between them and carried Elijah up to heaven. The account is confused, and says he went up in a chariot of fire, and also that he went up in a whirlwind. We don't see how it could be both ways. If it was a chariot and horses of fire, it was not a whirlwind, and if it was the latter, it was not a chariot of fire. He could not well go horseback and on foot at the same time.

But take it all in all, this is one of the most remarkable events that ever occurred, and Elijah was one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. He was probably the only man that ever existed that who, without God's help, or with it, could prevent moisture falling to the earth from the air above us in the form of rain and dew for the space of three years. He was perhaps the only man who could produce rain at will. He is the only one who has increased a handful of meal, and a few spoonfuls of oil, so as to furnish food for three persons for nearly three years. He was one of the very few who have raised the dead. In the killing business, he was a prodigy; there may have been individuals who have personally killed more than five hundred and fifty men, but the number of such has been very small. In pedestrianism and abstinence from food and sleep, he surpasses the world; in parting rivers with a mantle, very few have equalled him. In fireworks, he was pre-eminent over all who have ever lived. No other man has been able to call down fire at pleasure, and burn oxen, men, stones, dust, and even water. Could he have lived in this age of the world, he might have made an immense fortune as "Fire King." Such feats as he performed would be hailed with great applause in all quarters of the globe.

His last feat, of riding up into the ethereal blue—we know not how many hundred miles—in a chariot of fire, and with horses of fire, far transcends all his other performances. Of the countless billions of beings who have trod this earth, and who, when the cares and duties of life were over, have died from old age, disease, accident or violence, and the elements composing their bodies decomposed and returned to the fountains whence they came, he is the only one who has been conveyed in his crude material body in a chariot to the regions of ether far above the earth. When the extreme rarity of the upper air is considered; that human beings cannot derive from it enough of oxygen to sustain life, that being in it for a short time only, deprives a person of muscular and physical power; that the pressure of our atmosphere (fifteen pounds to the square inch), being chiefly removed, the tendency of the blood-vessels, arteries and veins is to be ruptured, and for blood to burst from the mouth and nose, so in that way, if no other, life would thus soon become extinct in the thin air above us;—when we remember, too, the intense frigidity of the ether above the earth—estimated by scientists to be over four hundred degrees below zero—in which a human being could not exist a minute; when all these facts are before us, the great improbability of this crowning feat of Elijah is strongly presented to the mind.

The most reasonable conclusion we can arrive at, is that the entire story is a fiction, written by some unknown person, who knew nothing of the laws and forces of nature, and who was ignorant of the truth that everything in the Universe is governed by unerring and unchangeable laws, but who supposed them

to be controlled by the notions and whims of a fickle Providence.

Bible reverers of course think these events were special miracles, and were performed to carry on God's work, and to effect great good in the world. In this case, however, it is very difficult to see where any special good was accomplished by the impossible things Elijah was said to have performed. Ahab and his Queen Jezebel, were not converted, they continued to be ungodly while they lived, the worship of Baal was continued, the people did not materially change their course of life. Succeeding kings which ruled over Israel and Judah, continued to do wickedly and to die in their sins; the people were no better, and the efforts and performances attributed to Elijah seem to have produced no permanent good results, and thus the outlay of miraculous power afforded no adequate returns.

In all this business this truth is indisputable. In most cases where the laws of nature were set aside, and natural impossibilities were said to be performed, it was in the ages of ignorance and superstition; and as knowledge and education spread in the world, and as the truths of science illumine the minds of men, such impossibilities as were ascribed to Elijah no longer take place, nor are they believed by intelligent people.

Christianity Examined.

NO IX.

To convince the candid examiner that the Christian religion is made up from religious systems which existed many centuries prior to it; that it had not a divine origin; that it was not a dispensation from heaven, and that it was not only man-made and of human origin, but that in every essential particular it is a mere plagiarism, a reconstruction from the dogmas and superstitions of older heathen nations—no more nor less than a revised variety of paganism—it is only necessary to study the pages of history bearing upon the subject.

I. We find, as we have shown in previous articles, that the fundamental belief in the ministration of the Son of God and of a crucified Savior offered up as a sacrifice for the sins of the world, was old in many nations at the dawn of the Christian era. The world has had not less than two-score of Saviors, one-half of whom were said to have been crucified, and Jesus was the last of the number. It cannot be consistently claimed he was the original Son of God, the original Savior, the original sacrifice and atonement which was offered up for the salvation of the world, when it is so easily shown a large number of Saviors and Redeemers had preceded him, some three hundred, some five hundred, and some twelve hundred years before his time.

II. We find that all the doctrines, dogmas, practices, ordinances, sacraments, ceremonies and observances of the Christian Church, were taught, impressed and enjoined by various pagan teachers centuries before Christianity existed. This being the case, how can its devotees, with any degree of truth, or a semblance of consistency, claim theirs to be the only original Simon-pure religion ever vouchsafed from God to man? Can it be possible, their God or his Son in devising a grand plan of salvation by which the world were to be saved from endless torments, found it necessary to make up a "patch-work" system, taking a little here, borrowing a little there from old pagan errors and superstitions that had existed centuries before? Is it true, that a God of infinite knowledge, power and wisdom could not originate a system of his own, and not be compelled to take the silly inventions and absurdities of ignorant and unprogressed men?

III. We find, too, that the teachings and inculcations of Jesus, which his followers deem so grand, so sublime, so transcendently beautiful and godlike—his moral maxims, which have been pronounced wholly unequalled in the world, as well as other moral maxims equally as good, were uttered and enjoined by other reformers and other demi-gods hundreds of years prior to his time.

These facts can be easily proved, and they conclusively show that Christianity is not an original system, that it had not a divine origin, but that its fea-

tures and doctrines were all devised by men and borrowed or stolen from the heathen; its boasted claims of originality and heavenly parentage, are completely overthrown and scattered to the winds.

Limited space will not permit our now adducing proofs at length of these propositions. We can merely name the Saviors the world has had at different times, give some of the rites, ceremonies and creeds borrowed from Pagans, and point out a few of the morals and sentiments attributed to Jesus, which were much earlier taught by others, leaving a fuller consideration of the subject for another occasion.

I. The world's Saviors have been numerous; they have been believed in in many different countries, and some run far back into antiquity. Here are the names of a portion of them:

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|--|---|
| 1. Christna or Christna, of Hindostan. | 23. Hil and Feta, of the Mandaites. |
| 2. Buddha Sakia, of India. | 24. Universal Monarch, of the Sibyls. |
| 3. Zoroaster, of Persia. | 25. Ischy, of Formosa. |
| 4. Crite, of Chaldea. | 26. Pythagoras, of Samos. |
| 5. Baal and Tacet, of Phoenicia. | 27. The Holy One, of Xaca. |
| 6. Thammuz, of Syria. | 28. Divine Teacher, of Plato. |
| 7. Fohi and Tien, of China. | 29. Adonis, of Greece. |
| 8. Thulis, of Egypt. | 30. Alcestos of Euripides. |
| 9. Indra, of Thibet. | 31. Hercules, son of God of Alemena. |
| 10. Devatat, of Siam. | 32. Apollo, son of Isis. |
| 11. Adad, of Assyria. | 33. Hesus and Bremillah, of the Druids. |
| 12. Prometheus, of Caucasius. | 34. Odin, of Scandinavia. |
| 13. Esculapius, of Egypt and Greece. | 35. Alcides, of Thebes. |
| 14. Witoba, of Telingonese. | 36. Thor, son of Odin of the Gauls. |
| 15. Kamolxis, of Thrace. | 37. Salivahand, of Bermuda. |
| 16. Zoor, of the Bonzes. | 38. Gentant and Quexalco, of Mexico. |
| 17. Atys, of Phrygia. | 39. Ixion, of Rome. |
| 18. Bali, of Afghanistan. | 40. Quirinius, of Rome. |
| 19. Jos, of Nepaul. | |
| 20. Mikado, of the Sintoos. | |
| 21. Beddru, of Japan. | |
| 22. Cadmus, of Greece. | |

This list of Saviors can be considerably extended, and not exhaust the entire number, but probably here are enough for all practical purposes to redeem one world from the angry curse of gods, and if this number cannot save it, perhaps it will have to be lost.

Several of these Saviors were said to have been begotten of God and born of virgins. Half the number were crucified for the salvation of the world, dying in great agony; and all were said to have received marked favor from heaven, and were considered special mediators and atoning sacrifices for the sins of man, and prior to the reputed life and death of Jesus.

II. That the traditions, rites, ceremonies and dogmas of Christianity were copied or purloined from older religious systems, is easily seen:

1. The birth of many of the Saviors of the ancients were claimed to have been pointed out by the stars.
2. Several of them were said to have been born in a stable and in a manger.
3. The birth of a number of them were announced by angels to shepherds.
4. Wise men or maji were claimed to have visited them in their early infancy, and to have worshiped and made them presents.
5. The 25th of December was the birthday designated for several of them, and has been a special day for feasts and ceremonies in commemoration and in honor of the Son of God for thousands of years.
6. The titles of the Heathen Saviors were much like those claimed for the Judean Savior. "The Most High," "the Lord of Life," "Holy Living God," "Son of God," "Mediator," "Savior," "Redeemer," "Redeemer of the World," "the Lamb of God," "the Ram of God," "the Holy Lamb," "the True Light," "the Sun of Righteousness," "True Light of the World," "Light of Men," "Guide to the Erring," "Advocate with the Father," are some among the great number of titles given to the pagan Saviors.
7. The legend of the Savior being saved from destruction when all the other infants were killed—as in the time of Herod—was handed down from centuries before that date.
8. The retirement and forty days' fasting of the Savior is an ancient heathen legend.
9. The performance of miracles was attributed to nearly all the Saviors, and greatly dwelt upon. Several raised the dead.
10. The older Saviors had disciples, whom they led

about over the country, whom they taught, and whose feet they washed.

11. They taught multitudes in the villages, on the highway, in the fields and in the wilderness.

12. At the crucifixion of some of them, the sun was said to have been darkened and earthquakes to have taken place.

13. Several of the demi-gods were said to have descended into hell after their crucifixion.

14. The claim that they raised from the dead, from the grave and from the sepulchre was accorded to a number of them.

15. The miraculous ascension into heaven was claimed for a part, at least, of the Oriental Saviors.

16. The doctrine of "the Trinity" is a thousand years older than Christianity.

17. The Holy Ghost idea came from India.

18. The belief in a Devil originated in heathen lands.

19. The cross, as a religious symbol, was used hundreds of years before Christ, in India, Thibet, Egypt and other countries.

20. Immortality of the soul was first taught by pagans.

21. The personalized idea of the "word," or "logos," the creator, as used by St. John, was of Oriental origin.

22. Baptism by water was early practiced in India and Persia.

23. The Holy Ghost descending in the form of a dove, is an ancient Eastern legend.

24. The Sacrament of the *Eucharist* came from the pagans.

25. Anointing with oil was practiced from time immemorial.

26. The worship of demi-gods—as we have seen—was of heathen origin.

27. Belief in saints and the reverence of them dates back many centuries before Christianity.

28. Future rewards and punishments was first taught by pagans.

29. A great and final day of judgment originated in heathen countries.

30. The belief in the resurrection of the dead is much older than Christianity.

31. The belief in angels and spirits was held by many pagan nations thousands of years ago.

32. Fasting and prayer was of Eastern origin.

33. The power to forgive sin was taught by heathens.

34. A belief in bibles being the word of God existed in many pagan countries, and they have several bibles older than the Jewish book.

35. The "second birth" was first taught in Heathendom.

36. Confession and absolution of sin were of pagan origin.

37. Monasteries and monks, nunneries and nuns existed hundreds of years in Central Asia before the era of Christianity.

38. The order of the Priesthood long existed in all pagan countries.

39. Repentance and humility was enjoined by the ancients.

40. The efficacy of prayer directed to the gods, was early taught in all heathen lands.

In view of the fact that the entire system of Christianity was copied, borrowed and appropriated from pre-existent systems, we are led to wonder at the dearth and sterility of the minds of its founders in the line of originality and invention. It would seem that an ordinary intelligence would have been able to get up a few new ideas, at least. If we take from Christianity all that was borrowed from heathen lands, there is literally nothing of it left save its cruel persecutions and horrible bloodshed, which it seems its founders did not borrow from heathen nations, and here their originality and invention became active. We shall examine this feature of Christianity more fully in subsequent articles.

III. We have room for a small number only, of the moral maxims of the pagan Saviors, demi-gods and sages, but probably sufficient to show that they contain the gist of the over-lauded maxims attributed to Jesus, and that they were the originals from which the later productions were copied:

(Concluded on Eighth Page.)

Christians at Work.

BY WM. MC DONNELL.

[CONTINUED.]

When one is in a reflective mood it often happens that the most melancholy ideas will present themselves to the mind; and memory seems to be importuned to add link after link to a chain of events solely relating to the sorrows and sufferings of mankind. While Thought, like an angel of hope, has most delight in soaring toward the splendors of heaven, it is sometimes doomed to descend and to flutter like a bat amid the gloom and the ruins of misery.

Nowhere in the annals of cruelty and oppression, can more dreadful events be discovered than those which relate to religious persecution. One tries to make the retrospection more agreeable, but the sad review of the past continues in its sullen course, and the wholesale destruction of human life caused or directed by Dominicans, Jesuits, or Inquisitors General; by Torquemada, by Diego Deza, by Spanish Kings, such as Chas. I and Philip II. and by the monster Alva, who slaughtered thousands in the Netherlands, simply on account of a difference of opinion in matters of religion, induces the most painful reflections, and seems to verify the remark "That Christianity has cost the world over fifty millions of human lives."

Christianity? Impossible! The faith of a true Christian led all to bear reproach, and to forgive enemies, and to be kindly affectionate, one to another; even that faith in its most adulterated form was superior to anything that Paganism has produced; and were the whole world controlled by its inspired maxims, what love, joy and peace might exist among men; and then there would be no more war, no more dissension, no more persecution. Alas! how stern is history in dealing with many of our fondest delusions; and how many thousands are rudely awakened to discover that religious devotion is too often the prolific parent of debasing superstition and cruelty.

Being in a contemplative mood the veil is lifted and one finds himself almost in the centre of a large city—a Christian capital too; for there are a many great churches and tall steeples, and numerous crosses, some of which are up alone among the scattered night-clouds; while others gleam in the clear moonlight of the open sky. It is approaching the hour of midnight, the air is calm and genial, and there are many sleepers in the quiet houses around. There are but few revelers to be seen in the streets, yet occasional sounds of distant music and festivity reach the ear. The city must be gay, for it contains thousands of invited strangers who had come to witness the royal marriage which recently took place; but many of the wearied are now seeking repose; and the proud Parisian metropolis is comparatively still. But why are those armed bands moving around, and whither at this late hour moves that column of soldiers, whose weapons reflect the moonbeams? It is not a time of war, yet armed groups of citizens are to be seen at almost every street corner: and a large number of troops are assembled near the royal palace. But hark! the clock strikes twelve—it is midnight—the bell of the tower of the Louvre quickly tolls aloud in the clear air, and the lone boom of a heavy gun is heard in the distance. There are loud shouts and confusion; there is a rush of armed fanatics into a chamber where a wounded man is seeking repose; he is guarded by several Swiss soldiers who are speedily cut down by the assassins that have entered; the wounded man—the Huguenot leader, Admiral Coligny—is brutally murdered, and his mutilated body tumbled out of the window into the street, to be dragged about by an infuriated populace. Shots and heavy firing, and shrieks and cries of distress are now heard every moment. Huguenots, trying to escape, rush frantically through the streets, but are pursued and slaughtered by the yelling savages that follow, or are shot down from the windows of the houses. Numbers of the pursued, believing the king would surely protect them, hurry on toward the Louvre, but Charles, the monarch of France, is firing on them, his own people, from an upper window of the palace, while several of his attendants are constantly loading guns to enable him to shoot a greater number of his Protestant subjects.

All night long the slaughter continues, and fugitives are hunted from place to place in every quarter of the city. By grey dawn the streets are encumbered with the murdered, and the river Seine is glutted with the dead bodies cast into it; and on the morning of the 25th of August, 1572, the sun shone down upon bloody pavements and upon heaps of intermingled dead and dying, even around the very palace of the Louvre; and as the butchery was over, Catherine de Medici, of pious memory, queen dowager of France, gazed with satisfaction upon the havoc, and the King himself went out to see the hated slain, and to look upon the disfigured body of Coligny, to whom he had promised friendship and protection; and while stooping over his slaughtered people, he expressed his pious felicity by saying that "the smell of a dead enemy was agreeable." Special orders were then given to continue the carnage, and the "Agents of Divine Justice" in their eagerness to advance the True Faith, deluged many of the French provinces with blood, until the exposed corpses of over thirty thousand human beings tainted the air and produced

wide-spread infection. The Parliament of France publicly eulogized the conduct of his Christian majesty, and the King and the Court returned thanks to God for his signal aid in crushing out so much heresy.

In great haste a messenger is dispatched to another city. The news of the slaughter at Paris, and in other parts of France, is the cause of much joy and congratulation even within the sacred walls of St. Peters. The welcome words of the king's message which said that "the Seine flowed on more majestically after receiving the dead bodies of the heretics," is received by the Roman Pontiff with expressions of high approval. The joy in Rome is great; and Pope Gregory, the "Vicar of Christ," attended by his cardinals, goes in grand procession to the Church of St. Louis to sing "Te Deum laudamus," and to return special thanks to God for the triumph just gained over the enemies of His holy Church. The Pope's legate in France is instructed to felicitate "the most Christian King Charles," and to assure him that his Holiness, "praised the exploit so long meditated and so happily executed for the good of religion." So important for the advancement of the Faith is the slaughter at Paris considered, that Pope Gregory orders medals to be struck in honor of the happy event.

So far, the sickening remembrances have been of persecution by the Catholic Church, and we would have made a plea for the reformed faith, by trying to imagine that it was free from the contaminations of Rome, and therefore not subject to the abominable charge of fanatical cruelty. We would even have charitably shielded the Popish religion from the terrible accusations brought against it, but we are reluctantly compelled to admit that that religion has almost desolated the earth; and that the whole system of paganism had never equaled the atrocities committed by the so-called "Mother Church." We wished to believe that no creed whatever, emanating from Christianity, could ever be so debased as to punish unto death for opinion's sake, but not being able to escape from historical facts, we hoped to find competent authority to place the burden of that iniquity upon Rome. But what said the same history as to the absurd ideas, the conflicting doctrines, the bitter dissensions, and the fierce persecutions by the adherents of Protestantism? Why that Luther, the great reformer, was so superstitious as to believe that epidemic diseases, earthquakes, and other evils were produced by the direct agency of Satan. He believed that the Devil had often disturbed him at night; he believed in astrology, and that the peculiar appearance of the northern lights on a certain night, indicated the speedy approach of the end of sublunary things. He was an intolerant bigot, and inveterate against those who opposed him; he would have shed the blood of the Pope and the bishops; he even looked upon such reformers as Carlstadt, Erasmus, and Zwingle, as rank heretics, and, judged by his own words, he would, in support of his own crude faith, have taken human life. Luther exhibited great inhumanity towards the Anabaptists, and his disposition against them may be inferred by an extract from a letter which he addressed to his friend Myconius; he wrote: "I am pleased that you intend to publish a book against the Anabaptists as soon as possible. Since they are not only blasphemous, but seditious men, let the sword exercise its right over them. For this is the will of God, that he shall have judgment who resisteth the power." Luther, even Luther therefore wanted only sufficient strength and authority to be a theological despot and persecutor.

And what of Calvin the great French reformer? He was a gloomy fanatic, who, filled with impious zeal, advocated and defended the burning of the unfortunate Servetus for heresy; and he gloried over the infamous deed when he wrote: "Whoever shall contend that it is unjust to put heretics and blasphemers to death, will willingly and knowingly incur their very guilt. This rule is not laid down by human authority, but it is God himself who speaks." Another reformer, the "meek Malancthon" approved of the vile act, and declared that the body of Servetus should be chopped in pieces, and his bowels torn out.

Munzer, a disciple of Luther, a leader and a preacher of the Anabaptists, was a reckless agitator. Dissatisfied with the holy measures of the reformers; he pulled down the images which Luther had left standing in the churches; he proclaimed a community of goods, and incited his followers to plunder the houses of the wealthy; and finally at the head of about forty thousand turbulent fanatics, he ravaged the whole country, and brought destruction upon himself and many of his unreasoning dupes.

Overlooking many other scenes of religious infatuation and cruelty which occurred on the Continent, the spectre of memory moves on and overshadows England; and there, too, the fury of religious strife is producing its blighting effects. The Christian sect has been almost annihilated; and frantic zealots are in the arena. Episcopals, Presbyterians and Independents, are pursuing one another with deadly hostility. Archbishop Laud, like an Inquisitor General in the Star Chamber, is furious against seceders and non-conformists: and in his holy wrath he crops the ears, slits the noses, and otherwise mutilates disaffected Puritans. Whatever sect is in temporary power, and most patronised by rulers or by royalty, is always most oppressive; and during several reigns, according

as Prelacy, or Puritanism, or Presbyterianism predominates, the mutual struggle for ascendancy deviates the land; and their deep hatred of one another, as well as their common hatred of Popery is productive of horrible atrocities. There is hanging, and burning, and quartering, and disemboweling, in almost every part of the kingdom, in behalf of what is for the time the "True faith;" and the knife, the axe, and the rack, and the fagot are readily put to fearful use even in Old England.

In Ireland the penal laws against Catholics were most shamefully applied. This terrible code consisted of over one hundred acts of Parliament, solely enacted for the express purpose of enforcing Protestant doctrines. A Catholic schoolmaster dared not teach; and neither Catholic nor Protestant teachers were permitted to instruct Catholic children. A Catholic dared not reside in the country without special permission, and a reward was offered for the discovery of any priest or bishop not registered as having licence as such. A Catholic priest convicted of having performed any religious ceremony, or of having married a Catholic and a Protestant, was condemned to be hanged; and all marriages between Catholics and Protestants were annulled. A wife on becoming a Protestant could take the entire property of her husband; and a son, by a like change of faith, might dispossess his father. There were many other similar enactments, and Catholics of every degree were sorely oppressed; and for the least unfriendliness, or resistance to most arbitrary laws, were liable to ruinous forfeitures or death; and the most inhuman cruelty and slaughter often followed. During the long period of this terrible oppression in Ireland, thousands were sent to bloody and untimely graves, and if the persecutions by Protestants have not been, perhaps, as infamously extensive as those of Catholics, it is only because the venomous power of Protestantism was too divided, or too limited. Protestantism, as well as Catholicity, possessed the genuine spirit, the vicious animus of intolerance, and needed only the requisite strength and domination, to equal, or even to surpass, in oppression and savage cruelty, all that had been done by the imperious ecclesiastical power of Rome.

Were the angel of Destruction required to speak for the many slain of every land, he might say that the most dreadful wars which have taken place in every part of the globe, were caused by intriguing priests, or by the virulence of religious feeling. And were it possible for an angel of Peace to re-animate the myriads of slaughtered men, he might plead that they should be placed in some world where there was no priest, no altar, and no temple; and where it would be considered the vilest blasphemy to assert that the Supreme Being could be influenced and governed by passions alike to those of man—by anger, by hatred, by revenge. And the angel might then, perhaps, reveal an unwelcome truth by announcing to all, to the Pagan, to the Christian, and to the Mohammedan, that priests and their pretensions, and their inspired books, had as yet only misled humanity.—*From the Heathens of the Heath.*

An Anti-Christian's Views.

It is but a short time, comparatively, since the great physical conflict of civil war which so greedily devoured many valuable lives, and produced such a vast amount of misery with the people. Only ten years have passed over the land, and the people seem to have almost forgotten the event except in their annual Decoration day.

The signs of the times indicate that we are approaching a mental, and perhaps, another physical agitation, ten times as great as the one so recently experienced.

The Catholic and the Protestant Christians are now marshalling their host, and arming themselves with the whole armor of their God for the conflict, apparently with each other. It seems as if this country may yet experience the same devastating and degrading influence, as have all countries where Christianity has had power and sway.

The efforts of the Protestants to put their God and their Bible into the Constitution of the United States, and thereby unite Church and State is the greatest curse to any people.

The Catholics are endeavoring to destroy the public schools of the land, which are the sheet anchor of a Republican form of government, for intelligence, moral integrity, and self control, is the only basis for a Republic to rest upon. "Infidelity" is what Christianity reproachfully applies to all who do not believe and prescribe to its foolish dogmas.

The foremost men in establishing this Government were infidels to this popular Christianity, but faithful to truth, justice, and humanity. Christianity has never accomplished anything for the mental and moral elevation of mankind.

It is humanity that has accomplished it in spite of Christianity with all her pretensions.

The whole object of the former has been, and is at present to obtain civil and ecclesiastical power.

Religion has in all ages deluged the world with misery and blood. That is her record. The only hope of mankind is salvation from ignorance and bigotry. This is the only salvation worth seeking; let Christians howl for Jesus to the contrary notwithstanding.

ANTI-CHRISTIAN.

Questions for Infidels,

And an Appeal to Col. Ingersoll.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

As we enter upon the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and near the one hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, would it not be well to ascertain if we are yet assured of that grand prerogative of free thought and speech for which freemen have fought through all the gone by generations? And it ought to be understood by the Infidels of this country before the celebration of our Centennial whether this Government yet guarantees them rights as men and members of society. For if Infidels are to be denied the rights of citizenship, as the *Methodist Home Journal* would have them, and as some have actually been; if Infidels like Julius Nieland are to be precluded the privilege of becoming citizens; if Infidels like Dr. Treat are to be driven from witness stands, and Unitarians like Thorne from State Legislatures;—then we had much better be agitating the propriety of promulgating another Declaration of Independence for this Century's '76, than in hypocritically honoring that which seems to have survived the spirit of the country, as well as the times, which gave it to the world. Why, is it not a startling fact that American citizens are to day refused political privileges, and denied their legal and constitutional rights wholly on the ground of their being Infidels? Is it not about time that Infidels begun to open their eyes to the fact that free born men "with the universal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," are being put under ban because of their belief? People are deprived of civil rights on account of creed in these United States, the yet unchristianized charter of which declares that no law shall be made "respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Is it not time Infidels begun to realize that the nuptials between Church and State were even now being consummated under their very eyes in this Republic? A century has not yet completed its full circle of years since the trenchant pen of Thomas Paine thrilled the world with those lightning words of liberty that brought our Colonial fathers to their feet in rebellion against the "royal brute of Britain." And there is now need of another liberty loving Infidel, another Thomas Paine, to touch the torch of his transcendent genius to the flickering flame of freedom, and rekindle in the slumbering masses to-day the spirit of the Revolutionary years. To day we need a Thomas Paine to reiterate the old grand gospel of equal rights in tones that will ring like the blast of a bugle horn through this land, and stir up such a spirit as shall convert our Centennial celebration into a funeral—the funeral of both Roman and Reformed ecclesiasticism. Many may deem this sensational declamation. Well, is it not about time Infidels become sensational? Have the audacious outrages perpetrated in the name of law and religion against Nieland and Thorne yet been redressed? Are not the highest civil authorities in this government both unable and unwilling to stay the encroachments of Christian power? Do you know how many government officials, how many Supreme Court Judges, and Governors of States, are members of the Religious Amendment Society, all seeking to put man out of our Constitution, and to put God, and Jesus Christ, and the filthy old Bible in? Do you fully apprehend the meaning of giving our Centennial a religious character, or re-lize the pious politics and treason that is Jesuitically being plotted in Christian Conventions and Young Men's Christian Associations? Are you aware that a priestly party to-day is trying to invest Jesus and Jehovah with the spiritual sovereignty of these great States? Do you not know that there are modern Inquisitors who talk about tolerating Infidels only as they would tolerate conspirators; modern Calvinists, like Rev. Mr. Edwards, who declare that "Infidels have no rights we do respect;" modern Torquemadas, like Rev. Dr. Cummings, who assert that "Infidels should be crushed like vipers? Did you not know that John A. Lant lies in Ludlow jail because he is a naughty talking Infidel, and that carrion-hunting Christian, Comstock, are commissioned to run sack the mail bags of the United States?

Ecclesiastical blood hounds are hunting the life of mental liberty all through this great land. The fair young tree of American Republicanism is being slowly but surely poisoned in the slimy coils of that Python of another age, the Christian Church. Bullying bigotry is brandishing his brutal brand over the press and platform, and prostrating people. And to-day the rights of man in this Republic are threatened by a deadlier foe than ever sat on England's throne. And the demand of the times is another Thomas Paine, to send forth a hundred years later edition of "Common Sense" adapted to the exigencies of passing events. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, thou art the needed man! Thy sublime Oration on the Gods, has superceeded the Age of Reason. You have paid to Thomas Paine, the highest tribute that the pen can give to mortal man. And now be yourself the Thomas Paine for this later generation. It is yours to give expression to the grievances of your fellow creed bound countrymen, to head the "grand army of deliverance," and be yourself, the "Author Hero" of this century's '76. Already has your matchless pen written the watchword of a coming conflict. "Infidelity is liberty, all

religion is slavery." And now write words, write burning, warning words, which will waken all the weary watchmen over mankind's weal in this wide Western world, and put them in a pamphlet for the people. And so shall you merit and receive the love and the honor and the praise of patriots, and your memory shall live enshrined in the hearts of men, associated forever with the memory of him, whose country was the world, whose religion was doing good.

Graduated Atmospheres.

The mean distance of the planet Mercury from the sun is about 37,000,000 miles, and that of the planet Neptune about 2,850,000,000 miles. If, then, the sun is simply a vast, incandescent body, diffusing light and heat like an ordinary fire, it is obvious that, unless there are some modifying circumstances, the degree of light and heat to which Mercury is subjected is immeasurably more intense than that experienced by Neptune, and that the animal and vegetable life of the one planet is utterly impossible to the other. Presuming both planets to be inhabited, this would seem to involve a special creation for each. But here we are embarrassed by the consideration that all the members of our system obey what appear to be universal laws; and, that, with but one exception, they are similarly shaped; while the revelations of the spectroscopic seem to invite the conclusion that their constituents are identical in the main. Assuming these three precise facts as the basis of induction, we ought reasonably to verge towards the conviction that throughout the whole of our system there is a corresponding homogeneity in animal and vegetable life, and something like an equable distribution of light and heat. At this point, however, in steps the commonly-received theory of the great central fire of the sun—a theory that seems to interfere with the unity that should characterize our small family of planets, and that tends to confuse our ideas in relation to the sublime sequences which, most assuredly, bind in one harmonious whole all the operations of the Creator.

If the luminous atmosphere that is said to surround the sun, or the gasses that are alleged to be in a constant, and violent state of combustion within the vast circumference of that atmosphere, are the immediate and only source of light and heat to the individual planets within the sphere of solar attraction, then, as already intimated, Mercury must, in the absence of modifying circumstances, be on fire, to the very core, so to speak, while Neptune should, on the other hand, be little better than a solid ball of ice. But, supposing we venture to imagine that a positive expression of light and heat is evolved within the atmospheres of the various planets only; then, might we not begin to discern the road a little more clearly before us, even though it should still be encumbered with some difficulties?

It is said that an impulse given by the sun to the ether, at a point 95,000,000 miles from us, reaches the earth in something like eight minutes. But, as light or heat seems to have no mission to perform save in the immediate vicinity of the planets, the evolution of either at any vast distance from these bodies would apparently serve no good purpose, but would, on the contrary, seem to indicate a waste of power and a want of design. We should, however, be able to relieve ourselves here if we entertained the proposition that this mysterious impulse, which causes the ether, so sensitive and sublimated is the latter, to vibrate many hundred billions of times in a second, does not express itself in any appreciable degree while traversing the vast impalpable ocean that fills the universe of space, but manifests its existence only when it encounters a dense or foreign body like our atmosphere, where it might be presumed to express itself in a manner widely different from that which characterized its unimpeded course down through what might be termed the silent and mysterious realms of nothingness.

The existence of different media and forces seems indispensable to the production of phenomena of any description. The aereolite sweeps through space in coldness and darkness until it enters our atmosphere, when it becomes a center of light and heat so intense that it is frequently consumed before it reaches the earth. Every condition of being seems to express itself through a conflict of forces, how harmonious soever the antagonism may be. Perfect homogeneity is but another name for non-existence. So that this mighty all pervading ocean of ether, which is sensitive and attenuated beyond the human comprehension, were absolute nothingness but for the forces that antagonized with it. Had it no shores to break upon while vibrating to the impalpable impulse already mentioned—no element differing in nature or density from it to disturb its equilibrium—then were the mighty womb of space empty indeed; for the heavens should virtually be robbed of every radiant point that now studs their azure expanse.

Perhaps it may not be difficult to prove that even directly beneath the noontide, tropical sun, the higher we mount through regions of our atmosphere the colder and darker it becomes. From this, one might be inclined to argue that our earth, with all the other planets, may be regarded as a vast daguerreotype-plate coated with the atmosphere as with chemicals, upon

the face of which we find kindled into life and light some of the occult forces brought to bear upon it by our great centre, the sun. Possibly the first feeble impressions of the hosts of heaven, as luminous bodies are photographed faintly upon the outer limits of our atmosphere, and probably these impressions become more powerful and clearly defined as that medium becomes more dense, until at the surface of the earth, they are reflected, as it were, with a maximum intensity of light and heat. Nor does this idea appear less incomprehensible than the fact that neither latitude nor directness of the sun's rays is the truest measure of cold, or light, or heat. The truth of this latter assertion will scarcely be disputed when at the equator, and, consequently on the selfsame degree of latitude, we find within a radius of five or six miles, regions differing widely from each other in fauna and flora, and exhibiting every degree of heat and cold peculiar to the various zones. For example, let us take any point in the very heart of the tropics, where the mountains sweep up from the level of the sea to a height of twenty thousand feet, and we shall meet at their base valleys of endless bloom, teeming with life; while but six or seven thousand yards from those passionate vales, up the mountain-side, after encountering almost every variety of climate, we find ourselves in the midst of regions the most desolate, without a solitary vestige of animal or vegetable life, and buried beneath a savage waste of eternal snow; so that latitude is not the true measure of climate or of heat and cold, inasmuch as we see it exhibiting directly under the line the very same characteristics which distinguish it at the poles. We must, therefore, seek for some other standard to which we can appeal with more certainty, and this it appears is to be found in our atmosphere only where the gradations of heat and cold, if not of light also are as to the difference in density of the various strata that compose it—the measure being true at any given point, and not affected by any local influences.

For the sake of illustration, let us in imagination, project a line perpendicular to the equator for a distance of twenty thousand feet in the direction of the mid-day sun; and let us assume that this line is identical with the course of a single impulse sped through space from that luminary to the earth, in relation to which impulse, or ray of light if you will, the angle of incidence and of reflection shall coincide. Let us now while the vertical sun rests on the top of this line, as it were, philosophize upon some of the strata of atmosphere through which it passes, always remembering that the atmosphere is densest at the level of the sea, and that it becomes gradually attenuated as we ascend through the regions of space. Now, it has been ascertained, beyond peradventure, that at the lower end of this line a man may be dying from the effects of extreme heat the self same moment that, at the upper end which is nearer the sun, another man may be dying from the effects of extreme cold—the one being broiled and the other being frozen to death. Nor is this all; for midway between the two victims, or at a height of eight or nine thousand feet, we find a third person enjoying himself in the open air to the top of his bent.

At no point of the earth's surface are the regions, or rather the extremes, of heat and cold defined so sharply as under the line. This is, doubtless, owing to the fact that the angle of incidence, and that of reflection are coincident on the part of the solar beams. As we recede from the equator this angle becomes greater and greater, with a corresponding diminution of light and heat, until we reach the poles where it falls into one horizontal line, as it were. And perhaps this gradual diminution of light and heat is not so much owing to the alleged fact that as we recede from the line any given number of rays of light are made to cover a greater space, as to the obvious one that the angle of incidence and that of reflection become more obtuse at each successive step. Pencils of what we call light are of infinitesimal proportions. Let us, then, project one of the smallest within the compass of an experiment upon a reflecting surface in a dark room, and perhaps we shall be able to discover that the secondary ray performs a more important mission in the concentration of light and heat than is usually accredited to it; for it is obvious that, the smaller the angle here, the more light and heat are expressed within it; while it appears to be equally true, also, that the gradual shading off of climate, from intense heat to intense cold between the equator and the poles, is owing perhaps more clearly to the gradual augmentation of this combined angle than to any other circumstance. Still, at any intervening point, the vertical admeasuring through the atmosphere holds relatively good—that is, the more attenuated any of the strata, the colder and, doubtless the darker it is.

From these few speculations, it may possibly appear to some that the nearness of a planet to the sun, or the remoteness of one from that mighty orb, has not, after all, so much to do with the degree of light and heat experienced by these bodies. Graduated atmospheres, from Mercury to Neptune, would seem to secure something like an equal distribution of light and heat among all the members of our system. A highly attenuated atmosphere for Mercury, and one correspondingly dense for Neptune, would place both these planets in a more comfortable position, in our imagination than they have occupied heretofore.

—Appleton's Journal

JAMES MCCABROL.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

1. MENU, nearly a thousand years B. C., said: "Let no man be offended with those who are angry with him, but reply gently to those who curse him." "Endure injuries and despise no one." "Commit no hostile act for your own preservation."

2. PRITACUS taught 650 years B. C., "Do not to your neighbor, what you would take ill from him."

3. CONFUCIUS taught 500 years B. C., "Do unto another what you have him do unto you, and do not to another what you would not have him do unto you. Thou needest this alone. It is the foundation of all the rest." "Desire not the death of thine enemy." "Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles." "When you have faults, do not fear to abandon them." "To subdue one's self and return to propriety is perfect virtue."

4. CHRISTNA thus taught: "He is my beloved servant who is the same in friendship and hatred, in honor and dishonor, in cold and in heat, in pain and in pleasure; who is unsolicitous about the event of things; to whom praise and blame are as one; who is of little speech, and is pleased with whatever comes to pass; who owneth no particular home, and who is of a steady mind." "He who can bear up against the violence produced by lust and anger in this life, is properly employed and a happy man."

5. BUDDHA thus taught: "Let a man overcome anger with love; let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality; the liar by the truth." "Not to commit any sin; to do good and purify one's mind, that is the teaching of the awakened."

6. THALES, 464 years B. C., said: "Avoid doing what you would blame others for doing." "Cultivate friendship for an enemy." "Be kind to your friends, that they may continue so, and to thine enemies, that they may become so." "Prevent injuries if possible; if not, do not revenge them." "Be to everybody kind and friendly." "Speak evil of no one, not even thine enemies."

7. BIAS, one of the noted seven wise men of Greece, nearly 600 years before Christ, taught thus: "It is a proof of a weak and disordered mind to desire impossibilities." "The greatest infelicity is not be able to endure misfortunes patiently." "Great minds alone can support a sudden reverse of fortune." "The most pleasant state is to be always gaining." "Be not unmindful of the miseries of others." "If you are handsome, do handsome things; if deformed, supply the defects of nature by your virtues." "Be slow in undertaking, but resolute in executing." "Praise not a worthless man for the sake of his wealth." "Do all the good you can, and whatever good you do, ascribe the glory of it to the gods." "Lay in wisdom as the store of your journey from youth to old age, for it is the most certain possession." It is claimed he wrote 2000 verses of similar moral maxims.

8. PYTHAGORAS thus taught: "Every man ought to speak and act with such integrity that no one would have reason to doubt his simple affirmation." "It is impossible he can be free who is a slave to his passions." "To revenge yourself on an enemy, make him your friend."

9. SOCRATES taught: "Return not an injury if you have received one." "Return not evil for evil."

10. PLATO, the Grecian, taught thus: "The unrighteous man, or the sayer and doer of unholy things, had far better not yield to the illusion that his roguery is cleverness." "For men glory in their shame; they fancy they hear others say of them, 'these are not mere good-for-nothing persons, burdens on the earth, but such as men should be who mean to dwell safely in a State.'" "There are two patterns set before them in nature; the one blessed and divine, the other godless and wretched." "Honor is a divine good, and no evil thing is honorable." "The perfectly just man is he who loves justice for its own sake; not for the honors and advantages that attend, and is willing to pass for unjust while he practices the most exact justice, and will not suffer himself to be moved by disgrace or distress, but will continue steadfast in the love of justice, not because it is pleasant, but because it is right."

11. SEXTUS, over 400 years B. C., taught thus: "What you wish your neighbors to be to you, such be

ye also to them." "Endure all things, if you would serve God."

12. ARISTOTLE, 380 years B. C., thus taught: "We should conduct ourselves toward others as we would have them act towards us."

13. ARISTIPPUS, 365 years B. C., taught thus: "Cherish that reciprocal benevolence which will make you as anxious for another's welfare as for your own."

14. ISOCRATES, 338 years B. C., said: "Act toward others as you would have them act towards you."

15. PUBLIUS SYRUS said: "Pardon the offences of others, but never your own." "You can accomplish by kindness what you cannot by force." "Better overlook an injury than avenge it." "It is a kingly spirit to return good deeds for evil ones." "Receive an injury rather than do one."

16. THE ESSENES enjoined: "Lay up nothing on earth, but fix your mind solely on heaven." "For-sake father, mother, brothers and sisters, houses and lands."

17. HILLEL, 50 years B. C., inculcated: "Do not to others, what you would not like others to do to you."

18. ANTONIUS said: "Be to every one kind and friendly."

19. PHILO taught: "It is our first duty to seek the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness."

20. MARCUS AURELIUS, a Roman Emperor of the second century, but who was a heathen, said: "Be cheerful and seek not external help, nor the tranquillity which others give." "A man must stand erect, and not be kept erect by others." "Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains." "If thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy, and there is no man able to prevent this."

Similar maxims of morality and exalted sentiments from the sages and teachers who lived and died prior to the Christian era, might easily be quoted to the extent of a large volume, but this is not our present purpose. We have, however, cited enough, together with what we have given our readers in previous articles, to show that morals as pure and unexceptionable were uttered by numerous teachers, as Jesus is said to have promulgated. According to Jesus all the praise that may be due him for many of his utterances, candor and truth compels the avowal that his best sayings were not original with him, or if they were, that he was far from being the first to present them to the world.

We see in the above extracts as much to commend and revere as in the teachings of the Nazarene, and less that is objectionable. As much as may be said by the admirers of Jesus in favor of his inculcations, he certainly taught some doctrines that would, if carried out, not tend to the benefit of the world. For instance, his charge to "take no thought for the morrow," would prevent enterprise, provision for the future, and throw man back into a state of idleness and objectless barbarism. His instructions to give a man a cloak if he steals a coat, is simply a premium for crime. The turning of the left cheek to be smitten if the right is thus attacked, would be craven, unmanly and productive of no good. The scourging and beating of money-changers was not extremely lamb-like. Getting angry at a fig tree, and cursing it because it did not bear figs at the wrong season of the year, did not indicate forbearance, discretion or good judgment.

We cannot see that the teachings of Jesus possess any superiority over those of the sages who lived before him. They appear no more godlike, no more exalted, and no more inspired than the maxims of his predecessors. As his were subsequent productions, they cannot be the original, and sound much like plagiarisms and piracies.

From what is here shown, but one conclusion is possible, and that is, that the system of Christianity is of a composite character, and was made up of the dogmas, legends and traditions of the older heathen systems which preceded it, and that it is only PAGANISM in a revised form.

And it is this revised system of ancient dogmas

and absurdities, that in this country we are paying \$200,000,000 yearly to support, and the return it yields is meagre indeed. We hail, however, the light of Science and truth, which will ultimately drive all pagan dogmas from the world.

The foregoing references and quotations are from Sir Wm. Jones' *Asiatic Researches*, Max Muller, Jaccotot, Taylor's "Diegesis," Higgins' "Anaclypsis," and last, but not least, Graves' "Sixteen Crucified Saviors," a recent publication and a most valuable work touching the subject here considered.

A Kind Notice from an Honored Source.

The *Investigator* of the 8th inst. has the following friendly notice of us:

"THE TRUTH SEEKER, our Liberal auxiliary of New York, is to be issued weekly in January. It is an able paper, doing good service in the cause of Reason and Humanity, and we are glad to learn its prospects of success are encouraging."

"We see it stated, that its worthy Editor has been converted to Spiritualism. He has obtained what he deems convincing evidence of its truth, and, like an honest man, candidly avows it. We shall do the same when we are convinced, for as truth is our object, we gladly accept it from any quarter, and follow wherever it may lead. But at present we are satisfied with Materialism, because we regard it as the only philosophy in accordance with the teachings of nature and reason."

We thank our friends for their kind notice of us. The "conversion" referred to has not been late nor sudden. For several years we have felt that we had received proofs of the existence of an intelligence not connected with physical bodies, and the Spiritual theory accounts for it to our mind better than any other. We have not been a persistent investigator of Spiritual phenomena, but we have in several instances received proofs of the continued existence of departed friends that we could not ignore; nor do we think we were imposed upon.

We are, however, far from accepting all that is presented as Spiritualism, nor do we believe in the honesty of all who claim to be mediums. We doubt not a great amount of imposition has been practiced upon the credulous. We are firm in the conviction that our first and principal duty pertains to the people, and the affairs of this world, and the duties of this life. With all we can be told of the life after this, we can really know but little about it, and we are quite content to wait patiently for the other world until we go there. We find ample work here to occupy all our efforts, attention and highest impulses. Our motto is, ONE WORLD AT A TIME. While here let us try to do the best we can for this world, and make it as much better as lies in our power. It will be time enough to make provisions for the other world when we know better what its necessities, wants and requirements are. If we pass our time usefully and honorably in this life, we need entertain no fears regarding the next.

Notwithstanding any leaning we may have towards the Spiritual philosophy, we are still a Materialist, believing that what is not matter, in some form or other, is nothing. If spirits really exist, they are real, organized bodies of refined or highly sublimated matter. They may be just as real as though perceptible to our visual organs. We well know hydrogen, oxygen, chlorine, carbonic acid and many other gases are invisible, but they form more than three-fourths of the material of our globe, and are just as real, when unseen, as are granite and marble.

Aside from any evidence we have of a continued existence, we are well satisfied that the doctrine should be true. This life, at best, is short and imperfect, and it would almost seem that existence, with thousands, is a failure if this is all there is of it; besides there is a happiness in believing that after a few more toilsome years we shall rejoin friends who have gone before, and meet, too, the old worthies and moral heroes who lived in the earlier ages of the world, like Socrates, Plato, Galileo, Spinoza and many others.

While we heartily affiliate with our Materialistic friends, and work with them heart and hand in the struggle for mental liberty and to overthrow superstition and error, we fear some of them are too unwilling to investigate spiritual phenomena—that they entertain a prejudice against the philosophy, and are

loth to place themselves in the way of becoming acquainted with the real facts. It is as possible for unbelievers to become bigoted as any other class of people in the world. Let us all be willing to become acquainted with what is transpiring around us, and be ready to acknowledge proof when it is made apparent to us.

We confess we aspire to be a "connecting link," a nyphen, if you please, between Materialists on one hand and Spiritualists on the other. We wish to see harmony and fraternity prevail in our entire ranks. Differ as we may on the point whether this state of existence is merely a rudimental one, preparatory to a continued and more perfect life or whether this is all there is of us, and that when we close our eyes in death we enter into an eternal sleep, let us not forget we have a common enemy which requires our constant and united vigilance, the false theologies, superstitions, and fables handed down from the days of gross ignorance and error. We alike are opposed to the power and pernicious influence of the Church, and to the heavy rule and machinations of Priestcraft, the most onerous, expensive, and bloody tyranny this unfortunate world has ever known. In opposing these evils, in spreading light, truth, and general intelligence, in aiming to improve the condition of humanity, and in benefitting the world so far as in our power, we can assuredly act in union and full accord. Let us not diverge or wrangle, but maintain a spirit of union and toleration.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, just starting out upon his Fall and Winter lecturing campaign, made us a call, while passing through our city. He will spend this month in this State, except while holding a second debate with the Rev. John Marples, which will come off at Toronto, Ont., about the 20th or 25th inst.

We are happy in announcing that Bro. Underwood has consented to take subscriptions for our proposed new work, "THE WORLD'S SAGES, INFIDELS AND THINKERS," which we have decided to get up in what is called a "crown-octavo" size, of eight hundred pages or over, on fine paper, with beautiful binding, and containing a steel-plate engraving of your humble servant, the author, and all for the moderate price of three dollars, and to be furnished in the early part of 1876. Our friend will be glad to take all the names for the work he can, and we assuredly will be well pleased to have the list as large as possible.

Orders are coming in every day for the work, but we still hope large numbers will subscribe for it who have not yet done so. We agree, that if any parties who order the book are displeased with it upon receiving it, to take it back and refund the money.

Mr. Underwood will also take subscriptions for THE TRUTH SEEKER. We hope friends who are not now on our list, will not be backward in coming forward and joining the noble band of Truth Seekers who are pressing on to light, freedom and glory. Remember from Sept. 1st to Jan. 1st, the price is only 50 cents; then it becomes a Weekly at \$2 a year. That amount will surely break no one, and we shall endeavor to make the paper worth the money. Who next will join our ranks?

A BROTHER IN NEED.—R. M. Casey, of Pendleton, S. C., a firm and worthy Liberal, has been ostracised for his heretical opinions in the bigoted community where he resides, and thrown out of employment. He has, besides, been sick for several months and his finances have become reduced. He wishes to travel in the territory contiguous to him, selling Liberal Books, Pamphlets and Tracts, and he wishes to borrow from friends in the Liberal ranks sufficient means to procure a horse and wagon for the purpose. He appeals to the Liberals of the country for assistance, and thinks he will be able to return in twelve months such amounts as may be loaned to him.

We can say for him that he is a reliable, true man, and the object he has in view is a commendable one. Those who feel disposed to extend aid to him to assist him to start may address him as above, and will confer a favor upon a worthy brother. We propose to furnish him with Books, Pamphlets and Tracts, but he wishes also a horse and wagon. How many will lend him ten, or five, or two dollars each?

A SLIGHT ERROR. Many of our readers doubtless noticed a mistake in date on the first page of our last. It was Aug. 15th, when it should have been Sept. 1st. The date on fifteen of the pages was right, but on the first page it was wrong. This was, of course, an unintentional error, and the printer and proof-reader assume all blame for it.

Some provoking errors also occurred in an article entitled, "The Reign of Law," by D. Higbee, M.D., as follows: In 12th line from top, for *attractive repulsion* it should be *attraction and repulsion*; in 33d line for *religion or spirituality—morality*, it should read *religion or spirituality or morality*; on 83d line, instead of *entrapped*, read *enrapport*; 86th line, instead of *harmony, discord*, read *harmony and discord*; 2d column, for *changes* read *charges*.

We mean to be careful and avoid errors, but it seems we sometimes fall short. We will try in the future to do better.

WE HEREBY ANNOUNCE that J. FRANCIS RUGGLES, of Bronson, Mich., is duly authorized to act as agent for THE TRUTH SEEKER in receiving subscriptions, etc. We have all confidence in the gentleman, and advise those in want of rare Liberal works to send to him for a catalogue. He keeps many rare European and "O. P." works not often met with.

Creed—Mulum in Parvo.

I believe in God, Father and Mother, in whose likeness man will be, when they grow to it.

I believe in Jesus and Ann, and in all, who, like them, do right, because it is right, irrespective of cost.

I believe in communion of saints, and in courtesy to sinners, deeming it no part of my duty to insult any because they see not as I see.

I believe in the resurrection of body and soul from unphysiological diets, habits and appetites—from low ambitions, carnal indulgences, and misuse of reproductive powers—and from their use, by such as aspire to life everlasting. Amen.

PRENTISS.

P. S. *Honest* people are not hungry for forgiveness—they prefer meeting their liabilities, like *honest men*.

"Respectable" Commercial Firms.

Failures amongst moneyed institutions, manufacturing and trading firms, have lately occurred in such numbers that the public is really astonished. To a certain extent these collapses are not at all inexplicable. They teach a moral lesson, they prove that corruption, swindling, and immorality, are wide spread evils in the higher stratum of society. They show us the evil side of the accumulation of large capital under the control of single persons or a corporation. The accumulation and control of capital by the single individual cannot be avoided, nor can it be called an evil in every case. But the capital so controlled should under all circumstances be employed for the benefit of society in general. Not that we favor a dispossession of the capitalist but we ask a control over the employment of his capital to prevent him from using it to the disadvantage of society.

Capitalists that are partly working with money entrusted to them by others ought to be put under strict surveillance. If a banker instead of limiting himself to legitimate business, speculates in stocks, cotton or sugar, let him make known this to the public in the same way as the distiller, rectifier, wholesale or retail dealer in spirits, is compelled to write his special occupation or trade on his sign, according to the government license. Any banker that uses money entrusted to him by confiding customers in wild goose speculations, is a swindler, and ought to be prosecuted as such. But society is so accustomed to this mode of swindling, that as a general rule, it is not even called by its true name. Or did you ever see the so-called "free Press" expose any fraud or swindle committed by the higher classes of the commercial community? The biggest frauds in the country, the Erie Railroad now under investigation by duped English capitalists, the exploded Northern Pacific Railroad swindle, unsound Life and Fire Insurance Companies, the busted "Life of Christ" concern etc., find warm defenders amongst the leading journals of the country. The Press knows the power of corporations. Look for instance at the nominal capital of our railroads amounting to forty-two hundred millions, with yearly gross receipts of five hundred million dollars, enormous sums comparatively controlled by a few men. Similar amounts are controlled by Insurance Companies and banking institutions. The handling of this immense capital by the few, a servile Press, a corrupt State and General Government, point out the danger that is threatening society.

The career and tragic end of the President of the Bank of California, prove the elasticity of our social life, and the great difficulty of large capital being handled by the single individual to the lasting benefit of the general public. Steamboat clerk, banker, ten

times a millionaire, fifty thousand dollars a year salary, a princely household, collapse, and a Coroner's inquest.

The success of a man in acquiring a fortune by mere speculation is a dangerous precedent, a bad example, that bears an evil influence on the morals of our young men, who ought to look at the accumulation of money and financial independence, as acquired or reached only by means of honest toil, persistency, and prudent management. A single winner at the green table, will lure a hundred victims into ruin. We close this little article by copying the following letter:

NEW YORK, 312 East 14th street, Sept. 1st, 1875.

DUNCAN, SHERMAN & Co., Gentlemen; Some days before you went into bankruptcy, I purchased from you a draft on Berlin amounting to \$30. The same has since been returned dishonored causing to me a loss, which for a man in my circumstance can be called a heavy one.

Seeing your statement showing about five millions liabilities and two million assets, knowing that amongst the victims of misplaced confidence are a great many that are reduced to want by losing the savings of half a life time, and then observing, the remark made in one of the highly intelligent journals of the great American "free" Press, that sympathy and regret is expressed at the fall of the old and respected banking house, I simply ask myself, where have we come to?

Daily we hear people inquire, what is the cause of the stagnation in trade the dullness in our manufacturing districts and the bad times in general. The proper answer is, corruption in politics, fictitious manipulations in incorporated moneyed institutions, high living, speculation and gambling in paper values and gold, and swindling, operations of banking institutions, that have succeeded in giving themselves a color of fair dealing and respectability. It is almost impossible that houses like J. C. & Co., T. Bros., D. S. & Co., and the Bank of California, could have gone into bankruptcy, if they had limited themselves to legitimate business. If you had been honest enough to write on your sign: "Duncan, Sherman & Co., bankers and speculators in stocks and cotton, with means furnished by customers," the class of people that loose now all they possessed would have avoided you as they do the banker, that is doing business in Havana lottery tickets or forged bonds.

Let one or more of the newspapers that form part of a Press, which is erroneously called the American "free" Press, express sympathy, the public in general, your victims especially can only feel contempt for you. Fisk, Gould, Tweed, Beecher, and others of the same stamp found their advocates and defenders, but honest, unbiased people condemn public plunderers, financial and spiritual frauds nevertheless.

I enclose the above mentioned draft. The 25 or 30 per cent. that may at some future time be offered in settlement I decline to accept. Let the product be used for the purchase of a marble tablet to be set up in a conspicuous place in Wall street, and containing the names of all dishonest bankers, swindling stockbrokers, and gold gamblers, as a warning to people of moderate means to keep them away from "respectable" thieves. Yours etc.,

M. STEIN.

Paine Hall.

OFFICE OF M. ALTMAN & Co., }
301 & 303 Sixth Avenue, N. Y. }

MR. EDITOR: The letter published in your last number, by A. K. Butts, has just attracted my attention, and causes surprise. I think he should make himself slightly acquainted with the Paine Hall matter before attempting to explain the difference existing between the Trustees.

I have not the time nor inclination to go into an extended *resumé* of these differences, only to say that Messrs. Mendum, Seaver, and Savage, hold the Paine Hall Property, in their own individual name as *joint* tenants—not as Trustees—that they refused over and over again, to vest the title in the name of the Trustees as such to be held in perpetuity for the cause it was built, and that they incurred obligations to the amount of over \$100,000 when they were expressly limited to \$60,000, by a formal vote of the Board of Trustees at its first and only regular meeting, held May 8th, 1874; that they occupy more of the Building for their own use than they have a right to, that they have, in fact, violated—whether intentionally or unintentionally I know not—nearly every resolution passed by the Board at that, its *only regular meeting*. I beg that every reader who is interested in this matter, and Mr. Butts in particular, will refer to the *Investigator*, published first after the above date, where it will show what the Board of Trustees agreed and resolved to do, and learn by subsequent facts what they, M. S. & S., have done. I also refer to D. R. Burt, one of the Trustees; G. L. Henderson, a subscriber; B. F. Underwood, who all know the facts of the difficulty, and many others to bear me out, when I say, Mr. Butts knows nothing about the matter he attempts to explain, and that there is an *honest* (I hope) difference between three of the Trustees, and the remaining two as well as a deep seated dissatisfaction, in the minds of many true "Liberals." Excuse the haste with which this is written; if particulars are wanted, the above gentlemen referred to can supply them.

Yours truly,
M. ALTMAN,
Trustee P. H. F., and Sec y. of the Board.

"Prayer to the Devil"

Certain of our excellent friends hereabout, belonging it would seem, to that large class who are "more nice than wise, have seen fit to express themselves quite shocked at the article named above, and some estimable and highly educated gentlemen took occasion to express themselves in favor of a more *kid-glovey* style of warfare than our veteran editor sees fit to pursue. The writer happening to hear some of these conversations, although a "mere looker on here in Vienna" wishes to say that to his thinking, the article above mentioned is the brightest bit of writing that he remembers to have seen, emanating from this side of the Atlantic for a twelvemonth. The idea is original, the conception a good one, and the treatment excellent. It hits dogma a fair blow between the eyes, and is up to the best things of Voltaire, who not only knocked Christianity down, but jumped on it and squelched all the breath out of its body. And now a few words as to the good taste of fighting a manly battle for the truth. The most striking fact in the history of human opinion is the constant tendency of error to perpetuate itself, to carry itself forward into succeeding social states, where its presence is most noxious, breeding hypocrisy, and all manner of falsehoods. This is the position of Christianity to-day. The humane ideals of this age, its instincts for universal justice leave Christianity to be seen as nothing but a gigantic scheme for obtaining money under false pretenses, and the quicker it is dead, buried, and put out of sight the better. And how is this to be done if we are to fight it in mittens? It is well to note that Christianity is neither based upon, nor sustained by intellectual convictions, so, to fight it only with intellectual weapons is like shooting a shadow with cannon balls. The missiles and the object is unlike in substance, and you may shoot it through and through a thousand times without producing the slightest result. As a matter of fact the Christian teachings have been shown to be both contradictory and absurd, times almost without number, yet the effect is almost unappreciable. Why is this? The reason is here: Christianity is based upon the passions: First, upon the grand passion for the marvelous; no reason can ever touch that; next, the passionate desire to live forever, a wish, which, as it exists in most men, it is difficult to over-estimate. With these two passions artfully stimulated to their highest point by an artful priesthood, it is a matter of the greatest difficulty for reason to make head. Hence the necessity to show the degrading, self-seeking character of the Christian religion. It is essentially the religion of the courtier, praising and fawning upon the supposed dispenser of favors—temples erected for the praise of God! Faugh! Every self-respecting man is above being praised. How much more a God should be above such pettiness. The very virtue of humility as taught by the Church is a degrading one, happily satirized in Dickens's Uriah Heep. No man can act worthily without proper self respect, which cannot comport with the degrading religion of the Bible. A life starting out with the idea of living to please God is poisoned in its very fountains. Why please God, can't he please himself? The object should be to be happy one's self, and to make others happy. Again the maxim "If thine enemy smite thee on thy right cheek etc. is sound neither in common sense nor practice. The gentle and unresisting heathen races have always fallen a prey to their savage and aggressive Christian neighbors. Witness the example of the unresisting negro, the only example of perfect forgiveness that the world has ever seen. How utterly thrown away is their example on their barbarous Christian masters, let the story of their wrongs teach. To-day sees Christianity in league with the strong against the weak, everywhere the ally of tyranny and oppression, seeking to incite a bloody war between France and Germany in its most unholy interests, forbidding the education of women, and the amelioration of their social condition, and, in short, arranging itself for a pitched battle against the ever advancing forces of our modern civilization. Shall we be compelled to fight a monster like this with our hands tied behind us and our mouths full of polite phrases? At best, it is a contest between an overgrown Goliath and a little David, let not the arm of the assailant be shackled! The writer is not among these who regard with unmingled satisfaction the spectacle of Christianity being undermined by indirect approaches, and made ready to be toppled over without warning. The amount of degrading fear and falsity caused by this course is appalling. The spectacle of a man like Stuart Mill going to his grave with his deepest convictions unuttered is anything but a pleasant one. But shame must lie at the doors of that arrogant priesthood who seek to make error a synonym for sin. Then there is the danger of suddenly overturning a Church, that has a certain imperfect moral teaching mixed up with its superstitious, before there is a higher organized moral training prepared to take its place. One of the grossest and most harmful of all popular errors is the conviction that religion is above morals: it is only above morals as superstition is above reason, or the wildest and most excited emotion is above the dictates of the sober common sense.

Lecky, and many enlightened men to the contrary, I would beg leave to aver that the science of morals is yet in its infancy. The century that sees the Utilitarian theory of morals seriously contested, is too much in the background to form any adequate conception of its possibilities and requirements. The whole intellectual side of moral science is yet to be created. The means whereby the strong and cunning are to be prevented from grasping everything, the means by which a passion for justice and an enthusiasm for doing good are to be created, lie yet in the undiscovered country. The essentials of these principles are blocked out in the minds of advanced thinkers, but their development is yet in the future. The means of securing harmony in social life, the methods by which hope, variety, novelty, and a passionate and absorbing interest in human well-being, are to infuse so fresh and healthful an interest into human life are not only undiscovered, but almost unsought. Why is this? Evidently because Christianity has directed attention from this world to the next, and away from all effort toward improvement, to a base acquiescence in the ills from which we suffer. It has not only done this, but it has made war on human nature and human happiness substituting dogma for reason and dictum for truth.

It is but just to note, however, that when imperfections of conduct, or even positive vices on the part of Christians, are alleged as evidence against the church, an unfair advantage is taken, unless indeed Christians as a body are proved to be more vicious than non-Christians. This will hardly be claimed, for as a rule Christians are, in thought as well as in conduct, infinitely above their religion. How many, think you, among the millions of professing Christians, would condemn a fellow being to the torment of eternal, or even one day's flames for any imaginable offence? The answer must be, not one. This shows that a civilized people have outgrown a barbarous religion. But all the odium under which the Church labors, in consequence of its atrocious martyrdoms inflicted on heretics is well deserved, because, while she has ceased the practice of burning men and women, she still promulgates doctrines that lead directly to that result. The conscientious leaders in the church are deserving of sympathy. Their position is identical with that in which the English Government recently found itself. A verdict against the keeper of an aquarium was given in conformity with the law, against keeping open on Sunday. The Government dared neither to imprison the keeper nor repeal the law, so an act was passed empowering the Home Secretary to remit the penalty in all such cases. In like manner the Church dares neither disavow in time the barbarous part of its creed, nor yet does it dare to teach it, so that our motto should be, war without finching against all barbarous, terrible and terrifying dogmas, and the worship of depraved gods, coupled with a kindly charity for those sincere leaders in the church whose positions are full of difficulties, and becoming fuller every day. J. Q. S.

The Keely Motor.

The following letter from our friend D. R. Burt appeared in a late number of *The Dubuque Times*. Recent reports indicate that Keely & Co., are feeling very hopeful of speedy and great results from the "Motor." A new gauge has been constructed for the Motor, showing a pressure of 54,000 pounds to the square inch. That immense pressure can be obtained, perhaps must be admitted, but whether it can be made continuous and persistent so as to be adapted to the varied uses of machinery, is the problem to be solved. If it is a practicable result, it will, as friend Burt says, be one of the most stupendous discoveries in the history of civilization. If, by mechanical combination, or the decomposition of water, such immense power can be secured without danger or heavy expense, the results will be incalculable. That the Hydrogen and Oxygen, of which water is composed, will yet, in the scientific discoveries to be made, be separated, by a cheap, practical process, and be used immensely for creating light, heat and motive power, we feel confident. The beauty of the thing will be, the material cannot be exhausted, as, after being used, the elements will again unite in the re-formation of water.

DULEITH, Ill., Aug. 5th.

DEAR FRIEND: While at Philadelphia, as I stated to you before starting thither was my intention, I visited Mr. Keely and Mr. Charles B. Collier, the latter the Attorney for the Keely Motor Company. I was introduced by letters from friends; and on presenting them was received with due and proper courtesy, and given as full a description and explanation as the condition of said motor and a proper discretion with regard to the hidden machinery and the secret method of developing the hitherto unknown power would justify. Something like a score of men, each and every one of them occupying a respectable position in society, with a reputation for truth, candor, and the strictest integrity, declare they have seen sufficient to lead them to firmly believe, and a part of the number say they do know and fully understand, that the power claimed to be developed by Mr. Keely is a pos-

itive and absolute fact. These persons are borne out in their statements by the corroborative testimony of such men as William H. Rutherford, Chief Engineer of the United States Navy; William Bokel, Mechanician; B. Howard Rand, Professor of Chemistry; J. Snowden Bell, Mechanical Engineer; G. F. Glocker, of Philadelphia; Henry C. Sargeant, 382 Second Avenue, New York; C. H. Haswell, New York, etc.

John W. Keely is as fine a specimen of physical and intellectual manhood as we rarely meet with. He has given two years to study and experiments in developing the said motive power, and declares, in the most earnest and impressive manner, that he can produce, and has produced, in the most inappreciable period of time, an expansive vapor having an elastic energy of ten thousand pounds to the square inch, using only three agents, to wit: a mechanical structure which he calls a generator; atmospheric air; and natural water; and these, unaided by any chemical compound, heat, electricity or galvanism. The above he declares his willingness to verify by oath, and if not fully correct, to suffer the pains and penalties attached by law to the crime of perjury. He only asks of the public an indulgence of four month's time to finish his new and more perfect generator, and the drawings and specifications necessary in order to obtain letters patent in our own and other countries. Mr. Keely and his friends and gentlemen connected with the invention have been visited with the severest abuse, and unjust and unkind philippics from the *Scientific American* of New York, the *Journal of Chemistry* of Boston, and other papers, calling these men tricksters, swindlers, etc. I regret that journals having the reputation of being good authority upon scientific subjects, and not claiming (as might be inferred from their manner of treating this subject) to have reached the *ultimatum* of all knowledge and to be gifted with omniscience, should treat in this way men who have given their lives to patient and untiring study, investigation and experiment, to learn the hidden forces of nature, and how to command them for the happiness of man. I would say, spare your condemnation, and cease your caviling, gentlemen, for a brief time, and prepare yourselves to welcome the advent of one of the most stupendous discoveries, fraught with more momentous consequences to the happiness of mankind than any other in the history of civilization. Its effect upon our industrial, commercial, political, social and moral condition, can scarcely be reached by the wildest flights of imagination; and from evidence shown I *hope*—belief in abeyance—that in less than the time already given to the discovery of this force, our ships of war will be propelled, and their shot discharged by the same power. Yours very respectfully, D. R. BURT.

A Dangerous Confidence Swindle.

What means are used by the Church to strengthen its hold on the credulous ignorant masses.

MR. EDITOR: Encouraged by your readiness to devote the columns of our influential paper to correspondence tending to spread light or to trample darkness under foot, to destroy old, fatal, superstitious ideas, the writer of this sends you a correct copy of a prayer, in pamphlet form, sold by a Catholic priest to one of his flock, an Irish girl. Is it not about time, that these poor unfortunates were enlightened as to the worth (or rather worthlessness) of the so-called consecrated talismans and charms, and other devices, sold to them under the false pretense that it will guard them against accidents and misfortunes of all kinds?

The priests keep these people and their children in ignorance, and use such despicable means, to swindle them out of their hard earned money.

The prayer speaks for itself and you can dissect it and prove the incorrectness of most of its statements.

Yours Respectfully,

A. H.

THE HOLY PRAYER.

The following prayer was found in the grave of our Lord Jesus Christ in the year 803, and sent by the Pope to the Emperor Charles as he was going to battle. They who shall repeat it every day, or hear it repeated, shall never die a sudden death; nor be drowned in water; nor shall they fall into the hands of their enemies in battle.

Being read over a woman in labour, she shall be delivered safely and be a glad mother. When the child is born, lay it on his or her right side, and he or she, shall not be troubled with misfortunes; and if you see any one in fits, lay on his or her right side, and he or she shall stand up and thank GOD; and they who repeat it in my house shall be blessed by the LORD and he that laughs at it shall suffer.

Believe this to be certain, it is as true as the Holy Evangelist had written it. They who keep it about them shall not fear thunder or lightning; those who repeat it every day, shall have three days mourning before their death.

"Holy Cross of Christ ward off from me all weapons of danger. Oh, Holy Cross of Christ ward off from me all things that are evil. Oh, Holy Cross of Christ protect me in the right way of happiness. Oh, Holy Cross of Christ ward off from me all dangerous deaths, and give me life always. Oh, Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy on me now and forever.—Amen. In honor

of our Lord Jesus Christ. In honor of his sacred passion. In honor of his holy resurrection and godlike ascension, to watch me and bring me the right way to heaven. True as Jesus Christ was born on Christmas day in the stable. True as he was crucified on Friday. True as the three Kings brought their offerings to Jesus on the thirteenth day. True as he ascended into heaven, so the honor of Jesus will keep us from our enemies, visible and invisible, now and forever.—Amen.

"Oh Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on me. Mary and Joseph pray for me. Nicodemus and Joseph who took the Lord down from the Cross and buried him. Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, by your sufferings on the Cross when parting out of the world give me grace that I may carry my cross patiently with dread and fear. When I suffer, and that without complaining, and that I may escape danger, now and forever. Amen."

Letters to a Preacher.

NO. XII.

Friend S—Thesays, "if infidels are more moral than Christians, their morality does not depend upon the faith which they advocate. Free thought, free words, and free actions do not bring morality." But I say, if Infidels are more moral than Christians, and they are undoubtedly so, as a class—is not this a proof that their peculiar ideas are the cause of this superiority? They realize that this world is all, and if they do not find happiness here, they will never find it, so they make the most and the best of what they have now, instead of wearing long faces, and calling this beautiful earth "a world of sin and woe" and declaring that "man is born to misery as the sparks fly upwards" and "sin and iniquity are his natural birth right." Infidels believe that purity, goodness and love, a sound body and a sound mind are the natural heirship of all that live; and it is their aim to have each child born and reared with a full complement of these, or as nearly so as possible. It is far worse robbery to bring into the world a child deprived of any of the natural faculties, or feeble or sickly in constitution and intellect, through our own transgression of moral or physical laws; than it is to steal or take from them mere wealth or property in money, or its equivalent. Yet how many Christian believers lead immoral, corrupt, and debasing lives, begetting weak, puny, idiotic or sickly children! Our hospitals, asylums and jails are full of such; and for all the misery these and other unfortunates suffer here upon the earth, they have only the promise of, under almost or quite impossible conditions, a visionary heaven hereafter—so very visionary indeed, that not one in five hundred is in any hurry to leave even this "despised world" for its doubtful happiness.

Now free thoughts do produce morality, for they culminate in free action. Where there is no real freedom there is no morality. Even you Christians admit free-will, else you claim there could be no sin; and what more or less is free will than *freedom throughout*? No Infidel claims or asks more than a liberty to do as his "free will" impels him. If we have this we have all the three freedoms you so condemn, and we do really have them, while you only pretend to have free will, whereas all the time you are actually slaves! You dare not think any further than your preacher, creed and church will allow you. You have no free will at all, as long as you must believe in Christianity—blindly follow Christ, Creed and Church, run in one old rut till it is worn so deep that you cannot see any way out of it without upsetting all your present view on all that is, and rendering your minds a perfect chaos of confusion; so that you keep right on in that old rut year after year, generation after generation, and refuse to see, hear or think of any light save that old "tallow dip" of your great, great grandfathers. You cling to your ancient God of Battles, and his musty records of an age long gone by—an age which recorded vulgarities and obscenities so coarse and low and vile, that men and women have lain for weeks and months in our jails and prisons for merely quoting them *without comment* from this holy God-book. You look back among the Troglodytic forefathers expecting there to find all of perfection, gentleness and morality—for does not that delectable book say "man was created perfect" and consequently the nearer you can reach back through the ages to that state of existence the more nearly perfect you expect to become.

"Backward, ye presumptuous nations,
Man to misery is born!
Born to drudge, and sweat and suffer;
Born to labor and to pray!
Kings and priests are God's Vicegerents,
Man must worship and obey—
Back! be humble and obey."

Infidels alone live out and practice free will. If there be any such thing as *freedom*, they only are free who are at liberty to follow truth wherever it leads, and give the fullest expression to each and every idea and thought. This honesty of sentiment moulds their whole lives toward honesty in all things. They also know there can be no "remission of sin" that if they do wrong, there is no escape from the penalty. Scapegoats, substitutes and saviors are creations of a past age—so each must now work out his own salva-

tion from evil, and build for himself as he selects to live; and all this helps to make better men and better women. If free thoughts, words and actions do not bring morality, why not say at once that Slavery is better than freedom, and return to the old time submission to kings, priests and popes, as the best condition of society? Why boast of this "land of the free," if freedom is no blessing? and why make we such an ado over our National Constitution because of its toleration of all creeds and systems of belief, if such freedom does not tend to a higher and better morality? Why is the world all the time abolishing all manner of slavery, priestcraft and Jesuitism? Why are our laws becoming year by year more lax and lenient? Why are all the more barbaric modes of punishment gradually becoming things of the past? Why are our criminals each year treated more and more as subjects of insanity—victims of a bad organization and a wrong, training, rather than as wilfully bad, vile or vicious? Why do we treat our children more and more as equals, as deserving the respect and politeness, which we aforesaid only bestowed upon strangers, "company," and elders? Is not all this the outgrowth of that Freethought which you Christians so cry down and despise? Is it not because Infidels, reformers, scientists and all the advanced intellects of the day recognize the perfect freedom and equality of every individual? The less of law, the less of the force-system we have, the larger will be the quota of real Simon-pure morality. We may cow people down into an outward, cringing, seeming servility by force, cruelty and oppression, but of what real utility to the world will such slaves of tyranny be? Point to one great, good and noble deed which such as these have ever done, and we grant you that there may be one argument against freedom. On the other hand, mark the free, enlightened, independent thinker. Erect, firm, unfaltering, he flinches from no fact; he braves and dares all in his pursuit of truth, knowing that however dazzling and beautiful all else may seem, it is only base counterfeit, and will not wear or stand the test of time. He realizes that each individual is but part of the great whole of humanity, and that upon the weal of one depends that of all.

Then sons of freedom! wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bids you rise,
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary.
Behold their tears and hear their cries,
Oh liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy glorious flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

—Kneeland's Hymns.

ELMINA D. SLENER.

Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va.

The Society of Friends.

Under this caption I do not purpose giving a general history of the Quaker Church, but will confine myself principally to what is known as the West Branch Monthly Meeting, of which I am a member. I presume our little band will utter a hearty amen to all I may say although I have not consulted with them for some time, owing to my absence on business, and cannot say positively that my sketch will accord with the feelings of our congregation. However, if one or more should dissent, I take the responsibility upon myself.

Friends, were originally a peaceful, harmless, honest, non-resistant people, but owing to our principle of non-resistance we were soon dubbed "Quakers" by the wicked outside world, which means cowards, and we gradually degenerated into the condition requisite to fit the name. It was an outrage at the time, to be so dubbed for we were morally brave even to martyrdom which many of our society had to suffer. We learned from the Holy Bible that "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. . . . For if ye be without chastisement then are ye bastards and not sons." (Heb. xii, 6, 8.) This encouraged us, and we kept on in the even tenor of our way, and gained in numbers until we obtained to a standing along side of some of the popular Churches. We then began to grow corrupt, work for power or leadership, and soon dissensions arose and we quarrelled and split, and fought for possession of the Church-property, and finally became known as "Orthodox" and "Hicksites."

We of the West Branch Meeting profess to be Hicksites, but we are really Orthodox in faith. Elias Hicks, we find, taught in his last writings that he could set down no stakes, could give us no creed, but could only admonish us to "follow the light within." This we found was too loose for us. It would lead to Spiritualism. Consequently we repudiated Elias Hicks and fell back upon God's Holy Word. This we take literally and mean to carry it out to the letter as soon as we can get control of the Government.

We are now doing the best we can under the circumstances. All who differ from us in opinion, or become Spiritualists, we promptly ostracise and disown and expel from our meeting, and bid them god-speed to hell, for that is what we turn them out for, when we consider them no longer fit to be accounted as "one of us." It will be our greatest joy in the

great hereafter to gaze down into the pit of hell and see those recreant members, bound hand and foot, burning, writhing, seething, in the lake of fire and brimstone that burneth forever, and is not quenched. All glory to a great and just God.

Our meeting, before the advent of Spiritualism, was very prosperous. We had a large house well-filled every "Fifday" and "Firsday." No matter what work was on hand, every member would drop it and go to meeting. The young folks as well as the old, could say "Thee" to each other, and all went well. Time brought many things to bear against us. "Fashion" worked its way in, both in the matter of apparel and in speech, some married out of the church and were disowned; others of the young joined other churches, the aged kept dying off, the young grew up in the way of the world in spite of us, and now after expelling the Spiritualists, we have very few members left. Some of our meetings are blank, and of the rest we have an attendance of one or more.

And where are we now? What is left of us? "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." We have been mad. We have been told by impartial judges that we have expelled our best members. It is true. We acknowledge that nearly all the talent went with the expelled members. But we thought they would all come down on their knees and recant their heresies and beg to be retained in the church. They did not do it. We had then gone so far with our persecuting scheme that we could not back out with any degree of honor, and so we had to expel them. We know we have done wrong to our fellow men in the sight of the Lord, and we turn to the Bible for consolation. But what do we find? "Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord. . . . Wealth and riches shall be in his house." (Ps. cxii, 1, 3.) "In the house of the righteous is much treasure." (Prov. xv, 6.) Great God! We are all poor even to poverty. Have we no escape from the laws and teachings of the Old Testament? No! Hear what Christ says: "I am not come to destroy the law but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of the least Commandments and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. v, 17, 18, 19.) And how many of these Commandments have we kept? Let us look at some of them:—"This is my covenant, which ye shall keep between me and you, and thy seed after thee. Every man and child among you shall be circumcised." (Gen. xvii, 10.) "And the swine because it divideth the hoof, yet cheweth not the cud, it is unclean unto you; ye shall not eat of their flesh, nor touch their dead carcass." (Deut. xiv, 8.) "Thou shalt offer every day a bullock for a sin offering for atonement." (Ex. xxix, 36.) To these and to nearly all other laws or Commandments in the Holy Bible, we have paid no heed. Now it is too late. We have broken and re-broken God's laws until we can but cry out, "O Lord, why hast thou made us to err from thy ways and hardened our hearts?" (Is. lxiii, 17.) Why hast thou sent us strong delusion that we might believe a lie and be damned? (2 Thess. ii, 11.) We would pray, but it would avail nothing, "for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." (Matt. vi, 8.) There is naught left for such as we are, but to weep and wail, for the Lord says: "Then shall ye call upon me, but I will not answer;" they shall seek me early, but shall not find me. (Prov. i, 28.) "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." (Rev. xiv, 11.)

Our minister has admonished us times innumerable to examine ourselves, but we were always too bigoted and self-righteous. We have of late, however, ventured to hearken unto his admonition, but I forbear disclosing even a tithe of what we found, for according to God's Holy Word, we are bound for hell any how. "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." (Rev. xxi, 8.)

JASON KIRK.

Member West Branch Monthly Meeting,
Society of Friends, Grampian Hills, Pa. }

Freedom of Thought.

And why should I feel anxious to change another's opinion, especially of a matter utterly unknowable to us both, and of which no legal, logical or scientific proof is possible? Your "faith" is for yourself, not for me. And if you are satisfied with your own experience, so am I. Why, then, are you dissatisfied with mine? Why, then, does the Christian forbid my thinking for myself?

The Papist commands me, upon the penalties of eternal torments, to think as he does, and expressly forbids the right of private judgment. The Protestant, ostensibly allows the right of private judgment; but, in practice, denies it. A large majority of the Protestant sects allow no member to differ from the creed, the "Discipline," the "Thirty-nine Articles," or "Confession of Faith." Even a doubt in regard to the personality of the Devil, or the horrible doctrine of eternal torments, renders the member obnoxious to the sect, and his expulsion follows as a matter of course.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

New-York Liberal Club.

FRIDAY, AUG. 27TH.

[THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH MEETING.]

MR. HANSON delivered a lecture on

"The Proofs of the Existence of God,"

in which he endeavored to prove the existence of that mysterious being by the old arguments of design and necessity, as well as by human consciousness. He said he "felt God," and knew that he existed. His arguments were pretty effectually refuted by HENRY EVANS, G. L. HENDERSON and D. M. BENNETT. S. P. ANDREWS, H. M. T. WILCOX, HERMAN SHOOK, D. E. DE LARA and others participated in the discussion, which was spirited. MR. HANSON, in his reply, thought he had been personally assailed, but in this he was mistaken.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 3D.

[THREE HUNDRED AND NINTH MEETING.]

MR. A. P. REQUIER, of the New York Bar, read an eloquent and well-written paper; subject,

"The House that Jack Built."

He showed that the old nursery tale by this title had been handed down from ancient Chaldea, and he used it as a text, from which he spun out an eloquent sermon, likening the untenanted house, the malt, the rat, the cat, the dog, the cow, the maid, the young man and the priest to the varied qualities and conditions of humanity from a Swedenborgian standpoint, making the various animals typical or representative of unprogressed and elevated conditions of the human soul. It was interspersed with humor, pathos and fine sentiment, and was delivered in a masterly manner.

A lively discussion followed, which was participated in by MESSRS. HENDERSON, ANDREWS, EVANS, DAWSON, GARDNER and WILCOX.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 10TH.

[THREE HUNDRED AND TENTH MEETING.]

Our Vice-President, W. L. ORMSBY, JR., read a very humorous paper, entitled,

"The Modern Democritus; or, the Laughing Philosopher."

He alluded, in starting out, to the ancient Grecian philosopher, and at his laughing at the follies of the times in which he lived. He descanted on the utility of laughter and mirth, and upon the fact that the sentiments, characteristics and literature of a people were represented in its anecdotes and jokes.

He read a large number of witticisms and hits at the extravagances and follies of the times, interspersed with comments and philosophisms. His especial theory of "Enlightened Self Interest" being the grand moving principle of the human race, he illustrated with numerous comical anecdotes. The lecture, upon the whole, was a most amusing one, and was followed by a good-humored discussion, which was participated in by MR. HERMAN SHOOK, MR. DAWSON, S. P. ANDREWS, G. L. HENDERSON, MR. WILCOX and DR. LAMBERT. MESSRS. ANDREWS and HENDERSON related sundry anecdotes, which added materially to the hilarity of the occasion. Everybody present left the hall in a cheerful mood.

Appreciative.

PARIS, TEX., Aug. 14th.

FRIEND BENNETT: In the "TRUTH SEEKER" of Aug. 1st, I see many things to gladden the heart of the Progressive Free Thinker.

The first I will notice, is your enterprise, "The World's Sages, Infidels and Thinkers." Put me down for a copy. Such a work should be read and owned by every Liberal; most sincerely do I hope you may receive orders for it, as thick as leaves of Vallambrosia.

Every Infidel ought to strive to be wide awake, and well posted. We are so often met with the poor, stale, "Well, Infidelity will do to live by, but it will not do to die by," and as we have never died yet and cannot know how it may be, when our Christian friends and foes are weeping, groaning, hoping, and praying around us, as body and mind lose sense beneath the marble touch of Death, we ought to inform ourselves how it has been with those of our faith who have passed behind the veil.

I for one, have left behind me a good many of the mile stones of life, but the terrible shadow of superstition with its chill and dread, ever kept near me till a few months since. Somehow I have managed to get ahead of it, and life was never so sunny and pleasant as now. I love it better than ever, but I can say with reverence and candor, I have no fears of Death, and if my mind is clear in my dying moments, I expect to leave my testimony against the fearful dogmas that dwarfed my childhood and blighted my youth.

I am also pleased with the notice of Dr. Stone's book "The New Gospel of Health." As soon as I can I shall purchase it. Yes, that is the true way; let us do our own thinking, praying, and doctoring. Let us try hard to have sound bodies for sound minds.

The last thing I shall notice, for I see I am getting too lengthy, is a short article from "Liberal"; he, in my opinion is right. I feel so free and peaceful over my reprieve that if one of the "meek and lowly" followers should land me in the brimstone region, I should not try to pull my opponent in with me; by all means let us not stoop to fight with the carnal and infernal weapons of INTOLERANCE.

Indeed, I think I read the paper through, from beginning to end with a satisfied smile on my countenance. Respectfully yours, EDITH MONTROSE.

On Social Progress.

EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: I observe [TRUTH SEEKER, July 21st.] that Dr. Marvin's history of the condition of New York society, in his Lecture to the Liberal Club "On the Literature of the Insane," did not provoke any comment from the members who took a part in the subsequent discussion. I am surprised at this, because a description of the condition of society in the chief city of this most progressed of nations, which is supposed to have inherited the experiences of improvement in European nations, presents one of the best examples of determining the Law of Progress, according to the historic method; that is, of comparing the existing condition with the history of the past condition of society.

The majority of the students of what Mill called "the great and vexed question of Progressiveness of Man and of Society," belong to a class called Progressionists, who maintain that the absolute course of individuals and nations can never be retrograde, but always onward and upward, though they admit the ultimate tending to dissolution. Another class called Degradationists, hold the opinion of the Ancients that the natural tendency of men and their works, is to degenerate. In the former class may be found placed such men as Spencer and Draper, of the latter class the late Hugh Miller is an extreme representative. He maintained that the mysterious element of degradation existed in the vertebrate classes of animals during the past geologic ages, and still exists; that in many nations. There have been and still are the elements of a state of ever sinking degradation; and that as unexceptional a theory of degradation may be set forth as of progressive development. Both Spencer and Huxley supported Miller's assertion that the geologic evidence usually supposed to prove a progression to a higher state is untrustworthy; and Lesley, the Pennsylvania State Geologist, says that the principle of degradation is too much ignored.

Another class of sociological students is composed of those who recognize the principles of progression and degradation, as both being operative in human affairs. Some believe, as Mill did thirty years ago, that "with occasional exceptions, the general tendency of man and society is to improvement to a better and happier state." But in a later essay, "On Civilization," Mill said that the present age is not advanced, or equally progressive in many kinds of particular improvements when compared with past ages. In some things it is stationary, in others even retrograde. There is not anything to morally and intellectually distinguish it; and he says, but for individual exertions, the tendency of human affairs would be to rapidly deteriorate. Humboldt, referring to the historic method of philosophising on social science by the study and analysis of the general parts of history, says: "If events could be traced to their true causes, the history of nations might solve the ever-recurring enigma of the retrograde oscillations experienced by the alternately progressive and retrograde movements of society." Sir Henry Maine, in his "Ancient Law," says, that so far from progress and improvement being the rule in social affairs, "the stationary condition of society is the rule, and the progressive the exception." The late Professor Cairnes illustrates this opinion by a reference to two historical facts. First, while a few nations, he instances the Greeks and Romans, rapidly advanced to a high state of civilization the great mass of mankind, he instances the Oriental nations, moved up to a certain point, then became stationary, and showed no disposition to move beyond. Second, during seven or eight centuries, the period known as the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, some of the most important nations steadily retrograded in their political and social movements.

I will now bring together the scattered references in Dr. Marvin's Lecture as to the existing condition of New York society, and then compare it with the condition of Roman society, previous to, and subsequent to the Fall of the Empire, including the period of the so-called Dark Ages. Dr. Marvin says, in answer to his question "Who are the Insane?" that the majority of men . . . are either savages or children, and understand such things only as appeal to the simplicity of their intellects. The brains of savages and children exhibit on dissection shallowness of sulci and feebleness of convolution. The cineritious, or thinking tissue, is deficient in quantity. To such minds it is useless to address prolonged argument, for they have not the faculty wherewith to appreciate logic.

They are children and mind childish things, and if you wish to make them understand you and profit by your discourse, you will have to address them in a childish language. In dissecting human brains nothing has more thoroughly impressed me than the poverty of thinking tissue which characterizes the average cerebrum. I am not speaking of leading merchants, bankers, financiers, and professional men, but of the rank and file of humanity." Marvin says, the language of the sane adult of the Nineteenth Century is that of commerce and science, not that of poetry. He says that we are surrounded by the insane (the rank and file of humanity) who possess the childish characteristic of imitation. Like children they live in their senses, and are ruled over by the imagination; like the child, the savage, and the poet, they live in an ideal world. To observe "who are the imitators—the automatic whose movements result rather from the *medulla oblongata* than the *cerebrum*. . . . the children, not perhaps in years, but in intellect." Marvin tells us to stand "on the avenue, and you will see thousands of these adult children stopping, promenading or loitering. They have no end to serve, they move with the throng merely because others by whom they are surrounded do the same. They are borne on by the force of example. If you closely examine the faces of these men and women who have spent years, perhaps life, on the avenue, you will see that the lines which usually indicate character are wanting and that the features . . . are blank and expressionless."

Marvin says, a more strongly marked class of the insane, are these "who seek comfort in the mirage of Spiritualism, the will-o-the-wisp of Mesmerism, or the Delusion of Transcendentalism." "The Press, the great engine of civilization, is often converted by their frenzy into an engine of folly. . . . turning backward the wheels of progress." They form societies, edit papers, and publicly proclaim their folly. What shall we do for these men and women, many of whom possess talent, genius, culture? "By virtue of their numbers we cannot confine them in asylums, nor can we subject them to medical surveillance."

Dr. Marvin believed in what Spencer calls Comte's superficial and untenable theory of three stages of intellectual progress; the mythological, the metaphysical, and the positive. The theory set forth that in examining the history of nations, of individuals, or of special sciences, it is found that speculation commences with supernatural, advances to metaphysical, and finally reposes in positive explanations." In connection with this theory, Marvin says, that this age is a very sad age," but, he says also, that it is a glorious age, . . . full of light from the ascending sun of science"; that "it lies between two great civilizations, . . . the age of metaphysics, which is practically dead," and that of the positive or scientific age, which he believes has not yet arrived. And what if this be true, does it promise general intelligence or more happiness and virtue? It has given more leisure, or induced more morality, nor even prevented an apparent retrograde movement, for as Bogelot says in his "Physics and Politics," it is "doubtful whether all the inventions and machines of mankind have yet lightened the day's labor of a human being." They have enabled more people to exist, but the people work just as hard, and are as mean and miserable as when there were fewer.

I think the moral condition of society is truly depicted in the article "Mokanna Unveiled," (TRUTH SEEKER, Aug. 15th.). The writer agrees with Draper Frothingham, and other eminent Liberals in the doctrine of progressive improvement; and unites with them in vilifying the Dark Ages, and declaring that the people were sunk in the lowest ignorance and brutal superstitions. (Underwood, at the annual meeting of the Free Religious Associations, said that "These were ages of the grossest vice and licentiousness, and ages to which Lecky says the epithet "mean" is justly applicable. I hold, with Guizot and Mill, the contrary opinion, but Underwood says I am under a delusion.) The writer above mentioned says, that "in this God-blessed Republic, in this Nineteenth Century, the statistics of crime and vice are perfectly appalling." He supported his opinion by quoting from Ingersoll, McDonnell, Denton, etc., all of whom are believers in the progressive improvement of society. The following are some of his quotations from recent periodicals. "The records of the past have never presented a more fearful and corrupt state of society. "Crimes unprecedented in number and unequalled in atrocity fill every section of our country with horrors, exhibiting a hardened barbarity, in their details . . . only to be exceeded in the bosom of demons." And the *Scientific American* says, "It is admitted by all parties that crimes of the most outrageous, and unprecedented character abound throughout the country . . . to a degree wholly unparalleled." I believe that a worse character cannot be truly given to the "Dark Ages."

Yours truly, JOHN CHAPPELLSMITH.

New Harmony, Ind.

Those who send us seventy-five cents will receive THE TRUTH SEEKER from Sept. 1st to Jan. 1st, and forty cents' worth of TRUTH SEEKER Tracts.

Friendly Correspondence.

MARGARET JONES, Centralia, Ill., writes: I cannot get along without the blessed TRUTH SEEKER.

CALVIN GRISWOLD, Earlville, Ill., writes: Don't stop my paper for Christ's sake. I cannot get along without it.

K. GRAVES, Richmond, Ind., writes: I want a few copies of your lecture on the "Gods," either in THE TRUTH SEEKER, or in Tracts.

J. H. CRANDALL, Langdon, Minn., writes: The more I read your paper, the better I like it, and I don't see how I could get along without it.

HORACE BALDWIN, Mt. Vernon, O., writes: I would rather have one copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER than McCloskey's red cap. Still the work goes bravely on.

MRS. ELLA BIRGE WILSON, writes: We have been an old subscriber, in fact from the first, and would not lose a single number for the subscription price of the paper.

GEO. SHARFF, Logansport, Ind., writes: We like the T. S. for its plain talk, and will be glad to get it weekly. Free thought and mental liberty are gaining ground here.

JAMES LECLERC, Atlanta, Kan., writes: Accept my compliments for your Plimpton Hall Lecture. It gives a fair representation of all the gods which ignorant men have worshipped.

ISAAC SNYDER, M. D., Horton, Mich., writes: I have for over thirty years taken from \$12 to \$20 of papers and magazines a year, and I think THE TRUTH SEEKER the best among them all.

I. G. KENDALL, Southampton, Ill., writes: Please put my name down as a life subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I trust that you will be spared to do good in the world for years to come.

W. W. PALMER, Northport, Wis., writes: Save me one of the patent Book covers for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I have preserved all my numbers, and they are more valuable to me than those old Jewish legends called the Bible.

HENRY SAILOR, Lisbon, Ia., writes: Money is tight with me, but we would rather get along with a few less ruffles and ribbons than without your paper. Do not get discouraged in the good work you have begun. We all like to read it.

MRS. KATE PARKER, Anaheim, Cal., writes: I wish to compliment you on the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is replete with wise and witty, grave and funny, indisputable and inexhaustible matter; and I find nothing in it to condemn.

WM. D. BRISTER, Trenton Falls, N. Y., writes: I am delighted with THE TRUTH SEEKER. Its language is bold, fearless, and, according to my ideas, truthful. I am glad it is soon to be published weekly, and my earnest wish is, that it may be well sustained.

JOS. CLEWS, San Bernardino, Cal., forwards a list of names and \$10, and writes: That the Unknowable may ever increase your knowledge and wisdom for the benefit of THE TRUTH SEEKER and humanity at large is the desire of a well wisher and life subscriber.

CHAS. L. ROBERTS, Yates City, Ill., sending in a list of eighteen subscribers, writes: I have the promise of other subscribers on the commencement of your new volume, and hope to do more for you. I will ask of you the privilege of still sending subscribers upon the old terms—\$2 25 for sixteen months.

SAMUEL STRAUSS, Chicago, writes: I hope that the panic times will soon be over, and that with a better feeling generally people will be induced to do something for their mental benefit, and will read THE TRUTH SEEKER in preference to the Independent or similar stuff.

SARA VANSICKLE, Covington, Ind., writes: You see I comply with your request, and help answer your good prayer, and so will every genuine Freethinker, who reads THE TRUTH SEEKER. It certainly is the best paper published. I think Brother Altman a good Infidel.

ELMINA D. SLENKER, Snowville, Va., writes: Each number of THE TRUTH SEEKER is better than the preceding one. Thy own excellent paper on the "Gods," and thy "Prayer to the Devil," suits well. I am glad our generous friend, Mr. Altman, gave \$50 for the circulation of the paper containing it.

E. B. DAVID, Vanville, Wis., writes: Liberalism is spreading rapidly in this part of the country. THE TRUTH SEEKER is doing its work. Every copy that comes is seized with avidity, read, and handed around until some orthodox fool gets hold of it—and you know the result. Friend Bennett, God bless you—if there is any God.

C. T. MANNON, New Boston, Ill., writes: I like THE TRUTH SEEKER very well. Its fearless, outspoken, and respectful manner of dealing with the subjects of which it treats will cause it to be respected, even by opponents. We must stand for our opinions, and defend them like men entitled to equal rights.

P. A. O. HANKINS, Appleton, Tenn., writes: Many intelligent young men in this country are fond of reading THE TRUTH SEEKER; but proscription is a mighty power in the land, and men are ostracised for opinion's sake. To lose place and position, and be cast upon the cold charity of a Christian community is an alarming thought to them.

CHAS. L. ROBERTS, Yates City, Ill., writes: It is the expressed opinion of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER here that it is the best Liberal paper published, and that it is all the time improving. I shall want your book "The Sages, Infidels, and Thinkers," and quite a number of others say they shall want it.

FRED WELLINGTON, St. Charles, Mich., writes: I am well pleased with your paper—and some faults with it—less however, than with any other paper that deals with moral principles which has met my observation. Your lecture before the Liberal Club is excellent. With two very slight exceptions I endorse it.

MRS. JACOB MARTIN, Cairo, Ill., writes: I am glad THE TRUTH SEEKER is to be a weekly, and wish you success. I have as much good will toward Liberalism as Mr. Altman, but unfortunately, not as much money. If I had, you would find another \$50 enclosed here for the cause. There are, thank goodness, a few persons able and willing to give largely; and we who cannot, can give what we are able and work all the more.

J. M. COOK, Lake Village, N. H., writes: Your lecture in the Aug. 15th number of THE TRUTH SEEKER is a stunner! The truth must be told, and all the Jewish Gods and devils cannot stop its spreading in our day. All the priests and popes and Beechers combined cannot hinder it.

C. B. TUCKER, Lyons, N. Y., writes: I could not well get along without THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I am very much pleased to know that you are going to issue it weekly. I sincerely hope you will succeed in your glorious and philanthropic mission to a blind and fanatical world. I think THE TRUTH SEEKER is the best moral teacher I have ever known.

MARTIN CHRISTIANSEN, Green Bay, Wis., writes: It would do the Christians far more good to read the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER than to read the Pilgrim's Progress one hundred and one times. Brother Bennett, as long as the T. S. lives, be sure I shall remit and remain a living Liberal.

O. N. BANCROFT, Toms River, N. J., writes: I like your paper first-rate, because you publish what can be relied upon as truth. You have no holy humbug to bolster up. Your mathematics are correct—three times one make three with you, instead of one. Teach truth, let it hurt whoever it may. That should be the motto of all honest men.

JOHN PECK, Naples, N. Y., writes: Keep the fires of truth burning brightly. Let the black-coated gentry be seen in their true light. When the masses find out that God is capable of moving his own machinery, these privileged gentlemen will probably "step down and out."

JOHN T. FORD, Independence, Or., writes: I am pleased to learn that you are going to make THE TRUTH SEEKER a weekly publication after January next. I intend sending you before the year is out one dozen subscribers from this place in spite of the Orthodox and superstitious by which I am environed. Truth in the end will conquer; and THE TRUTH SEEKER must be made a success. I pronounce your paper the best Liberal sheet on the planet.

LEVI HEATH, Northport, Wis., writes: I have read your paper delivered before the Liberal Club, and think it the plainest and most outspoken paper I have ever read. I have also read the "Heathens of the Heath," and think it a very valuable work. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER better and better every number, and watch the time of their coming. I will take a copy of your "World's Sages, Infidels and Thinkers," though I hardly feel able to do so, but I think every Liberal should try and get one.

E. D. BLAKEMAN, Circleville, O., writes: I see you propose in the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER to make it a weekly. Good! Go ahead, and may the angels' blessings be with you and it, and may it spread light and truth to the hungry souls of men. I like the way you manage the paper, and the liberal terms you offer. It is just what the times demand. The Liberal, Freethinking world cannot do without it. It is the means by which we can sound afar to others our beautiful ideas of truth, love and progress.

CHAS. STEPHENSON, Rock Island, Ill., writes: I think your proposed book will be a work that is greatly needed; though to be complete it will have to be so large that it will limit its circulation and thereby lessen its powers for good. No true Infidel I think would object to paying three or five dollars for such a work; but they are not the ones who need such knowledge the most. It is those who give credence to what they have been taught by Christian friends about the death-bed recantations of Infidels who are most in need of it.

F. J. KIEB, Newark, N. J., writes: I shall want the new book you intend to edit, "The World's Sages, Infidels, and Thinkers." I am glad you are making an effort in that direction. Brother, you are doing a great and good work. Although you live in obscurity and labor in humble circumstances now, your reward will come some day, when this ignorant world will be more enlightened than it now is. I want you to send me the second volume as soon as finished.

LEVI WOOD, Galesburg, Mich., writes: I observe in your "Prayer" that you are determined to press forward in the good cause. I also observe that you do not call upon the Lord to answer your petitions, but upon the Liberals of the country—upon those who are not slaves to a hireling priesthood—to sustain you in your enterprise, not by wishing it success, but by substantial aid—greenbacks. Brothers and sisters, advocates of the Truth, shall this paper be sustained? Shall this sheet that is spreading common sense (a scarce article) be supported? Let us all reply by remitting promptly, and trying to extend its circulation.

E. K. HOSFORD, Edinburg, Ind., writes: I consider the last number—Aug. 15th—worth the whole subscription, and all that comes in future as a gratuity. Your subscribers here are all Spiritualists, but your paper pleases them. Your motto, "One world at a time," is a good one. I see no point for a quarrel between Materialists and advanced Spiritualists. We are glad THE TRUTH SEEKER is to become a weekly. Enroll me as a subscriber for your new book—"The World's Sages, Infidels and Thinkers." Success to you, Bro. Bennett. May the gods help you, if there are any! If they do not, help yourself, like a true philosopher, and the true and noble of earth's children will come to your aid.

ROLAND M. CASEY, Pendleton, S. C., writes: The last TRUTH SEEKER is at hand, and I am so well pleased with it that I must again give thanks, notwithstanding I wrote you only a few days ago. Your future plans for the paper really delight me, and I am sure will meet the approbation of every subscriber. The low price at which you propose to issue the weekly puts it within reach of nearly every individual who is friendly to our cause, and I am bold to say there is not a real Simon-pure Infidel in the land who will refuse to take it and pay for it. The best thing in the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER is your proposed enterprise of publishing the lives and deathbed incidents of noted Infidels. Since I became an Infidel I have wanted, and repeatedly inquired for, just such a work as you propose to issue. Send it by telegraph if you can. My son O. W. Casey, also wants one. We wish our names printed on the back of our books in large gilt letters. I trust every Infidel, every Spiritualist, and many of our honest Christian friends, will patronize the book.

A. SWEET, False Cape, Cal., writes: I want you to consider me a life subscriber. I never tire of reading THE TRUTH SEEKER. I think it is getting better all the time. Your paper is doing a great work. The cause is progressing slow but steady. I take more interest in your paper than any paper that is published. My wife also likes it, and I want some tracts for my children—to counteract the false teachings which they are bound to hear, more or less. I think you are doing more good for the world than Christ did when he died to save sinners. One good, live worker is worth more than a dozen dead men

in my estimation. I hope to see the time when our school-houses will not be infested two or three times every week with canting, psalm-singing sons of Babylon, and when people will not allow themselves to be taxed for the support of churches and hypocritical preachers.

WM. F. PORTER, 1916 Polethorp street, Philadelphia, writes: Having read 23 numbers of yours T. S.; I feel, in writing to you, as if I were addressing an old friend. I had never read any publication on free thought before, and on perusing your spicy little SEEKERS, it seemed as if the hoodwinks of ignorance had suddenly dropped from my eyes. In consequence of early education, the sword of Damocles seemed to be continually suspended over my head. I always seemed to be in dread of some impending punishment in the future life; but now thanks to your invaluable and instructive TRUTH SEEKER, all my apprehensions have vanished. O! I so wish your fearless little paper was in every household in the land. Keep on Brother Bennett, and you will come out right in the end. May you live to the age of Methuselah.

A. A. CLARK, Evening Shade, Ark., writes: Although I hold to views entirely antagonistic to those you have expressed in THE TRUTH SEEKER concerning the Deity, still I am thoroughly convinced that you are doing a great deal in the cause of intellectual liberty, and I will with pleasure do all in my power toward extending the influence of your paper. I hope you will continue to give to your readers articles from the pens of Messrs. Ingersoll and Underwood. Col. Ingersoll's Oration on Thomas Paine I consider as a splendid and unsurpassed tribute to the memory of one of the noblest of men; and the number of THE TRUTH SEEKER containing that Oration is alone worth the subscription price of your paper. I think that your idea about inserting a family record in your new book is a good one. It will have the effect to perpetuate the book in Liberal families. This book will furnish our boys and girls with plenty of evidence by which they can "corner the parson" when that worthy makes his usual attack on our progenitors in the field of free thought. I cannot close without congratulating you upon the fact that THE TRUTH SEEKER is to become a weekly.

A. ARMSTRONG, Meadville, Pa., writes: I am glad you have concluded to issue THE TRUTH SEEKER weekly. I promise you at least two new subscribers. If I fail to find that number who will take it and pay for it, I will make New Years' presents of two copies to make good my promise. There are but few friends of THE TRUTH SEEKER who are not able to add at least one new subscriber to your list, and I trust that every one who is taking your valuable paper this year will deem it their duty to make some such promise, and exceed their promise, to the astonishment of the editor. Volume three of THE TRUTH SEEKER would be a nice New Years' present to bestow on a friend, where one is not able to make presents of a higher price (I will not say value). My acquaintance with it has not been long, but I would not now exchange it for any paper I know of. I find many who are willing to receive the paper from me that have not the courage to become regular subscribers. I need not mention the reason. There is not near the number of Christian believers as the numerous God-houses indicate. True, Infidels are scarce, but hypocrites are numerous. You may count me a subscriber for your book, the "World's Sages, Infidels and Thinkers."

HENRY WILBUR, Vineland, New Jersey, writes: I have lately been going to and fro on the earth—like the old adversary—and have had an opportunity of taking notice of the growth of ideas, and I am forced to believe that, by virtue of the inherent principle of progress which pervades all through nature, the old blood and thunder doctrines, together with their accompanying superstitions, are gradually passing away. It requires more brains than the average preacher of the day possesses to make young Americans believe the unmathematical proposition that three persons occupy the same place at the same time; or that, according to orthodox figuring, three are one, or one three. There is a very palpable falling off from the Christian Church all over the country, and Talmage may well inquire, "Inasmuch as there are four deaths to every two conversions in the Church, how long will it take the race to get to heaven?" Of course there are some things in THE TRUTH SEEKER which I do not endorse; but I reflect that there are manifold phases of liberal thought to please, and if the different elements of liberalism were more united, our influence might be much greater, and the task of enlightening the world much easier.

SALLIE J. MINER, Angola, Ind., writes: I am deeply interested in THE TRUTH SEEKER, more so than in any paper I have ever read. I have taken the Woodhull Weekly from the time it started. Mrs. W. has been a fearless advocate of free thought, free speech, and freedom for every individual to act independent of all our old time-worn institutions, but she has gone back to the antique folly of trying to make the Bible something more than other books, and to make it support what she herself advocates. My interest in her paper is gone. THE TRUTH SEEKER is grand! Looking to Science and all the growing elements of Liberalism for support, it appears to me that it can never fail to interest all intelligent people of the present time. I received my first impressions of God and religion from the Shakers. They took me when eight years old and I lived with them nine years. I loved them and believed in all their doctrines, yet I was so situated that I could not remain with them. When I decided to leave them I sincerely believed I was leaving all that was good, and rebelled against God and his requirements. I prayed for death and annihilation. I could not see a bright spot, either in the present or the future, at that time, and for several years I lived with secret sorrow in my heart at the imaginary wrongs of my life, and with a secret prayer for annihilation as the only escape from a terrible hell and an offended God. For the last twenty years I have been gradually growing out of my superstitious and foolish ideas of God. I now love such broad good, and grand ideas as THE TRUTH SEEKER advocates. I wonder how sensible people can entertain such narrow ideas of God as religionists do. I am astonished when I think how long my own soul was bound in those worn than iron bands of superstition and ignorance. But I am free at last, and I think this a beautiful world in which we live. I offer up no prayers to be delivered from it or the things therein. Ignorance is man's greatest enemy, and the cause of all his unhappiness. So, Bro. Bennett, persevere in the good work you are engaged in—that of seeking the truth and teaching it to your fellow-men. As there is much written by some religionists in relation to the last enemy—Death—being destroyed, and a time coming when our bodies will not see corruption, I would like to see an article from your pen upon that subject. Common sense views of life and death are what the world needs. I am so well pleased with your paper that I could not refrain from expressing my feelings to you (though a stranger), and also a little of my past experience, thinking it might encourage you to go on with the good work you have undertaken—of dispelling the clouds of ignorance and superstition.

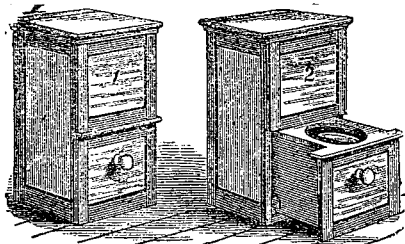
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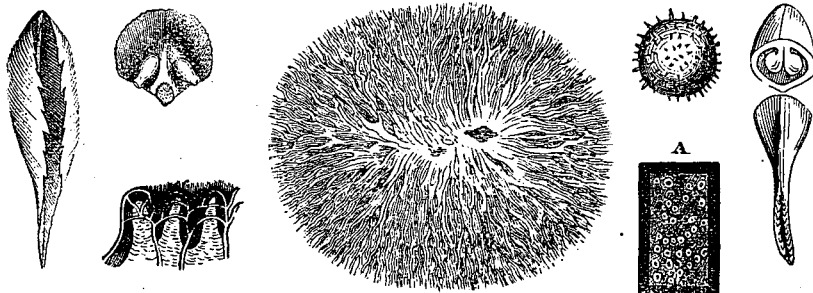
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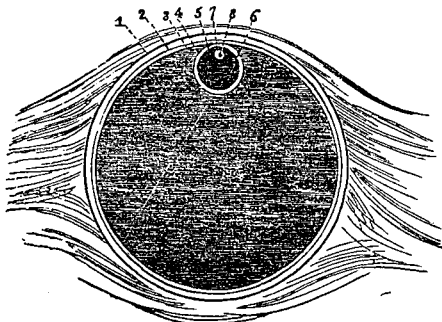
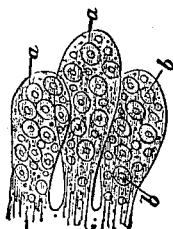
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"IDIOT!" exclaimed a lady, coming out of the theatre one evening, as a gentleman accidentally stepped on her trailing skirt. "Which of us?" blandly asked the man.

"My dear," said a rural wife to her husband on his return from London, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets in the town?" "The ladies' faces, my love."

"WHICH is the worst, my son, to hurt your own finger or another's feelings?" "Why, the feelings, of course." "And why my son?" "'Cause you can't wrap a rag round 'um."

A NEVADA man, who had seven homely daughters, got a newspaper to insert a hint that he had seven kegs filled with gold in his cellar, and every girl was married in five months.

In a country church-yard we find the following epitaph: "Here lies the body of James Robinson, and Ruth, his wife." And underneath, this text: "Their warfare is accomplished."

An Iowa minister was recently killed by lightning while standing on the banks of a murmuring stream and endeavoring to convince some bad boys that bathing on a Sunday was a sin. An awful warning.

SMYTHE was telling some friends about a wonderful parrot. "Why," said he, "that parrot cries 'Stop thief' so naturally that every time I hear it I always stop. Now, hang it, what are you all laughing at?"

"MR. SNIFFKIN," said Mrs. S., "don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Well," growled Sniffkins, "I suppose that anything is a means of grace which breaks down pride and leads to repentance."

A LUNATIC in Bedlam was asked how he came there. He answered: "By a dispute." "What dispute?" The Bedlamite replied: "The world said I was mad; I said the world was mad, and they outwitted me."

DANIEL FENDER concluded a letter, asking Mary to be his, thus: "And should you say 'yes,' dear Mary, I will ever and faithfully be your D. Fender." Daniel thought that was neat, and so did Mary. They have been happy.

An Alabama orator, in a recent speech, said: "'Here I intended to close, but a new thought comes rushing like a mighty comet through the heaven of mind, scattering systems in its paths'—and he scattered his audience by going on.

A MAN having an account against a distant merchant sent a letter of inquiry to a banker in the town where the debtor lived, and received the following reply: "He is dead, but that doesn't make any difference, as he pays just as well as ever he did."

THE MAN WITH THE COON SKIN.—He halted in front of a grocery store and drawing from under his coat a small parcel tied around with a string, he inquired of the grocer, who sat by the door, "How's trade?"

"Pretty fair for hot weather," was the answer.

"Are you up to bargains?" continued the stranger, as he untied the parcel and took out a coon skin—a cook skin which seemed to have been kicked about the house ever since the close of the war.

"Humph!" sneered the grocer, as he contemptuously regarded the old skin.

"You may 'humph!' and 'humph!' and 'humph!' all you want to!" exclaimed the stranger in a loud voice, "but if you want a coon skin to sell again this is the article!"

"I don't think I want to invest."

"You don't? Great heavens! but I took you for a man of talent and enterprise!"

"No one ever buys coon skins or furs in the summer," said the grocer.

"I know it's a little late in the season, and therefore I'm willing to throw off something. I shouldn't have the face to ask over fifty cents for this 'ere coon skin."

"I shouldn't want to pay that price," replied the grocer.

"You wouldn't? Merciful stars! But is it possible that you would take bread from the mouths of my starving children, my innocent darlings, who don't know a coon skin from a cow hide?"

The grocer was silent, and the stranger smoothed the brindled hair with his right hand and continued:

"I will go before any court in the land and take a solemn oath that this is one of the best coon skins offered in this market for the last fifteen years. Observe the variegated colors! Behold the tender softness! Just put your hand on this coon skin, mister!"

"I don't think I want to buy any furs before November," quietly replied the grocer.

"You don't? Is it possible that you will deliberately let this great bargain slip through your fingers? No! I cannot believe it! Dozens of grocers in this town want this coon skin; want it so that they can't keep still; but I was recommended to come to you, and I am here."

"It isn't a prime skin," said the grocer, as he glanced at the flesh side a second time.

"It ain't? Here, mister, shoot me! Draw your revolver and send a bullet in here, right through my quivering heart!"

He dropped the coon skin and held his coat and vest open, but as the grocer didn't shoot he presently picked up his merchandise, and continued in a sad voice:

"Mister, do I look like a pirate, or a robber, or a liar? Do you suppose I'd go and tell you a deliberate lie, and peril my chances of ever reaching heaven, for the sake of selling you this coon skin?"

"No, I suppose not," replied the grocer, leaning back in his chair.

"Ah, no. I wouldn't. I ain't purty, nor I don't wear many store clothes on my person, but I'm honest—yes, as honest as the day is long. If I should so far forget my early training as to tell you a lie about this coon skin, I never could enjoy another night's rest—never!"

"Well, I guess I don't want it," said the grocer.

"Heavens! but is it possible that you will let me return to my loving wife and fond children without bread to appease their hunger? Will you deliberately and willfully sit there and see me tie this coon skin up and walk away, when I am offering it to you at one-half its market value?"

"You can perhaps sell it elsewhere."

"I know I can. I know a dozen men who want it, but they are not men of your reputation. When you hand me fifty cents I know it is the genuine scrip, and I go away satisfied. The others might pass counterfeit money on me, and I might be arrested and jailed, and my family be exposed to the scorn of this cold world."

"I don't want the coon skin," said the grocer, "but if your family are suffering for the want of food, I'll give you fifteen cents for it, and throw it back in the loft."

"Fif—fifteen—fifteen cents!" exclaimed the stranger, dropping the fur and springing off the step. "Now let the angels look down and weep! Let that bright sun be obscured by clouds blacker than midnight rolled in tar! If life has come to this, let me die to once!"

The grocer picked up a newspaper, and the stranger waited two or three minutes, sighed heavily, and then handed out the skin, and sadly said:

"Take it, and give me the paltry pittance! I am going home to die in the bosom of my family! I'll gather them around me once more, take a last farewell, and then I'll drop into the turbid river, and be seen no more!"

The money was handed him, and he passed down the street two blocks, turned to the left, and as he kicked open the blind door of a saloon, he said to the barkeeper:

"Juleps for one, and fill the glass chock up!"

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Vol. 2. No. 27. { D. M. BENNETT,
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Notes and Clippings.

THE London police force consists of 9,292 men.

THE Sutro tunnel in Nevada has been bored 10,410 feet.

CALIFORNIA has 280,000 children under fifteen years of
age.

THE British Government paid out last year \$5,403,575 in
pensions.

GEORGIA's debt is \$8,105,000, and she owns property worth
\$6,000,000.

THE Suez Canal earned over \$5,000,000 last year, and cos
over \$3,000,000.

THE wine crop of France for 1875 is estimated at 2,100,000
gallons, a full yield.

THE leather business of the United States represents a
working capital of \$70,000,000.

BERLIN has 140,000 working-women, and their lot is that
of working-women all over the world.

LOUISIANA's last sugar crop amounted to 116,867 hogs-
heads, and molasses to 11,516,828 gallons.

THE greatest depth of the Pacific ocean, as found by the
British ship *Challenge*, was about five miles.

FATHER McDUFFIN was a wag. He climbed on the top
of a church tower and said, "Now I am a high priest."

"SHINGLE-WEDDINGS" are now coming into fashion.
This novel wedding takes place when the first-born is old
enough to spank.

MINISTER ORTH, writing from Vienna, says that he too
has yet to see a single drunken person where everybody
drinks wine and beer.

DR. DOLLINGER, according to the *London Times*, is
merely an eminent divine, who is straining after a gnat
after having swallowed a camel.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury receives \$75,000 a year.
How does that compare with the pay that was received by
the individual he claims as master?

THE Marshall, Ga., *Messenger* cries: "For the Lord's
sake, friend, don't keep telling an editor how to run his
paper! Let the poor devil find it out himself."

BISMARCK's organ says that every Commune in every
French department has a convent, and that the Jesuits
are masters of the Polytechnic and St. Cyr schools.

It costs Canada only \$2 to care for each Indian. It costs
the United States more than \$20 per Indian. But, then,
we have our money's worth in having Indian Rings.

THE most prominent lecturers this Winter will be The-
odore Tilton, Moncure D. Conway, Richard A. Proctor,
Carl Schurz, Wendell Phillips, Bret Harte and Bayard
Taylor.

DR. HICKS, a Methodist minister of Live Oak, Fla., has
been acquitted by a committee, after a protracted trial,
on charges of impropriety. In his defence the Reverend
gentleman said that he would hunt down his persecutors
with relentless fury.

THE Prismoidal or one-rail railroad completed from
Houston to San Antonio, Texas, is now open for traffic.
Japan is building one of the same kind, that will be 500
miles long.

It appears, by the last report of the Board of Trade of
Great Britain, that the United States supply about sixty
per cent. of all the wheat and flour consumed in the
British Isles above the home production.

THE San Francisco mint coined during August nearly
\$4,000,000 in double eagles, over \$300,000 in trade dollars,
\$900,000 in half dollars, and nearly \$30,000 in dimes. Please
send a few this way. \$100,000 will do us.

AT Woonsocket, a flourishing manufacturing village of
Rhode Island, the Rev. Father Berkins, a French priest,
was hung in effigy the other day by his flock. The dis-
pute is about the location of a house of worship.

PAUL DU CHAILLU is to be the most popular lecturer of
the season. The men are delighted with him, the women
admire him, and the children are impatient for his re-
turn. No lyceum will be complete if he is not in its list.

IN 1868 George Francis Train predicted that the Bank of
California would collapse in a single day, and he was
nearly mobbed. Many a prophet has come farther from
the truth, and believed to have been inspired by heaven.

THE Pope has conferred upon Cardinal McCloskey the
ring and the title of Santa Maria Sopra-Minerva. Is that
considered a fair "return for the \$20,000 in gold which the
Cardinal carried as a present to the Pope? We would val-
ue the gold higher than one hundred empty titles, with
the red cap thrown in!

SEVERAL towns on the Gulf coast in Texas suffered ter-
ribly in the late gale and high water. Indianola lost
three hundred houses and nearly 400 lives. Velasco,
another town, was entirely destroyed. Other places also
suffered very severely. Was this the work of "Provi-
dence," or did it result from natural causes? Liberal
donations for the sufferers are being made up in North-
ern cities.

GUILT AND INNOCENCE—THE DIFFERENCE.—Beecher has
again virtually confessed his guilt by eagerly agreeing
to the proposition made by the District Attorney to enter
a nolle prosequi in the case of Henry Ward Beecher agt.
Francis D. Moulton for libel. Moulton, on the contrary,
promptly refuses to allow his accuser "to escape the pen-
alties of a perjured prosecution," and peremptorily de-
mands a trial.—*Kentucky Yeoman*.

THE REV. MR. BAKER, a favorite preacher in a pleasant
village in Pennsylvania, came to grief a short time ago
by making Brooklyn overtures to a sister of the Church,
who failing to see the matter in the same light he did,
handed him over to the Church authorities for trial. He
refused to be tried, and in preference handed in his li-
cense and stepped down and out. Some of the sisters in-
sist it is a great pity, for he was "a confounded good
preacher."

THE PLYMOUTH PULPIT.—The publication of the *Plym-
outh Pulpit* has been discontinued.—*Independent*.

Is not the above paragraph sarcastic? The discontinu-
ation of the *Plymouth Pulpit* is another evidence that the
pastor's teachings are not in active demand just now, and
that the doubling process is in order. In time it may be
found advantageous to stop the publication of the *Chris-
tian Union* and consolidate with Plymouth Church, or
have the pastor divide the morning hour each Sunday
service by a sermon and an editorial. H. B. M.

THEODORE TILTON has commenced his lecture cam-
paign. Already three hundred applications have been
filed for his services, but he will not lecture more than
two hundred nights, and if his health continues good,
possibly two hundred and twenty-five nights. Mr. Tilton
does not expect, even in the most remote way, to speak of
the scandal, and his agents say that he will not allow his
intimate friends to broach the subject. Mr. Tilton re-
ceives \$100 a night for his lecture, and more in the larger
cities. He is to speak every night except Sundays and
on Christmas until the first of June.

The means of boring through mountains have been
greatly perfected of late years. The boring of the Mount
Cenis tunnel advanced at the rate of four yards a day;
that of the St. Gothard now goes on at about ten yards
daily, and will be completed, according to contract, by the
23d of August, 1880. The total length of the St. Gothard
tunnel will be 15,044 yards.

IMITATING PLYMOUTH CHURCH.—Not long ago the Rev.
C. A. Graeber, of the German Lutheran church of Meri-
den, Conn., was charged with improper conduct with a
girl who lived in his house, and the church committee
requested him to resign. He protested his innocence,
and a meeting of the parish was held, at which he was
reinstated. The charges were made by three men who
claim to have been witnesses of the improper proceed-
ings. Since the first meeting of the parish another has
been held, and the pastor made as many protestations of
innocence as he did at the first, but, strange to say,
neither of the three witnesses has been called to give an
account of the affair he saw, although all were present at
one of the meetings. Some of this pastor's flock are dis-
satisfied with the previous so-called investigation, and
have now determined that the pastor shall be arraigned
before his parish for the third time, and a searching
investigation of the charges made; in fact, this has been
ordered by the Head Synod at St. Louis.—*New Haven Pal-
ladium*.

MOODY AND SANKEY are now said to be pretty well recu-
perated, and that the great work of getting up a revival
and "leading souls to Jesus," will soon commence in this
city. The influence they wield is probably mainly due to
the excellent singing of Sankey and George C. Weeks,
who accompanies them. Few things work upon the im-
agination and the feelings like music. This we have
witnessed in temperance meetings, political campaigns,
etc. While Moody prays, calls upon Jesus and depicts in
the most vivid manner he is capable of, the terrors and
torments of the damned, Sankey and Weeks come in with
their choruses and touching appeals, with their inimita-
ble musical powers, and it often proves to much for dis-
tempered minds, and they momentarily yield and imag-
ine they throw themselves into the arms of Jesus. We
presume the work of the revival will soon be in operation
here. If these men can only get up a revival of common
honesty and integrity, that it may pervade our entire
community, it will be of immense value. If men and
women can be induced to discard hypocrisy, dishonesty
and villainy, and embrace, in their place, industry, fru-
gality, honesty, sobriety and common sense, it will be the
most valuable revival our country can have.

FATHER'S BEWARE.—A patron in a Western State who
had the misfortune a few years ago to lose his compan-
ion, writes us a little bit of his experience. Having three
children, he has found it necessary to employ a house-
keeper; in fact he has had several in all. In the number
he has employed he found some to give good satisfac-
tion, and others were indifferent. Four of the number
had married well. When the last one married he had to
look for another. He saw an advertisement of a "good
Christian woman," strongly recommended by the Secre-
tary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Du-
buque, who wished a home in a pious family. He was
not a "pious" man, but he thought he would send for
the Christian woman. She soon became attached to the
children and taught them the Catechism, prayers, &c.
He soon had occasion to notice that she was spending the
most time and attention with his oldest child, a boy of
fourteen or fifteen years of age, and by watching her move-
ments he discovered she was teaching the boy lessons
not in the Catechism. She had said she was "going
to make a man of him," and she was absolutely hurrying
the matter beyond his years. The father strongly pro-
tested against the lessons she was imparting to his boy
and sent her away, and wishes to warn fathers against
employing pious housekeepers recommended by Young
Men's Christian Associations. This woman after her de-
parture wrote several love letters to the boy and tried to
induce him to leave his home and go with her. Too
much piety, altogether.

The Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion; or,

An Answer to the Question: Have We a Supernaturally Revealed, Infallibly Inspired and Miraculously Attested Religion in the World?

BY E. E. GUILD.

[CONTINUED.]

AXIOMATIC, OR SELF-EVIDENT TRUTH.

It is an incontrovertible fact that all human beings are introduced into the present state of existence in a condition of entire ignorance, and all that they ever know they are obliged to learn. By means of the senses, which are the windows of the mind, we become acquainted with ourselves and with external nature around us, and all its varied phenomena. Without sensation there could be no consciousness; without consciousness no intelligence, and without intelligence the mind would be a blank. By observation and experience we acquire a knowledge of facts as they exist in nature. These facts we make the basis of what we call reasoning. We can reason only from what we know or think we know. Reasoning consists in deducing inferences from real or supposed facts. If the premises from which we reason are correct, and our reasoning is correct, the conclusion to which we arrive will be correct. On the other hand, if our premises are false, or if our reasoning is false, the conclusion will also be false. It must not be forgotten that we can reason correctly from false premises, but in all such cases the conclusion will be as false as the premises themselves. It is highly important, therefore, that in all our reasonings we be quite sure that our premises are correct. The conclusions to which we arrive by the process of reasoning constitute our opinions, as distinguished from what we know by the evidence of our senses.

Now truth may be classified under three heads: 1. Physical truth; 2. Intellectual truth; 3. Moral truth. The first consists of facts as they exist in nature, and must be verified by the testimony of the senses. The second consists of opinions which must be sanctioned by sound logical reasoning. The third consists of our opinions in regard to our obligations and duties toward our fellow-men, and must be tested by our sense of right and justice, and by their practical utility in the world.

Nature, then, is the great standard of truth, and to her teachings must be made the ultimate appeal. Our understanding of her teachings may be imperfect; our interpretation of her lessons may be erroneous, but Nature never lies, she makes no mistakes, commits no errors, is guilty of no blunders. Every man must interpret her as best he can. Truth is the natural food of the mind, as bread is of the body. All truth necessary for man to know, is adapted to his capacities and powers. Truth must be its own witness. It must approve itself to our senses, our reason and our moral sense.

When the mind has attained sufficient maturity, it readily distinguishes truth from error, just as we learn to distinguish food that is wholesome from that which is unwholesome. As the minds of men are in different stages of development, all cannot see alike, and hence there are, and must be, different opinions among them. But notwithstanding the great diversity of human beliefs, there are certain cardinal principles which will be accepted as true by all intelligent men. These doctrines are so obviously true that no argument is needed to sustain them. The simple statement of them in an intelligible form is sufficient to carry conviction to every unbiased mind. These truths we call axiomatic or self-evident, and they constitute, perhaps, the best test to apply to every dogma or proposition which may be presented for our consideration.

We will now make a statement of some of these self-evident truths, and point out the manner of their application.

1. The whole of a thing is greater than a part of it.
2. Nothing can be, and not be, at the same instant.
3. Two solid substances cannot occupy the same space at the same instant of time.
4. No created being can be a hundred years old the moment he begins to exist.
5. No created being can be equal to his creator.
6. No truth can contradict any other truth.
7. Two contradictory statements cannot both be true.
8. A finite mind cannot comprehend the infinite.
9. Infinite attributes are uncommunicable.
10. Under the government of a being who is all-wise, all-powerful and all-good, absolute evil cannot possibly exist.
11. An absolutely good being cannot create an absolutely bad being.
12. Only one being possessed of infinite attributes can exist in the Universe.
13. God cannot create a totally depraved being.
14. A superior being who creates an inferior, knowing that he will be cursed by his existence, is not good to that being.
15. A law to which there is annexed a penalty which may be averted, can have no restraining influence over viciously inclined men.

16. A law having a penalty which, if inflicted, will defeat the object of the law, is not a wise law.

17. There can be no end to that which is endless.

18. To inflict punishment upon an innocent person, which is due only to the guilty, is a double act of gross outrage upon every principle of justice.

19. No being can incur guilt or punishment for acting in accordance with the laws of his own nature.

20. The number one cannot be made to express more than one.

21. The number three cannot be made to express less than three.

22. No man is under any obligation to believe what appears to him to contradict his reason or sense of right and justice.

23. No incredible statement is to be believed, unless it is sustained by an amount of evidence, which would make it more unreasonable to reject the evidence than it would be to accept the statement.

24. The remission of the penalty of a law presupposes or implies that the penalty is not just and wise.

We propose now to apply the above truths as a test to some of the dogmas of popular Christianity. We shall see that they crash through the creeds and commandments of men, scattering them like leaves before a mighty wind. These dogmas, when put in the form of propositions, may be stated as follows:

1. There exists a personal being called the Devil, a creature of God, all of whose attributes are positively evil, unmixed with the least particle of good. Compare this with truth No. 11.

2. Mankind are born into the world with totally corrupt and depraved natures, and all their inclinations are to evil, and only evil, and that continually. Compare with truths Nos. 13 and 19.

3. God is one, but nevertheless exists in three persons, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and yet there are not three persons, but one person. Compare with truths Nos. 20 and 21.

4. Jesus Christ, although a creature of God, (see Rev. iii. 14.) yet possessed all the attributes of Divinity. Compare with truths Nos. 9 and 12.

5. Evil is positive and absolute, inasmuch as it is destined to reign over millions of human beings forever, thereby rendering their existence a curse instead of a blessing. Compare with truths Nos. 10 and 14.

6. The penalty of God's law, after it has been incurred by the transgressor, may be averted by timely repentance. Compare with truths Nos. 15 and 24.

7. The penalty of God's law, if inflicted on the violator of it, will place him in a condition that will forever render it impossible for him to obey the law. Compare with truth No. 16.

8. The penalty of God's law is endless punishment, and yet Christ endured the penalty in his sufferings and death upon the cross. Compare with truth No. 17.

9. The penalty of God's law, which had been incurred by all mankind, was inflicted on Jesus Christ, who had violated no law, incurred no penalty, and was an entirely innocent person. Compare with truth No. 18.

10. There are certain theological and religious doctrines which we are required to believe, whether they appear to us reasonable or not, and for not believing them we incur the penalty of endless damnation. Compare with truth No. 22.

11. The Bible contains statements in relation to occurrences and events which, if the same were made at the present day, we would not believe even on the authority of living witnesses, and yet we are requested to believe these statements on the authority of men who lived and wrote long after the events are said to have happened, men who could not have been eye-witnesses of what they relate, and of whose competency as witnesses, and reputation for truth and veracity we know nothing. Compare with truth No. 23.

Now as truth is always consistent with itself, and as the above eleven propositions directly contradict the correspondingly numbered propositions in the list of self-evident truths, it follows that one or the other must be false. Which it is, the reader can judge.

CONCLUSION.

Of what has been said in the foregoing pages, this is the sum. From the earliest dawn of intelligence and religion among men, truth and error, fact and fiction, reason and superstition have been strangely commingled. He who lends a helping hand in the work of sifting the wheat from the chaff, is a public benefactor. Wherever ignorance prevails, superstition abounds; wherever reason predominates superstition dies. First of all it is necessary to assert and maintain the supremacy and authority of pure reason over all authority which is opposed to reason. No one thing has served more to perpetuate ignorance and superstition than the idea that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe interferes in an exceptional manner with the affairs of mankind, and that he has given them an infallible revelation in book form of his will and purpose concerning them. This idea was born of ignorance, and has been kept in being by ignorance and imposture. So long as men honestly believe that they have a creed sanctioned by the authority of God, and that belief in it is essential to the welfare of man and society in this world, and indispensable to secure

his happiness in eternity, so long, of necessity, there must be bigots and persecutors in the world. And in proportion as this idea prevails among the masses of men, they must be mental and moral slaves, the dupes of imposition, the victims of a miserable superstition. The chain of evidence by which it is claimed that the Bible is in a special and exceptional sense the "Word of God," has only to be critically examined to discover that it is only a rope of sand. The internal evidence is, if possible, still worse. It bears evident marks of a human origin. Like everything else in nature, or in art, it may be made the instrument of good or evil. It is valuable only in proportion to the amount of truth that it contains. The errors contained in it are more pernicious than if found anywhere else, because they are attributed to God, and men are taught to believe that they must be accepted because God spoke them. There is no proof that God ever spoke to any man in an audible voice, that he ever exhibited himself in proper person, nor that he ever interpolated into the system of Nature a single miracle, nor that he ever revealed himself in any other way than through the medium of the human faculties.

The idea of the existence of a semi-omnipotent evil spirit, called the Devil, who is a rival of God in the government of the world, and who is constantly thwarting him in his designs and defeating his purposes, is a monstrous conception of a weak, ignorant and debased mind. God could not create such a being for want of material out of which to construct him. He could not create himself for the same reason. The only devil that men need to guard themselves against is the one each man carries around with him in his own bosom. A strict watch over that will insure us against all harm from any devil that exists in the Universe.

The various theologies in the world are made up of the opinions of men about religion. They are the systematized thoughts of men on that important and interesting subject. Religion is one thing, the thoughts of men about religion are another and sometimes a very different thing. When these theologies are made a substitute for religion, they inflict a double curse upon mankind. First, by displacing religion, and second by establishing a fraud and an imposition. Hence it is that the popular religion of the day in its organized form is a sham. It sets up a false standard of respectability, virtue and morality. It attaches more importance to belief than to practice; to faith than to character and life. The man who is punctilious in performing the outward rites and ceremonies of religion, although an extortioner or a defaulter, or proud, haughty, vain, morose, selfish and exclusive, is thought to be more religious and more in favor with God than the man who disregards the ceremonies and professions, but is nevertheless kind, generous, benevolent and good. This form of religion is for the most part wholly artificial and uncongenial with the nature of man. Not only is this fact admitted by its advocates, when they insist that it can neither be understood nor embraced by man until he experiences a change of nature, but the fact that, notwithstanding the vast and ponderous machinery which is employed in its propagation, its adherents in this country, at least, constitute a minority of the people, proves that it is artificial rather than natural. When we consider the hundreds of thousands of clergymen and missionaries who are engaged in its propagation, the vast sums of money employed for the same purpose, the millions of Bibles that have been circulated all over the world, the trillions of tracts, papers, sermons, periodicals and books that have been published in its interest, the wonder is, not that the converts are so many, but that they are so few. And the fact that they are so few cannot be accounted for only by the truth that, as a whole, the system is at war with the nature of man. That it is unsatisfactory to its adherents, is evinced by the fact that so many of them tell us that if they believed there was no endless punishment, they would "take their fill of sin in this world" without regard to God or the interests of humanity. And yet they profess to be *par excellence*, the lovers of God and man. With all such persons religion is a cross, a burden, a mere make-shift to get into heaven, a choice between two evils. It is a terrible thing to be religious, but it is better to be so than it is to go to hell. How much more manly, and noble and truthful is the sentiment of the true religionist. If there were no God, no heaven, no hell, no future state of existence, he would love and practice virtue for its own sake, and for the joy and peace it imparts to the soul. What a mistake it is to suppose that it is necessary to make ourselves miserable on earth in order to be happy in heaven.

The Priesthood is a human institution. It was founded on the idea that God is angry with his creatures, and that his wrath can be propitiated and his favor secured by offerings of presents, by sacrifices of fruits and animals, and by the performance of pompous and imposing rites and ceremonies. Hence the supposed necessity of setting apart a class of men to do this work. The institution is based on a falsehood. The removal of the error will cause the superstition to topple to the ground. Originally the priestly and kingly offices were united in the same man. Priestcraft and kingcraft have been mutual helps to each other. Together they have inflicted untold woes upon the children of men, by depriving them of their

inalienable rights, and by imposing upon them burdens "which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear."

Undoubtedly the Priesthood, like all the other learned professions, is composed of both good and bad men. But on the score of merit, it cannot justly claim any superiority over the others. Doubtless the Clergy are no better, nor any worse than the average of men, only so far as the false position which they occupy makes them so. With them the business of theological and religious teaching is a profession and a means of obtaining a livelihood. Before they enter upon their work, they must, before God and man, make solemn professions of faith in a certain creed to which they are expected to adhere and defend during life. On their doing this, their living depends. They have a pecuniary interest at stake. The creed must be maintained, missionary work must be done, contributions must be raised, revival excitements must be gotten up, converts must be made, for all this brings grist to their mill. They are conservative in their tendencies, opposed to all innovation, tenacious and bigoted in their opinions and blind to all newly-discovered truth. They can seldom see the word truth, because, with them, it is covered by a dollar. Their occupation leads them into the practice of conscious or unconscious hypocrisy. They assume a character before the people that they by no means maintain in their families, or when in company with each other. However grave, sanctimonious and circumspect they may appear in public, when assembled in company by themselves, they are the most jolly of men. They can then crack their jokes, tell funny stories, relate smutty anecdotes and indulge in low gossip to an extent unequaled by any except professional libertines. They denounce human selfishness, and are of all men the most selfish; declaim against avarice, and are mercenary and avaricious; preach against pride, fashion and love of the world, and yet are as proud, as servile imitators of fashion, and manifest as much of the love of the world as other men. They insist on the necessity of self-denial, but think themselves entitled to the most comfortable places, the best bits, the choicest dainties, the lion's share of all the good things of life. They profess to be awfully concerned and anxious for the welfare of poor sinners, but their sleek, smooth, well-to-do appearance gives no indication of excessive anxiety. They claim that men in their natural state are totally depraved, and yet, in this country, at least, they profess to believe in a free government, founded on the principle that the people have a right to govern themselves, an inconsistency so glaring that it makes us suspicious of their sincerity.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Obituary.

BY M. P. ROSECRANS.

ADAM.—Died just outside of a garden called Eden, our father, Adam; aged nearly a thousand years. He was universally respected by all who knew him. He was followed to the grave by a large procession of children, whose ages might have been counted from the tiny infant up to hundreds of years.

Yes dear reader, Adam is dead, and we are among the first to write his obituary; to make remarks upon his singular birth and death. Poor old man! What an experience he must have had, and his life how eventful! His birth under what peculiar circumstances!

He had no father, no mother, no brother, no sister. He was never an infant; was never rocked to sleep in a little cradle. He never took old Mother "Winniflow's Soothing Syrup"; had never been troubled with toothings or looseness of the bowels; was never doctored for worms; was never spanked for crying; never went to school, to be thumped about by old pedagogues; never carried his sled up hill to ride down; never winked or cast sheep's eyes at girls about his own age.

The first he knew about himself, he stood upon his feet a full grown man; where he came from, or how he got there did not trouble him; he did not care, that was none of his business. It was enough for him to know he was there.

His weight or physical strength, we have no means at this time of determining. If there is anything in science, he must have been very tall, as science teaches a reduction in the height of the human race during each succeeding century. If this is true (and we have no means of disputing the fact) Adam may have been a hundred feet high. We like this theory, for then he looms up before our astonished vision as a being of great magnitude, as a person worthy of being called the father of mankind. We cannot see any reason why he should be small, as it cost him nothing for clothes; the world was large and he had plenty of room for action.

The first thing he did was to look around like a sensible man, mark out his line of business and then pitch in and go to work.

He saw a new world around him only six days old. A new sun, new moon, new stars shining, all bright as silver dollars (at least they were all made and there, and if he did not see them it was his own fault.) All these were beautiful to gaze at, but he had no eye for beauty, no time for gazing. He was more for busi-

ness. He saw all the animals on the face of the globe from the white bear and moose of the frigid to the elephant and camel of the torrid zones. He also saw all the fowls of heaven from the condor to the humming bird. All these animals and birds were then made each for its peculiar climate and sphere, and yet they were not named. We read that they were *all* brought to Adam, and he gave them all names.

What large individuality he must have had and what a command of "language"! He gave them all names, both animals and fowls. He did it all in one day. How many words he must have uttered, and how fast his vocal organs must have played? What language he spoke is a mystery to us, or where or when he learned it, or how he discerned the significance of sounds. We suppose he had it all his own way, he made the sound and then attached the signification himself. What a memory he must have had to remember all their proper names! The names of all these animals and fowls. Whether his names were such as we call them in English, or those given them by scientific naturalists, we have no means of determining. We think he used the English language, for this reason; he had never been to college and knew nothing about science, and as science consists in jaw breaking names and terms hard to speak, and as he was in a hurry to get through in one day, we think English was his language; at least we have as good right for that opinion as *any* other.

This was a great work, a tremendous work to do, all this labor in one day, while the mind and the memory were weak and in their infancy. Had his mind been trained by the study of the Greek and Latin languages at college for four years, we should not think it so great a task; or if he had had age and experience; but remember, he was not yet one day old, he had not had a night's rest; in fact we do not believe he had eaten a meal of victuals; yet he proved himself equal to the emergency; he stood up to the work like a man, and got through long before night, long enough to take a good sound nap, and become prepared for what followed.

After he had done all this work he was tired out and lay down and was soon fast asleep; the sleep was a deep one, and he slept without chloroform under his nose.

While he slept he had a surgical operation performed on him. He had one of his ribs extracted; he was so sleepy and the work was done so skillfully that he did not wake up. What this piece of work would be called in the books of modern surgery we have no idea. We do not believe that the surgeons of the present day can perform the operation in the same manner, and with so little pain, or use a rib when extracted for so great a purpose, or one so useful to all mankind.

The surgeon took the rib and made a woman out of it while Adam still was sleeping; finished her off complete. We suppose this woman, although but a few moments old appeared about eighteen, or thereabouts, at least we presume she looked old enough to marry. When Adam woke up there she stood in all her beauty and all her loveliness. He did not touch his hat (for he had none,) he did not bow to her gracefully, and say, "How are you Madam"? I am agreeably surprised to meet you and am very happy to make your acquaintance," and invite her to take a seat in the shade while he gathered some fruit for her refreshment and entertainment. No, he did none of this; he simply laid his hand on his side and found a rib missing, he began to "smell a mice," and being quick of perception he began to mutter to himself; "bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh," she shall be called *woman*, because she was taken out of man! How they became acquainted; how they learned to talk to each other; what sweet words were uttered; whether they sparkled by moonlight; how they were married, and who said over the ceremony? we have no means of knowing. It is enough for us to know that Adam lived from that day over nine hundred years, and then died, and that we have been writing his obituary; that the writer is his heir in connection with others; that before he died he made a will which was admitted to probate, was never broken, and that we were not forgotten in this will. He willed all he had to us for which we are not thankful. We would rather have paddled our own canoe. We would rather the will had been broken, or that we were not his heirs.

He willed to us his misfortunes, his pains, his aches, his toil, and his sweat, his thorns, and his thistles.

POOR OLD SOUL, we shall remember him for his unbounded generosity and the extreme justice of the courts in securing to us all our rights. As we write our eyes are filled with a dampness approaching a tear, but he has been dead so long it refuses to come forth. So we can only utter with a faltering voice these sad words: "Farewell, Adam, our Ancestor, our father; may thy Eternal Sleep be as pleasant as when the rib was extracted, and hereafter may thy legacy be more *equally* divided.

CHRISTIANITY A FAILURE.—Were Christianity true, it would be an everlasting disgrace to its devotees, for after a trial of nearly two thousand years, at the present day not one in a hundred of the Race has a particle of real faith in its dogmas. And, as the human family increases, the proportion who become real Christians grows less and less, from year to year. In-

deed, it was a *failure* in the beginning. For Jesus the "author and finisher of faith," himself, if he actually expired upon the cross, died without faith and in utter despair (Math. 27:46.) And, if he did not die upon the cross, then he was never "raised from the dead," and in that case Paul says Christianity is a failure. (1 Cor. 15:14.)

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

Manliness and Godliness.

BY S. P. PUTNAM.

Manliness is something that we can comprehend. We can picture it to our mind's eye. But what is godliness? Does it mean anything more than manliness? If so, what? I can conceive of nothing greater than manliness: it includes all noble and beautiful qualities—whatever is admirable in action and magnificent in thought. We cannot get beyond it, think as loftily as we will. Why, then, talk of godliness? What is God? Is he anything more than the ideal of human goodness made universal in time and space? Whatever we give to God we must first find in man; that is, the godliness of God is the manliness of man. We cannot go higher than man for our notions of the good, and true, and beautiful. No revelations can come from above, they must be unfolded from within and around. We may idealize what we see and call it "God," and worship it and think there is something in it nobler than ourselves, which we must imitate. But it is not so. The light that we see flashes from our own brain, and to be true to our selves is the holiest act we can perform.

But godliness and manliness are supposed to be two different things. Godliness is affirmed to be something transcendently superior to manliness, a vast, vague glory towards which we must strive and attain even at the sacrifice of manliness. So the latter has been belittled and the former exalted; and it has come that to be a "godly" man is to be no man at all. Human virtues have been flung to the winds, and a shadowy deity been imagined to be all in all.

This is wrong. Strive to be men, and then we are gods. Fulfill the duties of the humblest station, and we are loftier beings than any seated upon a throne be-praised by thousands of angels who are but pale apologies for real men and women. Manliness is the supremest glory that can be pictured to our imagination. The glory of no God can equal it; I think therefore that the term "godliness" had better be laid aside. I can perceive no good meaning in it that is not fresher and more brilliant in the word "manliness." A manly man we know, but a "godly" man, what is he? Let Barnum get one and exhibit; otherwise we shall never know.

Be men and women I say. Don't struggle after something that you know nothing about, but after that which you can comprehend, real earthly goodness. If you strive after the "Infinite," let it be your finite nobleness made infinitely adorable. Don't toil after a theological shadow and lose your faculties in "wide wanderings through eternity." Take the universe from the spot where fate places you, in the power and beauty of your own vision. Make yourself grand for yourself and those about you. Do not follow after a huge fantasy in the heavens. Be manly and womanly, but not "godly."

The Mystic Rap.

Using this as a representative type of the truly mysterious phenomena that occur under the auspices of modern mediumism, it is a miracle in the Bible sense of this term; and supermundane, in a sense that most the so-called miracles of Jesus could not be well said to be. The mystic Rap is not conditioned, like the miracles of Jesus, on human volition or faith. And, what shall be thought of those Spiritualists, who are stupid enough to attempt to turn the influence of this Rap in the support of ancient mediumism, which began its career in the mediumship of a *snake*. (Gen. 3:2) and an *ass*. (Num. 22:28.)? And after including "Moses and the Prophets," and "Jesus and the apostles," in that form of mediumship, between God and humanity, its career was closed, finally with the mediumship of a set of *monsters*, including a calf, which had "eyes behind" where their tails ought to have been.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

CHRISTIAN REVIVALS.—For twenty years, the writer was a Methodist minister, engaged in getting up "Revivals." And for more than fifty years I have been perfectly familiar with "revival" epidemics. And I utter what I know, when I declare, that all "revival" phenomena, are human in their development. In my experimental Lectures on *Pathetism*, in the principal cities throughout the country, from 1836 to 1850, all the "revival" phenomena were produced, by the *faith* of my auditors in *Pathetism*. In Philadelphia, 1847, over three hundred cases of trance were counted in one evening. And from year to year, among the thousands entranced in my lectures, I have found Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians (Bishop Brownell attended my lectures in Hartford, Conn.) all of whom testified when in the trance, and out of it, that the experience was precisely the same as had occurred to them from the exercise of faith and prayer in "revivals."

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

The Truth Seeker,

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D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

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The Bible.—No. xxix.

ELISHA THE PROPHET.

In reviewing the wonderful characters mentioned in the Bible and the wonderful achievements they accomplished, Elisha the Prophet must by no means be omitted. He was a man of such remarkable abilities and one who performed such extraordinary feats that he must not be overlooked.

At the time Elijah the Tishbite found him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen, and after boiling the flesh of one yoke of the team with the harness, trappings and implements, and giving the flesh to the people to eat, he followed his master Elijah. Not much is said of him until they parted, at the time when Elijah went up bodily into the air in a chariot of fire, or a whirlwind, or both, or neither. It seems Elijah threw his mantle down to Elisha at the time he took his aerial flight, though we presume before he had gone many miles he found it so cold that he wished he had his blanket again to keep him from freezing. If however, he was riding in a chariot of fire he might have found it quite warm enough for comfort, especially for the parts of his body which came in immediate contact with the chariot.

When Elisha found himself alone, he gathered up the mantle his master had thrown to him and he rent his own clothes, making two pieces of one. He then retraced his steps to the river Jordan and performed his first feat worthy of mention, by smiting the waters with Elijah's mantle, whereupon the waters at once divided as they had done a short time before, when Elijah smote them, piling up like walls on each side, so that Elisha walked over on dry ground. Of all the rivers in the world, the Jordan was the most accommodating. On three occasions we are told its waters thus separated at the wish of man, walling up in a most marvelous manner, while no other, among the hundreds of rivers in the world have ever acted in this manner.

The second astonishing feat which Elisha performed was the "healing" or purifying of a spring of water, by throwing a little salt into it, by which process, waters that before were perfectly worthless, unfit for use, and which had rendered the adjacent land entirely barren were made pure. The salt did the business; not, however, from any chemical action produced, but by the peculiar manner in which the prophet deposited it. Another man might have deposited precisely the same amount of salt and in the same place, but it would have had no effect; it took the prophet to perform this little manipulation. As, however, the effect produced was a good one, as the waters were made pleasant and healthful, and as the land was reclaimed, we can only speak favorably of his labors on this occasion.

His third feat was of a different character, and one no benevolent, humane, kind-hearted person could commend. It seems he was on his way to Beth-el, when a number of children came out of the city and in a thoughtless, childish way sang out to him, "Go up thou bald head." It, perhaps, was not the height of good manners to thus speak to an old, wigless man and a stranger, but we cannot for a moment see how those words could possibly injure him, or why they should have so seriously offended him. But they seem to have made the good man extremely angry, and he turned back and looked upon them savagely and cursed them in the name of the Lord. The words he uttered are not given, but we doubt not, as he "cursed," that they were very much worse than the harmless words the children had used. Sad to relate, as soon as these curses had escaped the lips of the man of God, two she-bears came out of the woods and tore forty-two of the little children all to pieces. We must say this was one of the most cruel, heartless and diabolical pieces of business ever performed;

that the thoughtless prattle of children should be punished by tearing forty-two of them by wild beasts, is most abhorrent to every sentiment of sympathy and kindness in the human breast. If Elisha was the author of this cruelty, it is sufficient to cause his name to be execrated and abhorred to the latest moments of time, as a heartless monster and a cruel demon. If the Jewish Jehovah was the author of this terrible conduct, he is equally culpable, and we cannot characterize such savage, unfeeling torture towards little children on his part, in any milder terms than in the case of his prophet.

The fourth memorable feat which Elisha performed was of a more praiseworthy character—the production of a large quantity of water, without wind or rain. There had been a great scarcity of water for men and cattle, when he thus produced it in immense quantity, so that the whole country was fully supplied. In one respect Elisha seems to have transcended Elijah; the latter could produce water by causing rain to fall, but Elisha could bring abundance of water without rain. The process by which he performed this marvel is not divulged, and the world is left in ignorance how one man could make so much water.

The fifth wonder this man performed was in the manufacture of oil. He instructed a widow who had a pot of oil, to borrow all the vessels she could from her neighbors, and by his directions she filled them all with oil by pouring into them from the one vessel she had, which was so supplied, while she poured, as not to be exhausted till all were filled to the brim as long as there were vessels to fill. What a pity that she could not have had a dozen or two of the large tanks we have seen in the oil regions; what an oily time there would have been! Here is a secret richly worth knowing. It would exceed in value a flowing oil well. We know several soap makers who would give a large sum of money for the recipe enabling them to produce oil in this manner.

The sixth labor was not so remarkable, or at all events was within the scope of his natural powers, and similar operations are frequently performed by "men of God" in our own times. The prophet, in occasionally passing by a certain lady's house who had an aged husband, got in the habit of calling upon her, as his business led him in that direction, and he soon became a favorite with the lady, and she caused to be prepared a little chamber for him to "turn into" whenever he came that way. She placed a bed, a table and a candlestick in his little chamber, thus affording him a comfortable place to enjoy himself in, during his frequent friendly visits. All this, we say, was done at the instance of the woman, who contracted a warm friendship for the Prophet. Her husband, we repeat, was a very old man, and though she was a large woman, and doubtless robust and healthy, she had no children. The Prophet noticed all this, and came to her relief. He had his servant, Gehazi, call her one day to his room, and, after holding a short conversation with her, and they passed a limited period in each other's society, he assured her that in course of time she would have a child, and he, being a prophet, could of course speak with certainty. Sure enough, in about nine months she had a son. The prophet was right, and here we have another remarkable exemplification of the great gift of prophecy.

We mention this matter of the large woman having a child, not as being anything very wonderful in itself. Though her husband were one hundred years of age, when a woman is fortunate enough to have a "man of God" in the house, all these little difficulties can be surmounted. We merely mention it, as it leads to, and is connected with the Prophet's seventh great feat.

When the woman's son got to be a lad large enough to run into the fields, he was one morning taken with a bad headache, and was conveyed to his mother. She held him in her lap till noon, when he died—or at all events appeared to die. The mother took the child and laid him on the Prophet's bed, and then hastened without delay to Mount Carmel to inform the Prophet of the sad event. He knew her at once when she was still some distance off, and sent Gehazi to enquire how she and the boy were. She was not long in informing him how it was with the

lad, and he soon concluded to return with her. He sent his servant on ahead to lay his staff upon the body of the boy, to see if it would restore him, but it had no effect. When he arrived, however, he lay upon the boy, putting mouth to mouth, eyes to eyes, and hands to hands. The body of the child soon began to grow warm, and he sneezed seven times and opened his eyes, a pretty good sign that if he had been dead he was so no longer.

Here, again, Elisha showed himself equal to his preceptor, Elijah. If one had raised the dead, so had the other. But as we have not faith enough to believe that any person really dead has ever been made to live again, we claim the right to think that if these stories are true at all, they were merely instances of suspended animation, and that the warmth of the prophets' bodies and their magnetism had favorably affected those lying in a comatose, or cataleptic state, by which means respiration and circulation were restored. The lad, at all events, was resuscitated, and the Prophet afterwards showed his partiality for the mother and child, when a seven years' famine came upon the country, by sending them away to the land of the Philistines, where there was plenty, and also in recovering her property for her upon her return. It is not stated what became of her aged husband, but it is altogether likely that he died.

Elisha's eighth feat was to destroy the poisonous effects of some wild gourds which had been used with herbs to make pottage for the sons of prophets, amounting to one hundred in number, and who, by the by, on account of the scarcity of provisions, had become very hungry. He neutralized the poison by sprinkling a little meal in the pot—a simple and easy way, to be sure; but if another man had put it in, it would, probably, have done no good.

The Prophet's ninth feat was the curing of Naaman of leprosy, by hydropathic treatment, but, since cures as remarkable have been made by Priessnitz and his disciples, it is unnecessary to dwell upon the treatment here. One thing, however, Elisha did, which Priessnitz could not do, and that was to transfer a disease from one person to another, as the Prophet did, by fastening on Gehazi the leprosy which he removed from Naaman.

Elisha's tenth wonder was a performance of no mean pretensions. Several men were felling trees on the banks of the Jordan, when one of them accidentally lost his axe in the river, and of course it immediately sank to the bottom. The unfortunate man bewailed his loss, more especially as the axe was a borrowed one. This was certainly creditable to the fellow, for there are many who would care less about losing a borrowed axe than if it were their own. The Prophet, however, soon made it all right by throwing a stick into the water, thereby causing the axe to float on the surface. This is, unquestionably, a difficult trick to perform, as iron and steel are some ten times heavier than water. If any one doubts the difficulty of performing the feat, let him throw an axe into the river, and see how hard a job it will be to make it float. Nature's laws, of course, had to be set aside, and the force of gravitation had to be suspended, to cause an axe, unaided, to float upon the surface of a river; but who knows what a man of God cannot do?

As the eleventh great achievement, may be mentioned his causing, by prayer, the eyes of a young man to be opened, so that he saw mountains full of horses and chariots of fire about the Prophet, and then by prayer caused blindness to fall upon a multitude. The first might have been a mere illusion, and we hope the last was only temporary blindness.

As great as this man was, and as much power as he possessed, old age and disease at last came upon him, and he died. He was not taken up into heaven in a carriage, as his predecessor had been, but was buried like an ordinary individual; but to show what remarkable virtue existed in his very bones, it may be stated, as the twelfth wonder connected with this remarkable man, that after he had been some time buried, and when another body was let down into the same grave, the moment it touched the bones of Elisha it was instantly reanimated, and stood upon its feet. The bones of very few dead men possess this wonderful power.

A remarkable fact in the history of Elisha, as well as his master, Elijah, may be mentioned. In the

Book of Kings a great deal is said about the two worthies, and they seemed to have very much to do with the affairs of the kings ruling at that time, and of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah. The wonderful feats they performed are mentioned in detail. The events of their lives seem much mixed up with the affairs of State, and the reader would readily suppose they were the two most important personages then living. But in Chronicles, where the reigns of the same kings, Ahab, Ahaziah, Jehoshaphat and Jehoram are given, Elisha is not mentioned, and Elijah is named but once, and then as having sent a writing to Jehoram, which could not have taken place till some seven years after he was said, in Kings, to have gone up in a chariot of fire to heaven.

In Chronicles nothing is said about the three years without rain or dew (and it would seem that the writer of that book ought to have known of the circumstance, if such a remarkable event occurred). Nothing is said about Elijah's calling down fire from heaven and burning a bullock, stones, dirt and water, and one hundred men. Nothing is said about his slaying four hundred and fifty men with his own hands. No mention is made of his parting the river Jordan with his mantle, and not a word is uttered about his going up in a fiery chariot. And not one of the wonderful performances of Elisha which we have named, is even hinted at. If Chronicles is a truthful book; if it is a part of the word of God, and if these events did really occur, the existence of these men at least ought to have been recognized, and their wonderful works mentioned. That they were not, is, to say the least, a very suspicious circumstance; and this fact, taken in connection with the improbable, unnatural and impossible deeds ascribed to them in Kings, is enough to make practical, matter-of-fact minds reject the entire narrative.

Christianity Examined.—No. X.

The extreme doubt whether such a person as Jesus Christ had a real existence is made more and more apparent the fuller the matter is investigated. The fact that he never wrote a line that has been handed down to posterity, that the world has no possible means of knowing any thing about such a personage having lived save what is obtained from the unknown authors of what are called the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; and when there is no evidence that these books were written before the second century, it can be readily understood that the life and character of the individual under consideration is extremely mythical.

Our opponents frequently quote a paragraph found in Josephus, corroborating the claim that such a person did live at one time in Judea. But Dr. Lardner, one of the most eminent Christian historians, long ago pronounced this an interpolation, a forgery, and that it never existed in the original manuscript of Josephus. This opinion of Dr. Lardner was also entertained by Gibbon, Ittigius, Blondell, Le Clerc, Vandale, Bishop Warburton, and Tanaquil Faber, the most of whom are noted Christian authorities. In fact the first Christian writers and authors of the past, as well as of the present day, unite in agreeing that the paragraph alluded to is a forgery. Eusebius, in the fourth century, was the first to call attention to the spurious passage, and he is generally accredited with having inserted the paragraph referring to Jesus. On several occasions Eusebius proved himself amply able to use interpolation, spurious additions and forgeries. Mosheim, in his Ecclesiastical History, page 70, in alluding to this characteristic of the early Christian Fathers, uses this language, that "it was not only lawful, but commendable to deceive and lie for the sake of truth and piety." It is lamentable that so little reliance can be placed upon the authenticity of the Christian writers in the early centuries of our era. The fact that they were crafty and designing men, and that they used their best abilities to build up the new system of religion which they had allied themselves to, requires no additional proof.

It is a well-known fact that, in the first and second centuries, there were three distinct classes of Christians; one the Gnostics, who firmly held that such a person or individual as Christ had not had an exist-

ence as a man in the flesh, and that he was a spirit only. The Arians were another class, who admitted that there was a man Jesus, but that he was merely a human being, and not a God. The third class maintained that he not only existed in the flesh, but that he was also the eternal God of heaven and earth. The disputes and quarrels between these contending factions became very heated and bitter, until finally the third class, by strategy and superior numbers, overpowered those who denied that such a person as Christ had had a real existence, and forced them to abandon the field, and it afterwards became a recognized dogma of the Church that Jesus had not only been a man, but, also, was absolutely God. But that large numbers in the first two centuries did persistently and stoutly contend that such a person as Christ had not had a real existence in the body, cannot be effectually gainsayed, and is well calculated to excite our liveliest suspicions.

In taking into consideration the characteristics of men who have played an active part in different ages of the world in establishing the various systems of religion and creeds the world has known, it is not difficult to appreciate how such a system as Christianity might have gained a foothold among men without the events strictly having transpired which are claimed. In our own day, we have seen Mormonism arise from the merest pretenses and the barest assertions, and have seen it within a few decades grow into a system that now has very considerable strength and has the implicit confidence of thousands.

Mahometanism is another illustration of this religious growth. It originated in the claims, assertions and assumptions of an individual, and gradually spread over several countries until hundreds of millions accepted it as a God-given religion, and they have not a shade of doubt but what it is the most divine bequest ever made to the world. Those of us who are not under the influence of this religion, can easily see where its devotees are mistaken, and that they have been misled by designing or deluded leaders. If it is impossible for us to feel the same veneration for their creed and their superstitions that they do, we can complacently and dispassionately view the position they occupy, with the disinterestedness of an outside observer, and can easily perceive the mistakes and fallacies they have made, as well as comprehend the untenability of the divine claims they set up.

So it is with Christianity. To those not encircled within the influence which it exerts, and who do not bow to the demands which it sets up, are able to see not only its defects, but the errors it makes in claiming a direct divine origin.

When we find that the authorities upon which a system rests are defective, and that they do not corroborate the claims put forth by its advocates, we have good grounds to doubt its truth. We remarked that the four gospels were unknown till near the close of the second century, or rather that there is no proof of their having an earlier existence. Irenæus was the first Christian writer who referred to them or recognized them as being extant, and he died in the forepart of the third century. Other pretended and spurious gospels, almost without number, had been known prior to this, but they were discarded as fraudulent, and those upon which the grand fabric of Christianity is founded, were unknown till near two hundred years after the time Jesus was said to have lived. What an uncertain data to build upon. What a fine opportunity was here afforded the early fathers to get up the Gospel story, or to have it written to order. The gospels have been attributed to various Christian fathers, as well as to bishops, priests and monks, but with what amount of truth it is now impossible to demonstrate. It is also claimed the plot of the Gospel story was handed down from the Essenes, the Therapists and the monks of Egypt, and was revised, re-written and re-located by Christians in the early centuries, similar to what Shakespeare did by the most of his plays, the plots of which were borrowed from the inventions and traditions of earlier times.

The Nicene Council, consisting of several hundred quarrelsome and pugilistic bishops, called together by that wholesale Christian murderer, Constantine, which assembled in the year 325, in which contentions and fights without number took place, took into consider-

ation the authenticity of fifty or more "gospels," written by different individuals, and after indulging in the most acrimonious dissensions and fist-fights, finally decided by vote whether the different gospels presented were the word of God. They rejected all but the four now in the Testament, and one of those was admitted by a single vote; but it was not until the middle of the sixth century that the books now composing the New Testament were fully settled upon, several of them having been persistently discarded by previous authorities. Thus, we see, by what a frail tenure our boasted "word of God" hangs, and how easy it was for fraud and deception to have been practiced in getting it up.

The facts we have here mentioned, together with others we have before alluded to, the close resemblance between Jesus and the numerous demi-gods and teachers who preceded him, are quite sufficient to shake the confidence of the most credulous devotee in the actuality of his existence. Christna, Buddha and others have been considered, but if it is not too much like repetition, we will call attention to others who preceded Jesus, and to whom his acts and sayings bear a very strong resemblance,

ALCIDES, of Egypt, was said to have been born of a virgin; to have performed miraculous cures; to have converted water into wine; to have cast out devils; to have raised two persons from the dead; to have restored sight to the blind; to have made the dumb to speak and the lame to walk. For Osiris, also, similar claims were made.

Of PYTHAGORAS, of Greece, his devout followers asserted that he was originally a spirit from heaven; that his birth was miraculously foretold; that his mother, a virgin, conceived by a spectre; that in his youth he astonished the doctors by his learning and knowledge; that he could foretell events; that he could subdue wild beasts; that he could be in two places at once; that he could walk on water; that he could handle poisonous serpents without injury; that he cured all manner of diseases; restored sight to the blind; cast out devils; allayed tempests; raised people from the dead, and thousands, almost, of other wonderful feats as narrated by Jamblicus. He was said to possess a very humble disposition; to be very kind to the poor; to have fasted and prayed, and that he advised his disciples to forsake relatives and houses and lands for religion's sake. In precepts, moral lessons and purity of life, there was a great similarity between him and Jesus, but the latter is not claimed to have existed till the former had been dead five hundred years.

PROMETHEUS was a mythical character, but five centuries before the time of Jesus it was held of him that he had a miraculous birth, that he had a band of disciples; that he taught the best moral precepts; that he was finally crucified as an expiation for mankind amid signs, wonders, and miracles; that nature was convulsed, and that deceased saints arose from their graves; that the sun was darkened and refused to shine; that after crucifixion he descended into hell, and was afterwards seen to ascend into heaven.

APOLLONIUS of Tyana, in Cappadocia, had faithful disciples and biographers in Damos and Philostratus, who made great claims for this remarkable personage, and which were implicitly believed by great numbers of people. That he had a miraculous conception; that his mother was a virgin; that all nature was subject to his power; that he performed great numbers of miraculous cures; that he restored the blind to sight; made the lame to walk; cast out devils; raised the dead; read the thoughts of those around him; caused a tree to bloom; spoke in languages he never learned; that he was transfigured; that he led a spotless life; that he did not marry, and opposed sexual pleasures; that he spent his time in teaching those who gathered around him; that he was a prophet, and could foretell events; that he was imprisoned and loaded with chains; that he was crucified midst a display of divine power; that he rose from the dead; that he appeared to his disciples after his resurrection; that he finally ascended up to heaven to sit at the right hand of the Father, and much more of a similar character, and fully equal in every respect to what was claimed for Jesus.

Of SIMON MAGUS, who also existed before Christ, it

(Concluded on Eighth Page, last column.)

What I think of Christ.

An answer to some questions from a "Christian Friend."

BY WILLIAM WILLICOTT.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1875.

DEAR FRIEND: "You say that Christ, standing as he does, the central figure of the Christian religion, exhibits in his character the very embodiment of all perfection; and so satisfies our highest ideas that he is surrounded with such a halo of glory, that challenges the homage, adoration, and love of every human being."

Now, is it not strange that two individuals, averaging about the same mental ability, will, on reading the same record of Christ's life (and we positively do know nothing of him, except what is supposed to be the true story as given by Mark, Matthew, John, and Luke) come to such opposite conclusions?

I can only account for it in this way: that with one or the other of us, there has been a very imperfect, or incomplete examination: or that influenced by educational teaching, we bring to the examination our own preconceived opinions—the *glamour* which the long-ages have thrown around the name of Christ, and we thus seek, not to discover "WHAT IS TRUTH," but search for evidence to sustain our convictions, which we already deem to be the truth!

It is the fashion of the present-day theology, to preach Christ as the very *beau idéal* of human perfection; that in his life there was such a sublimity of moral glory, to which it is possible for us mortals to approach in some slight degree, but whose meridian splendor we can never hope to attain.

"Time works changes," It was not orthodox to speak thus of the *man nature* of Christ in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Calvin, in one of his sermons on "Christ's Godhead," says something like this: (I cannot give the exact words, for I am quoting from the memory of a long-long ago, but the idea, the sentiment is correct), "that when Christ cursed the barren fig-tree, he did it as a petulant, irritable human being. He was foot-sore, and weary; faint with the summer heat, and seeing the fig-tree afar off, already in imagination he was eating its delicious fruit, and reposing under its grateful shade; finding it barren, in the anger of disappointment, he cursed it—and this he did as *man*—for in his human nature, Christ had control over the elements of this lower world. But when on the cross, he uttered the memorable words: 'this day shalt thou be with me in paradise;' it was the very voice of him 'who commanded, and it was done,' 'God over all, blessed forever.' But the theology of that age would be as much out of place in our churches at this day, as the court dresses of the time of Queen Elizabeth. Our popular preachers, those who carry the masses with them, ever seek to harmonize their teachings, in some slight degree, with the awakening thought and dawning intelligence of the day.

"Shall I write up Christ from the orthodox standard?" says Beecher to his publishers. Anything you please: "you pay your money, and you take your choice." I'm for sale, like merchandise in a public mart.

HAMLET: "Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?"

POLONIUS: "By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed."

HAMLET: "Methinks, it is like a weasel."

POLONIUS: "It is backed like a weasel."

HAMLET: "Or, like a whale?"

POLONIUS: "Very like a whale."

Thus our clerical Poloniuses ever adapt themselves to suit the pressure of the changing times. So it is the human nature, the humanitarian side of Christ that is preached to-day. It is long since I have heard a sermon on the Godhead of Christ—very God, and very God. The intelligence of the age repudiates this dogma; and just so in the coming age, will be dimmed the halo which now encircles his human nature. What says the New Testament of Christ? "To the testimony" let us appeal; take him as represented by the record, that is called inspired, and he certainly is without that moral beauty or comeliness which our Christian friends ascribe to him.

That he made his followers believe he was the deliverer which was to come, who should redeem the Jews from their Roman bondage, is very plain.

"Is it lawful to pay tribute unto Cæsar?"

"Whose image and superscription is this?" was his reply.

"And they said unto him Cæsar's."

"Then render unto Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar's."

This is not the language of a bold, an earnest reformer; it is weak, ambiguous—it is cowardly. If as our friend, Mr. Bowen says, "that Christ was a great moral and political reformer," then right here he lost the grandest opportunity of his life.

Garrison was once asked in a Southern State, with the halter almost around his neck, if the Constitution of the United States did not guarantee the South in the protection of slavery, and his memorable reply was: "Then it is a covenant with death, an agreement with hell!"

I have heard it often said that Christ's loving

gentleness was more than that of woman;" yet we read the bitter, cruel words, "Woman, what have I to do with thee;" those were strange words to fall from the lips of one whose heart throbbed to encircle the whole world in his arms of affection. "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone;" can you put this command of Christ into practice? Try it. Raze your penitentiaries! Burn your prisons! Open the gates of all your jails and let the prisoners free, for they have been wrongfully sentenced: every one has been unjustly condemned. No judge in all this broad land, can come up to the requirements that Christ deemed necessary, to pass sentence. How many sermons eloquently grand, have been preached from those words; yet when you bring them to the test of inexorable logic, they are as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." We pass on. "And I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven." Tell me what those fearful words mean. To whom has been given the power thus to "bind and loose?" The Catholic Church, that monster of oppression, every page of whose history is written with human blood, flings those words in our face, as their authority, by which all can damn, and curse, from Pope to priest. If Christ did use those words, knowingly, understandingly, then his name should be held in everlasting execration. I have sometimes thought that in that night of terror, in Gethsemane's garden, that Christ caught a glimmering of that day of blood, that was about to dawn; some slight premonition of those coming centuries when his name "should be desolation's watchword." If he did, then I can well understand his agonizing prayer, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

"Believe, and thou shalt be saved; doubt, and thou shalt be damned." Unjust! unjust! A wise and good being never could have uttered these words. Damned for a belief!—a mere opinion!

"And no for any guile or ill

They've done afore thee."

Unjust! unjust! for there is no truth in mental philosophy that can be so clearly demonstrated as this: *that belief is not dependent on the will.* If then I must be damned for being an Infidel, then through all the never-ending ages of eternity, will I not cease to cry, unjust! unjust!

Why, my dear friend, I have had no more to do with making myself an Infidel, than I have with the formation of the rings of Saturn. Nor was I one from reading the writings of Voltaire, Spinoza, or Paine. I was one long before I had read a single page of their writings; but it was from the Bible; taking it, as I had been taught to believe it, God's word—God's revealed will to man; and by reading President Edwards' masterly treatise, "On the Will." How many Arminian controversialists have butted their brains in vain against the unassailable rock of logic. Edwards forced me, by his irresistible argument to become an Infidel, against will, inclination, and self-interest. Sometimes I think that a history of the mental conflict I went through in those years, would make most excellent reading for the *New York Observer*.

"Hath not the potter power over the clay, to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor?"

"Tis election known by calling,

It's a privilege divine;

Saints are kept from final falling,

All the glory, Lord, is thine."

And am I to be damned, because the grace has not been given, so that I can say, "even so, Father, for thus it seemeth good in thy sight."

Believe, and thou shalt be saved; doubt, and thou shalt be damned. What must I believe? This: that Christ died for my sins, and he being God the second, made atonement to God the first for those sins, by shedding his blood on the cross—paying to God the first, his own father, by so doing, the penalty of my sins, and this nearly two thousand years before I was born, long, long ages before there was a possibility of my committing any sin; and I to-day, by merely crediting this strange sacrifice, become "a child of God," and entitled to all the joys of paradise. Now God has not given me his grace, by which I can believe this monstrous absurdity, for it is abhorrent to every fibre of my being. I cannot acquiesce in the justice of being damned, because I have no desire for a blood bath; I would rather, ten thousand times, go with John the Baptist, and take a plunge in the pellucid waters of the river Jordan. A remark a lady made to me some years ago, applies here very pertinently she said "she never knew any orthodox Christians among the believers in the 'water cure.'" "A healthy body generally gives a healthy mind," is a truth to which the world is just beginning to awake. Healthy, life-giving food, with good air and a clean skin promote a healthy condition; we should look closely to these sources of health. Each and every one of us must be our own saviors. In reading Payson's sermons, you well know the man did not live out "half his days."

A healthy body will generally give a healthy mind. It is we ourselves who must work out our own salvation. Not the blood of bulls nor goats, nor twice ten thousand sacrificial lambs, can recall the cruel

look, unsay the unkind word, undo the deed committed, that we would give worlds to forget. Conscience like an "avenging angel," makes them the skeleton at "our every feast."

The blood of Christ is not potent enough to give to those memories the balm of forgetfulness. The doctrine of the atonement, the penalty due to me for my sins, paid by another, seems to me, to be so repulsive to all the feelings of a healthy and manly nature, that it would only require to be stated, to be instinctively rejected.

The dying God! The atoning sacrifice! is a dogma so monstrous that it taxes even the credulity of the Christian, and compels him to exclaim, "Reason stands aghast! and faith herself is half confounded." Christ then as God is utterly repudiated by judgement, reason, everything that goes to form and make up my intellectual nature.

Christ as man! is not to me a perfect, a full-rounded, and complete character; he does not come up, by a very long way, to my own ideal, and thus he cannot fill my heart with either admiration or love; and if for this I am to be damned, then I say Christ's words are pre-eminently unjust. "Believe, and thou shalt be saved, doubt, and thou shalt be damned!" If Christ is so lovely that he is "the chief among ten thousand," then I must be compelled—irresistibly compelled to love him, and I know I should not need the incentive of a reward to do so. We are so constituted that we must love what appears to us beautiful and attractive. I love, and dearly love, this beautiful earth, with its mountains and glens. I love to gaze on the silent stars of night, and the pale and solemn moon, and the glorious sun, as he goes down in the west, pillowed with clouds of crimson, and of gold; and find delight in every flower, joy in every bird that flies. There is no reward promised for loving all this beauty; and there is no need, for as you gaze, the mind is thrilled with wonder and with awe, too deep for words. The words "believe, and thou shalt be saved," etc., are not worthy of a great teacher; they appeal to the very lowest, selfish feelings of our nature, and the hope of a reward or punishment should never be taken into consideration in coming to a right, manly, and just decision on any question.

Ah! but say you "what a talismanic power there is even to-day in the name of Christ." "At his name how the quickened pulse throbs with the ecstasy of adoring love." You have read that long, bloody page, which his followers have written; which reaches all the way up to the opening of the sixteenth century; and this your talismanic name of Christ, it was, that turned his followers into tigers, thirsting for human blood, and not a day passed but "blood red rainbows canopied the land." Fearfully, fearfully, have the words of Christ been fulfilled. "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." But the Christian religion is not the only one whose devotees would willingly and joyfully die in its defense. Every great captain has had followers, who would brave all—dare all. Call up one of the "old guards," and speak the name Napoleon, and see how quickly the tear-mist clouds the eye, as the name of the loved chieftain falls on the listening ear. There has been no name given under heaven that ever had the potency and power for the time being like that of Napoleon Bonaparte. Mahomet's name must surely have been a force as potent as Christ's; for to-day his disciples are more in number, and when the hordes of invaders, by the sanction and at the command of the Christian church, went forth to devastate with fire and sword, and to destroy a civilization that was higher, grander than their own (how the crusaders were astonished at the glories of Constantinople, with its minarets and towers first fell upon their wondering sight), they found to their cost that those followers of the prophet were possessed by the same religious zeal, were as ready to fight, and to die in defense of their religion, as the Christian.

Every religion has had its thousands of martyrs, who bravely have died in its defense. "If falsehood has its martyrs, what is the criterion of truth?"

But it would take two volumes octavo to review the life of Christ as presented by the records, and as I must not monopolize the entire pages of *THE TRUTH SEEKER*, I will now come to his death, and close for the present.

It has been said that "Socrates died like a man, but Christ like a God." This sentence is often quoted, and is considered eloquently expressive, but it is entirely without meaning; for as it is impossible to know how a God should die, we cannot know if Christ in his death came up to the requirements that would make the death of a God worthy of our admiration.

But allow me to say, in passing, that I am not very certain that Christ ever did die; for the account that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John give us of his death is so very contradictory that their testimony is almost worthless, and according to the rules of legitimate evidence is entitled to be thrown out of court; for it is required that the witnesses shall agree in *important particulars*. We shall see presently in what harmonious agreement the writers of his life stand. Another most excellent test of the falsehood of a story is the silence of all contemporaneous writers, and when this is the case we are certainly justified in say-

* Dr. Wardlaw.

ing that the whole thing is entirely improbable, and was written in a much later age. Now as regards the story of Christ's life and death all *contemporaneous history is silent*. But you have forgotten that celebrated passage in Josephus. No, I have not forgotten it: nor have I forgotten that the great scholar and philosopher "Dr. Lardner," indelibly stamps it as a *forgery*.

Let us then look at a few of those glaring discrepancies and contradictions. Matthew says the thieves also which were crucified with him "cast the same in his teeth, that is, the mocking and reviling of the priests, scribes, elders," etc. Mark says also that "they who were crucified with him reviled him." John only says that "Christ was crucified with two others with him, he being in the midst." Neither of these three says anything of the conversion of one of the thieves, nor of the promise of Christ that "this day he should be with him in paradise." But it is the account given by Luke to which the Christian Church gives prominence in this particular, and by the example that Christ there gives, they go at the foot of the gallows, and take a human monster, who was born in sin, shapen in iniquity, whose every breath from birth to death has been pollution, and then will send him straight to "Abraham's bosom," with hallelujah to the glory of God. But see how different is Luke's story from the others. His words are, "If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us." Now from those words, does this man deserve the obloquy with which the Christian world covers him? "Save thyself and us," he says: the benefit that he asks for himself, he asks also for others. Why was his prayer not answered? Was it because it is said "one shall be taken and the other left?"

The other, asking selfishly for a blessing for himself alone, obtains it, for to him Christ says: This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Now there certainly is nothing in Luke's account of the conduct of the two men, to merit this distinction—that one should be sent to hell, and the other to heaven. See also, how they differ in their account of Christ's own death: John says that Christ's dying words were, "It is finished," and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost." Luke says that he said "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." But Matthew and Mark make him utter the despairing cry, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani! My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Luke and John make Christ to die *very respectably, indeed*. But according to Matthew and Mark, he dies in the very agony of despair. It would be very amusing to you were I to give you the different explanations that Christian theologians have given in their endeavors to harmonize those fatal contradictions. If he did die as Matthew and Mark say he did, then his doctrines were not able to sustain him in the hour of his greatest need. He did not die triumphantly. He did not die gloriously. He did not die like a man.

Cranmer and Latimer, and, for the honor of our human nature be it said, thousands of his own followers vindicated their title to the name of man, and died more heroically—far more courageously, than did their master. Christ in his death has no claim to the *martyr's crown*, for if Matthew and Mark tell the truth, it was in deed inglorious—most inglorious.

Why to me, our loved and honored Charles Sumner, in his *martyrdom*, appears as far above Christ as the heavens are higher than the earth. Who ever heard from his lips the complaining word? He drank the bitter cup to its very dregs. He never once uttered the coward's prayer, that it might pass from him. No, No! In his death there was sublime heroism; his only anxiety at that supreme moment was that the work for which he had given his life might be completed: "Take care of my Civil Rights Bill," were the last words of our own glorious Sumner.

Who is there so cold, to whose eye the tear will not start, as he reads the touching lines of Whittier?—

"And when the hour supreme had come,
Not for himself a thought he gave;
In that last pang of martyrdom,
His care was for the half-freed slave."

And the coming age, whose dawning light is even already seen in our eastern sky, will take the halo of glory which the superstition of the past have thrown around this *mythic* Christ, and place it on the brows of those great and noble men of our age and generation, who have carried us in their strong arms, forced our hearts to beat with higher aspirations, and taught us to live for nobler and loftier purposes. And to those men shall yet be ascribed "all glory."

"All honor! all praise, now and forever,
Let these be thy gods! O, Israel."

Yours, not in Christ, but in kindness and human sympathy.

ADDENDA.

It might be said that I have entirely omitted to say anything of the beautiful sayings that Christ uttered, or the noble doctrines he preached to the people. I know it; I will consider them some other time. I will now in this *addenda* just say that it is not right or fair to give to Christ the credit of first giving them to the world: all this I most emphatically say is historically untrue. Mr. Beecher is even compelled under the

light of this present day to say, "that the sermon on the Mount and the Lord's prayer are not *original* with Christ." John Morley, the editor of the "*Fortnightly Review*," says in his able and searching analysis of Mill's three essays on religion in a late number of that magazine: "Readers receive so many shocks to their faith in these days—that the impression of any one of them seldom lasts more than a few weeks. Perhaps therefore they have ample time to forget a shock they received seven years ago. A learned scholar then showed them that the sublimest dicta of the gospels found exact parallels in the Talmud, and warned them that to assume that the Talmud borrowed from the New Testament would be like assuming that Sanskrit sprang from Latin, or that French was developed from the Norman words found in English; and the wider our knowledge extends, the fainter becomes the claims made for the gospel moralities as original, new, or exceptionally profound in insight," and he also says, which is certainly an endorsement of the view I have here taken of Christ; that we construct an ideal figure out of the sayings, the life, and the character of the great figure of the gospels, and we do this only on condition of shutting our eyes to about one-half of the portraits of Christ as drawn in the gospels. Not merely are some essential elements of the highest morality omitted, but there are positive injunctions and positive traits recorded which must detract in the highest degree from the justice of an unqualified eulogium. Thus on the shores of old superstition, the waves of free thought still rise, higher—still higher.

Cruelty and Credulity of the Human Race

BY DR. DANIEL ARTER, CAIRO, ILL.

As far back as history extends, man has always been the most barbarous, blood-thirsty, treacherous, and tyrannical creature of all the animal creation.

I know that this is strong language; but the history of the race fully warrants it.

Man's first and highest object in life has always been the attainment of wealth, eminence and power, that, through an exercise of these he might enslave and subjugate his fellow men to his service; and to achieve these ends he has rejected no means, however base—murder and even fratricide not excepted—utterly unmindful of the love or wrath of God, or the opinion of men.

The most potent power for the enslavement of men has been, and continues to be, priestcraft, operating upon the ignorance and superstition of the masses. Long before the Genesal creation, priests ruled and controlled the masses, through their ignorance and superstitious fears. No sooner had Moses established his power than he fastened upon the people a herd of priests and their attendants, chiefly of his own kindred, who fattened upon their substance, exacting two-fifths of their earnings, as well as everything devoted both of man and beast—of their fruits and wines—demanding peace-offerings, burnt-offerings, sin-offerings, atonement-offerings, as also a share of the spoils taken from enemies, virgin maidens not excepted. All this was exacted under threats of the dire wrath of their Jewish god, Jehovah. Happily for that people, however, the Lord had not, at that time, prepared his burning lake of fire, nor even intimated a state of future existence.

After the partial overthrow of this tyrannical reign of priestcraft and oppression, the priests, in order to maintain power, found it necessary to promulgate a new theological dogma, and to devise means to impose it upon the credulity of the masses. To effect this, they went back to a time anterior to the creation of the world to provide a Savior; and to utilize this Savior it became necessary to find some one to be saved as well as a fall to be saved from. Hence the "original sin" in the Garden of Eden, and the curse of the angry Jehovah, which is said to have descended to us in this thousandth generation. They denounced all who did not embrace their dogma and contribute to their support, as enemies of God, who were without the pale of mercy, doomed to an ever-burning lake of brimstone—they and their progeny, even the infant not a span in length. This is Calvinism. But here the good and pious Dr. Watts comes in—the God-loving creature who was so delighted in the imaginary groans and shrieks of those infant spirits, that he set his fancies into metrical verse, to be sung as sweet music to the glory of God. Let this God-serving creature be heard:

"There is a never-dying hell,
And never-dying pains.
Where children must, with demons dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.
Have faith the same in endless shame,
In all the human race;
For hell is crammed with infants damn'd.
Without a day of grace."

How impressive these "sacred lines," when announced from a tasselled pulpit by a black-coated, white-cravated divine, and sung, with an organ prelude, by a devout congregation, with upturned faces, and rolling eyes? Yes, dear mothers and dear friends who have been bereft of your infant darlings:

† A. W. Newman.

"There is a never-ending hell,
And never-dying pains,
Where children must, with demons dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains!"
[Hallelujah!]
"For hell is crammed with infants damned,
Without a day of grace."

Is there—can there be any conception more horrible than this, to the mind of man, or more blasphemous in the eyes of a Father-God? And yet this was one of the means employed by the so-called minister of God, to frighten the honest, the ignorant and unsuspecting, into orthodox, Christian traces!

Is God consistent? If so, was it consistent to create a Savior before there was any one to be saved, or a doom to be saved from? And has he saved us from the curse said to have been pronounced against us through our original parents? Let us, for a moment, examine the wording of the curse, as pronounced by God himself: leaving the snake to crawl upon its belly, as it is reasonable to suppose *it always did*, and to "eat dust," as it is reasonable to suppose it *does not now, and never did!* Referring to this curse, I must confess that, owing to my early Christian training, so deeply was this perverted passage impressed upon my mind, that for many years I labored under the delusion that it was irrevocably fixed upon all the posterity of Adam.

But, to my text: Genesis, ch. 3; verses 17, 18, and 19: And unto the woman he said, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrows and thy conception; and in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children; and thy desire shall be unto thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

And to Adam he said: "Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree which I commanded you, saying thou shalt not eat of it, cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also, and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat of the herb of the field."

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread, till thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Now let us inquire: Is this curse removed? Are mothers saved from the sorrow and pains of parturition, even the most devoted Christian believers? I tell you, from numerous and painful observations, during a medical practice of nearly two score years, *No! No!* Does not the ground still bring forth thorns and thistles? Does not man still eat his bread in the sweat of his face, and does he not go down to the ground from which he was taken? How all this, which is but the fate and experience of the human family, can be accepted as punishment for the "original sin," is beyond my comprehension, and finds no warrant in reason, justice, or common sense. Admitting its truth, the curse can only be accepted according to the literal meaning and import of the words, and not in a metaphorical sense. Accepting it thus, no man can escape from, or avoid it, unless God changes his "immutable laws," in which case he would prove himself fallible. Then, by what forced constructions or figurative twistings this curse can be tortured into a "penal hereafter," from which man can only be saved through faith in a mythical Savior, priests alone must explain. The Lord did not intimate a future in his curse; but limited the punishment to the time when man should return unto the ground, out of which he was taken. This high authority (the Lord himself), gives no intimation of a life beyond the grave; of a burning hell, or of a new Jerusalem of future bliss. Yet this (the original sin, and atonement through a Savior's blood), is to this day, the very corner-stone of Christian creeds—the great "open-sesame," by which the ignorant and credulous masses are robbed of millions every year (in many cases entailing misery and privation, and not unfrequently insanity), that a crafty, and often imbecile priesthood may be supported in ease, indolence, and luxury. Compare our spacious and gorgeous churches, their ornamented walls, and tasselled pulpits, carpeted aisles, and cushioned pews, gilded chandeliers, and costly organs, with the lowly cottage, with its bare walls and coarse and scanty furniture, with the half-clad, pale-faced mother, poorly clothed children—the father, if living, striving day by day to provide scanty supplies, and who, if found mending his boot, sawing his wood, or cultivating his garden on the so-called *holy Sabbath*, is denounced as a worker of iniquity, if he is not arrested and fined as a culprit; while the Church, by a species of fraud, gambling, and begging continually adds to its horde of wealth, and is lauded for its success! The poor man, even the widow, with an only cow, a rickety cook stove, and bed of straw, is taxed, while the Church, grand in its wealth and over-shadowing magnificence, is exempt; and yet the poor, who are unable to clothe themselves up to the orthodox standard to appear in those consecrated temples, are expected from their scanty means to contribute to their support! Should some unfortunate mother with her children obtrude her presence in these hallowed sanctuaries, clothed in the humble garb that befits her means and station in life, she becomes the gazing stock of the congregation, and is so completely stared and scowled out of countenance that she scarcely ever summons the courage to repeat the visit.

And this is the Christian religion, from a promulgation of which tens of thousands (imbeciles and hypocrites among the rest) draw their support, largely from the ignorant, the poor, and the credulous—denouncing those who withhold contributions as infidels and Atheists; betraying, by word and deed, a spirit which, if unrestrained by law, would deprive them of citizenship, and, in this nineteenth century, re-enact the scenes of the Spanish Inquisition! Indicative of such a spirit is the prevailing struggle among Christian fanatics to insert the name of God, and recognize the divinity of Jesus in our Federal Constitution.

It is true that our modern theologians are not responsible for the origin of this theological "imposition," for we find that, anterior to the Genesal creation, men had their objects of worship, each nation establishing or creating its own god. Gods of gold, silver, brass, wood, stone, and clay; gods of the animal and reptile creation, such as bulls, elephants, crocodiles, and serpents. Planetary and elementary gods, such as the sun, moon, stars, and fire, and water, and, at a later day, man-gods. The Hindoos had their Christ, or Christna, born of a Virgin, as was the Christian's Christ, without a natural father, and like him put to death, long before the latter was born. Hence, it was only necessary for the Christian fathers to copy the Hindoo legend, with such additions and alterations as would better adapt it to the people and times, leaving their successors in the faith such merit as they might win in the labor of spreading the monstrous deception throughout all the earth.

All nations above the savage have their own bibles and their own gods, shaped in accordance with the will and desires of their authors. The American aborigines, without a Bible, worshiped the Great Spirit; and until brought into communication with the Christian world, were among the most honest, trustworthy, and conscientious of all living men. No locks or bars were required to their wigwams. Murders were of rare occurrence; drunkenness was unknown; and unlike their Christian successors in the land, they ranked seduction and licentiousness among the highest crimes—ordinarily inflicting upon the male offender the penalty of death! But no sooner were these so-called "savages" brought to a knowledge of the Christian religion, than they became deceitful, treacherous, and dishonest—becoming robbers and murderers, as we find them at the present day. And now, of all the numerous worshipers in the world the Christians alone claim the atonement for original sin, and, with a few exceptions, the existence of an endless hell. Is it not marvelously strange that God, after depositing Adam in the dust where he left him, and afterwards manifesting himself to numbers of bible notables—speaking to Moses face to face, giving him his laws and commandments, which he was forty days and nights in writing—is it not strange, I repeat, after all this, that God nowhere alluded to the original sin, the fall of man, a coming Savior, or future state of existence? Why was it that he withheld this knowledge, so important to man, when being so voluble and communicative in matters of less importance? Was it an after-thought, that he might amuse himself by a contemplation of the pain and shrieks of his helpless children, whom he had circumvented by his fore-knowledge, that they might writhe and roast in an endless hell; or is the whole plan of salvation a scheme that is totally unworthy of belief?

I know that I have made use of strong language, but have not gone beyond an expression of my firm convictions. I have, therefore, no apology to offer to any one. I cherish no ill feelings toward our clergy; on the contrary, I consider them in the light of other charlatans and astute speculators, who earn their bread and butter by imposing upon the credulity of the ignorant and unthinking masses. Many of them are entitled to no small degree of credit for their sagacity, for it is an acknowledged fact that the greater and more mysterious the humbug is, the more greedily the people swallow it.

But I dare not, being merely human, condemn any of their tenets or creeds, as all claim their origin in a greater or less degree, from the gods themselves. The Chinese, the Hindoo, the Brahmins, and the Buddhists; the Greeks and the Jews; the Christians; the followers of Mahomet, and the believers in other creeds and dogmas—all claim divine origin; and who am I that I should condemn them, although my right to study, question, and investigate is as great as the right of the greatest?

But it is contended that the Christian doctrine is the entire embodiment of peace and good-will on earth to man. The contrary is the fact; and I challenge the Christian world to deny that its teachings have been the cause of more bloodshed, misery, tears, and suffering during the Christian era, than all other causes combined. Our standard histories declare that over one hundred millions of human lives have been sacrificed as the direct result of its teachings. But this terrible loss of human life our clergy profess to be able to explain away: "if they only had time!" Years and decades have resolved themselves into centuries, and yet we are without the explanation!

While I do not condemn any religion or mode of honest worship, I claim it as a right and as my duty to criticise all, and if I can, to expose their frauds, their errors, and their impositions. I would not be understood as denying a great "First Cause,"—a

spirit incomprehensible, full of power, goodness and glory; but I do deny that he is the author of the Christian religion, or is in any manner responsible for the bloodshed, terror, and misery that may be put down as its legitimate outgrowth. He has, in his wisdom, fixed laws for our government, and to a violation of them we may trace all our physical and mental ills and sufferings. Where is the man or woman that does not suffer from wrong-doing, both in body and mind? Where is the murderer, the thief, the liar, the swindler, and hypocrite that is at peace with his own conscience? Consider the effects of physical excesses and imprudence?

How many thousands suffer from a violation of nature's laws? Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the ills to which humanity is subjected, may be ascribed to that cause; and the only atonement is through suffering. It is true that there are many who suffer from hereditary transmission, and hence the truism that "The sins of the father (let me add the mother, too), shall descend even unto the third generation." It is also true that there are exceptions which we cannot comprehend; but all arise out of the same cause—the transgression of nature's laws. But, where is the man or woman who has lived an upright, honest life, and conformed as nearly as possible to the laws of his or her being, who does not enjoy that peace of mind so essential to human happiness? We may, at times, be at a loss for an explanation of the evils that beset us; but upon close examination the cause will be found within ourselves; and prayers, unless seconded by individual effort will avail us nothing.

In conclusion let me say that all owe it to themselves to use the reasoning powers their creator has endowed them with, to improve themselves, to search, seek, and examine for themselves, and not to rely upon the *ipse dixit* of any man, be he scripture-monger, salvation-peddler, saint or sinner—ever bearing in mind that every individual writes his own destiny, and that that destiny cannot be changed by all the cant and prayers of all the popes, bishops, priests, deacons, and elders that ever lived on earth;—that everybody is responsible for himself alone, and that no mediation can shield him from the penalty of his own misdeeds. Let none flatter themselves that they are exceptions; let no one rely upon the efficacy of Church ordinances or the prayers of hired priests, for death is not surer than that each and every one of us must answer for himself. As we can neither add to nor detract from the greatness of the Almighty, or change or modify his laws, all our prayers and petitions, our praise and adoration will avail us nothing. We can most effectively serve him by an observance of "The Golden Rule," laid down for us long before the advent of Christ, and reiterated by him as an explicit, and even god-like rule of conduct—to "Do unto others as we would have them do unto us." Do this; relieve our fellow-creatures, and render them as happy as we can, and the mission of our lives will be happily fulfilled.

Wherein does it benefit the impoverished man or woman to address the Ruler of the Universe in song and systematic prayer, in the hope that, suspending his laws, he will shower down bread from heaven, and send beefsteak upon the winds, as he sent myriads of quail to his chosen people of Israel? Would it not be wiser and more consistent in us to thank him for the blessings that enable us to relieve the necessities of the poor and unfortunate—to supply their needs from our abundance, thereby rendering ourselves his "good angels,"—diffusing light and bringing happiness among our fellow-creatures, where, else, all had been darkness, misery, and distress.

OPEN QUESTIONS.—It is a great mistake to consider any question respecting man's condition after death, or the personal identity of invisible intelligences as *settled*. This is a foregone conclusion in Christianity, and had the mystic rap of the nineteenth century only commenced in the pulpit, it would have been hailed as a miraculous confirmation of Christian dogmatism. Let Spiritualists, therefore, be slow in building theories on mystical phenomena, lest they become like Christians, who are spell-bound by "faith in the Bible." To be crystalized in settled opinions respecting the *unknown*, is proscriptive and sectarian, as all believers in mediumistic "revelations" are prone to become.

LE ROY SUNDERLAND.

The Law of Compensation.

The soul, that sins, dies—such is the Law. Cause and Effect run parallel through every fibre of our being—through the Universe.

High on the list of Beatitudes, is the Beatitude which enables us to see God—the Living God, in Living Temples—enables us not only to see God—It enables us to be Living Temples of the Living God.

In my circle of acquaintance, are those to whom I reverently bow.—To my perception, they are the personification—the Materialization—of the Living God—the Power of God and the Wisdom of God—the Power of God, enabling them to preserve their form erect, through all strains upon their integrity—the Wisdom of God, directing their every action, word and thought.

Though deeply religious, I'm too materialistic to adore abstractions.

PRENTISS.

(Concluded from Fifth Page.)

was claimed that he was "in the beginning with God;" that he existed from all eternity; that he took upon himself the form of man; that he was the "word"—the son of God; that he was the second person in the trinity; that he could control the elements; that he could walk in the air; that he could move any bodies at will; that he raised the dead; that he came to redeem the world from sin; that he was the world's "Savior," "Redeemer," and "the only begotten of the Father," and that through his name the world was to be saved.

Numerous other "Saviors" and "Redeemers," who lived before Christ, might be named in this connection to show the striking similarity which existed between him and them, but we have already quoted enough to give the reader clearly to understand that there were, hundreds of years before the time of Jesus, abundance of material of which to spin and weave his story; and that taking all the facts into consideration, the prior existence of similar claims, and the extreme doubt of the authenticity of the gospel narratives of Christ, the strongest probability is that such a personage as Jesus never had an existence; or that, if he did exist, he was only a common mortal, to whom, a century or two after his death, was falsely attributed by designing, dishonest persons, deific characteristics, impossible performances, and moral utterances, after the style of the fabulous demi-gods and distinguished teachers of older times.

For the Love of God.

"The time is coming when Christians will love God so intensely that they will put to death even their own children who may be found holding and teaching heretical opinions."—Rev. Mr. Wells, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Northern Ohio.

Perhaps our readers will remember the reply to "A Pious Letter," which recently appeared in these columns, by Morgan R. Nichols, West Winfield, N. Y. We have just learned that this worthy young man, after having been refused admittance to the W. W. Academy by the Principal, has been obliged to leave his father's house because of his Liberal belief. The pious parent of young Nichols obliged him to accept the alternative of destroying his books, giving up his claim in a Liberal library, and renouncing his honest convictions of truth, or else to leave his home. He has chosen to give up his father's house rather than surrender his manhood. This Christian father is doubtless longing for the "good time coming" predicted by Wells.

THE subject of money is the most distasteful to us of any topic we are called upon to allude to. We dislike to be obliged to mention it; but we just wish to say, that if our patrons who have not renewed will be kind enough to do so, they will confer a special favor upon us. Our expenses are heavy and "funds" are necessary to meet them. Friends, remember our needs. We again request those who do not want the paper and do not intend to pay for it, to pay up for the time they have had it and notify us to stop it. We wish to furnish all who want it and will pay for it, but cannot afford to send it to those who will not pay.

A NEW BOOK.—Mr. C. P. Somerby has presented us with a copy of *Scriptural Speculations*, by Halsey R. Stevens, a work of over 400 pages, just issued. It is a review of many parts of the Bible from a Liberal standpoint, and presents many new thoughts as well as old thoughts in a new dress. It is an interesting work, and can be freely recommended to the general reader. Price \$2 by mail.

ZELL'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. We call attention to the advertisement of this valuable work on the fifteenth page. We lately treated ourselves to a copy of the work, and are well pleased with it. It contains not only all the matter in "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary," but is also a full Repository of Knowledge, Science, Biography, Literature and Art. It is truly one of the most valuable works in the English language.

THE valuable work, *The Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion*, by ex-Rev. E. E. Guild, which, for several months past has appeared regularly in our columns, will be completed in our next, after which it will be published in book form, both in paper and cloth. Those who will wish copies, will please notify us. Price, in paper, 40 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

Freethought Lecture.

A lecture was delivered at Masonic Hall, last Sunday evening, by Alfred S. Green, entitled "Freethought and Freethinkers." There was a fair attendance, and the lecture was well received. Mr. Green desires to go West, and will fill any engagement that may be desired. His list of prepared lectures is to be found in another column.

We cheerfully give place to the following from Father Beeson on the Indian subject. We have had several interviews with the kindly old gentleman (over seventy years of age), and find him thoroughly honest and in earnest. He has afforded us new light upon the Indian question. The course our government and our people have pursued towards the red men has assuredly been most dishonest and cruel. Every treaty we have made with them has been broken on our part, and in the work of aggression we have always been foremost. If we had, in all cases, treated the sons of the forest in the way which honesty and humanity would dictate, it would have been vastly better for the Indians, and more than \$500,000,000 in the public treasury. Father Beeson has spent twenty years in Oregon, and has become thoroughly acquainted with various tribes of Indians, as well as the numerous wrongs that have been done them.

An Open Letter

To the Pastors of all Denominations, and to the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States for 1875-6.

GENTLEMEN: One hundred years have nearly gone since our fathers declared that all men (women included) have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and yet, to-day, the women, and the Indians, and the ill-paid working men are, either by *prejudice* or by *poverty*, debarred from the enjoyment of these rights. This sad fact is an appeal for you to unite, as with the heart of one man, to remove the obstacles, and thus prove by the equality of rights, instead of by the partiality for riches, that our nation is worthy of the day which, for the hundredth time, we are about to celebrate, and in order to impress you, as the national representatives of Religion and Law, with the necessity for special action, a statement is herewith given of what needs to be done, and the names of representative men (deceased and living) who have by their sympathy and pecuniary aid sanctioned the subscriber in this work:

The late Archbishop Hughes, and Father Desmit,	Catholics.
The late Rev. Dr. Wayland, President of Brown University,	Baptist.
The late Rev. Theodore Parker, and Thomas Starr King,	Unitarians.
The late Rev. Dr. Kirk, President of the American	Tract Society.
Bishop Clark, Providence, R. I.,	Episcopal.
Rev. H. Crosby, Chancellor of the New York University,	Presbyterian.
Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, New York,	Methodist.
Benjamin Tatham, New York,	Orthodox Friend.
Delwyn Parrish, Philadelphia,	Hicksite Friend.
Rev. Dr. Minor, Boston,	Universalist.
Luther Colby, Editor <i>Banner of Light</i> ,	Spiritualist.
Horace Seaver, Editor <i>Boston Investigator</i> ,	Infidel.
The late Gen. John E. Wool, Gerrit Smith, Hon. Wm. Sprague, Peter Cooper, R. T. Trall, M. D., Bronson Murray,	Citizens.

In addition to these, the subscriber has received donations from the "Boston Unitarian Association for the spread of the gospel among the Indians;" he has also spoken in scores of pulpits, and has been kindly spoken of, almost without exception, by the local Press at every place he has visited.

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

Prior to 1860 several Indian Aid Associations were formed in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, all of which did much to attract public attention to the outrages upon the Indians, which resulted in the appointment of successive Commissions of investigation—the first by President Lincoln, secretly to ascertain if the reports which he had heard were true. In due time the Commission returned, and confirmed the worst reports he had previously received, showing that the Minnesota Indian raid, in which hundreds of whites were killed,

was occasioned by the robbery of \$500,000 of the Indians' money, for the want of which they were driven by starvation and the influence of the rebels to seek redress by force of arms, the same as the whites were doing. This report could not at that time receive the attention which its importance required, and since then it cannot be found on the records of the Indian Bureau, although diligent search has been made; but the subscriber received—in regard to it—the following note:

"MY AGED FRIEND BEESON: I have heard your statement. I have thought much, though I have said little, but I assure you that as soon as the business of this war is settled, the Indians shall have my first attention, and I shall not rest until they have justice that will satisfy both them and you."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The second Commission was organized under President Johnson, and reported the necessity of an immediate radical reform in the Indian Department.

The third Commission was organized as "the Indian Peace Commission," in accordance with the resolve of President Grant, "to facilitate any measure for the Christian civilization of the Indians." It was composed of twenty distinguished citizens and pastors, who engaged to act without pay from the Government. Vincent Colyer and others of its members visited the various tribes, and their reports fully sustained the appropriateness of the following extract from a published appeal of the Commission, dated July 16th, 1868:

"We do not deny that the Indian is an uncivilized man, and that his practices toward his enemies are cruel and revolting, but we affirm that, to civilize and not to destroy, is the noble policy of a magnanimous nation. We, moreover, affirm that his cruelties are exaggerated by the cunning of interested whites who, themselves, with all their enlightenment, often rival the Indian in deeds of blood." "Public opinion has been fed with falsehood, until not only sympathy, but even common justice, has been well nigh extinguished. Taking advantage of this condition of the public mind, hordes of speculators prey upon the Indians with impunity." "As there is a God, this evil must be stopped, or its guilt be visited upon our land; it is dangerous, as well as mean and cowardly, to oppress the weak." "We appeal to our fellow-citizens from Maine to California, to feel their responsibility in this matter, as well as their power to reverse the sad and shameful picture. We ask them to help us by mass-meetings, and by the voice of the free Press in every city and town."

In behalf of the Commission.

HOWARD CROSBY, President,
PETER COOPER, Vice-President,
BENJAMIN TATHAM, Treasurer,
VINCENT COLYER, Secretary.

WILLIAM BLODGET,
LE GRAND CANNON,
EDWARD CROMWELL, } Executive Committee.

To this earnest appeal there has not as yet been any proper response from the pulpits, and as the Indian Ring is paramount over religion and law, the Peace Commission remains powerless to stop frauds and Modoc tragedies. Some of its members have resigned rather than retain a sacred office as a useless sham, but the good results of their work are apparent in a rapidly increasing interest and in the readiness of the leading newspapers to plead for the oppressed. It is also seen in the fact that the Indians, who have no faith in Government officials, still hope for justice from the people at large.

And now, gentlemen, as you and your predecessors in office, from the landing of our Fathers on Plymouth Rock, until now, have had the command of the army and of the national treasury, and the moral force of all the churches, and have failed to prevent *Christian civilization* from being a blight instead of a blessing upon our Indian neighbors, and a bar against the enjoyment of equal rights of all classes. There is no faith felt by any party in your sectarianisms or in your politics. You are, therefore not asked for the enactment of new laws, or for fresh measures on the old plan, but only that you will learn the lesson which was taught by the ancient version of "a great sheet let down from heaven containing all manner of living creatures," (symbolic of different creeds,) that the Indian's faith in the Great Spirit is as acceptable to God as your own, and that faith of any kind is worthless, except there is added to it virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and above all, "charity which thinketh no evil, is not easily provoked, and which suffereth long and is kind."

For this end, you, with all who read this, are invited (in advance) to consider the decisions of a two days' meeting, which will be called as soon as representative persons (men and women) have signed their names to a call for the following purposes:

1. To ascertain the reason why *Christian civilization* is so h a lamentable failure.
2. To adopt a Platform which shall embody a provision for the enjoyment of the natural rights of all persons, regardless of color, grade or sex.
3. To nominate a President of the United States, whose rightly-formed head and well-ordered previous life shall be a sufficient guarantee of fitness for the office.

Gentlemen, in full confidence that, to the extent of your love for God and for your neighbor, and for your country, you will contribute your money and your influence in some well-devised plan which shall actualize "Peace on earth, good-will to man," and "glad tidings of great joy unto all people" (Indians included).

Those having suggestions to make, touching the foregoing, will please address the subscriber.

JOHN BEESON,
Cooper Institute, N. Y.

To the Readers of The Truth Seeker:

DEAR FRIENDS: Permit me to address you on a subject that I think should to some extent interest every person of Infidel or Liberal principles. You are all well aware that religious literature is circulated extensively through the medium of traveling agents, missionaries or colporteurs. The Southern States are, perhaps, more infested with these *godly-drummers* than the Northern States; I can speak positively for the State of South Carolina, which is almost deluged with these *religious pimps*, traveling through the country selling bibles, distributing Sunday-school and other tracts, soliciting subscriptions to the various religious newspapers published in this and adjoining States, visiting sections remote from railroad facilities, and carrying their gospel right to the doors of their customers. Many of these gospel drummers are doing a thriving business, both for themselves and their great cause. Now can't we Liberals profit by this Christian example; have we not an equal cause, yea, a much greater cause to be up and doing? Can we not afford one Infidel missionary, just one, whose business shall be to travel and sell Liberal books, distribute Liberal tracts and solicit subscribers to our newspapers, viz.: THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Common Sense*, *Boston Investigator*, or any other Infidel publication?

There are in our country thousands of people of Liberal views and Infidel principles, who never saw or read an Infidel book or paper; in fact, there are many who do not know that there are any such books and papers published in the United States, and the clergy are doing their "level best" to keep this bit of information fenced out and ignorance fenced in.

There are a great many persons who are skeptical in regard to the Bible and the Christian religion; but who—as I said before—never read an Infidel book or paper in their lives. The most of these people would buy a book and subscribe to a paper from a traveling agent, but will never do either by ordering them direct from the publishers or book stores. I have for the last three years been strongly impressed with the importance of this subject, and have often wished that some one more competent than myself would give it a public notice, hoping that some one might engage in the business; but never until recently did I think of trying it myself, but circumstances of a peculiar nature have determined me to "try my hand."

I propose to commence the business on or about the first of Jan., 1876. If I succeed in my plans, I propose to canvass the States of South Carolina, Georgia, North Carolina and Tennessee, and sell Infidel books, pamphlets, tracts, etc., also to solicit subscriptions to THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Common Sense*, and any other Liberal paper from which I can obtain an agency. I see but one drawback to my enterprise, that is the lack of money. It is true it will not require a large sum to set this ball in motion, still it requires more than I can command; and unless I can get help I must give it up. I have already obtained a little and have the promise of a little more, and have had encouraging words from some of my Infidel friends, advising me to push the thing through at once. I do not by any means wish any person to bestow or contribute anything gratuitously, I only wish to borrow funds sufficient to start me in the business, and pledge myself to refund every cent twelve months after date with 10 per cent interest; any one who may feel disposed to aid me can do so by depositing the amount they wish to loan me with the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, (Dr. Bennett) or Col. R. Peterson, Editor of *Common Sense*, when the name of the loaner and the amount loaned and the date it was received shall all appear in THE TRUTH SEEKER or *Common Sense*, as the case may be; and as soon as a sufficient sum is deposited to start me in the business, due notice will be given, and each person will receive my promissory note for the amount they deposited before it is paid over to me. I suppose it will take about 300 or 350 dollars to start me. Say a good horse or mule, which will cost in this State \$150; a suitable wagon, \$125; a set of harness and other fixtures, \$35; advertising, \$40; total, \$350.

This is a small amount, but small as it is I have not got it. If all who are able, would each loan me twenty-five cents, I would soon have the "ark moving," and I believe, stirring up Freethought element that can be reached in no other way.

Friends of the Liberal cause, Brothers and Sisters of humanity, my project is before you; shall I have your support or not? I am poor, but willing to work and devote the rest of my life to the great struggle for mental freedom, and notwithstanding I am ostracised here in this priest-ridden, superstitious community, I am still in during the war, *pay or no pay*.

Fraternally, R. M. CASEY.
Pendleton, S. C., Sept. 17th, 1875.

DR. BETHUNE used to tell a good story about two Scotchmen who came to this country several years ago. "What's the matter, Andrew, that ye seem sae troubled this morning?" "I had a fearful dream in the night." "What did ye dream?" "I dinna like to tell." "Did ye dream ye saw the deil?" "No, it was far waur than that." "Did ye dream yer mither was dead?" "Nay, it was far waur than that." "Well, what did ye dream?" "Why, I dream-ed I was hame again."

Labor the Grand Criterion.

BY A. GAYLORD SPAULDING.

To the Grangers and Toilers of the Nation:

BROTHERS AND SISTERS: You all know, and everybody knows, that labor creates, sustains, and preserves everything—earns and deserves all. Who but Labor, then, personified, should be voted king of the Cannibal Islands, or Emperor, Czar, Khedive, Mikado, Kaiser, President, Governor, or Chief, of any State or Nation? Nothing else is at all worthy to stand at the helm, to represent the people in any capacity. It is always the high mark and standard, measure, value, proof, and test, of true manhood, morals, and intellect, everywhere. Brains are soft, if not hardened up by labor. Hands are puny, when not made brown, tough, rough, and bony, by toil and sweat. Soft brains and puny hands are wasting moths that ruin the whole country. Let them be arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to

EVERLASTING BANISHMENT AND INFAMY.

Labor is the mysterious alchemy or philosopher's stone, that turns everything to gold—or bread, which is better; and all non-producing professionals, speculators, shirks and vampires, are thieves and robbers, who deserve the fate of the grasshopper, for they live on plunder. Labor is health and wealth, and should be the pride and boast of every man and woman. Labor is heavenly, and fills the world with plenty, beauty and perfection—with fair distribution and equal rights. The Grange Movement gives labor notable prominence and distinction, and it is now

A WORLD QUESTION,

what will become of the reigning monarchs of the earth—the autocrats, dictators, and despots—the Rothschilds and money kings? They have forfeited their proud claims to rule, and must therefore abdicate. Such a tender, slender, weak-nerved, non-working crew! Their high positions are a mere assumption and chance possession. Labor is now the mighty watchword, and workingmen demand the thrones and chairs of state, with women for prime ministers and cabinet officers. No army can put them down, because they themselves are the army *imperium in imperio*. Reason, justice, and the welfare of mankind are on their side. It is an evolution and a revolution. Our government will rise up at the great centennial of 1876, when Grant will slide gracefully out, and the people march quietly in. No more Cæsarism, or third-termism. This is the new era of Labor, which is the burden of fervent prayers, sermons and songs, on Sunday or week-day—always sacred. And what is the great secret of such a marvelous consummation? It is simply the blessed effect of the

NEWSPAPER LEAVEN,

showered so copiously on the candid minds of the working class. How speedily and easily it all comes about. But yesterday all slaves—to-day all free men and women! Let us have a grand jubilee—a universal celebration of the splendid victory and triumph of down-trodden labor. All hands up and banners waving!

Labor was the high college of Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, and Farmer Taylor of Wisconsin, graduating in the distinguished Freshmen and Sophomore ranks of the heroic type-setter, rail-splitter, and sod-turner. It is the noble school of

COMMON LABOR AND COMMON SENSE.

And will not Common Sense make a good president, governor, representative, or constable? Didn't Lincoln answer middling well at the head? Such a diploma, then, stands far above your popular fancy qualifications of classic pride. So what now becomes of your West Point epaulets and shoulder-straps, or your Grants, Shermans and Sheridans? Bosh! Suppose a man did kill Cock Robin, Little Crow or Jeff Davis? Does that make him an angel, or a man any more deserving your votes? No; it is a terrible delusion of the great foolish, numbskull world. Really the honest marks and scars and sun-tan of productive labor are far higher commendations than any bloodstains of human slaughter, because labor feeds the people, while war starves them to death. Labor represents the masses, while military and professional titles and honors are monopolized by the few, and furnish bread to none.

A national Congress of political, and professional idlers, loafers, gamblers, thieves, speculators, whiskey guzzlers and whoremongers, is an awful burlesque and disgrace; and if such men are supposed to represent the working class, they (the workers) must be low indeed! But they do no such thing. They are "another breed of pups" entirely, and working men are blinded and cheated all around most shamefully.

Again, right here at home, it is reported that our Minnesota legislators, during their last session (60 days) expended ten thousand dollars for the nice little luxuries of

TOBACCO, CIGARS AND LIQUORS,

(to say nothing of other nameless vices and indulgences). The same complimentary facts are probably more or less true of every other State, showing our deplorably demoralized condition as a nation. All this, remember, is a continual outrage imposed on universal labor—for labor pays every cent. Who can wonder

at the hard times, or that we are not totally eaten up and demolished by human vultures, in the humbug name of such government and legislation?

Under this most dubious and discouraging aspect of things, our only consolation and hope rest in the confident belief that there is yet a balm in Gilead. That healing balm and physician is the inherent power and virtue of labor and the laboring class. And, if such rottenness, recklessness, wickedness and corruption, are the legitimate outgrowth and fruit of non-productive speculation, and of professional and political, and money aristocracy, in State and Church, surely the downfall of our republic is but a question of time, unless averted by wise and timely reform. It is well that we are awakening to the threatened danger. Light among the workers, with general industrial co-operation, only can save the ship.

LABOR AND TEMPERANCE.

Enlightened co-operative labor is a mighty lever to elevate and reform society, because labor itself naturally produces steady habits and sober minds. And without general co-operative labor reform, it is a question if *political* temperance agitation is not wasted and useless. An expensive campaign is necessarily limited, and soon terminates for lack of funds. When, if such efforts and money were devoted to the work of organizing labor, temperance reform would extend and prosper on no ephemeral or fictitious basis. Combine the two, then, with labor at the bottom, and save your wasted time, breath and shoe-leather. Labor reform is the great panacea. What say you, temperance friends?

LABOR AND RELIGION

belong together, because practical religion makes labor an essential element and duty. Without it, religion becomes aristocratic and priestly, and a mere empty Sunday affair of speculative theology. That will never do for the Grange. Labor tames and civilizes men, as well as horses, and when organized and co-operative, no school is better for mental, moral and social training. Then the Grange becomes a real church of reform, with labor for its religion, for the people's salvation. Jesus was a working man (according to Bible authority)—a Sovereign—a Granger, cradled in a manger. His badge, or regalia, was a carpenter's apron. No monarch's crown, nor priestly robe; no Sunday form nor gilded steeple, but universal unity, humanity and brotherhood. How different from modern sectism.

Champlin, Minn.

The Car of Time is Moving.

On, the car of time is moving.
Ever moving on the way
Towards that bourne where sleep the ages,
In the silence of decay,
And from out whose gloomy portals
Comes no love-note, sign or token;
Nought to cheer us in life's wanderings,
Since the silver cord was broken.

Yet some tell us, in the future
We shall meet those gone before,
In a land where youth and beauty,
As in youth, bloom evermore;
Rising higher by progression,
Knowledge gaining to the soul;
Upward, onward and forevermore
The car of progress rolls.

Strange to me are such wild fancies,
Stranger still the world of man,
With its learning, science, knowledge,
Dare not life's great problem scan;
Try to make each other happy,
Raise the fallen from the dust,
Feed the hungry, help the needy,
And in God no longer trust.

Life's great duty is before us,
Here to labor, "do or die."
Heedless of a God eternal.
Or of mansions in the sky;
Seeking out the sorrow-laden,
Cheer their hearts with words of love;
Give them bread, or cash to buy it—
Not a check for worlds above.

'Tis not in the laws of nature—
All in wealth can equal be;
Some are poor by laws inherent,
Like the channels to the sea;
Each one are by laws of being
Doomed life's channel to pursue,
Whether rough, smooth or pleasant,
Mine's for me, and yours for you.

But to all we owe a duty,
Let us then perform it well;
Clear the thorns from out their pathway—
Not for heaven or fear of hell,
But to make the heart beat quicker,
By the aid we can bestow;
Help the needy, raise the fallen,
Make our heaven on earth below.

Lower Lake, Cal., Aug., 1875.

H. W.

Dry Goods Price-List.

Thousands in the country are constantly debating the question of prices in dry goods. They go to the most popular store in the neighborhood, and fail there to learn for a certainty whether fair prices are charged or not. Other thousands are not only seeking honest and fair prices, but they want also reliable information in regard to the styles of goods most in demand. Now, all such persons should send a letter to the highly respectable and reliable firm of M. Altman & Co., and ask for their new Price-list. This enterprising and well-known dry goods firm have taken this method of popularizing their business in every section of country. This Price-list, containing thirty-two pages of closely printed matter, gives a minute description of a \$250,000 stock of Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Millinery Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Ladies' and Children's Under-garments, Costumes, Cloaks, Basques, Hosiery, Gloves, Jewelry, Laces, Trimmings, Parasols, Umbrellas, Notions and the thousand and one articles usually sold in first-class city houses. It will be sent, *free of cost*, to any one sending address and postage stamp for mailing the same.

We have examined this Price-list, and find that it teaches its readers how to order goods. The description it gives of every article is so perfect and complete as to make the selection extremely easy and certain of giving satisfaction. This firm will give their best attention to the execution of all orders, and they agree to refund the money in every case where the goods turn out different from their representations. The standing of the house is such that we cheerfully vouch for the truth of whatever they say. Address M. ALTMAN & Co., corner 6th avenue and 19th street, New York.—EDITOR INDEPENDENT.

[We know and have known Mr. Altman and his manner of doing business for some time, and are fully enabled to endorse the views of our contemporary, and although we seldom agree in matters theological, we are pleased to accord our hearty concurrence with its judgment in reference to our friend MORRIS ALTMAN. He is just getting out his new Fall and Winter Price-list, containing accurate descriptions and the lowest price of House-furnishing Goods, such as Sheetings, Towels, Blankets, Quilts, etc., as well as his full assortment of Ladies' Suits, made up in the latest styles in Alpaca, Poplins, Repps, Merinos, Cashmere Silks, Camel's Hair Goods, etc.; etc., as low as \$10 each, and as high up as \$300.

This Price-list is sent *free* to all our readers who may send a stamp and their address, and to those hesitating, or who may be unable to send stamp, he will furnish the Price-list free upon their sending in their address. Mr. Altman is also anxious that Liberals who may send for his Price-list should distribute them freely in their towns and villages.—ED. T. S.]

TURKS BETTER THAN CHRISTIANS.—Nothing has surprised me more than the contrast this city presents to most European and American cities in the way of temperance. Wine and stimulants are forbidden in the Koran, and coffee is the universal drink everywhere. At all the *scalas* or steamboat landings on the Bosphorus, nothing but coffee—Turkish coffee—is to be had for drink at the numerous restaurants that line its banks. A party of English, returning from Egypt, spent a day in steamboat, viewing the sights. They told me they made diligent search for something to drink, but could not obtain even a glass of beer—nothing but coffee. In Pera, on the opposite side of the Horn, the European section, occasionally, though rarely, a restaurant may be found where wines, and liquors are sold. This may, perhaps, be accounted for in part from the fact that no one can sell without a license, and licenses are very high.

Tobacco chewing seems to be unknown here; I have not seen an instance since I have been here, nor a spittoon; but smoking is universal. Cigars are rarely seen, and common pipes never. Europeans and Americans use cigarettes, and these are made up as occasion demands. For this purpose they carry a small box containing small strips of paper, made of wood for this use, and fine-cut tobacco, with which they roll up one or more cigarettes as wanted, insert in an amber tube, and all is done save lighting. Easy as this seems, it requires skill of manipulation. They are very delicate; are not offensive to ladies, who permit them in their reception rooms as a matter of course. The Turk, if at home, smokes his chibouque, which is a wooden tube six feet long, with amber tip at one end, and an earthen bowl at the other, resting in a polished brass saucer upon the floor. If he is at a restaurant he smokes the narghili, the apparatus for which there abounds. This machine is composed of a flexible tube, one inch in diameter and two yards long, attached with brass mountings to a large glass urn or bottle, partly filled with water, and so constructed that the smoke is all forced through the water to be cooled and purified. In actual consumption of tobacco, the Americans, in smoking alone (to say nothing of chewing), far exceed this people, and also every other I have seen.—*From a Constantinople Letter.*

New-York Liberal Club.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 17TH.

[THREE HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH MEETING.]

A paper was read by G. L. HENDERSON, entitled,

Freethought in the West.

Freethought in the West was suggested to me as a subject which would be of interest to those who compose both the membership and the audience of the Liberal Club. I have lived in the West since 1846, when Chicago was but a village, and not a mile of railroad existed. The telegraph poles were still growing undisturbed in the tamarack swamps; the brick and stone school-houses, court-houses and churches, now to be found everywhere in this great valley, were then reposing in their argillaceous and rocky beds. Civilization had not then kindled the sacred fire of the brick-maker, nor sharpened the chisel of the stone-cutter. The red man had not then relinquished the hope that his prayer to the Great Spirit would be heard, and that the war-whoop and scalping-knife would yet strike terror to the heart of the pale faced invader, who, to save his scalp, would flee toward the rising sun, and leave him to practice the virtues and acts of his ancestors, which consisted mostly in keeping his wives well whipped, his dogs well fed, and his own body beautifully painted; and, like his European brother, he relieved the monotony of existence, and also pleased the gods, by occasionally burning a captive, whose crime was, first, that of being captured, and second, that he was born a Pawnee instead of a Sioux. But do not shed a single tear for the fate of the Pawnee, for I can assure you that had the Sioux been the captive, the Pawnee god would not have been deprived of the luxury of a roasted Sioux.

In 1846 I found myself transferred from a populous European city to a western wilderness, whose principal attraction consisted in the unsurpassed fertility of its soil, and in the unlimited scope for its possession and occupancy. Nature is said to abhor a vacuum, and Civilization, with its myriad eyes, is searching it out, and from its fruitful womb hastens to fill it. The Briton, the German, the Scandinavian, the Celtic races of France, Italy, and Ireland, even the remote Russian, all pressed toward this new Eldorado.

This heterogeneous multitude are all in search of happiness. Happiness is dependent upon two things: First, space for the person; second, space for the personality. Like the forest tree he must not only have liberty to stand but he must have liberty to swing his arms around him as the tree waves its branches in the wind. Unlike the tree, the man has legs, and they desire to move and to run, and he must be permitted to use both. But in addition to arms and legs he has a stomach; an omnivorous stomach, and he must be permitted to gather nuts, hunt in forest and prairie for beasts, and dig in the earth for food. In addition to the organs of locomotion and digestion, he possesses a brain. It, too, is an insatiable devourer. It keeps constantly at work two faithful servants—the eye and the ear—and they must be permitted to traverse the whole earth, and search the unlimited abyss of the starry heavens, for food. As the mouth is the inlet to the stomach for undigested food, so the tongue is the outlet for the digested material of the brain. Thus the person requires space for his body, food for his stomach, thought for his brain; in other words, to be happy he must move, eat, and think.

The immortal John Milton says: "Of all rights, give me the right to speak, to think, and to speak freely what I think." Here he but once asserts his right to think, while he twice asserts his right to speak. And there is good reason for this demand. Every despot well knows that if he can silence the tongue, paralysis of the brain will soon follow. Nowhere in all the world's past history has there been found these three adjuncts of civilization, so admirably combined, as in the Mississippi Valley, viz: space, food, and matter for thought.

The winters in the North-Western states are quite severe. The absence of forests allows the cold winds an uninterrupted sweep; and the absence of timber is the result of the uninterrupted sweeps of the annual and inevitable prairie fire which comes at times slowly over mountain and valley, like the rolling waves of a sea in a moderate gale. At other times it comes roaring and crackling through the tall grass with the speed of an Arabian steed, devouring every shrub and everything that lives, except the rodent, who hides in the earth, or the swift-footed deer, who during this season are seldom found far from a friendly river. These same winds serve a double purpose: in summer they keep the air pure and free from malaria; in the winter they seek out every crack and cranny of the human dwelling, and compel the occupant to provide in summer against the severity of the winter. The climatic conditions of this region preclude the possibility of contracting bronchial affections. Persons of a consumptive tendency are generally benefited by a residence here.

Al! but you should see what a breeze is raised when the conflict of the creeds begins. The priest seldom appears as an actor in the great drama until there is

grain in the barn, eggs in the hen-house, and beef in the barrel, and by that time the sheep have wandered from the fold, and when the shepherd comes they know his voice no more, and may decline to part with their fleece. The song of Zion is no more caroled by faithful lips.

"Come ye sinners, poor and needy."

But the song of the self-reliant man, whose reason stands at the helm is:

"Ring out the old; ring in the new;

And let every man paddle his own canoe."

This is a poor country for doctors and priests; what few there are wear poor clothes and visit their patients and their flocks either on foot or behind a horse so thin that its shadow would attract less notice than the virtues of a congressman.

On my first settlement in Winnebago county, Ill., in 1847, I found a mixed community of Irish Catholics, Scotch Presbyterians, German and Norwegian Lutherans, and Eastern Yankees of every creed, from the Baptist, ready to follow his Lord through the water, to the Adventist Saint, ready to follow him through the air as soon as the "Anatomy of a Feather" should lead to the discovery of the true method of constructing a substantial pair of wings. Till then the prudent followers of Miller plod along with the usual care that marks the daily life of the Rationalist. Fortunately for society these fanatics prepare their white garments and get ready for the appointed day when Gabriel is to blow his trumpet, the graves give up their dead, the stars fall from heaven, and the firmament be rolled up like a scroll (the earth is pretty well rolled up now), and they shall meet their Lord in the air: but when the day comes, and the sun keeps on in its daily round, no stars fall nor trumpets blow, they quietly lay by their angel dresses, roll up their sleeves, and return to their work at forge, desk, and kitchen, while their spiritual guides go back to Daniel and St. John to count the horns of the beast, and to ask the holy spirit whether each horn is to stand for a hundred or a thousand years. In the meantime a few disappointed angels get a glimpse through the thin drapery of superstition, abandon the prophets and take up the philosophers, and become sensible men.

About this time I formed the acquaintance of a young, wild, singing, fiddling, dancing Englishman of easy virtue, and utterly incapable of constructing any system of faith for himself, or of resisting any ingenious system of faith that his neighbor, might construct for him. Accustomed from infancy to the fantastic acting of the Episcopal Church, whose ritual, ceremonies, hymns and prayers had been invented and perfected like any act of creation in the time of James I., since which this sublime comedy has been on the boards, and with but little variation. It is true, our little unpleasantness of 1776 compelled this Church in this country to evolve so far as to drop out of its prayers the Royal family of Great Britain, the two Houses of Parliament, and all the lords, dukes and duchesses, and substitute therefor his Excellency, the President of the United States, the two Houses of Congress and all the satchems of Tammany, whom the Lord has placed in authority over us, and the people now respond, "From all such, may the good Lord deliver us." But my English friend had not discovered this insignificant change in the forms of devotion. But he did discover that prayers read out of a book, by a masculine lady dressed in white, and drawled out in measured tones, did not possess that vivifying power over the worshiper, as did he who trained the artillery of his own brain, and assaulted the throne of heaven in the most fervent forms of human speech.

However, he dashed in upon me one night with, "Hurrah! G. L., here I am with my sleigh half-filled with handsome girls, and you must go with us up to the Caledonia school-house, where the Methodists, Baptists and all the saints are raising hell." All the gals are getting religion. Mary Durgin has got it, and so has Ed. Babcock—you know he would follow Mary if she went to the Devil, and so would I, too." Here he cast a rapturous glance at Ann Bulard, whose merry face vanished behind a buffalo robe to hide her blushes.

I accepted the invitation, and, amid the jingle of bells and merry voices, I sped away to see for the first time a revival of religion conducted on the American plan. We found the house crowded, but managed to procure seats. After the regular number of prayers and songs, the orator of the evening, Mr. Newton, (not Sir Isaac,) took for his text, "Now is the appointed time, now is the day of salvation." He proceeded to unfold the terrible realities of death and hell, dividing his subject, thus:

1st. Salvation implies something to be saved.

2d. It implies something to be saved from.

3d. Something to be saved by.

4th. A time to be saved.

5th, and lastly, a time when the possibility of salvation must end.

He first proceeded by the *a priori* method to show that there must be sinners, terrible sinners, else hell were made in vain. That some must be saved, otherwise Christ had lived and died in vain; and that if saved at all, they must be saved in time, otherwise time were made in vain; and since yesterday is gone, and to-morrow may never come, therefore *now* is the

present time, and the only time to be saved. Then he proceeded *a posteriori* to show that since there could be no doubt that hell existed, and that all men were sinners, and that but one possible way of salvation was provided, that it was reasonable to suppose a good God would provide a way to let all men know it, for how could they believe unless they heard? And how can they hear without a preacher? Here he ceased to further elucidate the general principles, but began faithfully to apply these doctrines, specially to each individual present. "Sinner, dare you approach the throne of God and say, 'I am not a sinner.' Have you remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy? Have you followed the Lord in baptism? Have you never told a lie? Have you never doubted the holy word of God? Have you never taken his sacred name in vain? Have you never denied the Christ and the holy Trinity? Have you lived in an atmosphere of prayer, trusting in God and taking no thought for to-morrow? If you have been guilty of sins, either of omission or of commission, your soul is in peril, and should death summon you to judgment while unconverted, you will surely damn your soul in hell forever and forever. You cannot plead, as could the heathen, that you have never heard of heaven and hell, Christ and his salvation, for have I not thundered it in your ears? Your fathers and your mothers have warned you; the holy spirit pleads with you; your own conscience tells you; the whole Church warns you that you are standing on the edge of the grave, and may at any moment wake up in hell, where the voice of mercy never enters."

These terrible warnings were thundered forth, peal upon peal, amid the prayers and tears and groans of an earnest multitude. At the close of the sermon the anxious seat was opened, and all who felt that they needed this salvation were invited to go forward. Mothers pleaded with their sons; grey-haired sires with their daughters; maidens with their sweethearts. Each was led to believe that he was bearing the cross in going forward before all the world to confess himself a sinner, and own his Savior before men. One after another began to go forward. At last Miss Bulard, followed by my English friend, moved toward heaven. No wonder that Adam took an apple at Eve's bidding. What paradise is not worth a woman's kiss? I was left alone. Had my Eve been there, I might have followed too. As each new penitent moved forward, a shout of glory and a hymn of praise went up to heaven. At last there was a pause; it seemed as though the last shot had been fired, and all the sinners saved; but the shepherd had resolved to gather every sheep into the fold. I had moved back into the corner. On the opposite side of the room there were still three sinners who held out. They, like myself, had crept into their corners, but the shepherd stepped into the aisle and began to clap his hands and coax, and plead and threaten till the sweat streamed down his cheeks. At last one of the three—a lady—surrendered, and the two gentlemen soon followed, amid the wildest tumult, "Glory to God! glory hallelujah!" came from all parts of the house.

He had been inspired by the wish to sweep the decks clean. He had resolved that I, like the unconquerable Cato, should grace his triumphal march to victory. "Brothers and sisters," he shouted, "will you not join me in trying to save this last poor miserable wretch from going to perdition?" I looked about me, in the hope that he might mean some one else, but no, I was the "last of the Mohicans." "O Lord, break his stubborn will! Lord, send thy arrows of conviction through his soul! Now is the appointed time; now is the day of salvation!" He jumped into the air, like a frenzied madman, and shouted as loud as he could roar, for he had a voice like the bulls of Bashan: "Come sinner; the door of mercy stands open to-night, but to-night it may close to you forever! The Devil is dragging you down to hell, and all the damned in hell are helping him! Hark! Can you not hear the roaring of the bottomless pit? Do you not feel the gnawing of the worm that never dies, already grappling at your soul? These converted sinners; the Church; Christ, the angels and the eternal God, as well as your own conscience, all say, 'Come!' Your happiness in time, and in eternity, bids you come. If you will go to hell you will have to wade through the Savior's blood and over the cross! Mountains of Bibles bar your way! Can you set at naught the prayers of the Church, the tears and blood of martyrs, the smiles and the love of woman, honor upon earth, and everlasting happiness in heaven?"

I believe it is a well recognized principle of common law that you must seek to escape from one who assaults you, until you run against a wall; then you may turn upon your assailant and defend yourself, giving blow for blow. I had crawled up to the wall. I sprang to my feet. "Who are you, sir," I said, "who stand with your hand upon the door of heaven and threaten to shut it unless I enter now? Was it by your permission I entered this world, and must I have your permission to leave it? Who told you I was a 'poor, miserable wretch,' abandoned by God and forsaken by man? Have you a contract to sell heaven to the highest bidder? Must we crawl at your feet, and lick your hands like a spaniel? Is heaven like a piece of beef, which you hold in your hand, and must we jump for it like dogs, or howl for

it like beasts of prey? Would you, sir, torture your enemy with a red-hot iron for even an hour, and laugh at his shrieks, and mock at his tears? Would you, sir, dare tell me that any of these innocent children, who lie prostrate at your feet, are fiends incarnate, and would they, even, torture a savage beast because it acted out its nature? And dare you tell me that God is not as good as they? Can God ask us to forgive our enemies when he can never forgive his own thro' the endless ages? Your God is only fit for a Comanche Indian, and you are but a combination of coarseness, vulgarity, and ignorance! No gentleman would have used such language as you have to me, an entire stranger—not even under the pretext of saving his soul."

"When God is conceived of as an implacable monster, it becomes necessary for him to have wretches capable of administering his will. During the reign of William and Mary, Robert Aiken, a young man nineteen years of age, had the misfortune to arrive at the conclusion that the multiplication table was a divine revelation, and that the dogma of a Triune God was but a myth, and had been forced upon the minds of men under the influence of terror. For this offense he was tried and sentenced to be hung for blasphemy. A number of lawyers and merchants of the city of Edinburgh sent a petition to the good King William, asking that he be pardoned on account of his youth and his otherwise blameless life. The pardon came, but it came too late. The clergy hastened the execution two hours earlier than the sentence required, and a mob of white cravatted scoundrels gathered around the scaffold, backed by an ignorant and priest-ridden multitude from the slums of the city. To prevent a rescue which they feared from the friends of Free Thought and human progress, the body of Aiken was buried under the scaffold, pelted with stones and the grave filled up with rocks instead of earth. But the multiplication table survived poor Aiken, and to-day there are millions of rational men and women who accept the one and reject the other."

Fools, bigots and slaves are all that is left to the Church. Milton, who helped to destroy the despotism of the British throne, did much also towards the intellectual enfranchisement of man and the triumph of human reason. Grandest of all "Paradise Lost," is that passage where he says, "He who cannot reason is a fool; he who will not reason is a bigot, and he who dare not reason is a slave."

During my address the young men had begun to reflect, and had found their way back to the empty benches. The enchantment was broken, the reign of terror had ceased. A Mr. Wilcox, a justice of the peace and an active member of the Baptist church, stepped forward and said "he was very sorry that Mr. Newton had been carried away by his zeal so far as to forget the courtesy due a stranger. The mother of this young man is an active member of our church, and I am both surprised and sorry to hear from his own lips that he is not a Christian. I do earnestly hope that he will not judge of the religion of Christ by the frailties of his followers. I hope Mr. Newton will acknowledge his error, and that Mr. Henderson will not presume to use his reason for the purpose of destroying the Christian religion, or of calling in question the holy mysteries which God has seen fit to reveal to us through the Bible."

This was, indeed, a severe rebuke to poor Newton, whose unwilling apology was worse than the original insult. The calm, respectful and considerate language of Mr. Wilcox acted like "oil upon the troubled waters." But it also enabled the excited converts to recover their equilibrium; and I myself had been nearly as excited, though in a different way; as the Spiritualists would say, "the harmonious circle was broken." The meeting was soon dismissed with a prayer, very reasonable, both in tone and time. Next Sunday I was informed that his text was about "the Devil coming in the night, in the absence of the husbandman, and sowing tares among the wheat." Of course it is easy to conceive who the devil was, in his parable. This wretch succeeded, however, in seducing a young convert, and he afterwards abandoned his victim, and made no provision for his child. That revival resulted in four illegitimate children.

It is unquestionably true that where reason is dethroned, and the emotional nature thoroughly aroused, the passions assume the ascendancy, and sink the individual to a point as low as the devotional ecstasy had attained above the ordinary level of every day life. Therefore the sentiments and the emotions should always be subordinated to the reason.

I may here relate an occurrence which excited my attention during a brief visit at a revival meeting held at Bloomingdale, west of Chicago, in 1847. The speaker of the evening possessed a powerful voice, and toward the close of his sermon he made frequent perorations somewhat like the chorus of a song:

"Do you claim heaven on your own righteousness? Ah! but the Judge will point to the left and say, 'To hell! to hell! you too shall go to hell!' Do you propose to dance, and sing and spend your youth and money in serving the Devil, and then when you are old and can enjoy life no more, you will come to the Lord and offer him your worn-out and worthless soul? but he will point to the left and say, 'To hell! to hell! you, too, shall go to hell!'"

In every possible way he rung the change, and closed with this fearful denunciation. After leaving

the church, the hostler went with me to the stable. On opening the door, a large watch-dog jumped upon him playfully, but happened to scratch a sore upon his hand. The man kicked the dog and shouted, "To hell! to hell! you, too, shall go to hell!" In attempting to enter a stall between two horses, one of them jostled him, and he repeated the terrible sentence. On leaving the barn, the wind closed the door with such violence as to split it, and also caught his blouse and held him fast. He struck the door with his foot, and for the third time hissed the terrible malediction through his set teeth. Thus I was led to reflect on the fact that the pulpit coin oaths, and the people circulate them. It would be impossible to calculate the number of times this has been reproduced in the last quarter of a century; and you see the spirit passed into the form of a kick to a howl by the dog, thence into the midnight caterwauling of the cat. The clergyman never dreamed into what a fruitful soil he had cast his seed.

Another fruitful theme of the pulpit is the French Revolution. I once heard a clergyman depict the horrors of Infidelity with a free hand, and sum up the consequences by stating that "in '93 the streets of Paris were red with blood. That king, priest and philosopher alike fell victims to the same spirit that had denied God and torn the drapery from the altar. That Voltaire, Volney, Rousseau, Robespierre, and that implacable wretch, 'Tom Paine,' were armed with pistols and Bowie-knives during the 'Reign of Terror,' shooting, stabbing and making midnight hideous with their cries for blood. If you would re-enact '93, encourage the growth of Infidelity and Atheism, then you will soon have the midnight torch and the assassin's knife at their hellish work. But let the Church be filled with worshipers and the united prayers of millions rise to the throne of God, and all will be prosperity, happiness and peace."

At the close of this wonderful mixture of arrogance and falsehood, I asked permission to present some additional facts, to show what a terrible thing this French Revolution was. My request was granted. I stated that there had been many revolutions, and they were usually marked by many painful and unpleasant events, such as assassinations, the sacking and burning of cities, but that a careful observer might see that some good always resulted therefrom. The "Round-heads" of England—all pious, praying men—had executed a king and overturned a government, in doing which, over one hundred thousand lives had been sacrificed, and all because a brewer and a landowner would not pay a tax levied by a king, but not sanctioned by Parliament. In '93, not over four thousand perished by the guillotine, and the most extravagant estimate places the limit at fifteen thousand, while in 1572, on the 25th of August, forty thousand perished in one night, in the name of God, and by the sanction of his priests and their ally, the king. Pope Gregory, the Vicar of Christ, ordered *Te Deums* to be chanted in St. Peters in honor of the event.

The Protestant Church has shown, in the spirit of its laws, an equal willingness to crush out all the enemies of God. In Ireland a Catholic priest must not ride on a horse within seven miles of a royal burgh. To perform any religious ceremony, or marry a Protestant and Catholic together involved the penalty of death. For one hundred and fifty years the footprints of the Catholics of Ireland were marked with blood. During the reigns of Charles V. and Philip II., and under that remorseless military leader, Alva, there perished in the Netherlands and Spain by poison, the fagot and the sword, over one million of human beings; and Christianity can safely be credited for the murder of sixty millions of the race during the sixteen hundred years of its supremacy in Europe. And allow me to say that Voltaire and Rousseau were both dead before the Revolution began. Volney was part of the time in Corsica, in prison, and Thomas Paine, the "author hero," voted against the execution of Louis and was sent to prison, and would have been sent to the scaffold but for a fortunate circumstance that saved him. Robespierre, naturally opposed to cruelty, could not oppose the ferocity, which was the result of ages of repression and ignorance, so that the crimes of the French Revolution may be justly laid at the door of the Christian Church, which has been the educator of the people."

The gentleman expressed his surprise at what I had stated, and confessed that he had never read a history of the Revolution, but had always supposed that all the crimes of that period were chargeable to those men and their opinions.

Universalism had contributed largely to the enlightenment of the people, by giving more generous conceptions of a God, but intellectually it stands no higher, and in some respects it is less logical than the old orthodox systems. Spiritualism, perhaps, of all the modern phases of sectarianism, is at once the most destructive and reactionary. It has denied all the miracles of the old faiths, and professes to work out in harmony with natural law the most marvelous things. I have heard them ridicule the conception of a special Providence, and proceed to tell of a spirit arresting them on the street until a falling tile had reached the pavement. They conceive the spirit to be at once material and immaterial. I was told but recently, that a spirit could materialize cotton and woolen fabrics, which could be both touched and seen, and then dissolve into impalpable and invisible matter,

while flowers could be materialized and distributed as other flowers, remaining, however, until the decay of nature dissolves them as it dissolves all bodies. In the old ghost ideas of Christianity, the phantom was an object of terror, and the haunted-house was shunned; but the modern ghost of the Spiritualist is treated as an ordinary friend. They talk with him, shake hands with him, compel him to lift pianos and tables, and also do washing—in this case they use the hands of the medium, which is a very sensible application of this new force.

The Masonic society is another agency that has contributed largely to dissipate superstition and also prepare the way for a rational direction to the devotional and social instincts. This society furnishes a ceremonial and orderly arrangement of its members, each class in subordination to the one above it, as in society; and it also inculcates, as a duty, fraternal aid and sympathy in the various emergencies of life. I have seen the members of this society manifest a care and attention for the sick and dying of its order such as can only be had in the bosom of a well-regulated family, bound together by the tenderest sympathy, and after death the brother is buried with pomp, and a beautiful ritual, half Druid, half Christian, is read at the grave. The brother, if deserving, is apotheosized, and his name preserved in the records of the order. Where this order has come under my observation in the West, I have noticed that its members generally prefer the fraternity of the lodge to the fellowship of the Church, and many of them have long since severed all connection with the latter, and I have noticed a steadily growing opposition on the part of the Church to this order, as the natural enemy of superstition, whether of the Roman Catholic or Protestant type.

Another agency that has contributed largely to hasten the decay of ecclesiasticism is the persistent manner in which it allied itself with the last relics of feudalism on this continent. I remember a singular scene at a meeting of the Methodist church, where the true infidelity appeared in the church itself by its opposition to the moral sentiments of the age. In 1861 a large meeting of the Methodist church gathered in conference, in Aamakee Co., Iowa. On that occasion the clergy were a unit in opposing the aggressive spirit of the people toward the Christian slaveholders of the South. Every passage of the Bible was marshalled and made to do service for established order; it argued that God had seen fit in his inscrutable providence to transplant the African to this continent, where millions of them had been converted, civilized, and saved. That if God ruled the Universe he must govern it for the best, and he had ordered "servants to obey their masters," and the people to submit themselves to the powers that be, for those powers being from God, they who opposed them opposed God. A Mr. John Minant, a good Methodist, and a just man, and my father, though of another church, both lifted their voices against this mode of reasoning, which, as they pointed out, practically sanctioned every villainy that could get unto itself authority sufficient to become the law making and executing power; that rebellion against Great Britain was a crime, and every subsequent act of this government a violation of the will of God. After this meeting Minant shook hands with me more cordially, and, to a limited extent, ever after ignored the authority of the church; and I think that the political conflict hastened forward the disintegration that is now, everywhere on this continent, grinding the Church to powder.

Another powerful agency in this direction is the rapid spread of scientific literature, for which there is a steadily increasing demand in the Western States. At Osage, Mitchell Co., Iowa, three years ago I visited the city library, and enquired of the librarian what class of books was most sought for and read. He answered, the works of Tyndall, Darwin, Max Muller, Spencer, and Huxley. While we were talking a lady of culture and refinement—a Mrs. Gibson—stepped forward and enquired for the second volume of the "Descent of Man." Mr. Rozine replied that he was "sorry it was not in, and that she must register for such a book four weeks in advance."

"Then take my application now."

"But," said Mr. R., "I have 'Darwinism Refuted,' won't you read that?"

"That must be written by some D.D., and I stopped reading their 'stuff' five years ago."

A lady just then stepped in with a book in her hand, and, saluting Mrs. Gibson, enquired what book she had read last. The reply was, the first volume of the "Descent of Man."

"Why, Mrs. Gibson, I supposed that was not fit for a lady to read!"

"As to that," replied Mrs. G., "every lady must judge for herself. Do you think the Bible a fit book for a lady to read?"

"Certainly; it is, you know, the word of God."

"Then if you will agree to read before a refined audience ten verses from the Bible, which I will select for you, I will agree to read the whole of the two volumes of that great book without a blush, and without the least apprehension of bringing a blush to the cheek of the purest maiden. Why, my dear, neither God nor man do the best work first. You know Burns says,

'God tried his 'prentice hand on man,

And then he made the lasses, oh!'

And so with books. There is more divine revelation in one page of Darwin's great work than there is in all the books of Moses and the Prophets, and for good measure, I will throw in the twelve Apostles also."

The lady declined the challenge. I noticed that other ladies treated Mrs. Gibson's opinions with great deference, as one whose judgment was final.

Another indication of the rise and progress of free thought in the West, is the sweeping off the statute books all the "blue laws," and where they are not swept entirely away they are ignored. In this city the immaculate Victoria Woodhull compelled a judge to seal the lips of a witness, on the ground of alleged atheism. Not many months ago a similar attempt was made in one of the District Courts of Minnesota, but the judge declined to apply the gag. The attorney, however, opened an inquisition into the speculative opinions of the witness.

"Do you believe in a God?"

"I do."

"What is your God?"

"The Universe."

"But that is made up of many material things, some wise men and many fools!"

"Yes, undoubtedly; but, fortunately, you are only a very small part of the Universe."

"You are insolent, sir; answer yes or no: do you believe in a personal God, separate and apart from the Universe?"

"I do not. I believe in all I know to exist, and in all that I can conceive to exist, which is my God, and all the rest is yours."

Here the Court interposed, ordering the attorney to go on with the case in hand. "The value of his evidence will depend upon its consistency, and his character for veracity. This Court could never decide whether his God—the Universe—was large enough or small enough to comply with the requirements of the statute."

The attorney was compelled to take an Atheist's testimony, and a Christian jury accepted it; for one of them once lost \$500, and a brother of the witness found it and returned it, without any fee for being honest, and the juror knew that this brother was also an Atheist. He declared before his fellow jurors that any man who returned \$500 to the rightful owner in these hard times, believed in a pretty good kind of a God, no matter whether he was a universal something or an everlasting nothing.

In conclusion I would say from my observations for a quarter of a century, that the Western States are intellectually prepared for the entire separation from the Church, and are in fact, virtually separated from it, so far as a hearty support of its dogmas are concerned, even by the insignificant number who now occupy the pews. The fertility of the soil, the feeble barrier opposed by Nature to the all-conquering march of civilization, tend to increase the conviction that human effort, not human prayer, can alone either remove mountains or tunnel them, bridge rivers or create them where they are needed; hence there is a steady increase of the belief in the freedom of the will and of the right to a free exercise of the intellect on all subjects whatever.

2d. The rapid and ever-increasing number of new sects, each sect setting up claims to perfection and practically laying claim to infallibility. And although Evangelical Alliances have made repeated attempts to re-unite their so-called forces, they have found it utterly impossible; because they have no intellectual basis upon which to lay the foundation of a permanent union.

3d. The inability of the old theological system to meet the critical spirit of the age, has compelled them to stoop to a species of intellectual deceit to escape from the two horns of a dilemma on which science is alternately tossing them. One being that their sacred books are false in their scientific teaching, or that they have misunderstood them. If they admit the first, then the foundation is bad. If the latter, the interpretation is worthless and their guidance no longer safe.

4th. The intellectual hypocrisy that seeks to escape through new interpretations has been followed by a moral corruption in the entire priesthood, which for a time seems to sap the very foundation upon which all social morality rests, in the destruction of the integrity of the family itself, and the virtues which it alone can create and diffuse throughout the entire social body. The sudden outbreak of Mormonism, with the revival of polygamy, is the least dangerous aspect of the general corruption. Christianity commenced with celibacy among the clergy; it seems destined to end with a disgraceful retrogression to Polyandry. The priest, as in the case of Glendenning, withers up a young maiden's life without compunction; and as in the case of Beecher, it lays its sacrilegious hand upon the mother and blasts a home forever. The polygamy of Utah is respectable compared with the polyandry of the Churches. The Mormon provides houses, food and clothing for his wives and children; but the ministers, like the sweet-voiced cuckoo, lay their eggs in other birds' nests, and thus escape the duties of providing for their own offspring.

There is but one more step to take, when what still remains of the Church will be placed in the museum, to be arranged, and classified by the antiquarian with the mummies of Egypt, and as a fossil whose only merit is its antiquity, and that is the separation of

Church and State. For so long as great religious corporations escape taxation, they are virtually State institutions. As soon as the burden of their support is borne only by those who use these expensive toys called churches, they will throw down the load with disgust and open these edifices either as halls of science or human homes. Once the cry was, no taxation without representation; the coming cry will be, no State protection for property that does not support the State; no exemption from taxation of any property when the title is not vested in the whole people.

When that is consummated, a State-paid Church will lie in the same grave with its twin-sister, slavery, whose continued existence depended wholly upon its protection from the State.

The West, the glorious free West, will lead the way to this grand consummation. Then the new Church will depend wholly upon its utility to the people. It will not be reactionary like the Church of Rome, nor stationary like the Protestant Church. It will combine order with progress and march forward under the banner of science to achieve new victories and attain a higher intelligence and a purer happiness for the whole human race.

The usual discussion followed the lecture, which was participated in by several members of the Club, a part of which was complimentary of the lecturer, and a part in the line of friendly criticism, but for want of room we cannot lay it before our readers. It may be safely said, however, that none of the positions taken by Mr. Henderson were effectually refuted.

Friendly Correspondence.

A. SWEET, False Cape, Cal., writes: I would like to see all the liberal minded people formed into a society, and all contribute something to aid the good work.

MARGARET JONES, Centralia, Ill., writes: I think THE TRUTH SEEKER the best paper I ever had the pleasure of reading. I will do what I can to help circulate it.

W. H. CORWIN, Philadelphia, writes: I like your two last tracts first rate. They meet my views fully. THE TRUTH SEEKER is of the right stamp. I am thirsting for such reading as you produce.

J. C. STEINMETZ, Monroe, N. Y., writes: The publication of such a paper as yours is a necessity to the Liberal element of this country, and I trust that your efforts against priestcraft and Churchianity may be sustained.

JACOB REEDY, Toledo, Iowa, writes: Your little paper is doing its work splendidly in this section of country. I believe it is more effective in opening the eyes of the blind than Christ's clay and spittle salve, or the washing in the pool of Salome.

F. A. GRAACK, Davenport, Iowa, writes: I like your paper very much. Its contents are such as to set people to thinking, without hurting the feelings of any. I am pleased to see that you confine yourself to fighting superstition, and the evils growing out of faith and belief.

JAMES BROWN, Galt, Ont., Can., writes: I must also congratulate you on the ability of your lecture on the Gods, which is not surpassed by anything I have ever read upon the subject. THE TRUTH SEEKER has been generally conducted in an able manner, and it merits the approval of all its readers.

JOHN CUNLIFFE, Du Quoin, Ill., writes: I am not given to flattery, but I must say that I like your paper as well as any Liberal paper I read, and these include the *Investigator*, *London National Reformer*, and the *Reasoner*. I hope to see THE TRUTH SEEKER flourish as a weekly, as it deserves to. Put me down as a subscriber for next year.

S. M. BALDWIN, Washington, D. C., writes: I feel like giving you the cordial right hand of congratulation in the name of the Liberal world. Although you commenced in weakness only a little while ago, you now have the strongest and best paper on the planet for rational men and women. I hear your paper highly praised on all sides by people who have back bone enough to think independently.

REV. J. M. GETCHELL, Black River Falls, Wis., writes: Notwithstanding I have the Rev. to my name, I enjoy reading your paper. I do not endorse all of its thoughts; yet I believe that comparative ideas, as well as comparative theology, is beneficial. I trust I do not make the denomination or church to which I belong a charnel house for dead theories of truth. I think the principles as set forth by the great teacher are vital, yet I would not put the new wine of his blessed spirit as it comes to my soul into old bottles.

E. L. WINHAM, Atlanta, Ga., writes: I like THE TRUTH SEEKER very much, and think it gets better all the time. Am glad you are going to make it a weekly next year. I pay for it more cheerfully than any other literature I get, because it suits me better. I infer you must have met with considerable encouragement, or you would not venture upon a weekly. Will try and get as many new subscribers for you as I possibly can. Whether successful or not, I shall not be deprived of the satisfaction of wishing for you thousands of new, paying subscribers for the next and all succeeding volumes.

L. H. BRONHAM, New York, writes: From the time I was eighteen years of age, I have fought priestcraft and kingcraft. I am now past seventy. The Bible has been the main weapon I have used. The priests can't stand a well-directed cross fire from their pretended word of God. The obscenity contained in the book is too much for them. The story of Lot's daughters, of David and Uriah's wife, Absalom's show on the house top, (2 Sam. xvi. 20-23) together with the Songs of Solomon, make them hang their heads now-a-days. But one thing disturbs me as I advance in years: that is, I fear some lev. leecher will be permitted to pray over my corpse. I do not wish them allowed at my funeral. I only request that some of my friends among the Liberals and Land Reformers would attend and improve the occasion by conversation on land reform, public education and the most effective means of putting down priestcraft and superstition of every kind.

J. B. EATON, Utica, N. Y., writes: I read the different Liberal papers of this country, and there is none I prize as highly as THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is just the paper for the age and people. I think, from present indications, that we have much to fear from the Romish Church. This Church I look upon as a dangerous political power in this country. It is not the fear of God nor the Devil that restrains the members, but the fear of the priests. If it was not for this fear, Catholics, almost to a man, would become Liberals. But Liberals stand in no fear of God, man or the Devil. It stands us in hand to live pure and honest lives, and I am proud to say, that as far as I am acquainted with them, their lives are the best of any class of people in the world.

D. R. SPARKS, Alton, Ill., writes: When I first received your little sheet from Paris, Ill., I had no confidence in its success, and when you concluded to make it a semi-monthly, I doubted. But I doubt no longer, and shall welcome the weekly and wish it success. THE TRUTH SEEKER is well worthy its name. Its bold, unvarnished attacks on false theologies and superstitions, is what we want. Give us plain talk, plain truths, instead of fine spoken, unmeaning stuff, which so many of our Free-thinkers indulge in. The great power of the immortal Thomas Paine, was in his plain, positive manner of writing; and though long since dead, his written words are to-day shaking the foundations of the Christian Church.

A. D. CORNWELL, Salem, Wis., writes: I am glad you are about to send out a weekly, and at the low price of two dollars per year. THE TRUTH SEEKER has the right ring to my mind—it is bold, frank, and tells the truth. I wish every soul in the land would read it, for its teachings would make them free from the dead theologies of the past. I wish I was rich in the world's goods; if I were, such publications as THE TRUTH SEEKER would be better sustained.

The poor priest-ridden people fear they will lose their souls if they fail to support the popular religion. All races of men have made their own religion, and all devotional religion is idolatry. We should be free to criticize all the theologies of the past and present, and reject all that does not square with good sense and practical life.

L. S. HART, Michigan City, Ind., writes: About a year ago a combination of clerical and orthodox scoundrels joined against me on account of my Liberal opinions, and beat me out of a situation where I was getting \$1000 per annum, since which time I have had all I could do to support my family, which accounts for my not remitting my subscription more promptly. Spiritualists are looked upon by religious fanatics as being more dangerous than Materialists. To only say that I admire THE TRUTH SEEKER would be expressing myself in a weak way. The harder the blows you strike against such a hell-fired crew of damnable idiots and swindling scoundrels, the better you will please me. I cannot believe, however, that a man of your intelligence can fail to see that the reasoning force which goes by the name of D. M. Bennett will cease to exist. When Nature causes the stoppage or death of the machine which the Bennett reasoning force propels, you know you will continue to exist. If you should not, then there would be a fault in that universal system of law that produced you.

Another Lecturer in the Field.

FRIEND BENNETT: Many thanks for past favors great and small, and I trust I shall be able to help forward your noble paper, and the cause of Freethought generally. I hope to start West in about one month. My objective point is Omaha, by way of St. Louis.

The following are my lectures for the season:

1. The Clergy the Opponents of Progress.
2. Position of the Church in History.
3. Freethought and Freethinkers.
4. The New Philosophy.
5. The Antiquity of Man.
6. The History of Devils.
7. Religions Compared and Contrasted.
8. What has Science to say about Immortality.
9. The Bible the Curse of the World.

Other lectures will be added from time to time.

Yours sincerely, ALFRED S. GREEN.

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A GERMAN paper expresses uneasiness at the decreasing population of Prussia proper. Between 1861 and 1864 there was an increase of 8,409, but between 1864 and 1867 there was a decrease of 12,922, and between 1867 and 1871 one of 56,440. Allowing for the loss of life in the last two wars, and for the Prussian soldiers quartered in France at the time of the census, the loss of population in ten years amounts to 52,200.

JUDGE BURNHAM, of the "Boston Tachygraphic Society," proposed to drop the letter "a" from "head," and "ugh" from "though," as "u" was dropped from "labor," "honor," and "valor," and "k" from "almanac," "music," and "logic." Millions of minutes and money are lost in writing useless letters. We should adhere to the phonetic rule of letting each letter have only one sound, and each sound one letter. The pen of a rapid writer travels a mile in five and a half hours, and makes more than forty millions of strokes in a year.

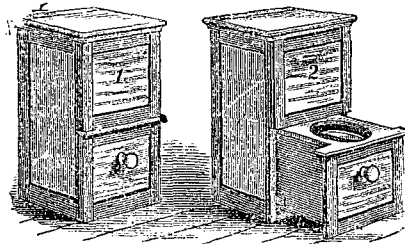
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The translator accompanied the work with copious notes, which are doubtless of more or less value, as explanatory of the text, but the reader will take them for just what they are worth—nothing more is expected.

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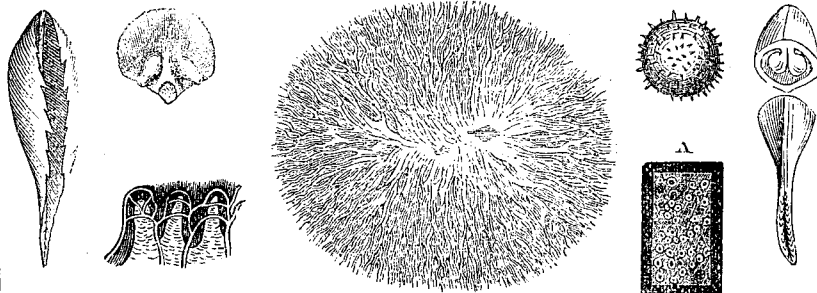
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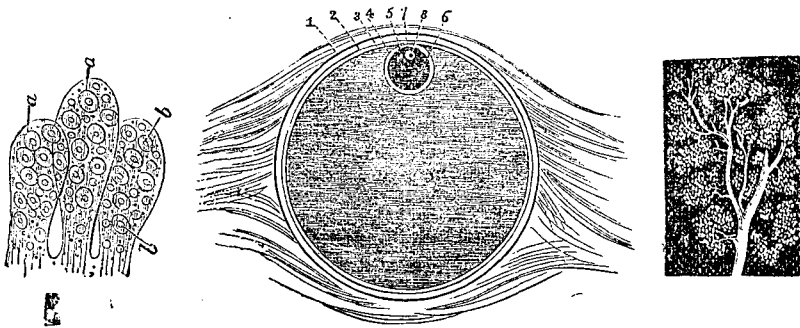
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Odds and Ends.

"You would be very pretty, indeed," said a gentleman, patronizingly, to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger." My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you don't fill them."

"You've pinned it back he cried, with grief.
Much further than you'd order:
Your front stands out in bold relief—
My darter! oh, my darter!"

A CONNECTICUT editor, returning from a clam bake, discoursed as follows:

O, clam, that sitteth silent and serene
Beside the margin of the mighty sea,
Whose grief or madness has no power to wean

Thy spirit from its old tranquillity;
Or who, reposing underneath the sand,
Dost greet the dreamer, gazing far away,
Who over thee unconsciously doth stand,
By squatting in a most peculiar way;
I love thee, clam, thou dweller by the sea!
Thy rich secretions savor of its wealth;
For succulent thou art to a degree,
And no ways prejudicial to the health,
To daily feed upon thee would be my wish.
Go to! Thou art the monarch of all fish.

MAX ADELER tells a new story, the gist of which is as follows: Bill Slocum was nominated for Mayor of Pencader, and one day, in a street conversation, he remarked, "I've got to win." He pronounced it, "I've got t'win," and old Mrs. Martin, overhearing it imperfectly, went around and reported that Mrs. Slocum had got twins. The boys at once decided to serenade Bill, and that night they marched out to his house, with a band playing "Hail to the Chief," several ward clubs, some fire companies, a group of white-dressed girls in a wagon, a lot of banners, and plenty of enthusiasm. Bill made a speech about the canvass, and there were shouts of "Where's the twins!" "Hold 'em up to the window!" and the like, Bill said there was a mistake, but the band sarcastically played, "Listen to the Mocking Bird!" and the boys shouted louder for the twins. When the truth prevailed the assembly dispersed in disgust, and Bill was overwhelmingly defeated at the polls.

A DUTCH VICTORY.—A crowd of young chaps about town were in one of the popular beer saloons yesterday, where they met a jolly old German, who often gets thoroughly soaked in beer and maudlin funny.

"Hello, Kaiserlicher, have you heard the news?" said one.

"Nein: vas ish das?"

"The Water Works are busted!"

"Vel, dot's bad mit dem tembrance beeples, don't id, poys?" [Laughter all round.]

"Yes, and the rolling mill's gone up!" said another of the boys.

"Vel, ehust don't got skeered about that; it's so heffy dot it goom don again, eh? [A grand peal of laughter.]

"And—and—the ice machine has exploded!" cried a third.

"Ish dot bin possible? Den dot's bad, midout some misdake, and id don't rain midout it pours—de vasser out—de rolling mill out—no more ize—unt all you young shackasses broke out of de shtable lot! Dot makes megry!"

And nobody thought it necessary to laugh.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

RESIGNED TO HIS LOSS.—The funeral party had retired from the burying ground, but he lingered about like a loving widower, to see the last sod put on. With his black clothes, his black silk gloves, his black-bordered handkerchief hanging carelessly in his left hand, his sombre visage, and half a yard of black bombazine wreathed around his black hat, he seemed the very picture of melancholy. Presently he awoke from the reverie into which he had fallen, and said to the grave-digger:

"I hope you think she is comfort'ble down thur. I've put in all the style I knew how: prime rosewood coffin and trimmin's, an' seventeen carriages. She oughten to be oneasy."

"Oh, she'll never bother you again," cheerfully replied the brisk little spades-

man, stopping back to see if he had built up the mound symmetrically.

"Well, now, I am glad to hear you say that," added the bereaved man, "'cause you see, I expect to have another one afore Christmas, and I don't want the spirit of this here onfort'nate to come roamin' round the house."

Then he turned and walked out of the cemetery with the expression of a man returning from the performance of a benevolent deed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MINISTER WHO COULDN'T STAND THE TEST.—A well-known clergyman was passing Lake Erie many years ago upon one of the lake steamers, and, seeing a small lad at the wheel steering the boat, accosted him as follows:

"My son, you appear to be a small boy to steer so large a boat."

"Yes sir; but you can see that I can do it, though."

"Do you think you understand your business, my son?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do."

"Can you box the compass?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear you box it."

Boy boxes the compass.

"Well, really, you can do it! Let me hear you box it backward."

Boy boxes it backward.

"I declare, my son, you do seem to understand your business."

The boy now took his turn question-asking.

"Pray, sir, what may be your business?"

"I am a minister of the Gospel."

"Do you understand your business?"

"I think I do, my son."

"Can you say the Lords' Prayer?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

Clergyman repeats the Lords' Prayer.

"Well, really, you do know it! Now say it backward."

Clergyman says he cannot do it.

"You cannot do it, eh? Now, you see I understand my business a great deal better than you do yours."

Clergyman acknowledged himself beaten, and retired.—*Providence Journal.*

A YEAR AGO AND NOW.—They lingered at the gate until he could finish that last remark, and she toyed with her fan, while her eyes were looking down from beneath a jaunty hat that only partially shaded her face from the light of the silvery moon.

He stood gracefully on the outside, with one hand resting on the gate post, and the other tracing unintelligible hieroglyphics on the panels. They were looking very sentimental, and neither spoke for some minutes, until she broke silence in a sweet, musical voice:

"And you will always think as you do now, George?"

"Ever, dearest; your image is impressed upon my heart so indelibly that nothing can ever efface it. Tell me, Julia, loveliest of your sex, that I have a right to wear it there."

"Oh, you men are so deceitful," she answered, coquettishly.

"True, Julia, men are deceitful," he said, drawing a little nearer to her and insinuating himself inside the gate, "but, who, darling, could deceive you?"

"And if I were to die, George, wouldn't you find some one else you could love as well?"

"Never, never. No woman could ever fill your place in my heart."

"Oh, quit now! That ain't right," she murmured, as she made a feint to remove his arm from around her waist.

"Let me hold you to my heart," he whispered passionately, "until you have consented to be mine," and he drew her nearer to him and held her tightly until he obtained the coveted boon.

It seemed but yesterday since our weary footsteps interrupted that touching little scene, but when we passed near the same locality early yesterday morning, ere the moon and stars had paled, and heard a gentle voice exclaim:

"No sir; you've stayed out this long, and you may just as well make a night of it. I'll teach you to stay at the lodge until 3 o'clock in the morning, and then come fooling around my door to worry me and wake the baby. Now, take that, and sleep on it."—*Vicksburg Herald.*

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Notes and Clippings.

THERE are 1,486 male convicts in Sing Sing prison.

ONE of Brigham Young's sons is studying medicine and polygamy in Paris.

LOUISIANA's recent census shows 20,000 more colored residents than whites.

LAST year 1,746 wives and 4,492 children of British soldiers were compelled to petition the State for bread.

EMBEZZLEMENT has now become a fashionable crime. We have one of the Oneida Community indicted for it.

KANSAS can now fill orders for thirteen million bushels of wheat, and any number of grasshoppers in the cold state.

IT was observed of a deceased lawyer that he left but few effects, to which a lady remarked "that he had but few causes."

IN consequence of the destruction of forests in southern Russia, the climate is becoming colder in winter and drier in summer, every year.

AT the recent fair in Norwich, Conn., a Roman coin of the era of Marc Antony was exhibited as a gentle hint of the durable value of hard money.

IF it be so very hard to find bald-headed consumptives or bald-headed lunatics, it is next in order to ascertain if there be any bald-headed suicides.

MARSHAL McMAHON's income as President of France is \$120,000 per annum, besides which he is allowed \$78,000 for household and reception expenses.

A BIG crop of oysters is set down for the New Jersey coast this year, four million bushels being the estimate. The oystermen are already in a stew.

THE Rev. Mr. Revels of Africa, formerly barber, and late United States Senator, is just now engaged in giving a close shave to sinners in Mississippi.

THE increase in the number of books in the Public Library of Boston averages 2,600 per month, and there are now 286,334 volumes on the shelves.

THE rice crop of Louisiana amounted to only 3,000 barrels in 1869, but the yield of this year will reach 200,000 barrels. One planter has 2,500 acres of it.

THE Lutherans of Russia are following the example of the Mennonites to escape military service. A large number are on their way to Wisconsin to found a colony.

THE LONDON *Enquirer* says, after spending \$150,000 a week in the Moody and Sankey revival business, the blood of England and the river Thames are as foul as ever.

"BRETERIN," said a good Baptist in Indiana, while giving his experience, "I've been a tryin' this nigh onto forty years to serve the Lord and get rich, both at once; and I tell yer all, I find it's mighty hard sleddin'."

CAME TO GRIEF.—The Rev. Thomas J. Weeks, regularly ordained pastor of the Baptist Church, was a few days

ago sentenced in this city to two years imprisonment in State prison, for stealing, or for harboring stolen goods.

THE Roman Catholic Church in Nicaragua observes eighty-two feast days. Estimating the laboring population at 15,000, and wages at thirty cents per day, the country sustains an annual loss of at least \$3,000,000, besides a vast diminution in its agricultural products.

A BUFFALO physician asserts that iron at a white heat produces merely a tickling sensation on the flesh, and therefore Clara Morris could not have suffered the exquisite torture reported. We prefer to be tickled with a feather than with an iron at white or red heat.

ABOUT THE AVERAGE.—The last week the police arrested 2,108 persons in this city; there were 586 deaths and 464 births and 36 marriages. The deaths nearly always exceed the births, showing that if we did not get recruits from the outside world, we would in time all die off.

MR. G. W. SMITH has been directed by the trustees of the British Museum to resume his excavations at Nineveh, and he expects to start soon for the East. His new book on the "Chaldean Account of the Genesis," which contains his recent discoveries is now in the press, and will shortly be published.

THE Rev. Dublin J. Walker, the leading colored preacher of South Carolina, formerly School Commissioner of Chester county and now a State Senator, has been convicted on a charge of issuing fraudulent school certificates for \$70. Eleven jurors were colored and six communicants in his church.

JAMES LICK has just proposed to build his \$800,000 astronomical observatory on the summit of Mount Hamilton, if the Supervisors of Santa Clara county will construct a railroad thither from San Jose. Mount Hamilton is sixty-five miles from San Francisco, and its summit is 4,440 feet high. It is thought by many that Mount Diablo would be a better site.

THEODORE TILTON is succeeding remarkably well in his starring lecturing tour. He draws immense houses everywhere. In this city and in Brooklyn his lectures were perfect ovations. The houses were densely crammed, and he was heartily and repeatedly applauded. His lectures were pronounced the finest specimens of oratory delivered here for many years.

BETTER STEP DOWN AND OUT.—Mr. Beecher's "future" is not likely to be free from the infamous stain upon his character, at least so long as he does everything in his power to hinder and prevent a complete investigation of the charges against him. If he will only get out of the pulpit, which he disgraces by his presence, the Christian world will care little where he goes.—*Troy Press*.

IF THE CHRISTIAN MYTHOLOGY is true, the Catholics are quite right in holding the Virgin Mary in the high esteem they do. A woman capable of acting as wife to one God, (with all the name implies) and being mother of another God, is fitted to be called the "Queen of Heaven," and is doubtless as deserving of great reverence, honor and worship, as were Venus and Juno of the ancient Greeks.

IT is a popular belief that lightning will not strike a beech tree. In a recent thunder shower at Goshen, Mass., a beech and maple standing near together, with branches interlocking each other, received the electric bolt, which shattered the maple and passed into the earth, through a prostrate hemlock tree lying near, which was stripped of its bark nearly the whole length. No trace of the lightning was left upon the beech.

"POT CALLING KETTLE BLACK."—Rev. Dr. Crosby of our city, recently referring to medical fees, said: "If some of our doctors ever become knights, they will be knights of the Golden Fleece." Now if the doctors of medicine are any more fond of the golden fleece than the doctors of divinity, the poor sheep are to be pitied indeed. As it is, the simple sheep are nearly doctored to nakedness and have to stand shivering in the cold.

BEWARE OF POISON.—Henry Ward Beecher announces that he proposes to take "a far more active part" in the management of the *Christian Union* than heretofore, and to "make the paper his own in a more important sense than it ever has been." "I shall consider it," he adds "as a parish, parallel with Plymouth Church."

This announcement should be sufficient to keep the *Christian Union* out of all families where honor, virtue, truth, and piety are respected.—*N. Y. Sun*.

GIVING EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS.—A pious deacon praying earnestly for rain in a long dry time, expressed himself as follows: "O Lord thou knowest the earth is dry and parched, and that all vegetation is dying for want of rain. If in thy wisdom thou seest fit to send us refreshing rains, do not withhold the same. But, O Lord, we would ask thee, not to send it in such profuse and violent a manner as to suddenly raise our streams and wash away our haycocks, fences and bridges, but let it come drizzle drozzle, drizzle drozzle, for about a week, for the Redeemer's sake. Amen!"

A BAD RECORD TO LEAVE BEHIND.—The Hon. Geo. W. Bardwell, member of the Legislature and deacon of the Methodist Church, of which he was a shining member, in a thriving Massachusetts town, was recently called to "pass in his checks" and close his earthly career. After his death it was found he had been a very bad man. A large amount of forged paper was traced to him, and it was proven that he had also robbed his brother deacon, Zedediah Graves, of nearly \$2000, and had caused a suspicion of the theft to be directed to innocent parties. It is to be hoped such deacons will not become abundant.

REV. NATHAN DAVIDSON of Rayton, Ga., while recently preaching upon the miracles, and after describing the restoration of the blind man's sight, (John ix. 6) made this expression; "Now this was very foolish of the Savior." The story goes that he had hardly uttered the words, when his tongue was paralyzed and for several hours did not recover the power of speech. As soon as he was able to speak, however, he said what he intended to say, was: "Now this was very foolish of the Savior from a worldly point of view." It was held that he was stricken with dumbness on account of the impious expression he made; but a nice question is here involved between Providence and fore-knowledge. The belief that it was a providential rebuke is placed in the awkward dilemma, that Providence had smitten an innocent man from a lack of knowledge of what he was going to say. If Davidson tells the truth, Providence showed undue haste to smite him before he knew what the man intended to say, while if Davidson lies, Providence showed himself guilty of inconsistency in punishing the man for blasphemy, and letting him pass free for lying. Which is it? Nice point, this.

NOT APPRECIATED.—The Rev. J. D. Fulton of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, is falling into disfavor with his flock, and they have demanded his resignation on the ground of "brusqueness," dogmatic manners, arrogance, self will, softening of the brain, uncomplaisance, falsehood, &c., &c. Although his congregation may see many imperfections in him, they do not charge him with not having the requisite love of Jesus. The great love he bears his master may outweigh his many faults. Later. After a regular prayer-meeting a few evenings since, the congregation of Bro. Fulton's Church held an animated discussion and an election to decide whether their pastor should step down and out. The deacons and near one hundred of the faithful were opposed to the pastor, while a somewhat larger number remained faithful to him. Hot words and harsh epithets passed currently from side to side. The parson acted as moderator, and when one of the deacons upraised him for words he had used in prayer, detrimental to the deacons, the parson meekly told the critical deacon that it was none of his business what words he (the parson) used in prayer. The Christian love manifested on the occasion was not of the Jesus kind; and the trouble is not yet ended.

The Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion; or,

An Answer to the Question: Have We a Supernaturally Revealed, Infallibly Inspired and Miraculously Attested Religion in the World?

BY E. E. GUILD.

The Priesthood Further Considered.—Conclusion.

The art of proselyting they understood to perfection. This is an important part of their business. However ignorant they may be on all other subjects, this they perfectly well understand. They are in possession of all the accumulated experience of a long line of predecessors extending through all of the past ages. They know human nature well and how to take advantage of its weaknesses. They make their appeals to the superstitious, selfish hopes and fears of ignorant men, and having what Archimedes only wanted, another world on which to plant their machinery. It is no wonder that in almost all past times they have moved this at their pleasure. They tax all their ingenuity and eloquence in describing the beauties of a heaven about which they know nothing, and a hell of which they are equally ignorant, and the one they promise as a reward to all who embrace their doctrines, the other they threaten as a punishment to be inflicted on all who do not. In this way they may succeed, perhaps, in luring some and entrancing others, but no man was ever made really any better by being actuated by such selfish considerations. They condemn human selfishness and yet cultivate and strengthen it by making constant appeals to it. They are the greatest beggars in the world. Their horseleech cry of give, give, can be heard on the mountains and in the valleys, in the public streets and in the churches. At every public meeting ostensibly for the worship of God, the contribution box is passed around and the people are entreated in God's name to give. The people are assured that if they will give, God will restore to them four-fold, but not one of them will stand sponsor for the fulfillment of the promise or guarantee the refunding of the gift in case it is not. In a thousand variety of ways vast sums of money are raised by these men which goes to help the warring sects to vie with each other in building costly churches and to support a class of useless drones in the human hive.

The same envyings and jealousies that exist among the members of other learned professions exist among them. They will unscrupulously resort to measures to supplant a brother in an advantageous situation, or in the esteem and affections of the people which lawyers and physicians scorn to adopt, and have too great a sense of horror and manhood to think of adopting. If one of their number happens to become convinced of the erroneousness of his creed and has independence and moral courage enough to avow his honest opinions, the rest will pounce on him like a hawk upon a chicken. They will pursue him with misrepresentations and slander, hurl at him the epithets of "infidelity," "emissary of Satan," "enemy of religion," call him a Judas, a renegade, an apostate, ostracise him from society if they can, and all to counteract his influence in opposition to their sectarian views. On the other hand if one of their profession is accused of any crime, the rest of the fraternity will gather around him, form a solid phalanx, and shield him from exposure if they can. The peculiar position occupied by these men brings them into close relation to the female sex. They knowing that women are more susceptible of religious as well as superstitious influence than men, regard them as their right-hand weapon of offensive and defensive war. They rely mainly on them to further their designs. Women educated to believe that they must depend on men for support and protection, will inevitably be inclined to look up to the clergy for religious guidance and instruction. This brings them into frequent and familiar intimacy with that class of men. What has been the result? Not only are our sectarian churches made up principally of women and children, but the history of the priesthood in all ages and countries proves that by no other class of professional men have so many crimes against female virtue been committed as by them.

The clergy profess to look upon what they call Infidelity and Materialism with the utmost horror and detestation. They represent that the Materialistic doctrines are destructive of all joy and peace on earth, and deprive us of all our bright hopes and anticipations in regard to the future. Apparently they are entirely unconscious of the fact that they themselves are constantly promulgating a doctrine as much more horrible than anything in Materialism as it is in the power of the human imagination to conceive. At the very worst, even, ultra-Materialism would do nothing worse than consign us to the quiet sleep of non-existence or annihilation, whereas the doctrine of the clergy would involve a majority of our race in miseries untold, never-ending and indescribable. All, therefore, who hope for a future blissful existence, must desire it with the full knowledge that if they have it, they enjoy it at the expense of the endless and inconceivable sufferings of millions of their fellow men. Can a more

monstrous exhibition of supreme selfishness be conceived?

These men claim, too, that by some mysterious supernatural process they have experienced such a change of nature, such a regeneration of character, such a sanctification of mind and heart as fits them to be the mouth-pieces of God, and the leaders and instructors of mankind. But of what use is it for them to pretend to any superior sanctity, when all intelligent men know, and all the world ought to know, that they "are men of like passions as others," that they have the same appetites, passions, desires, faults and foibles that all men have. The criminal records of the country prove, that in proportion to their numbers no class of educated men furnish a greater number of the inmates of our jails and prisons than the clergy.

Now there are in the United States nearly fifty thousand clergymen. We would utilize this element of society. That portion of them who, by their education, talents and moral worth are qualified for the work, we would have converted into teachers in our schools and seminaries of learning, public lecturers and leaders of the people in the great work of reform. We would have them teach their fellow men on those subjects about which they have some positive knowledge, and in relation to which it is of the utmost importance that they be informed. We would have them teach the people to know themselves, to do their own thinking, to form their own opinions, to understand the laws of their own nature, and the conditions on which the prosperity and happiness of human beings depend. We would place them on a level with the rest of mankind, give them the same chances, the same opportunities, and let them depend on themselves, instead of being merely dependents upon others. As for the rest, we would have them expend the force and energy which they now spend for naught in some branches of trade, or agriculture, and thereby make themselves a blessing to the world.

To this, or something like this, it must come at last. The people will not always suffer themselves to be hoodwinked to their own destruction. A revolt is sure to come, and when it does come it is to be hoped that the crimes of the priesthood against humanity will not be too vividly remembered against them, and that the sins of their predecessors who lived in the dead past will not be visited on those who exist in the living present.

Religion is natural to man. It is not an exotic which must be grafted upon him, but is indigenous in the soil of his heart and mind. God has endowed him with religious faculties which seek gratification. It is only necessary to develop and properly direct the religious powers to make him all that religion requires. Man's religious faculties, like all his other faculties, are liable to be misdirected. He possesses no appetite, no passion, no faculty that is not in itself good. All that is wrong in man consists in the perversion or abuse of powers which are in themselves good. When his religious faculties are properly directed, they tend to good, and only good, both to himself and his fellow men. When misdirected they are liable to produce an incalculable amount of mischief. It is a law of nature that the very best things are capable of being converted into the very worst. Thus it is that religion when perverted may become a curse to its possessor and render him a curse to the world. Woe to the world when a religious fanatic or monomaniac is let loose in it! Conceiving that he only has God's truth, and that the salvation of the world depends upon the universal acceptance of it by men, and that all who do not accept it are the enemies of God and religion, he goes forth full of bigotry and intolerance, scattering firebrands, arrows and death in the world, and denounces the thunderbolts of God's wrath upon all he deems to be God's foes. Animated by a zeal without knowledge, he has no mercy on others, nor even on himself. He will endure privations, encounter the greatest difficulties, brave the most imminent dangers, bid defiance to tortures, eagerly shed his blood or lay down his life to seal his testimony. He may be compared to a lion uncaged, a tiger unchained, a hyena let loose.

To be truly religious is to be God-like in character and disposition. To be merciful and mild, peaceable and kind, charitable toward all, forbearing and forgiving even toward enemies. Religion is true manhood. To be religious is to be a well developed man, a true gentleman, a lover of all men, both good and bad. The distinction between good and bad men is only a difference of degree. None are completely good, none are entirely bad. Human nature is the same in all men, but is manifested in a variety of ways. The human race furnishes one of the best illustrations of the law of unity in variety. The difference in the character and disposition of men is a difference of organization, temperament, education, climate and condition. Men may be found, even in civilized society, in all the intermediate stages of development between the lowest barbarism and the highest civilization. In proportion as a man is wicked he is barbarous, in proportion as he is good he is civilized. Notwithstanding the diversity of character and action among men, all are prompted to action by one grand leading motive, the desire of happiness and the dread of misery. Men seek happiness in a variety of ways, and commit many blunders and mistakes in their efforts to obtain it. The good find it, the bad miss it.

The Christian deludes himself if he supposes that he is actuated by motives any different from those of other men. If he renounces what he supposes to be the pleasures of this world for the sake of the glory and bliss of eternity, he has made a good bargain, he has looked out for number one. The balance of profit and loss is decidedly in his favor. No shrewd Yankee could hope to make a better bargain. If the wicked expect to find happiness in sin, they commit a capital mistake, which, sooner or later, it is to be hoped they will discover and correct. The good are to be congratulated on account of their goodness, the bad are to be commiserated on account of their badness. We are, therefore, to have "compassion on the ignorant and those who are out of the way." We are to be as God is, "kind even to the unthankful and the evil."

Is this religion a grievous burden on men? No, it is no burden at all. Is its yoke heavy? No yoke about it. Is it hard to practice? Far from it. Will it make our pleasures less on earth? It will greatly enhance and increase them. Will the practice of it subject us to the scorn and derision of ungodly men? "Who is he that will harm you if you be a follower of that which is good?" No; even the vilest of men are so constituted by nature that they cannot but respect virtue, honesty, goodness, and those who practice these virtues, whether they themselves practice them or not.

The truly religious man, freed from every vestige of superstition, full of confidence in God and human nature, views this life as a school, a state of discipline for the development of the powers and faculties of man. He believes that for this purpose man has been subjected to many and grievous evils, but that nevertheless, there is much more happiness than misery in the world, more virtue than vice, more good than evil. Evil in his view is but the shadow of good. "There will be briars where berries grow." If we have the good we must take the evil also. Error he conceives to have no existence except in the opinions of men. Outside the human mind there are no errors, no mistakes. Error has no basis in nature, no solid foundation to rest on. It, like evil, may be outgrown. The error of to-day may be supplanted, extinguished, annihilated by the truth of to-morrow. It is, therefore, transient, evanescent, passing away. So with evil. There is no absolute evil in the Universe. Every stage of human existence has its apparent evils. The ignorance, dependence and helplessness of infancy and youth are outgrown when we come to be men. The evils connected with manhood we are relieved from in old age, and the evils incident to old age are terminated by death. We may hope that the evils of our present state of existence will not follow us into another and higher mode of existence. Whether evils of any kind will exist in that life is more than we can tell. But if they do, we may be sure that the Being who has so guarded the interests of his creatures here, that none of us can suffer only a certain amount of pain without its terminating in death, will so protect his creatures there, as to render their existence a blessing and not a curse. God's ways are perfect. "He hath done all things well." He has so established the order of the moral world as that no virtue can be unrewarded, no vice unpunished. The man who inflicts an injury on his fellow man, at the same time inflicts a much greater one on himself. It is better to be slandered than to slander, to be stolen from than to steal, to be murdered than to murder, "to suffer wrong than to do wrong." Nature knows nothing about forgiveness in the sense of the remission of retribution, nothing about inflicting punishment upon the innocent for the sins of the guilty; nothing about atoning for sin by shedding the blood of innocent victims. On the contrary the great law of Nature is, "he that doeth wrong shall suffer for the wrong which he hath done", and there is no respect of persons."

It is not for us to say who are the proper objects of God's righteous retribution, nor who should be the recipients of his blessings. We know but little about ourselves, and still less about our fellow men. We cannot determine the amount of guilt or innocence of a single human being. It ill becomes us to presume to sit in judgment on our fellows. God only can be the proper judge, and "the judge of all the earth will do right." It is for us to look with charity upon all men, to encourage them who are in the right way, and to pity those who do wrong.

The true religionist rises to the conception that the human race constitutes a brotherhood, that we all have one Father, all belong to one Church—the Church of Humanity; that we are all teachers, and at the same time learners in that Church, that the Bible of Nature includes all books, all objects, all sounds, all thoughts and all sensations. That the rites and ceremonies of this Church consist in doing good to all men as we have opportunity. The whole duty of man consists in doing all the good he can, and as little harm as possible.

In regard to futurity, the philosophic religionist realizes that all that relates to the future, beyond the present moment, must be included in the domain of the unknown. Aside from the accounts both ancient and modern of the reappearance of persons in the spirit who were known to have lived and died on earth—accounts which are believed by some and discredited by others—the veil which separates the future life from the present has never been lifted, much less removed. The question "if a man die shall he live again" has

been as thoroughly investigated and discussed as any other. Able, learned, and good men have advocated both sides of the question. Whenever a people emerge from a condition of ignorance and semi-barbarism doubters and unbelievers appear among them, the number increases in the ratio that intelligence is diffused, and civilization, culture and refinement are promoted. Belief is the most general among those who think and know the least on the subject. Doubt is almost exclusively confined to thinking, intelligent, well-informed men. We draw no inference from this, but simply state the fact.

If we analyze and criticize the argument usually relied on to prove a future life, it is plain that they are inconclusive and unsatisfactory except to those who are resolutely determined to cling to a belief in it without regard to argument or evidence. To the calm enquirer whose mind is regulated by evidence in believing, and who has no desire to believe anything but what is true, however pleasing and agreeable the belief may be, they will be seen to be mere inferences, often from premises which are wholly absurd, or deductions from premises which do not warrant the conclusion.

No argument in its favor is more frequently appealed to, nor more generally relied on, than that founded on the desire of men for immortality, and the happy influence of a belief in it. It is surprising that well-informed men can delude themselves with an argument like this. Who does not know that the hopes as well as the fears of mankind can be as readily excited by fiction as by fact. And who does not know that the idle fancies of our childhood days are dispelled by age and experience? In like manner stern truths of logic and philosophy dissipate the ideal fancies of our maturer years.

On the other hand it is impossible to prove that there is no future life. The utmost that unbelievers can do is to nullify the arguments of the believer by demonstrating their entire fallacy. The question then relates to the unknown, if not to the unknowable. It opens a wide field for the imagination to roam in. All our thoughts on the subject are purely ideal and subjective. That they are not reliable is proved by the fact that the conceptions of different persons are in direct contradiction. To person who abound in hope, the picture of the future will appear painted in the most gorgeous colors; to those in whom fear predominates it will present only the blackness of darkness forever.

The influence of the belief in the doctrine in question will depend on the character and disposition of the believer, and the form in which it is held. In calculating its influence upon character, it is necessary to keep in view the following facts. 1. No speculative opinion has the power to change the nature of man. 2. The natural character and disposition of men being dependent on organization and temperament can be effected but very little by their opinions. The utmost that opinion can do, is to call into exercise feelings and sentiments which already exist (in a latent condition perhaps) in the individual, and give direction to his actions. 3. So much stronger is the natural character than opinion, that men often act in a manner entirely inconsistent with their belief. Men are not in character and disposition what they are, because they believe as they do. Hence we have good and bad men of all forms of belief, of all sects and of no sect. A good man will be good in spite of his belief, however bad; a bad man will be bad in spite of his belief, however good. Belief is not a sure index of character, but conduct is. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is the best test that can be applied.

The doctrine of a future life is held in a great variety of forms. In some of its phases it is comparatively harmless. But in the form in which it has been, and is now most popular in the world, if it is capable of doing some good, it is also capable of doing, and has done an immense amount of mischief. No doctrine, whatever, appeals with more power to the hopes and fears of mankind, or is better calculated to stir their emotions, and call into exercise all the feelings of their nature. When we consider how general has been the belief in it, and how much it has been enforced and enlarged upon, it is truly wonderful that its influence has not been much greater than it has. It can only be accounted for on the supposition that its most intelligent believers have not more than half believed it, and that the ignorant multitude have accepted and endorsed it, without at all comprehending its full import and meaning. In the opinion of the writer its influence for good has been very generally overestimated, while its power to do harm has not been realized by the many, and has been perhaps exaggerated by the few.

In contemplating the subject, we have often wondered why men do not more generally view it in the light of reason and common sense.

A conscious existence after death is something about which all knowledge is withheld from us. If knowledge on the subject would be a blessing, it would not be withheld. We may, therefore, conclude that it is best for us to be ignorant in relation to it. We have been pushed into being by a power over which we have no control. This power, if it knows anything, knows a great deal better than we do whether it is best for us to live another life or not. If it is best, we shall certainly live again. If it is not best it is folly for us to

desire it. The best course for us to pursue, then, is to moderate our desires, and to banish all anxious thoughts upon the subject. Anxious thought, even, in relation to the to-morrow of our present life was condemned by the teacher, Christ; why should we be more anxious about another life? It was a noblesaying of the great Spinoza, "the free man thinks not of death, but only of life." The great question for each one of us is not, shall I live and be happy to-morrow or next year, or in another state of existence, but do I live and am I happy to-day?

Those who embrace the popular view may boast, as they are wont to do, about the superiority of their faith; but who has the most confidence in the Supreme Power, he who is willing to trust his destiny, both for time and eternity, to Nature's disposal, or he who is constantly troubled and anxious in regard to what final disposition is to be made of him? We know our present existence terminates in death, but we do not know, nor have we good reason to believe, that death is an evil, unless it be an evil not to exist. But if it is an evil not to exist, what a monstrous and inconceivable evil has been endured by every individual of the human race, in that, during the incalculable lapse of time before our existence here, we had no existence. At most, death can only put us back into the same condition we were before our existence here. Not to be, can be no evil, but life, if it is a miserable life, is an evil for which there is no remedy but death. Neither life, nor death is an entity. Both are phenomenal. Death is the absence of life, or the negation of life. Nothing is more natural than death. Life and death are intimately connected. They run parallel with each other. We no sooner begin to live than we commence to die. Death pervades every kingdom in nature. Man, beasts, birds, fishes, insects, vegetables, all alike are subject to the dominion of death. Can it be that a thing so natural, so common, so universal can be an evil? For aught we know, life cannot exist in finite beings only in connection with death. Death is not a force. If life is a force, it is far more rational to find fault with life rather than death, in much as life deserts us at last and consigns us to the condition of death. Nothing serves better to illustrate the pernicious influence of false education than the fact that that which men most dread and fear of all things on earth has the least power to do them harm.

It may be objected that this view leaves us in uncertainty in regard to the future. But is there not the same uncertainty in relation to everything that is future to the present moment? We know that we live to-day, we do not know that we shall to-morrow nor next year. When we close our eyes in sleep we are not certain that we shall ever be aroused from our slumber. However certain the believer may be that he shall live again after death, he is not certain in regard to what his doom may be in that life, or if he is, his mind must be in painful uncertainty in regard to the doom of others.

Again it may be said, that, however plausible our view may be, it is at least safer to adopt the popular belief. If we proceed on the principle here indicated, our only safety lies in taking refuge in the bosom of the Catholic Church. The truth is, our true safety consists in being honest with ourselves, and true to our own convictions. He who pursues any other course is either a slave, or a hypocrite and knave. Honesty is the mark of nobleness and manhood, and will carry a man triumphantly through life, through death, and through any life that may await him in the future. The motto of every rational man should be this: "The best possible security for the future is a wise improvement of the present." Once more: It may be objected that according to our common-sense view of the doctrine of a future life, for anything we know to the contrary, death may terminate the existence of man forever, and this is rather a gloomy view of human destiny.

There are four prominent views of the destiny of man, which it may be well to state and view in contrast. The first supposes that at death, man is resolved into his original elements, and is, so far as personal consciousness and identity are concerned, as though he had never been. One common destiny awaits the human race. In the grave all ranks are leveled, the king lies as low as the beggar, and all distinctions are done away. If we are insensible to happiness, we are also beyond the reach of sorrow, suffering and pain. If we suffer a loss by death, it is a loss of which we shall be forever entirely unconscious. That this view is not as cheering as we are capable of conceiving we have no disposition to deny.

The next view is, that there is to be a future life to be enjoyed by a portion of the human race, while by far the largest portion are to be annihilated forever.

The third view admits a future life for all, but contends that while it will be a life of blessedness to a comparative few, to untold millions it will be a life of inconceivable wretchedness and woe.

The last view supposes that the future life will ultimately result in the endless enjoyment and happiness of all mankind.

The first view may be somewhat gloomy, but it is sustained by all human observation and experience. The second may be a little less gloomy, but that is all that can be claimed in its favor. On the ground of reason, we can see no good cause for thinking that there is a sufficient difference between the best man

that ever lived and the worst one, to make an infinite difference in their destiny. The third has a bright side, but it has also a dark side. And the dark side is so inexpressibly horrible and revolting as to obscure even its bright side. It does not become its advocates to object to the first view, on account of its gloominess, so long as their view is so much more liable to the same objection. If the fourth view could be sustained by a sufficient amount of evidence, no possible objection could lie against it. All it lacks is the proof. Reason sees that the order of nature is, that whatever has a beginning must have an end. Immortality can be predicted only of that which has had no beginning in time. And as man, as a conscious, thinking being, had a beginning in time, so in time he must have an end. It cannot be denied, however, that the same power that conferred existence upon us, may do so again; but whether it will or not, is more than we mortals at present know.

Reader, if you are morbidly sensitive on the question of immortality, you may not like the views above presented. Very well, my friend, you are at liberty to seek for better, and to find them if you can, but I beg of you not to deem me your enemy because I tell you what I believe to be the truth.

Wishing you, and all my readers, health, prosperity and happiness I bid you adieu.

[THE END.]

Spirit—Life and Matter Considered.

Life and matter have a co-existence; one could not be, if the other was not. All life from the monad or infusoria of the Sea to that of the highest individualized intelligence is the same in principle. Intelligence—knowledge—consciousness result from combinations of different elements of matter.

Ignorance, crime, and evils of whatever kind, or character, to which man and all subordinate conditions of life existing, are immediately traceable to the different combinations of the same matter, and each individual species demonstrates its indulgence in just and exact proportions to the various elements entering into its physical form; as is the combinations so is the form, in its physical expression. Man absorbs all the elements of subordinate life and conditions—and that which has control, by its greater amount, indicates the animal form from which he has received it. His mind and actions are in conformity with the nature of such elements, and his every act proves the worth of this philosophy, dispute who can.

Whatever has a beginning under the operation of nature's laws, must, of necessity, end under the operation of the same laws. Spirit, whatever that may be, can have no individuality only as it is connected with matter. Every molecule of matter possesses in itself, inherently, attraction for that for which it has an affinity, and repels that for which it has not. Through the operation of this law worlds were brought into being, and all forms and demonstrations of life result from the same great law.

If the earth could be thrown into a vapor by retorting it, such vapor instead of flying off into space, would hold its relative position to the planetary system, and would revolve around the sun as it does now; while the elements would, under the vitalization of their own inherent force, slowly condense from the nebulous to the opaque condition, from a cloud-like appearance of a million miles in diameter to a rounded globe of sufficient density to reflect the light of the sun. But millions of years would necessarily elapse before it would be sufficiently condensed to be productive of water in which would appear the first indications of life.

Spiritualists are in harmony with their orthodox brethren in as much as they hold that mankind can be good, kind, and charitable, if they so will, or indulge in every crime known to the criminal calendar. This untenable belief has been in almost, if not quite, every age the belief of mankind. It is certainly strange how any one, who dares to reason from nature's laws, can credit such a wrong.

Mankind is the effect of a cause existing in the laws of nature, and must therefore be, and ever is subject to the law that gave him being, and must of necessity be what the cause made him to be.

I would therefore ask how the effects can take precedence of the cause, and in the development of this spirit of life, gendered and born of matter, become a power controlling the source of its being?

Nature absolute, self-existent, and supreme, produces and destroys the works of her own hands, and the elements through which vitalized life gave evidence of nature's power through the combinations of matter is dissolved, and the vitalizing principle in that combination of matter, forever ceases with it. Where then is the individuality of the spirit? "Dissolved, and forever like dew in the foam."

H. WINCHESTER.

GERMAN critics assert that there never was an Italian who had inspiration. Hitherto Italy has passed as the land of genius, with sons jumping to conclusions without much effort; while Germans were set down as dilligent students prosaically plodding along into their findings. It turns out now that Galileo, Columbus, Volta, Dante, and Raphael were the plodders; Humboldt, Klopstock, Liebig, Wagner, and Moltke the inspirationists.

The Truth Seeker,

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OF REFORM AND FREE THOUGHT.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

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JONAH AND THE BIG FISH.

Among all the pious stories to be found in that remarkable collection of wonderful tales—the old Jew-book—probably none have oftener been referred to than the one giving an account of Jonah and the whale. Fishermen, like sailors, have from time immemorial been noted as great story-tellers. Their “yarns” and adventures have been so incredible that they have passed into a proverb. To such extent has it been thought that fishermen’s and sailors’ stories are extremely apocryphal, that where an incredible tale or impossible yarn has been spun that nobody could believe, it has, by common consent, been denominated “fishy,” or a “fish story.” Among this large class of stories, Jonah and the whale, stands pre-eminent, the fishiest of all. Yet we are still required to believe it, and it is still, Sunday after Sunday, preached from the pulpit, because it is bound up in the “holy book” which we are repeatedly assured contains “the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.”

We have no idea by whom the story was written, where it was written, or when it was written. It may have been 500 years, 1000 years, or 2000 years before Christ. In fact, it matters very little where it was written, when, or by whom; it makes no difference with its veracity or credibility. If it is truth it depends not upon its narrator, and if it is false, all the saints in the calendar cannot make it true.

Our hero is first introduced to us as a prophet, and son of Amittai. Who Amittai was we do not know, nor where he came from. We are told that the word of the Lord came unto Jonah, saying, “Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry out against it.” In that age of the world the word of God seemed to seek out particular individuals and was not free alike to all. This was one of the very few cases where the God of the Jews seemed to take the slightest interest in the people of a heathen nation; the Jews appearing to require and occupy all his time and attention. He was not only wholly indifferent as to what became of the outside barbarians—the nations that were not Jews—but he seemed ever to be plotting against them, venting his spite upon them and continually aiding his special people to slaughter and destroy them. But in this case the wickedness of Nineveh troubled him greatly, and he made an unusual effort to reclaim them from their wickedness.

Jonah seemed to be a disobedient prophet, and was much like the ungoverned children in this age of the world, who when told to do a certain thing do directly the opposite. Thus Jonah instead of going to Nineveh started for Tarshish where he could get away from the presence of the Lord. Where in the world Tarshish is, or was, no geographer has been able to determine, but wherever it was, God seems not to have visited it, for by going there Jonah was to escape his presence. The prophet proceeded to Joppa where he took passage on a boat in the Tarshish and Joppa line and paid his fare like a man. In this particular we place him ahead of the prophets and priests of our own time, when they travel by boat or by rail they either want to go at half-price or be dead-headed through. Jonah was no dead-head.

He was destined, however, to have an unpleasant voyage, for the Lord is said to have sent a great wind and brought on a mighty tempest so that the ship was in danger of being wrecked, and the sailors became alarmed. It is not likely this wind was sent from the Lord in any other sense than all winds may be said to come from him. Wind is the result of natural causes. The rarification of the atmosphere in some localities produced by heat, the cold air rushing in from other quarters to fill the vacuum together with the electrical or magnetic conditions of the atmosphere are what produces currents, breezes, gales, tem-

pests, hurricanes, tornadoes, and cyclones which are more or less severe, according to the conditions which rule at the time. In the heated portions of the earth, in the vicinity of the equator, these intense commotions of the atmosphere greatly abound; while in those regions approaching the poles, far less so. If a destructive storm visits any locality, and does any amount of damage, it is short sightedness, ignorance, and superstition which induces people to attribute it to the anger or vindictiveness of God. It only shows they do not understand the forces which control the Universe, and which produce every result that takes place now, or ever has taken place.

Our man Jonah was doubtless well fitted for a sailor, without at all heeding the severity of the storm and though unused to being on water, he was neither sea-sick nor alarmed. “He went down into the side of the ship” and went fast asleep, while all this commotion and terror prevailed around him. He must have been a regular stoic—a man of remarkable equanimity of mind to be thus wholly unaffected by the danger and the fury of the storm. It proves, at all events, that his conscience, for trying to get away from the presence of the Lord, was not troubling him severely. The captain of the vessel, however, in his great fear, hunted around and found Jonah and waked him up, and asked him what he meant, to be sleeping at such a time, and told him he ought to be awake, crying to God to save them from destruction. After the sailors had been some time engaged in throwing overboard such freight and luggage as would lighten the vessel, they concluded to cast lots to see which man among them had caused this terrible storm; as though a man could cause it; as though casting lots would indicate with any certainty which man it was. They must have been ignorant and illy-informed people indeed, fully illustrating the superstition which characterizes sailors even to this day. As well might we now try murderers, thieves and incendiaries by drawing straws, throwing dice, playing cards, or flipping pennies. It would be merely gambling to ascertain whether a man was guilty or not—the most uncertain of all ways to establish guilt or innocence.

Of course the lot fell upon our poor Jonah; the story could not otherwise have run in the right channel and the grand denouement could not have been as desired by the writer. The ignorant sailors felt positive, of course, that Jonah was the man who had caused the mischief, and they immediately interrogated him as to who he was, where he came from, what people he belonged to, and what he followed for a business. Jonah answered their questions in a truthful manner, at which the men became still more afraid, and asked why he had done as he had, and censured him for his base conduct.

It strikes us that this novel trial of a quiet stranger, by the crew of a ship in the height of a raging tempest, when it would be supposed every man would be required to take care of the ship—to man the vessel, to reef the sails, to cut away the masts, if necessary, and to do the many other things needful to be done in such an emergency, was indeed a most singular and most improbable proceeding; but it belongs to the “big fish story,” and we must take it for granted that it was “all exactly so.”

When the court which tried Jonah and found him guilty enquired of him what punishment should be executed upon him for being guilty of having the lot fall upon him, he answered like a brave, self-sacrificing fellow, and said: “Take me up and cast me forth into the sea.” We insist, there have been few men in any age of the world who would have shown, under the circumstances, such a disregard for self and personal safety. Our opinion of Jonah is elevated, and he certainly was too good a man to be used for fish-bait. But they cast him into the sea and it immediately became very calm. He was the oil cast upon the troubled waters, and his being thrown into the surging billows seems to have had a very pacifying effect upon God, and he calmed the winds and stilled the waters at once. Is it to be supposed that the casting of a prophet or priest overboard in this age of the world will still a tempest or calm a storm? Are not the laws which govern the Universe ever the same?

But how about Jonah? What became of him? Why, a big fish, which providentially happened to be on the spot, “took the stranger in” out of the wet, where he could finish his nap at his leisure. As Jonah had such a happy faculty of adapting himself to surrounding circumstances, it may be supposed that his new birth was just to his taste. It was snug at all events.

The book of Jonah, with its forty-eight verses, all told, does not inform us what kind of a fish it was that took charge of the Prophet; but Jesus afterwards said it was a whale; and the original story says God prepared the fish for the purpose. If it was a whale, he must have prepared him, for naturalists inform us that the true whale cannot take anything into its mouth and swallow it larger than four inches through. God must have “prepared” the mouth and throat of that particular whale pretty extensively by stretching it and enlarging it, to enable him to swallow a man at a gulp. A shark could soon dispatch a prophet, but would probably “chaw” him up pretty badly first, and it is to be feared in such a case, even with God’s help, the man would not be of much use three days afterwards.

It might be imagined that though Jonah had landed safely in the stomach of the fish, that it would have been difficult for him to have found air enough there to sustain him for three days. If the fish had kept his mouth and throat constantly open, so as to let air in, it would not have answered, for the water would also have rushed in and drowned the poor Prophet at last. How he obtained air to breathe, and to enable him to keep up a three days cry to his God, is not satisfactorily explained. A rubber hose extending from the fish’s stomach to the open air above the surface of the water, after the plan of a diving bell, would have been very convenient, but we have no right to suppose God provided such an apparatus.

Notwithstanding the extreme improbability of the truth of this fish story, it is amusing to see how easy it is for our Christian friends to believe it. It does not stagger them at all. If the book had said Jonah swallowed the whale, or half a dozen of them, for that matter, they could easily swallow it, Jonah, whales and all. There is no limit to their credulity and faith.

Fishes have astonishing digestive powers, and whatever is taken into their stomachs is usually “ground up” or digested in a short time. Under this state of things, it is a marvel how Jonah could have for three days escaped the strong digestive functions of the big fish. He must have been a “tough cuss,” or the Lord must have “prepared” the fish’s stomach, as he had previously “prepared” its mouth and gullet. Fish, also, are a hungry, voracious race, and as this big fish did not digest Jonah, and had no room for any other food for three days, he would naturally become very hungry. And Jonah, too, poor fellow, getting nothing to eat for over three days, he must have become quite hungry also, thus shut up in the dark. Probably God “prepared” Jonah so the fish could not digest him, and “prepared” the fish so he should not become too hungry, and “prepared” Jonah’s stomach likewise, and for the same reason. This was, by the way, considerable of an enterprise, the Lord took upon himself on that occasion. There were several points to which he had to direct his attention. As an experiment or an adventure, it was probably quite amusing to him.

We are glad to be informed that after God had punished Jonah until he was satisfied for the disobedience indulged, that he “just spoke to the fish,” and the words immediately acted as an emetic, and caused the fish to throw up Jonah on dry land, as good as ever. This experience was of much value to the prophet and he proceeded without delay to do the missionary work allotted him. He went to the exceeding great city of Nineveh which was three days journey across it, and cried out: “Yet in forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown.” His prophecy seems to have had a marvelous effect, and the king soon issued orders that neither man nor beast should eat or drink anything, and that they should all be covered with sackcloth.

A few points to wonder at, and a few questions

naturally arise in connection with this subject.

1st. How could a foreigner, as Jonah was in that city, and who spoke a different language, succeed in making himself understood by the populace?

2d. How could a single man preach effectually to a city of such immense dimensions, without spending months to accomplish it?

3d. Why should the Ninevites who worshiped Baal, and who never heard of Jehovah, become so greatly frightened when Jonah visited them that they should so readily abandon their own God and accept Jonah's? It was certainly the most effectual missionary work ever accomplished. Nowadays it takes several missionaries, several thousands of dollars, and sometimes a year's time, to convert a single heathen, and he often don't stay converted; but here this man Jonah converted a large, populous city in a short time, unaided and alone.

4th. Where could so much sackcloth be found to cover all the men and women, and beasts also? Some of the merchants must have had an immense stock of sackcloth on hand.

5th. How is it that sackcloth has such a pacifying effect upon God? How does it operate upon his anger, his indignation, and his determination?

6th. Why should he prefer sackcloth as a garment for men, to any other kind of goods? Why should the beasts also be covered with sackcloth? Had they offended God, that they should repent before him?

7th. How could life be sustained if the people and the beasts were forbidden to eat or drink? What harm would there be in horses and asses taking food?

Many such questions will arise in the minds of the skeptical and those of little faith, but your true believer takes it all in without a question or a doubt. "Blessed are they who believe all they are told, for they shall always be easily imposed upon."

The most agreeable part of the story is, that the Ninevites quit their evil ways, and that God changed his mind about destroying them; or, in other words, that he did not keep the cruel promise he had made. A bad promise is always better broken than kept. But this course of God's made Jonah very angry. After he had prophesied that the city should be destroyed, he wanted the destruction to come without failure or postponement on account of the weather, or any other reason, and rather than the people should not be destroyed he preferred to die himself. He retired from the city and made a booth on the east side, where he could sit in the shade, and see if God would do what he agreed to do.

The Lord seemed to take a little pity on Jonah and caused a gourd to grow up in a single night so as to shade the disappointed Prophet, but even in this he changed his mind again, for as soon as he found Jonah was exceedingly glad of the gourd, he "prepared" a worm to eat it and to make it wither and die. Thus, according to the accounts we get, God is alternately sending blessings and curses—pleasing or displeasing. He makes us glad one day with something, that is almost sure to be destroyed the next day, thus, making us sad.

The finale of this fish story is well known. Nineveh was not destroyed. The sackcloth, the fasting, and the ashes saved it, and caused God to place a higher value upon the more than six score of thousand souls who were in the city, who could not discern their right hand from their left, also "much cattle." It was so frequent that he destroyed thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, and even seventy thousand human beings at a time for trifling provocations, that it is refreshing to find that he sometimes exercised mercy. But we regret to think that his anger toward the Ninevites did not continue to be appeased, for though he relented on that occasion, it was but a short time before the city was destroyed for a certainty. According to the chronological notes of the Bible, Jonah prophesied 860 years before Christ, and according to Diodorus' history, Nineveh was destroyed by Arbaces, the Mede, 876 years before Christ, which was sixteen years before Jonah's preaching saved it. These little discrepancies, however, must not disturb us. "All things" you know "are possible," etc.

What became of Jonah we are not told. Our opinion is, that after that adventure he kept away from the water. If another fish got after him, and swal-

lowed him, we have no account that it vomited him forth, and it is more than probable that his body, or portions of it, became, like this story, fish, fishy.

The principal use made by our Christian friends of this remarkable fish story, is, that it was such a grand symbol or prototype of the death, burial and resurrection of the "blessed Savior." The quotation from Matthew (xii. 40) is well remembered, when Jesus says, "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." But here again is a slight discrepancy, Jesus, according to the record, was not three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. He was placed in the tomb on Friday night, and Sunday morning he was up bright and early, only one day and two nights, the most that can be made of it. Thus his own words were proved untrue. It has been suggested, however, that he might have found the heart of the earth so uncomfortably hot, that he did not wish to stay there his time out. Scientists assure us, the centre of the earth is a molten mass of dense, fused, super-heated metals, hotter than any furnace that can be conceived of. If this is so—and it seems very probable—it would not be a comfortable place to stay in for three days and nights. When we bear in mind, however, that it is four thousand miles to the heart of the earth and four thousand miles back again, we may well suppose he could not stay there very long and make the trip in thirty-six hours from the time he started. Verily, verily, which story is the hardest to believe, the "fish story," or the "heart of the earth story?"

Twenty-five cents will pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER from Oct. 1st, to Jan. 1st 1876, and *three tracts thrown in*. Send in the names of Friends and Enquirers who ought to read the paper, but do not, that they may thus secure lots of good reading matter for 25 cents.

"THE TOUCHSTONE" is the name of a new, brilliant, literary, dramatic, and musical Weekly, which has just made its debut upon the public stage. It is edited by our friend Jas. McCarroll, and whatever he undertakes to do, is well done. It will be first class in every sense of the word. It is published at No. 2 Clinton Place, at \$2 a year. We wish it a long and prosperous life.

NOTHING LIKE IT, OR STEPS TO THE KINGDOM. By Lois Waisbrocker; published by Colby & Rich, Boston; is a sprightly, ably written romance, and is well calculated to induce a favorable consideration of the Radical reforms of the day. Those who have read the other works of this author will not need to be told that she writes in a charming and most instructive manner. Bound in cloth, 12mo. 336 pages, price \$1.50, postage 18 cents.

DANGER SIGNALS.—An address on the uses and abuses of modern Spiritualism, by Mary F. Davis, is the title of a very sensible, well-written pamphlet, just issued by the publishing house of A. J. Davis & Co. Its object is to show the dangers, errors and hurtful tendencies which are menacing Spiritualism—the mistakes which some are running into, and the fallacies which are being imbibed. Our Spiritualistic friends will be pleased with it. We have not learned the price, but judge it to be 20 cents, post-paid.

WE HOPE our correspondents will still be patient with us. We have many communications on hand which we wish to lay before our readers as soon as we can find room for them. We have many that are excellent and worthy a place in our columns, but our space is limited. It is not always because communications do not please us that they do not appear, but because we cannot possibly insert all. Let us have patience and "fight it out on this line" if it takes a lifetime.

THE BURGESS-UNDERWOOD DEBATE, held at Aylmer, Ont., June 29th and 30th, and July 1st and 2nd, 1875 between Prof. O. A. Burgess, President of the N. W. Christian University, at Indianapolis, and B. F. Underwood, the American champion of Free Thought. We have this work now in press and it will be ready to deliver in two weeks. It is a full report of a four days exciting debate between the gentlemen named,

affording a fair exhibit of what can be said on both sides of the great theological questions of the day.

The Propositions discussed were: 1st. "The Christian Religion, as set forth in the New Testament, is true in fact, and of Divine origin." Burgess affirming; Underwood denying.

2d, Proposition, "The Bible is erroneous in many of its teachings, regarding science and morals, and is of human origin." Underwood affirming; Burgess denying.

The whole makes some 200 pages. In paper, sixty cents; cloth \$1.00. Let those wishing the book send in their orders. Every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER ought to have a copy of the work.

Truth Seeker Leaflets.

We give in this connection samples of these little Leaflets, consisting of two pages each, of terse, sharp and trenchant reading matter, suitable to hand to friends, neighbors or any who are willing to read, which we have been induced to get up and furnish to patrons at very low prices, so as to enable them to buy freely, and to circulate bountifully. Some of them are original, and some, selections.

THE TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS are fast becoming a popular institution for circulating Liberal sentiments and opinions. They contain from four to seventy-five pages each, at varying prices, from one to ten cents each, with a liberal discount to those who buy in quantity. We are receiving orders every day for the Tracts, and would be pleased to have still much larger numbers of them circulated among those seeking and needing light.

For many years we have been so accustomed to having "Brimstone" and "Damnation" tracts stuck under our noses, which we have almost been compelled to read, until the very fumes of sulphur have reached our olfactories and offended our senses, that it is time we returned the compliment. Let us circulate TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS and TRUTH SEEKER LEAFLETS until our orthodox friends get some glimmerings of truth, common sense and reason into their obtuse minds. No one person can alone do this to any great extent, but if many join together the burden will be easy and the labor light.

The LEAFLETS are shorter than any of the TRACTS, and will often be read when books, pamphlets and tracts would not. They are put up assorted, and sent, post-paid, at the following prices: 4 cents per dozen; 25 cents per hundred, or \$2 per thousand. When rates of postage are reduced, they can be sent cheaper. We have gotten up, to start with, some sixteen varieties, and more will be added from time to time if the enterprise is duly encouraged.

It is our wish to furnish Liberal, Freethought reading matter at very reasonable prices, and that the Liberal public will duly appreciate our efforts in this direction. We have sometimes thought we had occasion to feel that a portion of our readers are too apathetic to our appeals and to our needs for aid. We do not ask for donations, (though we have not yet been known to refuse any,) but we do ask our friends to not forget us, and that we need money to conduct the business we have in hand.

There is on our List considerable over two thousand names, more or less in arrears, and many for a year and a half. This is not right. So great a number should not ask us to carry them along. We are not able to do it. Our last dollar was long ago put into the enterprise in which our heart and soul are enlisted, and we now have to depend upon the legitimate receipts of our business, and it sometimes feels hard that so many should show so much indifference.

An honored portion of our patrons are prompt and ready to respond. Let such accept our grateful thanks. We cannot forget their kindness. But those of you whose time has expired, and who have not renewed, please consider that we are addressing you personally. We ask you to renew without delay. We are in need of money, now. A year's subscription is not very much to any individual, but in the aggregate they are a great deal to us. It is easy for you all to see when your time expires, by the little

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

The "Design Argument" Considered.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

[Taken from his third speech in his debate with the Rev. John Marples of Toronto, Ont., and held in Napance, Canada, July, 1875. It is believed to contain a complete refutation of the argument—a *posteriori* for a personal Deity.]

I now come to the design argument, and will give it all the consideration it deserves. I do not think he gave it satisfactorily. That there is an intelligent being who created and governed the universe, it is said, is evident to every thinking mind. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." The order, harmony, and adaptation, observable in nature, it is said, prove design; design is evidence of a designer, and a designer must be an intelligent being. It is absurd, we are told, to suppose that this orderly world, containing such admirable adaptations of means to ends, can exist independently of a Being who made and governs it. Nothing could have come by chance, it is said, and therefore it is inferred that this universe must have been created by a God.

Let us view this famous argument for a moment. God is something or nothing. To say he is nothing, is to say there is no God. If he is something, he is not merely a property or quality, but an existence *per se*—an entity, a substance, whether material or immaterial is unimportant. If he is a substance, a material, or Spiritual Being, there must be order, harmony, and adaptation or fitness, in his divine nature, to enable him to perceive, reflect, design, and execute his plans. If Deity does not reason, does not cogitate, but perceives truth without the labor of investigation and contrivance, he must still possess an adaptation or fitness thus to perceive, as well as to execute his designs.

To say God is without order, harmony and adaptation or fitness, is to say he is a mere chaos—worse than that imaginary chaos that theologians tell us would result if divine agency were withdrawn from the Universe. If a being without order, harmony and adaptation, or a divine chaos, can create an orderly universe then there is no consistency in saying that unintelligent matter could not have produced the objects that we behold. If order, harmony and adaptation do exist in the Divine mind (or in the substance which produces thought, power and purpose in the Divine mind) they must be eternal, for that which constitutes the essential nature of a God, must be the eternal basis of his being. If the order, harmony and adaptation in God are co-existent with him, are eternal, they must be independent of design, for that which never began to exist could not have been produced, and does not therefore admit of design. If order, harmony and adaptation are independent of design in the divine mind, it is certain that order, harmony and adaptation exist, that are no evidence of a pre-existent, designing intelligence.

If order, harmony and adaptation exist, which were not produced by design, which are therefore no evidence of design, it is unreasonable and illogical to infer designing intelligence from the fact alone that order, harmony and adaptation exist in Nature. Therefore an intelligent Deity cannot be inferred from the order, harmony and adaptation in Deity to produce his thoughts, and to execute his plans, are eternal, why not the formation of matter into worlds, and the evolutions of the various forms of vegetable and animal life on this globe be the result of the ceaseless action of self-existent matter in accordance with an inherent eternal principle of adaptation? Is it more reasonable to suppose the Universe was created, or constructed by a being in whom exists the most wonderful order and harmony, and the most admirable adaptation to construct a Universe (which order, harmony and adaptation could have had no designing cause), than to suppose that the Universe itself in its entirety is eternal, and the self-producing cause of all the manifestations we behold?

Is a God uncaused, and who made everything from nothing, more easy of belief than a Universe uncaused and existing according to its own inherent nature. Is it wonderful that matter should be self-existent; that it should possess the power to form suns, planets, and construct that beautiful ladder of life that reaches from the lowest forms of the vegetable kingdom up to man? How much more wonderful that a great being should exist, without any cause, who had no beginning, and who is infinitely more admirable than the Universe itself.

Again, the plan of a work is as much evidence of intelligence and design, as the work which embodies the plan. The plan of a steam engine in the mind of Fitch, the plan of the locomotive in the mind of Stephenson was as much evidence of design as the piece of machinery after its mechanical construction. If God be an omniscient being—a being who knows everything; to whose knowledge no addition can be made—his plans must be eternal—without beginning, and therefore uncaused. If God's plans are not eternal; if from time to time new plans originate in his mind, there must be an addition to his knowledge, and if his knowledge admits of addition, it must be finite. But if his plans had no beginning; if, like himself, they are eternal, they must, like him, be independent of design. Now, the plan of a thing, we

have already seen, is as much evidence of design as the object which embodies the plan. Since the plans of deity are no proof of design that produced them, (for they are supposed to be eternal), the plan of this Universe, of course, was no evidence of a designing intelligence that produced it. But since the plan of the Universe is as much evidence of design as the Universe itself, and since the former is no evidence of design, it follows that design cannot be inferred from the existence of the Universe.

The absurdity of the *a posteriori* argument for a God consists in the assumption that what we call order and adaptation in nature are evidence of design, when it is evident that whether there be a God or not, order and adaptation must have existed from eternity, and are not therefore necessarily proof of a designing cause. The reasoning of the theologian is like that of the Hindu in accounting for the position of the earth. "Whatever exists must have some support," said he. The earth exists, and is therefore supported. He imagined it resting on the back of an elephant. The elephant needing some support, he supposed rested on the back of a huge tortoise. He forgot that according to his own premise, that whatever exists must have some support, required that the tortoise should rest on something. The inconclusiveness of his reasoning is apparent to a child. Whatever exists is supported. The earth exists. Therefore, the earth is supported; it rests on an elephant; the elephant rests on a tortoise; the tortoise exists, but nothing is said about its support.

The theologian says order, harmony and adaptation are evidence of a designing intelligence that produced them. The earth and its productions show order, harmony and adaptation. Therefore, the earth and its productions have been produced by an intelligent designer. Just as the Hindu stopped reasoning when he imagined the earth on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise, so the theologian stops reasoning when he says, God made the world. But as surely as from the premise that whatever exists must have some support, follows the conclusion that the tortoise rests on something, as it rests on the elephant, does it follow from the proposition that order, harmony and adaptation are proof of an intelligent designer, that the order, harmony and adaptation in the Deity to produce the effects ascribed to him are evidence of an intelligent designer who made him, as the various parts of Nature, adapted to one another, are evidence of an intelligent designer that produced them. This reasoning leads to the conclusion that there has been an infinite succession of creative and created Gods, which is inconsistent with the idea of a First Cause, the creator of the Universe. Then why attempt to explain the mysteries of the Universe by imagining a God who produced everything but himself, and why argue from the order and fitness in the world the existence of a designer. It reminds me of the ostrich, that having buried its head in the sand, so as to render invisible its pursuers fancies there is no further need of exertion to escape from the dangers and difficulties which surround it.

"Design represented as a search after final cause, until we come to a first cause, and then stop," says F. N. Newman, "is an argument I confess which in itself brings me no satisfaction." "The attempt," says Buckle, "which Paley and others have made to solve this mystery by rising from the laws to the cause, are evidently futile, because to the eye of reason the solution is as incomprehensible as the problem, and the arguments of the natural theologian, in so far as they are arguments, must depend on reason."

Design implies the use of means for the attainment of ends. Man designs, plans, contrives and uses secondary agencies to accomplish his purposes, because unable to attain his ends directly. But how absurd to speak of contrivance and design in a being of infinite power and knowledge. Man, to build a steamship has to fell trees, and hew them into various shapes, get iron from the earth, and smelt it in furnaces, and work it into bolts, braces, nails, etc., hundreds of workmen, carpenters, joiners, blacksmiths, cabinet-makers, painters, caulkers, riggers, etc., labor for months before the vessel can be launched. If man possessed the power to speak into existence a steamship, would he contrive, plan and use means to construct it? On the contrary, would it not come instantly into existence as a complete, perfect whole?

But the existence of a steamer, since it is only a means to an end, would be inconsistent with unlimited power in man. If he were able to effect his purposes why should he construct a vessel with which to visit far off lands? Infinite power would enable him to cross the ocean by the mere exercise of his will. It is evident at a glance that the use of means is incompatible with infinite knowledge and infinite power. This argument of my friend in proving too much proves nothing, and demonstrates its own worthlessness, and therefore we cast it aside. Design implies finiteness; man designs and has to calculate and use means to accomplish his end. If he were all powerful would he use that power to construct ships to cross the ocean, or armies to win battles, when he could accomplish his end without, and by those means demonstrate that he is infinite in power? An infinite being would not have to employ means to complete his works; he would not have to doubt and cogitate

before he accomplished his design; that would be the method of man. It is absurd to suppose that a God did all those things. He supposed God infinite in everything, in his power, in his love and kindness. He has power to do everything. And yet the world is so constructed that at every step we take we crush to death creatures, as minutely and curiously formed as ourselves. They kill one another in numerous struggles and life has been such a series of bloody battles, resulting in destruction of life, that the Water-loos and Solferinos of history are nothing in comparison. Where is the design in the volcano that belches forth its fiery billows and buries in ruins a Pompeii and a Herculaneum? Where is the design in the tornado that sends a fleet with its precious freight of humanity beneath the remorseless waves? Where is the design in the suffering and torture that thousands feel this very moment in the chambers of sickness, and in the hospitals full of diseases? Where is the evidence of a great Being who has the power to make men happy, and yet allows the world to go on in all its misery—such misery as it makes one's heart ache to see, and which we, imperfect creatures as we are, would gladly stop if we could?

And where is the design in the thousands of facts which science has brought to light, showing that there are organs and parts that serve no purpose at all, but on the contrary, are injurious to their possessors? Why do some animals, like the dugong, have tusks that never cut through the gums? Why has the guinea pig teeth that are shed before it is born? Science tells us these rudimentary structures are the remnants of a former state, in which these parts were of service; but theology which requires us to believe that a God made all these animals as we now see them, cannot possibly reconcile these facts with infinite wisdom and goodness.

Adaptation in organisms instead of having been produced by a Deity, we hold is largely the result of natural selection. Adaptation must exist as the adjustment of objects to their environments. If a flock of sheep be exposed to the weather of a severe climate, those of them having the thinnest wool affording the least protection from the cold, will perish. Those with the thickest wool and hardest nature will survive every year, and by the law of heredity, transmit their favorable variations. By this process those best adapted to the climate live, and the others perish. Thus in the struggle for life we have the "survival of the fittest," without any design whatever. But the theologian comes along and looking at the sheep, says: "See how God has adapted these sheep to the climate." He forgets the thousands that have shivered and perished in winter's cold as the condition of this adaptation. So animals change the color of their coverings in accordance with their environments. The bears among the icebergs of the North are white, because in the struggle for life every light variation has been favorable to the animal—has facilitated its escape from the hunter and its preying upon the living things on which it subsists. Those with darker coverings have gradually become extinct, leaving in undisputed possession of the snow banks and icebergs this species, which in color resemble the general aspect of its surroundings. Look at the rabbits. Some change their color every year; some are brown in the summer and white like the snow in winter. Those with this tendency to change their color during the year, having the most favorable variation, have persisted, and this tendency, by heredity, has been accumulated, until it has become a part of the nature of the animal. These are but illustrations of a principle discovered by Darwin and Wallace, and which explains largely how, not only color and thickness of coverings, but how speed, strength and suppleness of body, keenness of sight and hearing, and all other parts and powers of organism have been developed in adaptation to their environment, without any special design whatever.

My friend says, we have no evidence of the eternal existence of the Universe, because we have no personal observation of it. But has he any personal observation to prove the existence of an eternal God? Yet he believes in it. We believe the Universe always has existed in the past, because we see no trace of a beginning; we believe it always will exist in the future, because we see no prospect or possibility of an end. Worlds have their formation and dissolution, but the substance is neither augmented nor diminished. Matter is indestructible and eternal. We are not therefore in need of a creator.

My opponent says, I declared space was matter. But I did not. I simply said, in giving an illustration, that we can measure space; that if it were nothing, if it had no existence, it would not admit of measurement; but since our knowledge of the eternal world is by comparison, of objects, or since our explanations consist in showing what a thing is by designating qualities which it has in common with other things we have seen or known, it is impossible to define or classify space, for the reason that we know of nothing which it resembles. My friend says we cannot measure space, but we can. Is not the science of trigonometry founded on the measurement of space? I admit, of course, that we cannot measure the infinity of space, but we can measure so much as may be included between two points.

Voltaire is quoted to prove the being of a God, but

Voltaire was a Theist like my opponent, and his statement counts for nothing as affecting me, even if in history, I accept him as an authority. But, exclaims my friend, look at the stars, and the sun and the moon and the beautiful planets! Yes, look at them, but how are you going to prove by looking at them, the existence of a creator? Science has demonstrated that worlds are evolved by a process just as independent of a creator as is the formation of rain by the condensation of vapor in the atmosphere. I am told further by this representative of theology, that life, vegetable, animal and intellectual, is a general outline of a God.

He tells you truly that Huxley has added materially to our knowledge of biology. I am glad to hear a good word from a theologian of this Province for Prof. Huxley. But our friend forgot to point out *how* life is a proof of a God. He appeals to the Bible and says he will defend the teachings of that book from the assaults made in the name of science. But he should familiarize himself with the teachings of science, compare them with the Bible, accept the true, and cast aside the false, however consecrated by the faith and piety of ages. A mere appeal to the Bible, in matters of science, proves nothing.

We are told that Tyndall is not an Atheist. Well, in what sense? In his reply to his critics, Tyndall courageously says: "I do not fear the charge of Atheism, nor should I ever disavow it, in reference to any definition of the Supreme, which he or his order would be likely to frame."

Tyndall is not an Atheist according to the narrow definition of my opponent, but certainly is in the sense of recognizing no personal intelligent Being that created and governs the Universe. Quoting from somebody, my friend brings the authority of Tyndall to the purport that, to the forces in the egg must be added another form of force, called heat, before the chicken is developed. But why take the trouble to quote that? We all know that there are certain forces in the egg, which by the application of heat, are by the law of correlation converted into life, intelligence and consciousness. This admits not of a doubt. But how does it prove a God or a Designer? Life exists so homogeneously that there is not sufficient differentiation for us to discover any difference in the parts of the living substance which is but a mass of jelly or a speck of albumen. There is nothing in its origin more wonderful than in the phenomena of crystallization. And from these low homogeneous forms of life, by causes entirely natural we believe, have been in the course of ages, developed higher, more specialized and more complex organisms. We hold with Tyndall that "as far as the eye of science has hitherto ranged through Nature, no intrusion of purely creative power into any series of phenomena, has ever been observed."

The assumption of such a power to account for special phenomena has always proved a failure. It is opposed to the very spirit of science, and I therefore assumed the responsibility of holding up in contrast with it, that method of nature which it has been the vocation and triumph of science to disclose, and in the application of which we can alone hope for further light. Holding, then, that the nebular and all subsequent life stand to each other in the relation of the germ to the finished organism, I re-affirm here, not arrogantly or defiantly, but without a shade of indistinctness, the position laid down in Belfast."

The Threatened Danger.

In taking thought for the morrow and surveying the horizon of our Republic, it must be confessed the outlook is neither pleasant, promising, nor encouraging.

"Caution is speed when danger's to be passed," and it behooves the people of our country to build carefully upon solid ground, and see to it that the fabric of our institutions is of the best material to stand the wear and tear of time's recurrent changes.

Aside from thieving politicians, political rings, stuffed ballot boxes and a demoralized party press, there looms up before our vision a threatened disaster of such magnitude that we may well stand appalled at the contemplation of what may be.

Upon one hand is a silly Protestant people combining to insinuate their God into our Constitution, thus aiming at the very heart of our liberties, while upon the other hand, a wily and designing Catholic priesthood strikes at our public schools, the bulwark of our independence, in order to shatter the mind of the nation.

When we think of the bold designs of the Protestant religion and the shameful insult of a foolish old man, three thousand miles away, dressed in the trappings and upholstery of a Pope, presuming to dictate the conduct of the citizens of a free country, we may well pause and ask, What are we coming to? To what end are we hastening?

Americans! Liberals! Citizens of the grandest government under the sun, the appeal is to you, guard well the basis of our freedom, be watchful of your interests and the interests of coming generations, who will bless you for your firmness and independence, or curse you for your negligence.

A hydra-headed monster is approaching, is even now in our midst; but a little while and all your

energies will be required to beat back the viper that would sting our glorious privileges to death, and poison forever the fountain of our liberties. Let no sweet flattery or hope soothe you to present rest and repose, for now is the time for action and effort.

The times demand that every loyal, truth-loving soul should be awake and in earnest, remembering that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

SUSAN H. WIXON.

Hymn on Modern Philanthropists.

BY LEWIS MASQUERIER.

[TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne,"]

Philanthropists should be revered,
Who boldly dared to tell
Those truths which priests and tyrants feared,
And always strove to quell.
Recall to memory those men
Who early struck a blow;
Who either fought with sword or pen
Against a pious foe.

CHORUS—Let sentiments of gratitude,
With pleasure swell each breast,
For those who nobly Truth pursued,
And unborn millions blessed.

Those men can never be forgot,
Whose works are widely read;
Who govern by the force of thought
Long after they are dead.
Brave D'Holbach, Volney, Hume and Paine,
Like true Redeemers save;
Have ably striven to unchain,
And free the mental slave.

CHORUS—Let sentiments, etc.

Kind Robert Owen loved mankind;
He found all earth amiss;
That millions pauperized and blind,
Had reached no earthly bliss.
Forget not noble Frances Wright,
An honor to her age,
Who more than hell the priests affright,
And fill with holy rage.

CHORUS—Let sentiments, etc.

To honest Abner Kneeland, give
All praise, who dared to scan
All creeds, and deemed it fraud to live
By that which curses man.
Charles Knowlton bless, who showed that mind
Is motion of the brain;
Searched for a spirit world to find—
A human soul in vain.

CHORUS—Let sentiments, etc.

Bless brave Ben Offen—Nature schooled—
Who tore the thin disguise
From pious quacks, and ridiculed
The old Jew-book of lies.
Bless Gilbert Vale—Paine's advocate
Against all priestly lies—
Who fought the wrongs of Church and State;
Scanned planets, suns and skies.

CHORUS—Let sentiments, etc.

George Henry Evans bless, who found
For hireling tenant's toil,
The thorough cure is in the ground,
A life share in the soil.
That earth gives self-employment,
The power to procure
Food, clothing, shelter and content;
Rids earth of rich and poor.

CHORUS—Let sentiments, etc.

Let homesteads not be alienate,
Or mortgaged, willed or sold,
But swapped, that some may emigrate.
Yet homes forever hold.
Thus equal wants create a right,
And give all equal shares
Of homestead, water, air and light,
Thus easing all life's cares.

CHORUS—Let sentiments, etc.

Man, too, must reach self-government,
In towns throughout a state;
In proper person vote consent,
By townships legislate.
Forget not, then, such pioneers
In Science, Truth and Arts,
Who at the priesthood's lies and jeers,
Sought to amend their hearts.

CHORUS—Let sentiments, etc.

Gov. SMITH of Georgia says the worst scoundrels in the country, and the men who keep the negroes in a turmoil, are the negro preachers, or at least a large majority of them, who, under the cloak of religion, instill into the minds of the colored men notions of law, politics, civil rights, insurrection, and a host of other things which only make them loafers and thieves. He wants authority to arrest for vagrancy all such disturbers.

"Temple of Reason."

By all means let us have it. Let us have a temple dedicated to the chief counselor of all our faculties, the chief educator of our intellect; not simply a monument of architectural beauty or a sanctuary of devotion bearing the monogram of Reason, but a real utilitarian edifice of a magnitude commensurate with the importance of the propagandism of truth.

It should contain a hall with acoustic design sufficient for 20,000 people to hear Robt. G. Ingersoll's oration on the Gods, and many similar didactic orations, which science and education are preparing the minds of the people to receive. Be assured such an oratorium will not be erected till it is needed, and when it is built, such words of truth and science will scorch like a terrible simoon the principles of superstition and priestcraft, and will call forth an audience proportionably larger, as science and wisdom are more attractive than the superstitious ritualism of priestcraft. The rehearsal of words of wisdom is interesting and captivating; the sermon of an ecclesiastic produces ennui.

The "Temple of Reason" should contain the best library and reading room of Free thought in the world. It should contain a publishing house where Free thought volumes and journals would welcome advanced ideas as messengers of truth. It should be a kind of home for the moral philosopher and philanthropist—a kind of Alma Mater that will assist in the development of such moralists as Confucius, Aristotle and Thomas Paine.

No unutilitarian monument or mere sanctuary would be productive of good to our cause. Our great principles of truth forbid that we should spend time, precious time, in idolizing a principle or in any ritualistic ceremony. Conscious justice bids us employ all our time in forwarding the knowledge of the truth as it is manifested by a perpetual revelation of Nature. God or Nature, the embodiment of truth and law makes a perpetual revelation to man, and the educators of our race should as continually receive and assist in transmitting the truth. The highest types of mankind will be produced where there is a free and untrammelled use of reason. J. R. PARKS.

Dry Goods Price-List.

Thousands in the country are constantly debating the question of prices in dry goods. They go to the most popular store in the neighborhood, and fail there to learn for a certainty whether fair prices are charged or not. Other thousands are not only seeking honest and fair prices, but they want also reliable information in regard to the styles of goods most in demand. Now, all such persons should send a letter to the highly respectable and reliable firm of M. Altman & Co., and ask for their new Price-list. This enterprising and well-known dry goods firm have taken this method of popularizing their business in every section of country. This Price-list, containing thirty-two pages of closely printed matter, gives a minute description of a \$250,000 stock of Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Millinery Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Ladies' and Children's Under-garments, Costumes, Cloaks, Basques, Hosiery, Gloves, Jewelry, Laces, Trimmings, Parasols, Umbrellas, Notions and the thousand and one articles usually sold in first-class city houses. It will be sent, free of cost, to any one sending address and postage stamp for mailing the same.

We have examined this Price-list, and find that it teaches its readers how to order goods. The description it gives of every article is so perfect and complete as to make the selection extremely easy and certain of giving satisfaction. This firm will give their best attention to the execution of all orders, and they agree to refund the money in every case where the goods turn out different from their representations. The standing of the house is such that we cheerfully vouch for the truth of whatever they say: Address M. ALTMAN & Co., corner 6th avenue and 19th street, New York.—EDITOR INDEPENDENT.

[We know and have known Mr. Altman and his manner of doing business for some time, and are fully enabled to endorse the views of our contemporary, and although we seldom agree in matters theological, we are pleased to accord our hearty concurrence with its judgment in reference to our friend MORRIS ALTMAN. He is just getting out his new Fall and Winter Price-list, containing accurate descriptions and the lowest price of House-furnishing Goods, such as Sheetings, Towels, Blankets, Quilts, etc., as well as his full assortment of Ladies' Suits, made up in the latest styles in Alpaca, Poplins, Reps, Merinos, Cashmere Silks, Camel's Hair Goods, etc., etc., as low as \$10 each, and as high as \$300.

This Price-list is sent free to all our readers who may send a stamp and their address, and to those hesitating, or who may be unable to send stamp, he will furnish the Price-list free upon their sending in their address. Mr. Altman is also anxious that Liberals who may send for his Price-list should distribute them freely in their towns and villages.—Ed. T. S.]

(Concluded from Fifth Page.)

monitor on the address tab which accompanies your paper.

We hope those who ought to be friends to THE TRUTH SEEKER are not going to let it die of absolute starvation. The world needs such a paper, and we know it is doing good, but it cannot live without material aid. If every friend will pay up promptly for himself, and send in as many new names as possible, there will be no trouble. We will continue at our post as long as life and strength endures, and we will do our best to spread truth over the land if you will sustain us and forget not our needs.

But to THE TRUTH SEEKER LEAFLETS; here are some of them. Let those who want these and others at the low figures named, please send us an order.

Is the Bible the Word of God?

Our Christian friends declare to us the Bible is *certainly the word of God*, and that it has been preserved by his watchful care for thousands of years. Is this so? If it is the work of a perfect being it must be a perfect production, and contain no faults nor errors. God would surely not write, nor send forth a book filled with absurdities and mistakes. If it is defective, if it is false, if it is contradictory it can not be God's work, it must be man's. Upon careful examination it is found many statements are made in it which can not be true. Hundreds of positive contradictions can be pointed out. Much that is low and obscene is scattered all through it. Much of it is unfit to be read by a modest lady or in her presence.

The best commentators admit that many passages and even whole chapters have been added to it; and the first Christian authorities say that many books in the Bible are spurious, without proof of divine origin, and unworthy a place in the sacred collection. King James' version, first published in 1611, was one hundred years after corrected by Bishops Zenison and Lloyd, and thousands of errors were found. More recently the British Bible Society have declared that a "faithful examination of it gives serious doubt whether it truthfully can be called the Word of God." We are told by the strongest advocates for a revision of the Holy Scriptures that there are 150,000 errors in our version, or twenty-seven to each chapter; and though millions of copies of it have been industriously circulated, they think these should all be laid aside, and a greatly improved "Word of God" given in their place. A body of Bible-revisers have for years been at work at it in England, trying to make the book a fit one for the people of the present age to read, and it is asserted that they are leaving scarcely a passage unchanged. Can it be possible sensible people will longer believe that a book, made up of detached fragments written by unknown persons, that is found so full of imperfections and errors, could have been written and preserved by God? Is not a base falsehood uttered whenever this is asserted to be the case? Will the book be any more worthy the confidence of thinking people after this body of modern "doctors of divinity" have remodelled it, than when in fragments it left the hands of ancient priests? Will such doctoring materially improve it or make that the word of God which before was not?

Really has not this *idol* by a confiding people been believed and worshiped long enough? Is the world always to be content with shams and falsehood? Is it not about time we reject the book with 150,000 errors and turn our attention to that great Volume of the Universe, which is not false, which is not susceptible of alteration, which is ever true and reliable, and will not lead us into error? Let us turn from this false book, written and defended by ignorant, superstitious, and designing priests, a mere relic of the barbarous past, and let us study the immense volume of truth ever open before us, which needs no revising, no doctoring, and which is equally free and easily understood by all tongues, nations and peoples.

Christianity Briefly Considered.

Christianity is now the established religion; he who attempts to impugn it, must be contented to behold murderers and traitors take precedence of him in public opinion; though, if his genius be equal to his courage, and assisted by a peculiar coalition of circumstances, future ages may exalt him to a divinity, and persecute others in his name, as he was persecuted in the name of his predecessors in the homage of the world. The same means that have supported every other popular belief, have supported Christianity. War, imprisonment, assassination, and falsehood; deeds of unexampled and incomparable atrocity have made it what it is. The blood shed by the votaries of the God of mercy and peace, since the establishment of his religion, would probably suffice to drown all other sectaries now on the habitable globe. We derive from our ancestors a faith thus fostered and supported; we quarrel, persecute, and hate for its maintenance. Analogy seems to favor the opinion, that as, like other systems, Christianity has arisen and augmented, so like them it will decay and

perish; that as violence, darkness, and deceit, not reasoning and persuasion, have procured its admission among mankind, so, when enthusiasm has subsided, and time, that infallible controverter of false opinions, has involved its pretended evidences in the darkness of antiquity, it will become obsolete; that Milton's poem alone will give permanency to the remembrance of its absurdities; and that men will laugh heartily at grace, faith, redemption, and original sin, as they now do at the metamorphoses of Jupiter, the miracle of Romish saints, and the existence of witchcraft. Either the Christian religion is true, or it is false; if true, it comes from God, and its authenticity can admit of doubt and dispute no further than its omnipotent author is willing to allow. Either the power or the goodness of God is called in question, if he leaves those doctrines most essential to the well-being of man in doubt and dispute; the only ones which, since their promulgation, have been the subject of unceasing cavil, the cause of irreconcilable hatred. *If God has spoken, why is the universe not convinced?*

Christianity was intended to reform the world; had an all wise Being planned it, nothing is more improbable than that it should have failed; omniscience would infallibly have foreseen the inutility of such a scheme which experience demonstrates, to this age, to have been utterly unsuccessful.

The Christian's Belief.

That God after spending in idleness millions of ages, 6000 years ago made the earth, the sun, and moon, the stars and worlds in six days, and all from nothing. That there were several days, mornings and evenings before the sun was made, and that all vegetation, trees, shrubs, and plants brought forth seeds and fruits before there was any sun; that he made man of dust and woman of a rib-bone weighing a few ounces. That he placed a tempting fruit before the pair when he well knew they would taste it, and thereby damn their souls and thousands of millions of their helpless offspring to the eternal torments of hell. That he made the devil, with the knowledge that he would ever lead his creatures astray and down to the regions of the damned. That God got sorry for what he had done in making man, and, to get rid of him, he sent an immense flood, and covered the earth five miles deep all over its surface and drowned every man, woman, and child, every animal, bird and insect, every tree, and every plant, except the cargo of one boat. That God dried up all this water and took it out of existence. That he gained nothing by all this trouble, the world being just as wicked after as before. That God again became greatly incensed with the human race, and to appease his anger he devised this beautiful scheme by which a few of the children of Adam might escape the effects of his endless wrath. That he held intercourse with a young Jew girl, and begot a dearly beloved son and sent him into the world, where he worked several years at the carpenters' trade, then traveled around the country and preached, when he was put to an ignominious death to satisfy the relentless justice of his father, by which divine process one in a hundred of this race may escape the burning lake of eternal fire, kindly prepared for all the rest.

Thirty-Six Questions.

1. Would endless punishment be for the good of any human being?
2. If God *loves* his enemies will he punish them any more than is for their good?
3. If God *loves his friends*, if he loves his enemies also, are not all mankind objects of his love?
4. If God loves only those who love him, what better is he than a sinner?
5. As "love thinketh no evil," can God design the ultimate evil of a single soul?
6. If man does wrong in returning evil for evil, would not God do wrong in doing the same thing?
7. Would not endless punishment be a return of evil for evil?
8. If God hates the sinner, would it not be natural for the sinner to hate him?
9. If God loves his enemies now, will he not always do the same?
10. Would it be unjust in God to be kind to all men in a future state?
11. If all men deserve endless punishment, will not those who are saved miss divine justice?
12. Does divine justice require the infliction of pain from which mercy recoils?
13. If God *would* save all men but *cannot*, is he infinite in his power?
14. If God *can* save all men and *will not*, is he infinite in his goodness?
15. Did God desire universal salvation when he created men?
16. Will God carry his original designs into execution?
17. Can God will anything contrary to his knowledge?
18. Did God know when he created man that a large portion of his creatures would be endlessly wretched?
19. If he did not know all at the creation, is he infinite in knowledge?
20. If God made an endless hell, did he do so for the express purpose of burning men in it?

21. If an angel became a devil by sinning, was Adam's the *original* sin?

22. Would there be any more impropriety in imputing my sin to Adam than his to me?

23. If men are totally depraved, must not children be so also?

24. If children are totally depraved, how is it true that "of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

25. Is it the revealed will of God that all men should be saved?

26. Could God will that all men should be saved, when he knew that many would be lost?

27. If belief and good works are essential to salvation, how can infants be saved?

28. Can he truly love God who worships him through a fear of the devil?

29. Can the love of God be changed to hatred?

30. Can the Deity be universally good, if endless punishment is meted out to a single soul?

31. Can a good man love and worship a being who has created millions for endless torture?

32. Are those not the enemies of God who charge such conduct upon him?

33. Can it be a virtue to charge a good being with the most abominable characteristics?

34. If God made all things and knew all things; if he made the Devil, knowing he would lead mankind astray, will it be just to punish mankind for it?

35. Would not a being who would do this, be as bad or worse, than the Devil?

36. If the Devil is the author of endless hell-fire, would it not be the noblest thing God could do to put it out?

The Bible and Liberty.

Frederick Maurice warned people of the danger they ran when they "turned the bread of life into stones to cast at their enemies." Now, passing by the fact that many of us do not consider the Bible as the bread of life in any sense, I would suggest that using it as a pebble to sling at the forehead of Liberty has not, in the past, tended to exalt it, nor is it likely to be more successful in the future. Long ago, a king sat on a beach to warn back the advancing tide. Wave after wave broke into laughter on the strand, and the water rose higher and higher, till it washed the kingly feet, and began to surround the kingly chair. The sea knew no master. And so for centuries has religion stood, with the Bible in her lifted hand; she has warned back each wave of the rising tide of liberty, and each wave has rippled forward regardless of her threats. "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers," said the Bible to Cromwell, and Cromwell, though he took off his hat to the Bible, struck down the tyrant who strove to enchain the people. "Honor the king," said the Bible to Washington, and Washington defied the king, and founded the American Republic. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," said the Bible, and stern law saved the feeble from the Bible-sharpened sword. If a city is withdrawn to serve strange gods, "thou shalt surely smite the inhabitants of that city with the edge of the sword, destroying it utterly," said the Bible to Alva, and Alva obediently harried the Netherlands, and the people rose, and fought for their lives and won. "Cursed is Canaan: a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren," said the Bible from ten thousand pulpits; but men arose and swore that, Bible or no Bible, the slave should go free. The Bible! why it has bolstered up every injustice—it has bulwarked every tyranny—it has defended every wrong. With toil and pain and bloodshed have the soldiers of Liberty wrung from the reluctant hands of priests and Bible-worshippers every charter of our freedom, every triumph of our cause. Every step in science has been won in despite of the Bible; every inch of natural knowledge has been conquered at the sword's point from the realm of the supernatural. From the stake where Bruno stood and died, from the dungeon where Galileo knelt and trembled, a voice has rung out that every advance of science has been struggled against by the Bible and the Church. But take heart, you who cling to your Bibles; as soon as we have gained this one step forward—as soon as it rings through the land that women are no longer in subjection, you will be able to claim as the offspring of your Christianity that which, at its birth, you anathematized. Each trophy of advancement, each symbol of triumph, is claimed by the Bibliolator as his as soon as it becomes popular. You will be able to find in your Bibles a sanction for the free development of womanhood, even as you have found room in the six days of Genesis for the vast æons of geology, and space in the petty firmament of Moses for the mighty facts of astronomy. The Bible is claimed as the true parent of modern freedom, as the striker-off of the chains of the slave, the guardian of the feeble from the tyranny of the strong. It is the *spirit* of Christianity has done it all, you say, when the letter said "kill," it meant "preserve;" when the letter said "enslave," it meant "set free." So take courage, ye worshipers of a book; your idol will be shattered once more, but it can once more be re-mended; it will fall once more before the trumpet-blast of freedom; but once more it can be raised. *We mean to set woman free; free to follow the guiding hand of Nature, free to fulfill every fair capability of her being; free to develop every noble intellectual power, and*

every passionate longing of her heart; free to expand in every direction; free to grow, to strengthen and to rise. Little care we whether or not our work square with the rules of an old Eastern civilization; let those who are anxious about it see to that. Our work need not in itself trench on religion; but if religion and the Bible grapple with us, and try to stop and destroy us, then religion and the Bible must either stand aside, or else they must go down.

Christian Frauds.

Christianity is imperious in its assumptions. It claims to be all that is truthful, noble and magnanimous; it boasts of its humanity and its moral and civilizing influence; but what a burlesque upon its pretensions is its actual history, sectarian enmity, grass intolerance, and bloody and inhuman persecutions? Can Christianity with its arrogance and cupidity, show a purer record than that exhibited by ancient paganism? Christian nations are pre-eminent for their love of war, plunder and devastation; and so great is their mutual distrust, that even during the uncertain periods when there is no actual war, the armed peace of Europe costs \$1,500,000,000 annually. Can Christian people claim to be more upright, more honorable and more exemplary than Buddhists, Mohammedans, or Parsees? In numerous instances the ethics of China or Japan, might bring the blush to ancient Christendom. What among the deceptive transactions of Bible-worshippers, who boast of a purer theology, is still most common? Frauds in castle and court, in State affairs, and in Church matters; frauds in national intrigue, in diplomacy, and in naval and military affairs; frauds in Senate Chambers, in law tribunals, in elections and in appointments; frauds by word and by oath; in buying and selling, in giving and receiving; frauds by weight and frauds by measure; frauds by adulteration and frauds in every imaginable shape and form that may escape the penalty of crime."

"The priests, with all their spiritual endowments and all their boasted superiority, have proved themselves but frail and fallible men, and though there are many excellent persons among them, yet as a class, in proportion to their numbers, they surpass all others in sensuality, and so notorious have they become in this respect, that one can scarcely take up a newspaper that does not bear record of their villainess. Though a large majority of the cases of their sexual criminality are covered up for the credit of Christianity, enough comes to the light to effectually damn the perpetrators and their institution in the eyes of all right-minded people.

Yes, the despised heathens are more honest and upright than the first Christian nations, and the ordinary farmer, mechanic and laborer is more moral and pure-minded than the average priest or preacher. Why should sensible people continue to revere a privileged class of men whose conduct is often beneath an honest man's contempt?

Godly Guardianship.

If there be a God, he evidently does not interfere in the affairs of this world. Pestilences may strew the earth with corpses of the loved; the survivors may bend above them in agony—children may expire vainly asking for bread; while God sits smiling in the sky. The innocent may languish unto death in the obscurity of dungeons; brave men and heroic women may be changed to ashes at the bigot's stake, while the smiling Deity sits above the clouds, unacquainted with the miseries of men.

Empires may be overthrown; dynasties may be extinguished in blood; millions of slaves may toil beneath the fierce rays of the sun, and the cruel strokes of the lash, yet God serenely sits in heaven. Out on the wide sea, in darkness and storm, the shipwrecked struggle with the cruel waves, and where is the God who is an ever present help in time of need? The streets of the world are filled with the diseased, the deformed, and the helpless; the chambers of pain are crowded with the pale forms of the suffering, while God idly sits on his great white throne, listening to the golden harps of the angelic choirs. Cities are drowned by rushing lava; the earth opens and thousands perish; women raise their clasped hands towards heaven, but the Gods are too happy and indifferent to aid their suffering children.

If there be a God, that God must be the creator of all evil; and such a proposition is more revolting than the worst forms of Atheism. I had rather credit any absurdity, or commit any conceivable folly, than acknowledge a creed like that. Can we suppose that a God of infinite reason and unlimited power would voluntarily create such a universe as this? Would he give life to beings, only to confer an acquaintance with its exquisite sweetness, and then almost instantly take it away? Would he plant in quivering hearts not only these burning tortures which are the very essence of hate, but those sorrowing stings that follow the rosy feet of gliding love also? Tell me that God made some other world, where perfection is the order of Nature, and I may, perhaps, believe you. But ask me not to admit a divine origin for such a desolate sphere as this. Somewhere else, for aught I know or care, there may be harmony. Here I behold nothing but sin and discord. Pestilence and famine—volcanoes

and devouring war—tempest and earthquake, alone reign around us. A wild, wailing howl of agony resounds through all lands; and even brute instinct echoes the appalling cry of the human. Vanity is written in fire-letters of ruin, even on yon starry azure, where pale suns burst in shivered bubbles, and vanish away. Urge not that Deity dug, in void space, this universal sepulcher, haunted alone by the ghosts of mourners, by the incalculable millions. Say that it is the work of some dreadful demon, and I may entertain the proposition.

Spirit of Nature! all sufficing power.
Necessity! thou mother of the world!
All that the Universe contains
Are but thy passive instruments, and thou
Regardest them with an impartial eye,
Whose joy and pain thou cannot feel.
The interminable spirit it contains
Is nature only God; but human pride
Is skillful to invent most serious names
To hide its ignorance.

Christian Confessions.

Rev. John Dick, D.D., is conceded to have been the ablest advocate Christianity ever had. Consider the following admissions extracted from his *Theology* (vol. 1, page 122). "We do not possess the original copies of the sacred writings. The autographs of the apostles and prophets have long since disappeared. The copy of the law, which was written by the hand of Moses himself, seems to have been preserved for many ages, and it was that copy which was found by Hilkiah, the high priest, and read in the ears of Josiah; but it perished, we may presume, in the destruction of the temple. Modern times can boast only of transcripts, removed from the originals, by more or fewer steps, according to the age in which they were written. The oldest of the Mss., can not be referred farther back than the fifth, or perhaps the fourth century, and is posterior to the last book of the New Testament by at least three hundred years."

"It may be presumed that the persons employed in transcribing the sacred writings would be at great pains to make the copies accurate; yet, without a miracle, every transcript could not have been a faultless representation of the original; and that no supernatural influence was exerted upon their minds, may be confidently inferred from the different readings which appear upon a collection of Mss. It is certain that they can not all be right, and it is probable that not one of them is correct." (page 124). "No single Mss. can be supposed to exhibit the original text, without the slightest variation; and it is to be presumed that in all Mss. errors more or fewer in number are to be found."

Transcribers made alterations in their copies, in order to correct some word which appeared to them faulty, or which they did not understand; they omitted words which they reckoned superfluous, or added words to illustrate what they judged defective or improper. Various readings have also been produced, by transferring to the text glosses or notes which had been written on the margin. Some have been attributed to wilful corruption, with a view to serve the purposes of a party. This crime has been charged upon the Jews, upon heretics, and even upon those who were called orthodox."

"It is evidently ignorance and prejudice which would lead any person to consider the received text as so sacred that no alteration ought to be made in it. Its history shows that its claim is disputable, and that it may be superseded by a text more carefully compiled." (127).

"Ancient versions of the Scriptures are also another source of various readings. But here, I think, greater caution is necessary. For in the first place, we are not certain that those versions have come down to us in an uncorrupted state, or rather, we are certain that they have suffered as much as the Mss. of the Scriptures by transcriptions, so that we cannot be sure, in many cases, that where they differ now from the originals they differed at first. If a person were to read a variety of modern translations, and not to know that they were all made from the same text, I have no doubt that he would in some cases conclude that they had been formed upon different texts." (page 125).

Questions.

1. Who will give a really truthful description of the God, the Devil, a heaven, a hell, an angel, a ghost, a spirit, a soul, or what conditions man takes on after death as an individual existence, that words can make understandable?
 2. If the above is unanswerable for the want of observation and knowledge, then tell me why we need bible, priest or church to keep up such a ghostly farce?
 3. Is the whole theological torture a brazen clerical lie?
 4. Why not call it then by its right name, a priestly imposition?
- T. L. BROWN.
- Binghamton, N. Y., Oct. 1st, 1875.

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Must we be born again?

That is what they say.

Why?

Reason enough why! Bless your dear souls, don't you see we were not born in the right shape the first time? They who got us up had not God's likeness in all their thoughts. They were controlled by animal forces. They got us up in their own likeness. Animal forces have the ascendancy.

We must be born again, to give the spiritual—intellectual, if that suits better—the power to hold the animal in subordination.

Sensible people are taking the matter into consideration.

They will begin, pretty soon, to get up children under right forces—in good shape—in the likeness of God. Then, once borning will be all sufficient. 'Twill save a deal of wear and tear, and be a better job entirely.

PRENTISS.

Death.

BY FREDERIC R. MARVIN, M.D.

The history of death may be divided into three periods: the fabulous, superstitious, and philosophic. These periods are not separated from each other by any line of demarkation; they blend as colors do, and it is impossible to say where one ends and another begins.

The most ancient period is that of Fable; a period in which imagination and fancy triumphed, and celebrated their victories in bronze and marble. In the Age of Fable, men personified the powers of nature and the passions and operations of the mind. They looked on the same universe on which we gaze, but with different eyes. They looked on this earth, but where we see mica, granite, and quartz, they saw ancient Terra, mother of the mountains, seas, and heavens. They looked on the same sky on which we gaze, but where we see constellations and systems, they saw gods and heroes, gathered in council or engaged in battle.

The Age of Fable was one of impulse; in it caprice wore all the authority of conviction, and the lightest suggestion carried with it a weight now almost inconceivable. True, the ancient world was the world of Plato, Aristotle, and Socrates, but for every philosopher there were thirty gods who had nothing better to live for than the caprice of the moment—gods and goddesses who were carried hither and thither, by anger, fear, love, and jealousy, as leaves are carried by the wind up and down the pathway of forests.

But among all the fickle deities of the early world there were a few of whom it might be said that they are the same yesterday and to-day, if not forever. Such a deity was Mors or Death, daughter of Night. The Roman artists seldom painted Mors, and the Greek sculptors never carved the goddess in marble. Our representations of her are taken from the ancient poets, who seem to have enjoyed the horrible. She was represented as wild, ravenous, and furious. Her open mouth gaped like a grave, and her long, disheveled hair fell like a mantle over her thin and bony shoulders. Her face was pale, wan, earthy, dead, and wore the pinched expression of a corpse. The glance of her eye was fatal. Men trembled before her, for she was inexorable—no prayer could move her to mercy, no tear excite her to pity. Without warning, and unannounced, she thundered at the doors of mortals to demand her debt. The king and the slave were alike to her, there were no shields against her wrath, and there was no method in her destruction.

Mors was sometimes represented as a skeleton clothed in a black robe with snow-white fringe. This robe was covered with stars and surmounted by a crown of black rings, giving the impression that her halo had burned out, and left nothing but a dead cinder on her fleshless skull. To her men built no temples and dedicated no altars; she had neither priest nor festival. When they saw her rude statue on the public road they wound their mantles about their faces and hurried away.

I have outlined the Greek conception of death. Before the Greeks were a nation, the early Egyptians had statues and paintings of Death in the rock temples of the Nile. But I will not speak of other mythologies, let the Grecian stand for them all. The second age was that of Superstition. It was characterized by a gradual but complete revolution in public faith. The grand old gods of the pagan world receded, and a rabble of saints with painted wings and flaming nimbi usurped their places. "The gentle dryads forsook the groves, and decayed and decrepid hermits hid themselves under the sacred shade." Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the age was the metaphysical view it entertained of death. To the mediæval world, death was the immediate devitalization of a body, and the liberation of an immortal soul. There were no processes of death; death was instantaneous and radical. Death never began at the heart, brain, or lung—it took place in every atom of the body at once. It did not consist in disintegration or metamorphosis of tissue—it consisted in the separation of soul and body. Against such views of death this age protests. There are two methods of studying this subject, the physical and the metaphysical, the last of which takes into account the existence of a soul. Aristotle describes three souls: the soul of plants, the soul of animals, and the human soul. The first is unconscious, the second consists in the union of mind and matter, and is conscious, and the third is immaterial, immortal, and conscious. Among various religions and philosophies there have risen seven theories with regard to the destination of the soul; they are annihilation, reabsorption, resurrection, conveyance, recurrence, migration, and transition. Of the soul I shall say little. If it exists it is indestructible and deathless, for, by definition, it is without parts, and whatever is devoid of parts cannot decay, since decay is a disintegration of parts; and, as death is my subject, that which is deathless is foreign to the matter in hand. Only organisms die. Of the two classes of organisms, animal and vegetable, only the former will demand our attention.

Several years ago I endeavored by careful experiments to determine the order and nature of the phenomena of death. I selected four healthy dogs, which a few hours after feeding them, were subjected to the

following operations: To one dog was administered arsenious acid. An hour and eight minutes after full development of tonic symptoms, the animal expired. The phenomena of death could not be completely separated from those of poisoning. Those which were separable occurred in the following order: increased rapidity and corresponding weakness of pulse, intervals of cardiac-pulsation lengthened but not otherwise interfered with; dilatation of pupil; coldness beginning at the extremities and gradually invading the frame. Four and a half minutes after the cessation of respiration the heart pulsated. I immediately cut down upon that organ, it continued to pulsate fifty seconds after exposure. So soon as pulsation ceased I cut into the right auricle where I found venous blood.

The second animal was destroyed by introducing a needle into the medulla oblongata—respiration and pulsation were promptly suspended.

The third animal was bled to death. Cardiac-pulsation and respiratory effort seemed to fail at the same moment. I observed the order in which the special senses departed. Twelve minutes from the commencement of the operation the animal labored for breath. I then tested the special senses. I pronounced the dog's name and obtained the usual response, it wagged its tail, licked my hand and appeared to recognize my presence. I tested the senses of taste with substances of strong and persistent flavor. The dog exhibited its usual discrimination in the selection of esculent articles. I operated on the senses of smell and sight—on the former with volatile salts, and on the latter with flames and colors; they both responded to the test. The latter, however, was considerably impaired. I tried the sense of feeling by heat and cold, and, so far as I could learn, it was perfect. I continued my observations up to the moment of death. The order in which the special senses disappeared was as follows: sight, taste, smell, hearing, touch.

In the fourth animal I repeated the experiment with similar results. These experiments were performed several years ago, but I have since repeated them and found the observations then taken, correct. If my experiments are of value, they establish the fact that the special senses disappear in death in the same order in which they disappear in sleep.

I have frequently witnessed death in human beings. I stood by the death-bed of a woman in whose statements I have implicit faith, and her answers to questions then asked, confirmed my confidence in the result of my previously stated experiences. After sight and voice had passed away she continued to communicate with me, answering my questions by the pressure of her finger on the palm of my hand. It is impossible to perform such experiments at every death-bed. Convulsions, syncope, mental excitement, and pain, frequently render all observations, for the purpose mentioned, fruitless. But I am sure that if scientific men would select persons from among themselves or their families who are near death, and whose final moments are likely to be free from pain and muscular and emotional excitement, and with them make an agreement, touching signs and the line of observation, they would learn much from the death-bed, calculated to throw light into the dark valley.

Death has been variously defined. Dunglison calls it "definitive cessation of all the functions, the aggregate of which constitute life." But the word function is not well selected, since it refers rather to the organs than to cells of the body, and I wish to make you believe that death begins and ends where life does—in the molecule or cell. Remember all life results directly from the segmentation or proliferation of cells, and that death is consequent upon the disintegration of cells. Cells segment to grow, disintegrate to die. Growth and decay both result from and consist in the division of cells; in the case of growth the division is segmentation, and in that of decay it is disintegration. Life and death then start in the cell. What do we understand by a cell?

By a cell we used to mean a sack and its contents, but we no longer mean the sack, we mean the contents. A cell may or may not have a cell-wall, for the wall is no essential element in the cell substance. The fundamental form of the cell, and the form which is always preserved in those cells which occupy fluids, as do the blood corpuscles, is spherical. Later in the lives of most cells, their textures assume characteristic forms. Thus we have the polygonal in pavement epithelium; the conical in ciliated epithelium; the squamous in epidermic scales; the cylindrical in cylinder epithelium; the fusiform in contractile fibre-cells, and the caudate, polar, or stellate in gray nervous tissue. Our bodies are composed of these cells—hundreds, thousands, millions of them. The convolutions of the brain alone are supposed to contain 134,000,000,000 of them packed away in its gray tissue. Each of these cells has a separate life which it would retain for a time were it removed from the body. And not only a separate life, but a separate and distinct birth, history, and death. Our bodies are composed of these little living points—take them away and you have beside the fluids of the system only a few shreds of connective tissue left.

Fluids constitute the largest portion of the body, and it is well known that a man's size and weight may be reduced by evaporation. Scientists assert

that by exposure to a process of evaporation the human body may be reduced to twelve or fifteen pounds. It is known to all of you that perfectly dry mummies are sometimes found to weigh only seven or eight pounds. Out of the twelve or fifteen pounds to which the human body may be reduced, ten or thirteen pounds will be found to be cellular.

Every man may be reduced to a single cell in his mother's ovary. It is by the segmentation of the cell that he has grown to be the man he is, and it will be by the disintegration of the cells that compose his body that he will finally die and decay.

These cells have different periods of birth and death. Every moment they are being formed and destroyed—you are the aggregate of these cells, and are being formed and destroyed every moment. There are no particles in your body that were there when you were a child, and in a few years there will be no particles in your organism that are there now. Your body is not the identical body you possessed yesterday—it is not exactly the same body with which you entered this room. Every moment cells are dying and springing into life. Nothing lives or dies in the universe but cells. When the cells which compose your body die, you will be dead and not before, for you are the aggregate of those cells. The cells which constitute your body die individually—they do not all die at the same moment—there is no such thing as *death en masse*. Sudden death is a fancy—an illusion—we die with the utmost deliberation.

Take a man who falls apparently dead and is buried the next day; remove him from the grave on the third day; his senses are abolished, his thought has ceased, his organs perform none of their functions. He is cold, motionless, rigid, and perhaps putrefaction has set in. He is everything that goes to make a corpse. Place a little fibre of that man's tissue under a microscope and watch it a few moments. It moves, it displays vital action—the cell lives. That life is identical with the life which now animates you. There are at this moment dead cells in your body, and after you are called dead there will still be living ones there.

Herbert Spencer, in his Principles of Psychology, says: "The organic force with which life begins constrains chemical affinity to work in special modes for the formation of special products; when it is spent or disappears, chemical affinity is at liberty to work in its general modes; and that is death. Life is the combination of action; the imperfection of this combination is disease, its arrest is death. In other words, life is the continuous adjustment of relations in our organism with relations in its environment. Disturb that adjustment and you have malady; destroy it, and you have death. Life is the performance of functions by an organism; death is the abandonment of an organism to the forces of the universe."

But organs are merely names for groups of cells performing the same function.

A corpse is a more interesting subject than most of us believe. It is a problem in physics—a chemical problem which Nature never fails in solving, and which we may solve by art if we will. So soon as somatic life ceases, all the cells which compose the body start on their journey to the vegetable and inorganic worlds. The body, no longer capable of entangling the forces of the universe in its wonderful web of nerves, arteries, and veins, and of using them to further its own ends, is handed over to those forces, to be, by them, resolved into its original elements. It must be resolved into two groups.

1. Carbonic acid (CO₂), water (H₂O), and ammonia (NH₃).

2. Mineral constituents, more or less oxidized, elements of the earth's structure, lime, phosphorus, iron, sulphur, magnesia, &c.

The first group passes into the air and becomes food for plants, while the second enters the earth and enriches it. We must all at some time be resolved into carbonic acid, water, ammonia, and the mineral elements. A description of the process by which this revolution is effected is unnecessary, and the benignity of their office is apparent.

Nature sustains a balance between animal and vegetable life. That balance has not always existed. In the Carboniferous Age, plant-life reached a luxuriance of which we can now form but a faint idea. The Carboniferous Age was, as its name indicates, characterized by an atmosphere loaded with carbonic acid. Not until the air became respirable for man, did the human race appear. Plants and animals make each other's existence possible. Animals inhale oxygen and nitrogen, and exhale carbonic acid, watery vapor, and a trace of animal matter in a gaseous form. Plants reverse the process, they consume carbonic acid and yield oxygen. Thus by constantly breathing each other's breath, man and his neighbor, the tree, live. What then becomes of the first group into which we are converted by the beautiful chemistry of death? It goes into the air and fills the millions of open mouths of vegetables. The hungry plants consume the carbonic acid which would otherwise render the air irrespirable for man.

The carbon separated and assimilated comes to form vegetable fibre. The wood that burns merrily in your fire-place, the food and wine that make you strong and healthy, the crimson foliage of Autumn, and the golden grain of harvest have thought, sorrowed, and loved, and dreamed the little dream of

life, a thousand times, and shall yet dream it again, and you have been, and shall be, like them.

Death is usually divided into somatic and molecular. Somatic death is such as effects the whole organism. Molecular such as effects a definite number of molecules.

"The sphere of force which is the primitive basis of a cell, spends itself in the discharge of its work," says Mr. Alger in his valuable work on the "Doctrine of Immortality." The amount of vital action which can be performed by such living cells has a definite limit. When that limit is reached, the exhausted cell is dead. No function can be performed without the disintegration of a certain amount of tissue. This final expenditure on the part of a cell of its force is the act of molecular death and the germinal essence of all decay. This organic law rules in every living structure, and is a necessity inherent in creation. . . . Wherever we look in the realm of physical man, from the red outline of the first Adam to the shapeless adipose of the last corpse when fate's black curtain falls on our race, we shall discern death, for death is the other side of life.

The growth of plants and animals depends on the subordination of their cells which yield their little lives for the perfect life of the whole. "The formation of a perfectly organized plant," says Leibnitz, "is made possible only through the continuous dying and replacement of its cells." Even so the cells which compose our structures die that we may live, and in like manner our death is necessary to the growth and development of the race. We are the separate cells that constitute the one man Humanity. His integrity depends on our subordination. The greater our subordination, the more perfect his structure.

Permit me to use another quotation from Mr. Alger's valuable work, before leaving this part of my subject. "In the timid sentimentalist's view, death is horrible. Nature unrolls the chart of organic existence, a convulsed and lurid list of murders, from the spider in the window to the tiger in the jungle, and from the shark at the bottom of the sea to the eagle against the floor of the sky. As the perfumed fop in an interval of reflection, gazes on the spectacle through his dainty eye-glasses, the prospect swims in blood and glazes with the ghostly phosphorus of corruption, and he shudders with sickness. In the philosophic moralist's view the dying panorama is wholly different. Carnivorous violence prevents more harm than it inflicts. The wedded laws of life and death wear the solemn beauty and wield the merciful functions of God. All is balanced and ameliorating. Above the slaughter-house struggle, soar safely the dove and the rainbow. Out of the charnel blooms the rose to which the nightingale sings love. Nor is there poison that helps not health, nor destruction which supplies not creation with nutriment. Death multiplies the number of those who enjoy the prerogatives of life. It calls up ever fresh generations with wondering eyes and eager appetites, to the perennial bouquet of existence.

The benevolence of death is boundless; it is equaled only by the benevolence of life.

We place life and death over against each other as though they were antipodal, but they are not. The opposite of life is inorganicism, not death. Death is the transition from organism to inorganicism. The stone is the opposite of the living man—the corpse is the station between. Doubtless every particle of dust on the globe has passed an hundred times from the organic to the inorganic world and back again.

Life and death seem separate and distinct facts in the universe, but in the light of careful study the walls by which they are separated dissolve, and they are seen to be different sides of the same destiny—the results of law. That which now lives, once died, and that which once died now lives.

"Life evermore is fed by death,

In earth, and sea, and sky:

And, that a rose may breathe its breath,
Something must die."

We look upon the statue with very different emotions from those with which we look upon a corpse. One we at once recognize as the work of art, and the other as the work of death. The fingers that lightly glide over the smoothness of one are drawn with horror from the coldness of the other. Men who faint in the dissecting-room stand or sit at ease in the sculptor's studio. A wide difference is supposed to exist between the scalpel and the chisel, but no such difference exists. Every atom of marble in the statue once, long before man trod the planet, lived and suffered, and was glad, and died. Those little, shining atoms of marble are the skeleton of animalculæ—millions of minute animalculæ that were fused in the heat of central fires, beneath great oceans years ago. The statue is a corpse—aye, a congeries of corpses. The microscope reveals their disk-like structures with wonderful perfection. The marbles of Phidias once throbbed with life, and the old gods of Greece and Rome were not always deaf, and dumb, and blind, but no one worshiped them until they were so.

The corpse in its grave is not wholly dead, nor will it ever be so. There are laws at work in its organism that do not work in stones, and waves, and earth. Processes that will go on until its animal life shall

have been exchanged for the life of trees, and grasses, and shrubs, until

Beneath the gnarled oak
Beats human blood,
And thought lies hidden
'Twixt leaf and bud.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to say where molecular death begins. From the molecule it invades the organism—its invasion is revealed in the organism—its origin is hidden in the molecule.

Somatic death may begin in the heart, lungs, brain, gray matter of the medulla oblongata, or, perhaps, in the blood. When it begins in the heart the patient dies of syncope or ashenia; when it begins in the lung the patient dies of asphyxia; when it begins in the brain the patient dies of apoplexy; when it begins in the gray matter of the medulla oblongata death results from paralysis of the pneumogastric nerves; when it begins in the blood the patient is said to die of necremia.

The population of the earth has been assumed to be 1,000,000,000, and a generation is supposed to last 33 years; in that time 1,000,000,000 of people must die. Consequently the number of deaths will be approximately:

Each year.....	33,000,000.
" day.....	82,109.
" hour.....	3,421.
" minute.....	57.
" second.....	1.

Among 10,000 persons, one arrives at the age of 100 years. One in 500 attains the age of 90, and one in 100 lives to 60. In the midst of this fearful mortality we are living with the calmness of immortals.

According to the quarterly records for the year 1873, the annual death-rate per thousand of population in the cities named, was as follows:

Cities.	1st Qr.		2d Qr.		3d Qr.		4th Qr.	
	No. deaths.	Rate per 1000 living.	No. deaths.	Rate per 1000 living.	No. deaths.	Rate per 1000 living.	No. deaths.	Rate per 1000 living.
London.....	18,970	22.7	16,690	20	18,234	21.8	20,898	25.0
Paris.....	11,088	21.4	10,555	23	10,589	23.0	10,269	22.5
Brussels.....	1,218	26.5	1,144	25	1,190	25.8	1,015	22.0
Berlin.....	5,745	29.9	6,699	33	8,627	41.8	4,913	25.8
Vienna.....	5,335	34.4	4,804	30	7,004	43.6	3,667	22.8
Rome.....	1,963	32.2	1,724	28	1,827	30.0	1,648	27.0
Florence.....	1,642	31.6	1,270	30.5
Turin.....	1,615	30.4	1,624	29	1,267	24.1	1,122	22.8
Calcutta.....	3,643	32.1	2,606	23	2,446	21.9	2,687	26.0
Bombay.....	4,448	27.6	3,906	24	3,674	22.8	3,592	22.2
Madras.....	3,702	37.6	3,684	37	3,485	35.2
New York.....	7,074	30.1	6,593	26	8,954	35.9	5,664	29.4
Philadelphia.....	4,118	22.1	3,932	21	4,436	23.7	2,103	17.0
Amsterdam.....	1,725	25	1,604	23.2	1,480	20.0
The Hague.....	640	28	602	26.0	492	22.0
Copenhagen.....	1,286	25.8
Philadelphia local records.....	4,309	22.9	3,451	18.4	4,435	23.6	3,029	16.1

The following table furnishes the population, number of deaths, and the deaths to 1,000 persons living, in most of the principal cities of the United States for the year 1873:

Cities.	Population.	Deaths.	Rate per 1,000 living.
New York.....	1,040,000	29,084	27.96
Philadelphia.....	750,000	15,224	20.29
St. Louis.....	450,000	8,551	19.00
Brooklyn.....	435,314	10,968	25.19
Baltimore.....	305,000	7,614	24.96
New Orleans.....	278,000	7,505	27.05
Boston.....	276,579	7,869	28.45
Cincinnati.....	246,923	5,641	22.84
Richmond, Va.....	60,705	2,037	33.39

The highest death-rate in the United States was given by Memphis, viz: 46.6 in each 1,000 inhabitants; in Savannah the mortality was equal to 39.2 in each 1,000 inhabitants; in Vicksburg, 36.5; in Troy, 34; in Hoboken, 32.9; and in Newark, 31.6.

The earth we tread is a vast cemetery. The stones under our feet are written over with histories and strange legends of the dead, histories and legends no eye will ever read and to which no ear will ever listen. Scientists have amused themselves with speculations as to the number of human beings that have walked the planet since the Age of Man began. Such speculations must of necessity be crude and imperfect, but their tendency is to an enlarged view of the history of the race, and for the benefit of the curious I record the result of such speculations. It is asserted by scientific writers that the number of persons who have existed on our globe since the beginning of time amounts to 36,627,843,273,075,000 (for every year, however, since 1870 the number 33,000,000, being that of the annual mortality, must be added). These figures when divided by 3,095,000—the number of square leagues on the globe—leave 11,320,689,732 square miles of land; which, being divided as before, give 1,314,623,076 persons to each square mile. If we reduce these miles to square rods, the number will be 1,853,174,600,000; which, divided in like manner, will give 1,283 inhabitants to each square rod, and, these being reduced to feet, will give about five persons to each square foot of *terra firma*. It will thus be perceived that our earth is a vast cemetery. On each square rod of it 1,283 human beings lie buried, each rod being scarcely sufficient for ten graves, with each grave containing 128 persons. The whole surface of our globe, therefore, has been dug over 128 times to bury its dead!

The dead are everything, they are everywhere, un-

der our feet, over our heads, and on every side. They are in the solid earth on which we stand, the unfathomed oceans that girt our continents, and through the spaces of the air they ride on every wind. Not formless phantoms changed in the twinkling of an eye, nor spectre wrought from the texture of a dream, nor sentient vapors whose immortality consists in a defiance of the chemist and the naturalist; but real and tangible is the perfume of the lily and the whiteness of the snow; the motion of the wave and the hardness of the rock; the richness of the harvest, and the primeval grandeur of the forest. In the language of an American poet:

"Yet a few days, and these

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground.
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and trends upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriachs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre."

Is death painful? Death in itself, *per se*, is painless. The disease or accident leading to death may cause the keenest anguish, but death itself is painless. This must be so; if it were not we should be in pain all our lives, since there are not moments when death is not occurring within us—molecular death, and there is no death in the universe which is not finally molecular. No man ever feels death, for the senses fail as life recedes, and the struggle for breath is without pain.

It is true that persons frequently die in a state of body torture. Drunkards dying in *mania a potu*, are haunted to the last by terrific visions, and a man may die with a heart so oppressed with guilt and remorse that the light of heaven is transformed into darkness, and the common air peopled with demons; but all such phenomena are those of disease, and not of death.

It is not so certain that death at the stake is intensely painful after the first scorch of the flames. In a curious article on the "Curiosities of Death," Mr. Dodge speaks of the endurance of Bishops Hooper and Ridley. Bishop Hooper lived in the fire forty-five minutes, and died with perfect calmness. His legs were charred and his body blistered before the pile was entirely ignited, the wind blowing the flames aside, and the fire being twice re-fed with fagots. Ridley at first struggled in agony, but afterwards became quiet as if the sense of pain was gone. Robert Smith, being well nigh half burned, and clustered together like black coals, suddenly rose upright before the crowd, lifted his arms as if in defiance of his enemies, and clasped his hands together.

Sir Charles Blodgen, died in his chair while taking coffee with Guy Sussac and Bertholter, and that so calmly that there was not a drop spilled from the cup in his hand. Dr. Black, also, died so composedly that the milk in the spoon which he held to his lips was all preserved. Dr. Wallston watched with scientific interest the gradual failure of his own vital power. Dr. Cullen whispered in his last moments, "I wish I had the power of writing, for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die." The last words of many prominent men have been preserved, indicating that, to their authors, death was painless. The last words of Dr. Adam of Edinburgh, the high-school headmaster, were: "It grows dark, boys, you may go." The last words of Goethe were: "Draw back the curtains and let in more light." The last words of Sir Walter Scott, addressed to Lockhart, were: "Be a good man, my dear." The last words of Charles Matthews, were: "I am ready." The last words of John Knox, were: "Now it is come." The last words of George Washington, were: "I am about to die, and I am not afraid to die." The last words of Thomas Hood, were: "Dying, dying." The last words of Keats, were: "I feel the flowers growing over me." And the last words of Tasso, were: "Into thy hands, O Lord, do I commit my spirit."

It is a popular belief that sensibility remains for a time after decapitation. It is said that Charlotte Cordoy's cheeks blushed at the exposure of her person; that the eyes of Madame Roland opened as if in surprise; that the lips of Phillip Egaliti curled in scorn when his head was held up to the multitude, and that the lips of Mary Stuart, under similar circumstances, prayed visibly. The belief is fallacious. Bounafont had ready near the guillotine, under which two Arabs were to be executed, vessels with pulverized plaster, placed on a low table. His friend, associated with the experiment, was provided with a small speaking trumpet and a sharp-pointed probe.

At the instant the first head fell, it was placed in one of the vessels containing the plaster, in order to arrest hemorrhage. The speaking-trumpet was then applied to the ear of the head, and the man's name shouted through it, but there was neither motion of the eyelids nor corrugation of the brow; the eyes were dull and motionless, the complexion colorless, the expression of the face not indicative of pain. Neither were the muscles contracted upon being pierced with the tube. With the second head the results were the same. The syncope induced by the section of the large arteries instantly produced death.

Says Rev. O. B. Frothingham, in a printed sermon on the paternal aspect of providence: "One who narrowly escaped death by drowning, told me that the process of it after the first moment of agony was too delicious to describe." "To die of cold," he continues, "is, when the first pangs are over, a luxury, for the senses are steeped in slumber, a soft numbness takes possession of the brain, an irresistible lethargy overpowers the will, ravishing visions float before the imagination, and in ecstasy the spirit takes its flight."

Alas, what phantoms we create, how like children left in the dark we cry at the approach of death. We shrink from the grave as though it were a torture-chamber. But we cannot thwart the everlasting destiny, nor stay the wheel of time for a single moment. The earth has the same claim upon us that we have on it, and when it shall have served us long enough we shall serve it. No partiality—no monopoly—the lily in the valley, the grass in the meadow, and the oak in the forest, have an interest in us, and an interest we shall not fail to meet.

With regard to premonitions of death, I can say no more than John Hunter said years ago. "We sometimes feel within ourselves that we shall not live, for the living powers become weak, and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain." Dr. Hunter's own death afforded an illustration of the phenomena of which he presented so rational an explanation.

Concerning the celebrated historic premonitions of death, it is well to play the skeptic. The disease of Fletcher, which caused him to send for a sculptor and order his tomb; the salutation of Wolsey, so eloquently dramatized; the whining cant of Foote, when Weston died. "Soon shall others say, 'Poor Foote!'" and the last picture of Hogarth, which he entitled "The End of Things," adding "This is the end," are to be regarded only as curious coincidences.

The "lighting up before death" so often noticed in patients who have remained sometimes for weeks in a semi-unconscious condition, is often referred to psychological causes, when, in reality, it is due to the presence of venous blood in the brain, caused by the non-arterialization of the blood. Thus the mind often dwells on visions of coming glory or shame, and contemplates heaven or hell. Shakespeare makes Queen Catherine, in Henry VIII. say: "Saw you not even now a blessed troop invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces cast a thousand beams upon me like the sun; they promised me eternal happiness, and brought me garlands, my Griffith, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear?"

The same phenomena mark the rise and decline of life. The circulation of the blood first announces existence, and ceases last. The right auricle pulsates first and does not cease until death. The mind loses the faculty of association; judgment gives place to recollection, and the senses vanish, as we have seen, in succession. The ruling passion, though concealed from infancy, is revealed in the hour of death, and the thoughts of boyhood bound into the sunset of declining age.

At the moment of death there become disengaged from venous blood certain gasses which are normally confined therein, and which form a pneumatosi—a swelling of the veins. This action in the veins of the retina, says Mr. Bonchut, is easily appreciable by the ophthalmoscope, and constitutes an immediate and certain sign of death. The pneumatosi is induced by the interruption of the column of blood, and is comparable to that observed in an interrupted column of a colored alcohol thermometer.

A few hours after death, generally from seven to ten, a rigidity takes possession of the body. This rigidity, which physicians call *rigor mortis*, is not confined to the muscles, but is manifested in the blood-vessels and heart. The rigidity may be removed for a few hours by the injection into the arteries of the corpse of oxygenated defibrinated blood. If the body be uninterfered with, the rigidity will disappear after thirty-six or forty hours, when the body will be as pliable as at the moment of death. If the body be weakened or emaciated from great suffering, or long sickness, the rigidity comes on sooner, but does not last so long. Physicians are not agreed as to the course of this rigidity.

As the rigidity passes away, the beauty so peculiar to the human face in death becomes more and more manifest, and is nearest perfection three days after death.

THERE are 1,500,000 Baptists in the United States, and only 260,000 in England. Virginia alone has as many as Maine. New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts put together. The denomination is very popular with the negroes.

Letter from D. R. Burt.

[We feel a certain delicacy in laying the following letter before our readers. The writer, as well as the parties alluded to, are friends, against whom we have not the slightest ill-feeling. We have already inserted in our columns three other articles of a somewhat different character but upon the same subject, and we cannot in justice refuse Friend Burt a hearing. Either of the parties named shall have the same opportunity if desired.]

MR. EDITOR: I have noticed a communication in THE TRUTH SEEKER for August 1, over the signature of C. A. Codman, in which he seeks to be enlightened upon the Boston Association for building the Paine Memorial Hall, and propounds the following interrogatories: 1st, "What has the Boston society done to affect an organization?" 2d, "How many trustees has the Boston society?" 3d, "Are there any ladies belonging to the Board of Trustees?" 4th, "What are the names of the trustees to whom James Lick made his donation?" A copy of the deed or instrument under which they hold the trust for posterity, was also called for.

You referred Mr. C. to the conductors of the *Boston Investigator*, they being two of the trustees who, if they desired, could give the information sought, which you courteously offered to copy. Two months have passed, and I have seen no reply to the questions from that source. I have also seen in THE TRUTH SEEKER an article over the signature of A. K. Butts, in which he refers to Mr. Codman's enquiries without answering any one of them, but put in special pleading for certain men whom he says have always been honest, and are the proper persons for the Liberal public to donate money to. He advised the confiding people to pay into their hands upwards of \$70,000, to be paid out for property controlled and held by, and in the names of P. Mendum, H. Seaver, T. L. Savage, personally, to them and their heirs forever. Towards said property Messrs. Mendum, Seaver and Savage have applied all the money held in trust for lecturing purposes and a Memorial Hall, amounting to nearly \$40,000, without warrant or order from the proper officer of the Board of Trustees, as Mr. Altman affirms, save \$5,000. and that under protest, and with not the shadow of security given, that it shall be perpetuated one hour for the purposes intended. These are the men Mr. B. urges the people to pay their money to, and for purposes above stated, assuring them that these men have always been honest. It was not the past lives of any men that Mr. C. made enquiries about, understanding it doubtless to be the duty of all men to be honest; and that though a man spend a life of three score years honorably, it affords no immunity for wrong-doing; and that one act of premeditated dishonest breach of faith should sink him below the favorable consideration of honorable men.

To the first enquiry, "what have the Boston society done to effect an organization?" I will say that in consultation with Mr. Mendum, July, 1866, he informed me that he had presented the subject of a Memorial Hall to the Liberal Convention at Philadelphia, and that they rejected it. I urged upon him at that time to appoint a Board of Trustees for the same object as a nucleus around which could cluster the principles and aid which would develop and bring forth a memorial to Paine and a home for *The Investigator*. I have also often consulted with Mr. B. F. Underwood upon the same subject, and he fully seconded the movement. About the first of November, 1870, he wrote a letter over the signature "Old Subscriber," published in *The Investigator*, in which he proposed, planned, and placed in shape the crude ideas of Mr. Mendum, myself and others on that subject, which was approved by Mr. M. (as well as myself), endorsing Mr. U's plan, save the cost, which he put at \$35,000, which I urged should not be less than \$50,000.

The plan so clearly presented by Mr. U. I frequently urged upon Mr. M., insisting that he appoint himself, Mr. Seaver, and others, as a Board of Trustees, and to publish the same, which he did, and the said plan was adhered to and followed until the lamentable departure of the three trustees, to wit, Mendum, Seaver, and Savage, as stated by Mr. Altman, in THE TRUTH SEEKER for Sept. 15, in violating their own instructions and resolutions as to the purchase of the lot and the cost of the building.

To the second enquiry, "How many trustees has the Boston society?" Mr. Altman and myself, say five; Mr. Mendum has said three.

Thirdly, There are no women attached to or belonging to the Board of Trustees.

Fourthly, The names of the trustees to whom Mr. Lick made his donation of about \$20,000 (one-half to be held and used in aiding in the construction of a Memorial Hall in honor of Thomas Paine), and one-half to sustain lecturers in the field, were J. P. Mendum, H. Seaver, T. L. Savage, M. Altman, and D. R. Burt, to them and their successors forever.

In answer to the question, "how the property is held, and the nature of the instrument under which they hold the trust for posterity," I have before stated that there is no such instrument, having the least intimation that there exists any such property in

the hands of any one. But there is a deed, properly recorded, of the property in the names of J. P. Mendum, H. Seaver, T. L. Savage; to them, individually, and their heirs forever on which the Paine Memorial Hall is erected. For the erection of this building, the money held in trust by the Board of Trustees, for lecturing and memorial purposes has every dollar been paid, and on January last the property was encumbered with a mortgage of \$40,000, and since that time there has been another claim of \$30,000 placed upon it, but for what purpose I cannot say.

Mr. Altman in his article alluded to briefly charges those men with violations of trust and instructions to which they gave their assent and voted for, when the Board held a regularly called meeting. Let us examine the charges a moment: the Building Committee was instructed to purchase a lot in the name of the trustees, and erect thereon a hall, at an expense not exceeding \$60,000.

Did they act in compliance with these instructions? I have already shown that they did not. The Treasurer (Mr. Mendum), also was instructed not to pay out any money on any order or draft without the approval of the Secretary (Mr. Altman). Was this regarded? They took the last dollar, in violation of all understanding or instructions except, as before stated, the \$5,000.

I endorse Mr. Altman's statement save where he had expressed the hope that they acted honestly. I move that those words be stricken out, and leave it with the people to pronounce upon it.

I wish to say that I wrote to Mr. Mendum that I was ready and willing to assume all the responsibility required of any trustee, and to forward my wife's name, if necessary, to use it in the mortgage. I also made excuses for their acts to Mr. Altman, assuring him that they would make the title all correct, having been assured by Mr. Mendum that it should all be satisfactory, and this, too, up to the 28th of January last. I wrote a letter to Mr. Altman in Mr. Mendum's office to that effect on the 27th of January, and showed it to Mr. Mendum, and he gave his approval.

Judge of my surprise, disappointment and mortification upon learning from Mr. Mendum on the 30th of January, that they (Messrs. M. S. and S.) proposed to make no change of title to the property; that they also refused to acknowledge Mr. Altman and myself as trustees. This, too, by men whose interests for more than a third of a century I had unceasingly labored to promote.

I was urged in the first place to take a position on the Board by Mr. Mendum. I made objections, but he gave notice that I was one of the trustees, not heeding my objections. I had given my money, influence, and labor to the cause. It is well-known that a number of thousands of dollars went into the fund through my efforts. I gave five months time in selling the Lick property, and paid out \$250 more than I received from the fund. I gave one hundred and twenty continuous days to that business and nothing else.

Years ago I refused \$1,000 for legislative assistance, and had it put in his (Mr. Mendum's) hands to be used for lecturing purposes, and he knows it. I made a journey to St. Louis at my own expense, and obtained \$1,000 more from the same party for the building fund.

There are many who wonder at the state of feeling existing between Mr. Mendum and myself. I can explain it in a few words. It is simply that I insisted that he and his associates transfer the property to a legal board of Trustees, in whom the property can be safely invested for posterity and accept as a successor to myself, a gentleman named, and one prominently before the Liberal public. Mr. M. positively refused, but I have been unyielding; and my efforts to accomplish it has cost me over two hundred dollars. When I last parted with Mr. Mendum I had used no language that he could take exceptions to, unless it was that I warned him that his conduct would blow the whole thing higher than Beecher's "Life of Christ." If I was wrong in this, I hereby apologize.

I have often been asked why the amount received from the Lick donation was not given in the *Investigator*. I sent the money to Mr. Mendum, and he received it. I wish to make a short statement in regard to the sale of that property. I negotiated two sales: the first, \$3,085 better than the last. It was lost by the management of Mr. Mendum, who would not respond until he took time to consider—thus delaying the time until the chance was lost. I remonstrated at this. I next received an offer of about \$20,000 in currency, and telegraphed to Mr. Mendum, and the offer was made known to the trustees, and I was authorized to sell. I did so, and forwarded the money to Mendum, save \$250, about half the amount of my expenses. Mr. Mendum and all the trustees warmly approved, both by letter and orally, the manner in which I discharged that duty, and on the 25th of last January Mr. Mendum repeated the same, adding that they could not have found another man who would have done as well; but ten days after, when I had urged him to make the transfer to a proper Board of Trustees, he wrote Mr. Altman that "the Lick donation had been so frittered away that it was a reproach to the cause, and he was ashamed to give it a public notice." He did not say whether it was himself or myself that had frittered it away. I

give the facts; the public can judge. I will add that I learn that Mr. Lick relieves me of all wrong in connection with that sale; but it is not so with my friend. Respectfully yours, for truth.

Dunleith, Ill.

D. R. BURT.

A Letter from A. K. Butts.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6th., 1875.

MR. EDITOR:—If your readers will compare Mr. Altman's letter in your issue of Sept. 15th, with mine of Sept. 1st, they will see that his letter has not the slightest reference to mine, and they will look for some other letter of mine which might have called for his. But there is no other, and so we must conclude that Mr. Altman's gun has gone off at half-cock.

My letter was wholly innocent of any attempt "to explain the difference existing between the trustees," and for the most excellent reason that your readers, as such, knew of no such differences. To Mr. Altman's nervous and super-sensitive temperament is now due the credit of making public for the first time these unhappy differences. My letter was written for an entirely different purpose as any one will see who takes the pains to read it.

Mr. Altman refers to three most excellent and veracious gentlemen who, with "many others" he thinks will bear him out in saying that *they know* that I know nothing about the Paine Hall matter, I suppose he means. I am perfectly willing my reputation in that particular, (if it is of the slightest consequence,) and others also, should be submitted to those three gentlemen, whom I am proud to claim as my friends; especially since many weeks ago Messrs. Burt and Henderson told me the whole story. I have a part of his side from Mr. Mendum as well as a documentary offer on the part of Mr. Mendum and the remaining trustees to turn over the charge of Paine Hall to parties and on conditions which seem to me quite reasonable.

If Messrs. Mendum and Seaver had been attacked by Mr. Codman's letter I would not have offered to defend them. They are quite able to defend themselves.

If they think Mr. Altman's attack worthy, they will doubtless reply to it. I trust he will look before he next leaps upon me, else he may for the third time in his life fail to hit either me or even my shadow, but succeed in thrashing a shabby ghost of his own conjuring.

In a future number, if desired, I may submit to your readers the above mentioned "fair offer," (your words, Dr. Bennett). I have now only space to say that the darkly suspicious mind which first sowed distrust, and "differences," and insinuations of evil between such sincere, and straightforward, and honorable men as the six mentioned by Mr. Altman, is greatly to be pitied, and has much to answer for.

Will Mr. Altman take notice that I have not yet "attempted to explain any differences," but I have an explanation of them which will satisfy nine-tenths of the Liberals in the land I trust, and it is perfectly consistent with all I said in eulogy of Messrs. Seaver and Mendum in my former letter, and all that any one will say of Mr. Burt's honesty. That his—Mr. Burt's—"differences," with Messrs. Seaver and Mendum are "honest" on his part as well as theirs I fully believe. Iago's italic, *honest* (I hope) is utterly out of place in discussing these men.

Yours very truly,

A. K. BUTTS.

Letter from B. F. Underwood.

THE PAINE HALL.

MR. EDITOR: Every true Liberal must regret that any differences exist between those connected with the Paine Hall enterprise, to interfere with its success. I earnestly advise that all means be exhausted for a settlement of the difficulties before further publicity be given to the subject.

I am glad that Mr. Altman does not assert that these differences are incompatible with the best motives and intentions on the part of all the gentlemen whose names have appeared in connection with the enterprise.

Messrs. Mendum and Seaver, through the *Investigator*, have represented our principles for many years, and whatever mistakes have been made, the presumption is that they acted according to their ideas of propriety and duty, in the interest of the Liberal cause.

During my many year's acquaintance with them, I have found them upright and honorable men in all their business relations. I regard Mr. Seaver, the editor of the *Investigator*, as one of the most unselfish men I have ever known. If the action of three of the Trustees of the Paine Hall has been somewhat irregular, as is alleged—on this point I express no opinion in his communication—I think it requires no stretch of charity to ascribe it to error of judgment (as Mr. Altman is inclined to) and not to a readiness to violate a sacred trust for selfish purposes.

I have also for several years been well acquainted with Mr. Altman and Mr. Burt, and I have not a doubt, from my knowledge of the men, that whatever they have done, has been from the most worthy

motives, and in what they regard as the true interest of the Liberal cause.

Now is it not possible for all these gentlemen to meet, and with the aid of such counsel as they may invite, settle this trouble amicably, and thereby prevent a controversy which, if permitted, can only be painful to every true friend of Free Thought and a positive injury to the cause in which we are all deeply interested. Respectfully,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 2d, 1875.

Letter from S. P. Putnam. No. II.

EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: Lincoln is one of the most beautiful of Western cities, and is alive with the Liberal element. The most intellectual and cultured classes have taken hold of the work with a hearty good will, and it goes forward with increasing promise. Mr. Billingsly, whose name has been often seen in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and who is one of its staunch supporters, is one of the leaders of the movement. He ranks among the most brilliant lawyers of the state, and has great influence. There are other active and capable men who stand side by side with him. Prof. Church of Nebraska University, Mr. Copeland, minister of the Liberal Society, Mr. Tuttle, candidate for Regent of the University, all are thorough-going Liberals, bringing the best thought, the noblest purpose, and the most earnest manhood to the maintenance of intellectual liberty and growth. The Liberal Society established here is exerting a vast influence throughout the State, by bringing the latent Liberalism of the people into active play. Mr. Copeland's able and radical discourses are published in the "State Journal," and find a large reading among the scattered communities. Nebraska, destined to be one of the first States of the Union, is sure to feel in her institutions and growth the predominance of Liberal ideas.

Omaha is somewhat subdued by the "almighty dollar," and as that is hand in glove with orthodoxy, the latter flourishes. But the Liberal cause is not by any means dead, it has many strong and unselfish supporters, and they will some time, I think, consolidate and become a permanent and enlarging power.

Fremont is one of the finest and most promising places north of the Missouri. There is where our friend Shed—whose name has been seen both in the *Investigator* and THE TRUTH SEEKER—is doing such a courageous work. He is not afraid to speak his sentiments upon all occasions, and, though warned that his practice as a lawyer, would be injured by the expression of his "Infidelity," he despises the cowardly plea. The result is, that he has a very large practice, for it is true all the world over, that when people go to law, they will get the services of the smartest lawyer; a dull orthodox stands but little chance with a gifted Radical, and such is Mr. Shed.

Mr. Smalls, of the *Fremont Herald*, is another live and able Radical, and in connection with one of the leading papers in the State, is fearlessly helping along the Liberal movement. Nebraska has, indeed, a brave company of workers, and alive to the importance of the issue, they are laying the foundations of a large and abiding success that will be felt in the ever broadening future.

S. P. PUTNAM.

COMMERCE, Mo., July 22d, 1875.

MR. EDITOR: An incident which is deemed worthy of preservation in the columns of the TRUTH SEEKER, having occurred here, I proceed to report it forthwith.

In our little village, as in most small towns throughout our land, there is a church building, to which appertains a congregation, presided over in limited ecclesiastical monarchy, by a minister of the gospel of love, assisted by certain vassals called deacons, the whole petty government being controlled by the dictation of a few diminutive Boss Tweed's, who prescribed what kind of Christianity they wanted, and the minister preached the same to order.

The ruler, the vassals, the dictators, and the worshippers, pursued the even tenor of their way, eating the bread of bigotry, and drinking the wine of superstition, all unconscious of a purer air, or fairer scenes beyond, until the arrival of a free-thinker rent in twain the rope of sand which held their ecclesiastical fabric together. His name was Crandall, and being a good singer, and acquainted with vocal music, entered the church choir, and it was his custom after church to analyze the sermons of the good minister, and the prayers of the good deacons, and to amuse himself and friends with a rehash of the aforesaid prayers and sermons, which I need not inform you were illegal, nugatory, and rapid, indeed. In short, this man Crandall was a scoffer, and sat in the seat of the scornful: much to the disgust of the good deacons, and the other pillars of the church which were *gilded*. Indignation meetings were held; and it was decided that Mr. Crandall should no longer be admitted to the house of worship. After which decision, no one could be found who would inform the gentleman of their action, thus leaving him in blissful ignorance of his terrible fate, until, on going to a choir meeting, he found the doors *barred* against him.

Then he spoke his mind freely, and reasoned with members of the flock; the result of which was, that a part of the congregation took sides with him, and, since a house divided against itself cannot stand, the

choir broke up; the organ was hushed, and the unity of the congregation destroyed. And all, on account of one poor sinner, such as the god counsels them to save, and for whom Christ died. In the words of the immortal Elder Shelton, "Consistency thou art a jewel." Why! from their manner, I doubt not but these good deacons would have made an assault upon Mr. Crandall—perhaps have killed him—were it not for their cowardice and the fear of the civil law.

Yes! and the opposing members of this Christian brotherhood, even went so far as to withdraw their patronage from one another. A quit boarding with B. B. stopped buying his groceries of C. C. took his washing from D. D. will not speak to E, etc.

Did ever such a case of malevolent selfishness occur in a community of Freethinkers? And all on account of one poor, miserable Infidel. Verily! the devil hath triumphed grandly.

Sampson, slew a ten acre field full of Philistines with the jaw bone of an ass, but one Infidel hath destroyed a congregation with a wag of his tongue.

Respectfully yours,

EMANCIPATION.

Friendly Correspondence.

MARGARET JONES, Centralia, Ill., writes: Yours is the best paper I have ever had the pleasure of reading, and I shall do all I can to help circulate it.

W. H. CORWIN, Philadelphia, writes: Put my name down for a copy of your forth-coming book. I find THE TRUTH SEEKER a paper which I cannot do without. May the spirits, or some material power keep you many, many years in this world to battle for free thought.

WATSON KENDARDINE, Lumbersville, Pa., writes: If there is one thing I wish above all others, it is that truth shall prevail over the bigoted prejudices of the past, and that all publications which seek to bring about that desired result may be liberally supported.

OTTO WETTSTEIN, Rochelle, Ill., writes: I have taken the *Investigator* nearly twenty years, but yet your staunch, spicy paper has grown as dear to me as any publication that I have ever seen; and I trust that soon your financial condition may be like your mental—sound.

A DEMMLER, Farmersville, La., writes: What I have already felt for a long time, without being able to express it in words, I now find expressed in your TRUTH SEEKER. I shall endeavor to enlist, as far as I am able, the friends of truth and foes of religious humbug into the ranks of your supporters.

H. J. REYNOLDS, Albion, N. Y., writes: I thought after I saw your conversion to Spiritualism I would discontinue my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I cannot see but you are as liberal as ever. I am astonished to find how many Liberals there are who do not wish to have it known that they are such.

S. M. WHISTLER, M.D., New Kingston, Pa., writes: Count me in for the weekly issue as long as you print it. The paper is a splendid one, diffusing light wherever it goes. May you be blessed with an inpouring of subscribers to gladden your heart and reward your labor, while you continue to enlighten a priest-ridden world.

WM. H. JOHNSON, Newtown, Pa., writes: Among all the Liberal publications that I have perused, I have yet found none which furnishes me such essential reading as THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I shall welcome the weekly with increasing interest. Regard me, so far as my means and ability extend, a co-worker in the dissemination of Free Thought.

R. L. NICHOLS, Chatfield, Minn., writes: I think your paper is helping break the shackles that bind the minds of men and women to the old dogmas of orthodoxy. Their already rotten structure will in time fall of its own weight. Nevertheless we must keep pelting away at it. We must keep up the agitation and seek to move the minds of the masses.

JOHN F. SHERMAN, Chillicothe, Mo., writes: I have been taking your paper for some time, but of late the rush has been so great when they would arrive at our news depot, that I have been left out in the cold, and am obliged to secure some extras. Your paper is doing good out here. Each of your papers taken in town, have a number of readers who are becoming deeply interested.

MARIE DE FORD, Cawker City, Kan., writes: your lecture on the Gods was indeed a soul-stirring address, and your TRUTH SEEKER is proving to be an earnest and successful truth finder. Your articles and reports of the Liberal Club, are truly edifying. I shall be thankful when I can welcome THE TRUTH SEEKER every week. Every Liberal and Spiritualist in the land should feel an unusual pride and satisfaction in your noble and energetic enterprises for promulgating the truth.

ISAAC PADEN, Woodhull, Ill., writes: I am confined to my room. The infirmities of my old worn-out body are getting the advantage of me. This may be the last communication you will receive from me while on earth. I send you my honest appeal to my Infidel brethren (who are the real consistent opposers to my religious views), hoping I may live to see it published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, which I recommend to the world as the best paper for the present religious condition of man, that is now published.

JOHN S. CRUM, Vienna, Ill., writes: I think THE TRUTH SEEKER improves with each number. Enter my name for a copy of your proposed work, "The World's Sages, Infidels, and Thinkers." I would also suggest the propriety of putting in book form E. E. Guild's "Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion." and your articles on the Bible. They will do great good, not only in the present, but in generations to come. I am anxious for THE TRUTH SEEKER to become a weekly.

R. SORENSON, Monroe, Utah, writes: I am very much pleased to find your paper is to be changed to a weekly. You may reckon on me as a life subscriber. From a great many parts of this country come complaints about the power of priestcraft, by which the people are kept in darkness. We have a great deal of ignorance and superstition and old traditions gathered here from all parts of the globe. Still we move onward. I hope the day is not far distant when light will be tolerated in this dark corner of civilization.

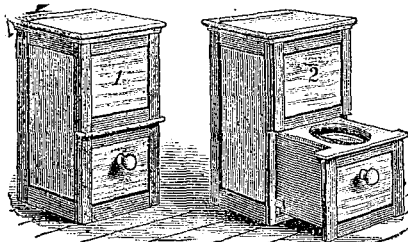
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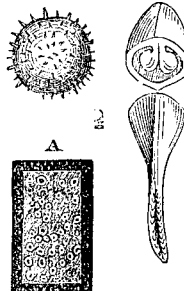
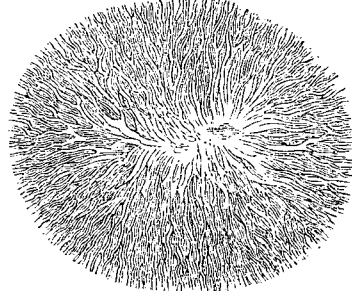
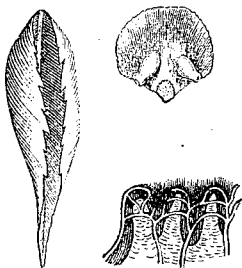
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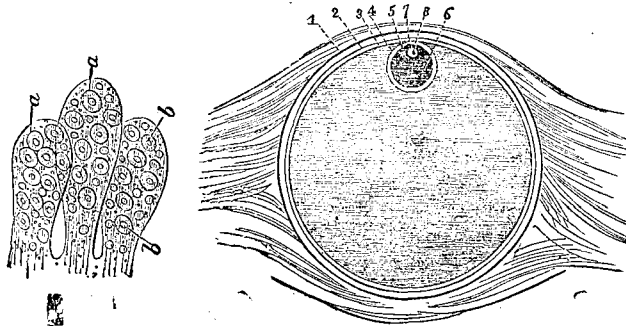
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Odds and Ends.

ANYTHING Midas touched turned into gold. In these days touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything.

"I THINK I can suit you to a hair," said a boarding-house landlady to a bachelor applicant who had been stating his requirements. "Suit me to a hair, ma'am! I hope not; that's what my last landlady tried to do, and gave me three samples in the but-ter."

"MAMMA, where do the cows get the milk?" asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk, which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence, he again broke out: "Do the cows have to be spanked?"

A COUPLE of Yankee farmers became so inimical that they would not speak to each other: but one of them having been converted at a camp-meeting, on seeing his former enemy, held out his hand, saying, "How d'ye do, Kemp? I am humble enough to shake hands with a dog."

A MAN brought before a justice of the peace in Vermont, charged with some offense, pleaded in extenuation a natural inferiority. "I should have made a considerable figure in the world, judge," he said. "If I hadn't been a fool; it's a dreadful drawback to a man to be in that condition."

We were amused on hearing the story of an old lady whose only exclamation on hearing of the execution of a man who had once lived in the neighborhood was, "Well, I know'd he'd come to the gallows at last, for the knot in his handkerchief was always slipping around under his left ear."

A YANKEE cotemporary asks: "What are the street lamps for?" The man who doesn't know what a street lamp is for is hardly fit to sit in an editorial chair and mould public opinion. Street lamps are for weary young men to recline against at midnight, when they forget the way home.

On arriving at Calais, on her way to make the grand tour, an English lady was surprised and somewhat indignant at being termed, for the first time in her life, "a foreigner." "You mistake, madam," said she to the libel, with some figure; "it is you who are foreigners. We are English."

"It's well enough to name your boy Elias," said Aunt Hepzibah; "but for gracious goodness' sake don't name him Alias, 'cause the Alias is cutting up bad. Here's Alias Jones, Alias Brown, Alias Thompson, Alias One-eyed Jake, all been took up in New York for robbin' an' steal-in'."

"Just to think of it, my dear," said a wife to her husband as he was taking his morning dram, "what a waste of liquor! This paper says that the United States consumes ninety millions of dollars worth of spirits every year!" "Ah," responded the husband, "how I wish I was the United States."

At the funeral of his sixth wife, Mr. Bones, of New York, proffered the officiating clergyman a two dollar greenback. The minister declined it, saying he was not accustomed to receive pay for such services. "Just as you say," coolly replied the mourner; "but that's just what I have always been in the habit of paying."

A VERY practical sermonizer made these remarks on the soul-saving question: "My brethren, a man cannot afford to lose his soul. He's got but one, and can't get another. If a man loses his horse, he can get another; if a man loses his wife, he can get another; if a man loses his child, he can get another; but if a man loses his soul—good-bye, John!"

"You see, pa," said a bright twelve-year-old boy, "the way we fellows prove that if you should lose your left eye you would be stone blind, is this: you lose your left eye. Very well, then your right eye, which is all you have is the left one. But you have lost your left one, and so you have no eye at all and must, therefore, be stone blind, don't you see?" The father rushes blindly from the room.

A YOUNG lady in Chicago put a piece of wedding-cake under her pillow, and went to bed with the belief that she would dream of seeing her future husband. That evening, however, she had eaten two plates of lobster salad, about a pint of strawberries, several sweet cakes, and two large pickles, and she now says that she would rather remain single all her life than marry the man she saw in her dream.

HIS FEELINGS.—Last night, as a frisky colored youth was walking up Clay Street, he was accosted by a colored acquaintance, who remarked:

"Well, Brutus, dey say you iz in love?"
"I iz, Uncle Abra'm—I don't deny de al-
leged allegation."
"And how does it feel, Brutus?"
"You have stuffed your elbow agin a
post or sumthin' else afore now, hasn't
you, Uncle Abra'm?"
"I reckon."

"And you remembers de feelin' dat runs
up yer arm?"
"I dose."

"Well, take dat feelin', add a hundred
per cent., mix it wid de nicest ha'r oil in
town, sweeten wid honey, and den you kin
'magine how I feel!"—*Vicksburg Herald*.

EQUAL TO THE CRISIS.—When at about the
middle of the cross-walk she dropped a
well-filled wallet out of her hand. Then the
trouble began in earnest. She stooped over
in front to pick it up, but her fingers could
not reach the wallet by eighteen inches. She
changed her parasol into her right hand,
and tried to reach sideways for the wallet.
It was no go, however, for her fingers did
not reach anywhere near the coveted
article. She then tried to get down on her
knees, but she might as well attempt to
pick up a drop of water with her ear. She
reached backward, but her hand only ex-
tended downward on a level with her hips.
She appeared to be much embarrassed. No
one seemed to be passing at the moment
who could assist her. Ah! a thought
struck her suddenly. Quickly turning her
parasol with the top on the ground, she
glided a pretty little foot out from beneath
her snow-white skirts, and with a gentle
kick, the wallet lay in the concave para-
chute.—*Cleveland Leader*.

AN OBTUSE MAN.—She was a stylish young
lady about 18 years old, and to accommodate
a friend she took the baby out for an air-
ing. She was wheeling it up and down the
walk when an oldish man, very deaf, came
along and inquired for a certain person
supposed to live on that street. She nearly
yelled her head off trying to answer him,
and he looked around, caught sight of the
baby, and said:

"Nice child, that. I suppose you feel
proud of him?"

"It isn't mine," she yelled at him.
"Boy, eh? Well he looks just like you."

"It isn't mine!" she yelled again, but he
nodded his head and continued:

"Twins, eh? Where's the other one?"

She started off with the cab but he follow-
ed and asked:

"Did it die of colic?"

Despairing of making him understand
by words of mouth, she pointed to the baby,
at herself, and then shook her head.

"Yes—yes, I see—'tother twin in the
house. Their father is fond of them of
course?"

She then turned the cab and hurried the
other way, but he followed and asked:

"Do they kick around much nights?"

"I tell you 'tain't mine," she shouted,
looking very red in the face.

"I think you're wrong there!" he an-
swered. "Children brought up on the
bottle are apt to pine and die."

She started on a run for the gate, but be-
fore she opened it he came up and asked:

"Have to spank 'em once and a while, I
suppose?"

She made about twenty gestures in half a
minute, and he helped the cab through the
gate and said:

"Our children were all twins, and I'll
send my wife down to give you some ad-
vice. You see—"

But she picked up a flower pot and flung
it at him. He jumped back, and as she
entered the house he called out:

"Hope insanity won't break out on the
twins."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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Massachusetts and still polygamy is held to be a crime.

It is painful to hear a man say, "it is as hot as ginger,"
When you know well enough he does not mean ginger at
all.

BILLY EMERSON, the negro minstrel, makes \$25,000 a
year. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosopher, makes
\$600.

ONE million bushels of peanuts are eaten by the people
of the United States in a year, and yet there are those
who say the American people are lazy.

CHICAGO, unable to get Moody and Sankey before Chris-
tmas, have engaged Bliss and Whittle. Perhaps Brass
and Dumphool might be had.

AN Arkansas examining Board, asked an aspirant to
the position of Justice of the Peace, what he would do in
a case of suicide, answered: "I would fine the girl and
make the fellow support the child."

AN enthusiastic minister has just been praying for the
Devil. That is good. Possibly if Moody and Sankey and
all the rest of the pious clergy would pray for his conver-
sion and stick to it persistently, he might be converted.
Would that not be a great catch and first-class blessing
to those who suffer so severely from his machinations?

A PHILADELPHIA publishing house announces a book
entitled, "The Kiss; its History." Such a work, properly
edited, might prove of value to lovers requiring tui-
tion in the osculatory art. But is the Philadelphia vol-
ume the compilation of the man best fitted for the deli-
cate task, by reason of knowledge of kissing and wide
experience in all its varieties? We regret to say that it is
not. Mr. Bombaugh, the editor, may be a student of
kisses as written by other men, but he has no general
reputation himself as a kisser. The only fit editor for
"The Kiss" is Henry Ward Beecher, the champion Amer-
ican kisser. Let Mr. Beecher get out his treatise, doc-
trinal and analytical, on the kiss, and the Philadelphia
volume will be nowhere.—N. Y. Sun.

A CHURCH CONTEST.—A long contested church case,
growing out of the suspension, several years ago, of Mr.
George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, by the General Synod
of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, has recently been
decided by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, sit-
ting in Pittsburgh. The decision is in favor of the Fifth
Reformed Presbyterian church (the Rev. Dr. McAuley's),
against the First Reformed Presbyterian church (the Rev.
Dr. Wright's). In commenting upon this case, the *Tri-
bune* uses this language: "The effect, not apparent, but
much more momentous, we are constrained to say of

this long and bitter feud, will be that of every other sec-
tarian quarrel, the weakening of belief among the irrel-
igious masses in the use and truth of Christianity. If
the Church, composed of descendants of John Knox and
other vigorous and faithful witnesses, can give up
months and years of their short lives to bitter recrimina-
tion and wrath; if its members can deliberately continue
to appropriate to themselves the fruit of other men's
charity, and to persecute at the same time the men
whose work they are seizing, they teach the world that
their morality either leads to what other people call dis-
honesty, or they become dishonest in spite of it."

ANOTHER DRUNKEN CLERGYMAN.—Rev. August Thorbeck
in Morrisania, in the upper part of this city has for five
or six years been indulging in a very free use of "the
ardent," and the evil habit has been growing upon him.
He gets very drunk at home and has often been seen in-
toxicated in the streets. The elders of the church after
repeated admonitions and warnings, could endure the
stigma no longer and have told him to step down and
out. The clergyman also has another bad fault, that of
borrowing money from all who would lend to him and for-
getting to pay. Poor fallible man.

MOODY ANECDOTES.—M. D. Conway relates the follow-
ing: Moody's worldly daughter, upon meeting her saintly
father at the breakfast table, after her return from the
theatre the night before, she was greeted with, "Good
morning, child of Satan," "Good morning, papa," was
her reply. Moody once asked a gentleman, "Have you
found Jesus?" was immediately answered, "No; have
you lost him?" In Yorkshire Moody met a profane
young man at a railway junction, who entered the car
swearing fearfully, because, by following mistaken in-
structions, he had taken the wrong train. Shocked by
the young man's profanity, the Revivalist said gravely:
"Young man, do you know where you are going?" "Yes;
I am going to Halifax," was the reply. "No," replied
Moody, still more solemnly. "you are going to hell."
"On the wrong train again, by G—d!" replied the young
man.

STEPPING DOWN WITH SADNESS AND GRIEF.—The Ten-
nessee Conference have just finished the trial of the Rev.
Dr. John W. Hanner, Sr., the eloquent, and one of the old-
est, and most influential clergymen in the South, for
gross immorality in writing a lascivious letter to Miss
Naylor, with a view of corrupting her and leading her
into sinful paths. The vote against him upon the main
charge was unanimous, and Bishop Wightman, with
great sorrow, performed the delicate and painful duty of
passing sentence upon him; which is a suspension of
one year. Dr. Kelley, counsel for the accused, spoke on
the occasion, as follows: "I left Dr. Hanner at his room
too much overwhelmed by his emotion to appear in your
midst. He did not know what the verdict would be. He
desires to express no opinion whether it is right or
wrong; but with tears rolling down his cheeks, and
heart crushed by sorrow and age, he wishes to say that
he believes in the righteous intentions of the committee.
With regard to the folly which he admits in writing the
letter, and which has cost him such pangs of agonizing
repentance, he desires to say to the younger members of
the Conference: "Look upon my agony, behold my
stricken old age and learn to avoid the very appearance
of evil." It would be well to profit by the poor old man's
sad experience; but it seems they will not learn; they
will follow the luring vice; but probably they try and
profit by the Elder's misfortune and endeavor to not get
caught as he was.

ANOTHER FALLEN CLERGYMAN.—For some time past the
habits of Elder J. V. Beckman, pastor of the Christian
Church of Maroa, Ill., has been such as to cause great grief
to his friends and to bring reproach on the church. He has
become such an inebriate and has indulged the slavish
appetite for strong drink to such an extent that it could
not longer be tolerated that he break the bread of
life to the faithful lambs. On a recent Sunday after
the sermon he tendered his resignation and left the

"sacred desk." His farewell speech was a pitiful one;
among other confessions he said: "This may be my last
opportunity of addressing you, and I want to ask you
that you will not charge this great shame to the religion
of Christ. Charge it only to my own depraved, sinful na-
ture. I sever my connection with you with a sad heart.
It would be sad under the most favorable circumstances;
but much more so as it is. Whenever you meet me, and
under whatever circumstances, remember there was a
time when you were proud of me. But treat me as you
may, act toward me as you choose, I beg that you will
remember my wife, kindly. Do not give her pain and
sorrow because of my wrong doing. Poor woman she
has always suffered enough. I married her, a sweet and
innocent girl. She has been a patient, and faithful wife.
Again, I ask that you will kindly remember my wife
and children."

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy
stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." (1 Tim. v. 23).

MORE HOLY ADULTERY.—This time the scene is laid at
Darlington, Wis. Good Father Fitzgibbon, of the Catho-
lic Church, has resided there twelve years, ministering
to a very large congregation with great fervor and ac-
ceptance, and was highly respected by members of all
denominations until a very recent date, when an event
transpired which led to his disgrace and flight. Mr.
Thomas Gleason, an auctioneer and constable residing
there, was married on September 5th last to Miss Cath-
arine O'Neil by Father Fitzgibbon. The lady had been
housekeeper for Father Fitzgibbon for the last six years.
She is about thirty years of age and comely and good-
looking. Mr. Gleason was a widower and is about forty
years of age. The match was thought to be a good one
for both parties. A night or two after the wedding Mr.
Gleason heard his wife talking in her sleep and speaking
in endearing terms of Father Fitzgibbon. He also dis-
covered that she paid frequent visits to Father Fitzgib-
bon's house. He then formed a plan to catch them.
Thursday, October 14th, he stated to his wife that he had
business that would call him away from home two or
three days; and he drove out of town as if on his
usual business. But he returned early in the evening
and upon entering his house found his wife was
absent. He procured a witness and they went to the
priest's house, and there poor Gleason made the discov-
ery which changed his suspicions to a terrible reality.
His faithless wife soon followed him home, and stoutly
denied that she had had any criminal connections with
the Father, but in a short time she was forced to confess
to the criminality, and that it had been of long contin-
uance. The husband on the following morning took steps
to cause the arrest of Father Fitzgibbon, but encountered
much difficulty, as many friends of the priest were op-
posed to any exposure being made of the disgraceful
affair. The husband intercepted the following letter
from his wife to the priest:

"DEAR FATHER FITZGIBBON. Tom has caught us and
all is discovered. I am ruined and you are lost. Pray
fly! For my sake! for God's sake fly! Your loving
KATE."

Father Fitzgibbon left town in the forenoon and fled to
a brother priest's house at Mineral Point, where Fitzgib-
bon's friends made extraordinary efforts to effect a settle-
ment with the injured husband. The following day Glea-
son succeeded in obtaining a warrant for the arrest of
the sensual priest, and the same was placed in the hands
of the sheriff, but news had been privately conveyed to
the priest and he immediately left for parts unknown.
The miserable wife is staying with a charitable lady in
the village and it is said she will soon leave for California.
Mr. Gleason has commenced a suit for divorce against
his wife. The lesson to be learned from this sad affair is,
that the sisters should not talk in their sleep; and when
their husbands say they will be absent for a few days
they should be extremely cautious that they do not return
suddenly and catch them in naughtiness. It is bad to be
caught. Father Fitzgibbon should come on here and
bring Cardinal McCloskey a present of \$1,000 and it will
be all right. He knows how it is himself.

Ruth's Idea of Heaven, and Mine.

BY SUSAN H. WIXON.

Ruth is one of the sweetest and best girls that I know. She is an orphan, one of three, very poor and sometimes unhappy, for her surroundings are not in harmony with her rich nature. We have many long talks together, concerning theology and other things, and her quaint ideas are somewhat amusing, and often make me laugh.

One day I asked her to tell me her ideas of heaven.

"Well," she replied, "poising her reticule on her finger, 'I suppose it is to dress in Swiss muslin every day, your robe made loose and flowing like a night-dress, with a train such as angels wear, and feast on bread and honey! It is to stand on a sea of glass, with pearls and gold, right before the great white Throne, where God sits under a white canopy. It is to go flying through the air like a kite, playing meeting-house tunes on a solid gold harp! There are mansions in heaven, glittering with diamonds and rubies, and oh! it's ever so pleasant there!'"

I laughed, and Ruth's chin began to quiver with pain and distress.

"Darling!" I said, "I would not pain you needlessly. Your ideas are the same as held by thousands of people because they've been taught it from childhood, just as you have, and never stop to think whether they are right or wrong. But that conception of heaven, Ruth, is a little behind the times. The knowledge of science and literature of advanced minds, have developed some new facts, and to-day, many, in the light of reason and common-sense are obliged to reject that crude fancy of a by-gone period; still there are a great many who cherish the same whimsical views, clinging to the old traditions, too obstinate or too indolent to think upon this, and other matters for themselves.

"But didn't our grandmothers and our great-grandmothers believe it?" questioned Ruth, and she looked as though she thought that a stunning question.

"What if they did?" I asked. "Shall we permit their beliefs or unbeliefs to bias us in our judgment? Now Ruth, my dear, let me suppose a case. You've seen my great-grandmothers dress up-stairs in the oaken chest, and the other things belonging to her, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, how would you like to see me arrayed in that suit every day? How would I look in that scant and narrow affair, so tight and uncomfortable, with the immense sleeves; that blue and white handkerchief pinned across my chest, a long blue and white apron reaching to my feet, and on my head, that great, flappy calash very much resembling Josiah Green's flying machine, or that huge 'Navarino' that made you laugh so the other day when I put it on? Now if I should wear this garb every day, and it was all thread-bare and ragged, too, my only excuse being, that as it was good enough for my grandmother, it is good enough for me, what would you think of me, Ruth, for so doing?"

"You'd look like a fright, and I would think you very stupid, and—"

"What?"

"Kind of out of your head," said Ruth, hesitatingly.

"So I should be, I think; but there is just as much sense and propriety in people wearing their grand-parents' garments as there is in retaining their ideas and beliefs, when the light shed upon them by reason and common sense, shows they belong to a day that is past. And now, my darling I want you to tell me your idea of heaven, not your mother's, nor your grandmother's, your father's nor your grandfather's idea, but *your own*. Close your eyes one minute, and think a little on your own account. You should always remember, Ruth, to think for yourself as much as possible, and never take another's opinion, unless fully coinciding with your own. What I mean, is that you are not to fall in with the notions of another, without giving them due consideration, and your own judgment which is good and comprehensive, will not lead you astray.

"How much, do you suppose we know, actually know, of any other world but this in which we live and move, and have a being?"

"N-o-thing!" said Ruth, looking vacantly into space.

"Well, then, to find heaven, don't let us go sailing off we know not where, or rear a castle in the air that will surely vanish into the thin air of that mysterious land of the Unknown; or send our ship away only to be swamped amid the breakers and rocks of that interminable ocean of space, and we ourselves be lost in that fierce, cold silence of nowhere; but let us search for heaven amid familiar places, and let it be real and substantial, or it will be of no benefit to us."

Ruth sat quite still, thinking. Presently she put her arms around my neck and said:

"If you won't laugh I'll tell you what I think would be a nice heaven, quite good enough for me!"

"Go on," I said, "I'm as solemn as the Pope of Rome!"

"I think, then, that if I could have beefsteak and fried potatoes for breakfast, Parker House rolls and coffee, and roast lamb for dinner, plum pudding and nice white bread and molasses, and enough of it every day, and if I could have nice new clothes like your

pretty cashmere and your handsome sacque, with lace trimming, and a father and mother to take care of me and love me, and could go to school every day instead of working in that dingy old cotton mill, with the noisy machinery, and could live in a comfortable house and breathe good, pure air, and not in that creaky attic, so low and dismal, in Central Street—I do think that would be all the heaven I'd care for."

"That is a very sensible heaven, Ruth, and I wish all could have such a heaven here, for it is more valuable than ten thousand misty mansions in the skies; and sometime, Ruth, if you continue good and true, it will be yours, and more besides."

And if I live, Ruth shall yet realize that heaven upon earth—all but the father and mother—they are gone and she cannot have them again; but it is possible she may have one who will be father and mother and lover all in one, and this may compensate for the loss of the natural protectors of her childhood and youth.

"I suppose you'll tell me your idea of heaven, won't you?" asked Ruth, with a quizzical glance.

"Yes, certainly I will," I answered. "It is similar to yours, Ruth, only I don't believe I am so much of an epicure as you are, though were I deprived of plum pudding and beefsteak and the things you mentioned, I might think much more of them. My heaven, what I regard as heaven, would be heaven anywhere in this world or any other, worth more, according to my way of thinking, than the great white throne and He, who, tradition says, sits upon it, worth more than golden pave and pearly gate—than all the tales of Jehovah. Jesus and the Holy Ghost—than all the sacred saints, signs, and symbols—than ship-loads of bread and heavenly honey—than millions of golden harps and angels' misty robes—indeed its great value cannot be estimated!"

"Why, what can it be?" said Ruth, with eyes wide open and mouth agape.

"It is simply, my dear Ruth, a well-ordered home, pleasant, cheerful, well-conducted, and in every respect, a *genuine* home, with no make-believe about it, a sweet home indeed! full of rich and tender associations, where love reigns supreme and wisdom sits at her right hand. There is a Holy Trinity in this heaven—could you name the three composing this trinity, Ruth?"

"Father! Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Mother,"

"Right again."

"Child."

"Correct. Whenever I think of a possible paradise, with not a serpent in it, it is always in connection with three words: *Husband—Wife—Child, or Father—Mother—Child*. These three make the triune God of heaven, and heaven is home. What do you think of it dear?"

"I think," said Ruth, as she kissed me, "as you remarked of my conception of heaven, that it is very sensible."

Questions for Bible-Worshippers.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

A debate was held in Watertown, Wis., in 1871, between B. F. Underwood, and Rev. Mr. Haddock, in which the latter evaded many of Mr. Underwood's arguments and did not reply to them. Mr. Underwood noticing this sharp practice on the part of the reverend gentleman, proposed that each should propound a given number of questions to be answered by the other, one at a time, as given. Mr. Haddock reluctantly assented to the proposition, well knowing his refusal to do so, would, by the audience, be construed as cowardice on his part. His answers, however, were amusing; some of them evasive and others, "I don't know." "It may have been so."

"Well, what if it is so?" &c., &c.

The following are the questions propounded by Mr. Underwood:

Does not the Old Testament teach revenge? Did not Jesus so understand when he said, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but I say unto you, resist not evil?"

Did not the Jewish law permit the nearest relative of a man who had been killed by his fellow, to follow and slay the homicide, even when the latter was excusable, if he could execute this act of vengeance before he reached a "city of refuge?" [Deut. xix. 4.]

Does not the 109th Psalm inculcate the most horrible revenge?

Is not the warmest eulogy on a woman in the Old Testament bestowed upon her, who, with circumstances of the most aggravated treachery, assassinated a sleeping fugitive that had taken refuge under her roof? [Judges v. 24.]

Does the Bible not command that, "If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, let us go and serve other Gods which thou hast not known, thou, nor thy fathers; . . . thine hand shall be the first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people?" [Deut. xiii. 6-9.]

Was this command calculated to promote religious toleration and charity?

Is it not recorded in the Bible that the Lord put lying spirits in the mouths of Ahab's prophets, told them to go out on their lying mission, and promised them success? [1 Kings xxii. 21.]

Is this example calculated to promote truthfulness?

Does not the Old Testament give a man the power when "he hath taken a wife and married her, and it come to pass that she finds no favor in his eyes" . . . to "write her a bill of divorcement, give it into her hand and send her out of his house?" [Deut. xxiv. 1.]

Is not the right of the wife to get a divorce under any circumstances entirely ignored?

Did not the Jewish law require a man to marry the wife of his deceased brother—if she were left childless—whether he wished to marry her or not? And was not this marriage commanded without reference to the married or single condition of the surviving brother? [Deut. xxv. 5.]

In times when the law prevailed, when polygamy was common with the best men among the Jews, and when nobody thought it wrong, could anybody suppose it applied only to unmarried brothers?

Were not Abraham and David polygamists? Does the Bible not represent God as saying of Abraham, "He kept my commandments, my statutes, and my laws;" and of David, "He did all which was right in the eyes of the Lord, and turned not aside from anything that he commanded him all the days of his life, save only in the matter of Uriah the Hittite?" [1 Kings xv. 5.]

Do not these declarations involve approval of polygamy?

When Moses, instead of condemning polygamy, said that if a man "take him another wife, her food, her raiment, her duty of marriage, (i. e., of the first wife) he shall not diminish," does he not sanction the practice, both by silence as to its wrongfulness and by providing for its continuance?

When Moses in times of polygamy, said to the Jewish soldiers, in invading the Midianitish territory, "Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every married woman, but all the women children that are virgins keep alive for yourselves," (Numb. xxxi. 17-18,) did he not sustain and command something worse than polygamy?

In commanding Jewish soldiers to seize beautiful female captives of war when they had a "desire unto them," and make them their wives by violence, and afterwards when they no longer had "any delight in them," to send them away, humiliated and outraged, (Deut. xxi. 10,) did he not sanction and perpetuate one of the most horrible practices of ancient times?

Did not the command that women should offer "sin offerings" on the birth of a child, suppose there was sin attached to motherhood? [Lev. xii. 6-7.]

Are the foregoing laws and commands calculated to inspire respect for the character of woman or to elevate her condition?

Does the Bible not sanction and command human slavery? Does it not say, "Both thy bondmen and bondmaids which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids; moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land; and they shall be your possession?" [Lev. xxv. 44-45.]

Does the Bible not say that a master may beat his servant, so that he shall die from the effects of it, and yet go unpunished if the slave does not die under his hand, for the reason that "he is his money?" [Ex. xxi. 20.]

Does the Bible not provide for the sale by a master, of his own daughter, as a chattel, in these words: "If a man sell his daughter to be a maid servant, she shall not go out as the men servants do?" (Ex. xxi. 7.) Could not the new master, after making this maid servant his wife, and when she no longer "pleased him" send her away from his house? [Ex. xxi. 8.]

Is slavery calculated to elevate mankind?

When God said to Abraham after he had married Sarah, the daughter of his own father, (Gen. xx. 11-12,) "I will bless her and she shall be a mother of nations," and cause her to become a mother when she was ninety years old; and when he had said to Abraham, "I will make thee exceedingly fruitful," and when God further says, "Abraham kept my commandments, my statutes, and my laws," does it not follow that this incestuous union was approved of God? Is the example a good one, according to our present notions?

Is the Bible law that dooms to death the man who works on the Sabbath calculated to benefit us? [Numb. xv. 32.]

Is the law commanding refractory sons to be stoned to death, one that we would like to see revived?

Was the Jewish law commanding that meat unfit for the Jews, should be sold to aliens, one which we should pattern after in our legislation? [Deut. xiv. 21.]

Was the Jewish mode of treating captives of war, (Deut. xx. 10-16,) commanded by God, calculated to inspire the Jews with sentiments of humanity, or impress them with the worth and sacredness of human life?

Is human sacrifice right? Does the Bible condemn Jephtha for sacrificing his daughter? Does it not rather represent that the vow was made under the influence of "the spirit of the Lord"? (Judges xi. 29.) After he had made the vow, did not Jephtha sacrifice his child in accordance with a law in Lev. xxvii. 28-29, which required that everything, whether man or beast, devoted to the Lord, should "surely be put to death"?

Was not the hanging of two sons and five grand sons of Saul, to stop a famine that had prevailed three years for the dead king's sins, a clear case of human sacrifice demanded by the Jewish Jehovah? [2 Samuel xxi. 10-14.]

Was not the destruction of the Amalekites, for what their ancestors had done four hundred years previously, (1 Samuel xv. 1-3) and seventy thousand Israelites for an act of David, based on the idea that the death of the innocent was required to atone for the guilt of the wicked? [2 Samuel xxiv. 1-10.]

Is it desirable to introduce such a principle in the making or execution of our laws?

Are there not other causes than adultery which may furnish proper grounds for divorce?

Does not the New Testament forbid it except for this reason, and does not the New as well as the Old fail to provide for a divorce for a wronged and outraged woman?

Does not the New Testament teach, that as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything; (Eph. v. 22-24) that the husband is head of the wife as Christ is head of the Church; that women are not permitted to speak in public, but to be under obedience, as also saith the law; that they are not permitted to teach, but to learn in silence with all subjection, for the reason that "Adam was first formed, then Eve, and Adam was not deceived, but the women being deceived was in the transgression"? [1 Tim. ii. 11-15.]

Is this kind of teaching calculated to elevate woman?

Did not Paul teach the principle of abstinence from marriage, except for the gratification of uncontrollable passions? [1 Cor. viii. 1.]

Does he not say, "The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit, but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband"? [1 Cor. vii. 34.]

That although marriage may be justifiable, "if a man thinks that he becometh himself uncomely toward his virgin" yet it is better not to marry at all? [1 Cor. vii. 3-38.]

Are these right views of the relations between the sexes?

Does not the New Testament say, "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God; whosoever therefore resisteth the powers resisteth the ordinance of God, and shall receive to themselves damnation"? [Rom. xiii. 1.]

Does it not say, "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, whether it be to the king as supreme or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil doers"? [1 Peter ii. 13.]

Are these doctrines of unqualified submission calculated to make brave men, or to give us free governments?

Does the New Testament not say, "Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their masters, worthy of all honor"? [1 Tim. vi. 1-2.]

"Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward"? [Titus ii. 9.]

Are these teachings different from those of tyrants and oppressors in all ages?

In former times did not kings and priests incite whole nations to war, and urge them on to battle against heretic nations in the name of Jehovah, and appeal for precedent to the wars of the Jews against the heathen nations?

Has not slavery been perpetuated by the approval and sanction which the Bible gives it?

Have not the doctrines of witches and evil spirits, and the command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," caused the death of hundreds of thousands of innocent persons?

Have not the Jewish laws against heresy, and the declaration that "he that believeth not shall be damned," caused millions of human beings to be hanged, burned, stoned, butchered, or otherwise put to death, because of their opinions?

Has not the doctrine that belief is a merit and disbelief a crime, deterred thousands of earnest minds from the pursuit of truth?

Have not the teachings of the Old Testament, respecting the superiority of the Jews been a curse to that people?

Has not the belief in a Devil led men to refer their evils to other than natural causes; and by diverting their attention from the real causes, prevented or delayed the removal of thousands of evils?

Is not the doctrine that everything was right at first, but has grown bad and must ever remain bad, disheartening and discouraging, and calculated to make men croakers and misanthropes?

Has not the doctrine that woman was the first transgressor, done infinite harm to woman?

Has not the notion that labor was inflicted on man for disobedience, tended to degrade labor, to make it disreputable, and to be avoided?

Has not the doctrine of Paul respecting marriage caused thousands of beautiful women, who should have been wives and mothers, to retire to convents and shut themselves up from the active world?

Are not the teachings that we should take no thought for the morrow, and that poverty is a virtue, ruinous just as far as they are reduced to practice?

Is not the doctrine that moral goodness is insufficient to save men, injurious to the interests of morality?

Is not the doctrine that we are saved through Christ, that his blood washes out our sins, that thieves and murderers can go straight to heaven by repentance of their sins an hour before their death, and that the noblest men and women must go to hell if they fail to believe in the dogmas of Christianity, demoralizing in its tendency?

What shall we say of a religion that consigns to hell a Humboldt and Comte, a Paine and Jefferson, a Huxley and Spencer, a Parker and Emerson, a Lydia Maria Child and Harriet Martineau, and promises eternal joy to every robber and assassin, provided they "trust in Jesus" in their dying hour?

Does not the doctrine that God answers prayer, destroy self-reliance and direct our attention in the wrong direction for help?

Has not the crazy doctrine of the end of the world, taught in the New Testament, caused thousands to become insane, and thousands of others to give away their property and abandon their avocations?

Has not the doctrine of election and predestination, as taught in the 8th chapter of Romans, made men self-righteous and Pharisaical? Has not the doctrine of eternal torment caused thousands, like poor Cowper, to live in almost constant anxiety and distress? And has it not made millions sorrowful and wretched in the hour of death?

Is it not true that the Bible contains good and bad principles, and like all other books should be read with discrimination?

Christian Missions.

Of all the failures of that sublime humbug of the ages, Christianity, itself a failure and a fraud, the missionary movement has been the most complete. In India and China, and among distant islands, missionary zeal has sacrificed many votaries; and the accumulated offerings—often made up of widow's mites and gleanings from the poor—have been lavished without commensurate result. The Missionary Herald, of the American Board for Foreign Missions, dolefully says: "That only seven per cent of the population of Ceylon (2,000,000,) should profess Christianity, and that only two per cent should be Protestant Christians, will be melancholy facts pregnant with solemn reflections to many of our readers. Again it says: "If ours is the day of small things, what can we say to India with her 200,000,000 against our 2,000,000, and her less than half a million of Christians, say one fourth of one per cent against our seven per cent." In a subsequent issue of the same journal, giving an account of the Mahratta Mission, in which during the then last fourteen years over \$20,000 had been expended by one society alone in its effort at conversion, it says: "The account Mr. Munger (missionary) gives of the present state and prospects of the Mahratta mission is not encouraging. Less than a dozen persons constitute his stated sabbath audience, and these are from his own family, and the Christian household connected with the mission." With respect to the Chinese missions, another American paper, the Herald, says: "The pig-tail celestials of the flowery kingdom do not take very kindly to Christianity. With 24 missionaries and 15 native helpers in China, the American Foreign Mission organization reports the baptism of a first convert. Millions of money contributed in the United States to convert the Chinese, and the result is a single baptism!" Says the Montreal Daily Witness, Feb. 1866, "There are now 25 Protestant missionary societies laboring in India. These societies maintain about 550 missionaries, and expend annually in that country not far from \$1,550,000." Dr. Livingston, in one of his latest works on Africa, said that forty missionaries had been sacrificed to the deadly climate of that continent, even before the first heathen had been converted. And still restless visionaries continue to encourage the religiously romantic to wander from "pole to pole" in costly and wasteful attempts to supplant one absurdity by the propagation of another, oblivious of the personal and intellectual misery that broods around thousands of heathens at home. Says that distinguished London clergyman Dr. Pusey: "There are places in London, as I have myself seen, where for generation after generation the name of Christ has never reached, and their inhabitants had much better have been born in Calcutta than in London, because the charity which sends forth Christian missionaries would the sooner reach them." And so while missionaries "watch and pray to be able to do something" the poor unconverted heathen die and go to perdition—according to Christian theory—and the God who has promised to "answer prayer" will not open the eyes of the blind, but

will witness with indifference their gradual approach to the precipice of destruction.

And so the pauper's penny, and the poor pittance of the wanting widow are snatched by the ravening wolves of a costly superstition to fit out floating palaces, freighted with Bibles, and grog and gunpowder, to carry the glad tidings of great joy to the uttermost parts of the earth. Sea and land are compassed to make one cannibal proselyte ten-fold more the child of hell, while the home-heathen, about the church doors, are let to starve, and soldiers are sent to shoot the red heathen of the West.

The Bible and the Fagot.

It may be asked; how could the Bible have existed so long and swayed such a mighty influence through all the past ages, without the overruling hand of Providence? I answer by brute force and authority. The Eden of the church which flourished in past ages was lighted by ten thousand fagot-piles, upon which the souls of thinkers went up to heaven, and the lurid glare revealed forests of gibbets, upon whose ghastly arms swung hundreds of thousands of so-called heretics.

Then it was that religion, allied with its shadow, fanaticism, came forth into the light in all its ulcerous and ghastly deformity, and propounding dogmas reeking with the slime of priestly selfishness, and blasphemous in their interpretation of the will of God, sought, by atrocities innumerable, to crush humanity, and create a race of slaves.

This monster arrayed nation against nation, and strewed the plains of Europe with the wreck of armies, leaving the bones of millions to whiten the desolate waste. There, amidst the angry shouts of combatants, the roar of engines of death, the flames of burning cities, the smoke of which concealed crimes at which demons hid their abashed faces, the cry of the widow and the orphan, the wail of unspeakable anguish of the hopeless mourner, this insatiate monster sat in tribunal, in her blood-stained garments. Her throne covered with the bones of heretical martyrs; her footstool chains and manacles; her eyes rheumy with the dust of the sepulchre; her face wrinkled with passion; her mouth gory with her feast of human flesh, she dared to proclaim the will of God! Dared? Aye, and with her sinewy hands bound the unfortunate infidel to the rack, turned the tightening screws, thrust the heated irons into his flesh, tore the quivering nerves with red hot pliers, shrieking, fiend-like, in his ear—"Believe, or be damned."

Professing to be the evangel of peace, Christianity has strewn the half of earth with the wrecks of armies and the bones of murdered millions. Its history is one of wars and persecutions, crusades and holy massacres. Established by the crimsoned hand of Constantine, perpetuated by fear, and force, and fraud, it innudated the ages with an ocean of gore. Verily Christ came to bring a sword.

At the birth of Christ there was universal peace. The temple of Janus was closed. But since that period, the so-called Prince of Peace, has indeed brought a sword upon the earth. The rivers of Christendom have run blood. "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one," commanded Christ. With a sword Peter smote off the ear of the high priest's servant. Christianity and the divine authority of the Bible were established by the sword in the great Roman world by that Christian cut-throat, Constantine. Charlemagne left the Saxons the only alternative of being baptized or butchered. The conquered were obliged to accept the Bible or death. This "Eldest Son of the Church" slaughtered 4,000 captive Saxons in one day down by the river Weser, because they would not submit to the saving ordinance of Christianity.

Three hundred millions of human beings have been sacrificed by Christian priests in their frenzied efforts to force a man-made, printed book upon mankind as the word of their God.

"And priests dare babble of a God of peace, Even while their hands are red with guiltless blood, Murdering the while, uprooting every germ Of truth, exterminating, spoiling all, Making the earth a slaughter house"

"Ask and Ye Shall Receive."

Very good. But how shall we ask? Earth and heaven are absolutely deluged with words.

Heaven, especially, is fearfully bored with words—words—words. Everlastingly teasing the Lord, for blessings—blessings he can never bestow, without violating heaven's organic law. And he won't do that.

Blessings, as well as cursings, are the result of conditions. "Whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap." And so of women.

"Blessed are the pure in heart." They are already blessed—blessed all the time. "In blessing, ye shall be blessed." No better way of asking a blessing, than to bless humanity, in general—and every body, in particular—by doing all the good you can. By being examples of righteousness, worthy of all imitation. PRENTISS.

The Truth Seeker,

A JOURNAL OF REFORM AND FREE THOUGHT.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.
No. 333 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

An Open Letter.

It is possible that some people may deem it improper that a letter addressed to the distinguished personage named below should be written, but we cannot so regard it. Countless prayers and appeals are daily made to him from all sorts of people, from all sorts of places, and upon all sorts of subjects. Every one says or asks what he pleases, and no man is authorized to dictate what shall be said. A prayer is an appeal, a letter is also a form of appeal. Any individual has a right to either form. That a letter is any more improper than a prayer is not obvious, and in this case a letter is preferred. It was first thought best to send it in the care of Messrs Moody and Sankey, the noted Evangelists now conducting business, for a limited period, at the Skating Rink in our neighboring City, and, as is largely supposed, in the immediate interest of the personage in point, as being the place of all others where a letter would be most likely to reach him; but as there is not a little uncertainty as to the precise locality where a letter or parcel would be sure to reach him, so as to receive attention, it was deemed best to insert it in these columns, believing it would attract his attention as soon in the pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER as any other place, from the fact that so many worthy people carefully peruse its columns. If there is any informality in the mode, it probably will make no essential difference to the party addressed. He is represented as having said "come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." Now we labor constantly and also are heavy laden—laden with doubt and uncertainty on many points, laden, in common with many others, with a want of true knowledge, which want, is ignorance. This ignorance is very generally prevailing over the entire world. May it be dispelled!

To His Excellency, IMMANUEL J. CHRIST, otherwise called "Prince of Peace," "Sun of Righteousness," "Lion of the Tribe of Judah," "Wonderful," "Counsellor," "The Messiah," "The Redeemer," "The Savior," "The Bridegroom," "The Lamb of God," "Captain of our Salvation," "Son of God," "Son of Man," etc., etc.:

RESPECTED SIR: Learning from our daily papers that it is expected you will pass a few days in our immediate vicinity, in connection with your agents, Moody and Sankey, who are supposed to be in your special service, and who have just commenced a grand starring engagement through our principal cities, in your interest, I embrace the opportunity to address you in this manner, hoping I may be able to attract your attention and to receive a reply. I am in quest of truth, and many say it is to be found with you, and to attain any good gift whatsoever of you, it is only necessary to ask. I wish knowledge and information on many subjects, and I hereby make my wants known, I trust with due respect and in a proper spirit. If I have not troubled you latterly as often as many do, I hope it will not disparage my chances of recognition. If your memory serves you, you will bring to mind, that something over a quarter of a century ago, I was in the habit of addressing you regularly four or five times a day, from one year's end to another, but finally coming to the conclusion that my appeals were not heard, or that they availed me nothing, I discontinued them, thus saving much time and breath and losing nothing, so far as I was able to judge. After a silence of more than twenty-five years, it is hoped this effort will be successful; but if it is not, I shall not be greatly disappointed.

If you can make it convenient at intervals from duty, during these revival times, either during the present engagement of Moody and Sankey at the Skating Rink in Brooklyn, or at their coming engagement in January next, at the Hippodrome on Fourth avenue in this city, (formerly Barnum's Cir-

cus, and afterwards Gilmore's Concert Garden, and Shook & Palmer's Lager-beer Saloon,) or if at any other time, you can spare a few moments to communicate with me upon the subject matter of this letter, I hope I shall be duly grateful, and I assure you I will make good use of the information received.

I shall not have room in one letter to enquire of you all I wish to know, but if I am successful in obtaining answers to these questions, I may sometime address you again, but in any event, I trust I approach you in a proper spirit, and that I give no offence. I wish not to be impertinent, but to indicate to you the points upon which I need light. If you are truly the source of light, may I not hope to be successful?

In nearly all the lives and biographies that have been written of you, a great lack exists of a description of the days of your infancy, childhood and youth. How is it that the "Evangelists," who are said to have been divinely delegated to write your life and teachings, should have been so silent in reference to this interesting portion of your existence? Were these items purposely suppressed, or was it simply accidental?

There is a great uncertainty relative to the origin of your existence; the account we have seems to rest largely upon a dream which it is said your step-father dreamed. May I ask you, is that account reliable?

Were you begotten by the Creator of the Universe, and was he personally present on the occasion?

Were you begotten by the same process as all other beings have been, who have lived in this world, or was it out of the ordinary course of nature?

Was your mother psychologized or mesmerized, or otherwise rendered insensible, or did she retain her consciousness?

Did she acquiesce in the interesting procedure? Was she simply passive, or was she overcome by a force which she could not resist?

Did love have ought to do in the transaction? and if so, was it an example of "free-love?"

Did the occurrence cause any scandal in the neighborhood, and was it generally understood that your step-father had dreamed out the true theory?

If you are part God and part human, can you not properly be called a hybrid, an amalgamation or miscegenation?

Your friends, the clergy, assert that you existed as an individual from all eternity, and that your begetting and birth eighteen hundred and seventy-five years ago, was merely a formality for the purpose of endowing you with the quality of mortality. Is that so?

Did you, then, retain your consciousness during the nine months of your mother's gestation? If so, may I ask, did not close confinement for so long a period become somewhat irksome?

Had you full consciousness during the days of your infancy?

Was the star which was said to point out to the wise men who sought you in the stable in which you was born, a real star like others, millions of miles away, and which are immense bodies of matter, or was it a little star gotten up especially for the occasion, and which moved near the surface of the earth?

Was it so important that those men from the East should find you, while yet a new born babe, that a star was delegated to leave its course to point out to them your precise locality, or to get up another for that special purpose?

Do you remember the critical period of "cutting teeth"?

Was there any "Mrs. Winslow" in those days, to prepare "Soothing Syrup" for the babies?

Were you much troubled with colic, croup, bowel-complaint or worms?

At what age did you have the mumps, the measles and the whooping cough? Did you have them light or hard?

Did you used to wear petticoats when you were little, and can you remember your first pants?

Can you remember when you first used to run out doors and play with the boys and girls?

Did you know, when you was a little boy, that you was God, and the Ruler of the Universe?

Is it true as narrated in the New Testament, styled "Apocryphal," that when you were a small child and traveling with your mother, that she placed you on the back of a mule that, by enchantment, had been changed from a young man, and that you transformed him back to a young man again?

Is it true that you rolled up clay in the form of birds and then made them fly away in the air?

Did the water in which your mother had washed you, cure two sick children?

Did you cause a boy to die because he carelessly ran against you?

Did you use to go to school and did you like studying?

Did you learn rapidly?

Did you know all things from all time, including the ordinary branches of education taught in schools, or did you have to study and learn like other scholars? Did you ever play hookey?

Were you fond of boyish sports? Were marbles, "hop-sotch," leap-frog and base-ball in vogue at that time?

Did you ever fall in love with any girls of your age, and if so did anything serious come of it?

How old were you when you commenced working at the carpenters' trade?

Did you stretch boards, doors, etc., for your step-father when he made them too short?

How did you like the carpentering business?

If you were God and knew all things past, present and future, why did you not get up some such inventions as planing machines, morticing machines, matching machines, or circular saws, which for the last fifty years have proved themselves so valuable in saving labor?

Why did you not leave some such invention behind you to assist in immortalizing your name?

How came you to quit the carpenter business? Was it not a good trade at that time?

Did you like preaching and performing miracles better?

Have you ever doubted whether your first miracle, changing water into wine, at the wedding in Cana, was well advised, especially as the guests were already drunk?

Have you not many times, with sadness, noticed the bad effects of intemperance and the undue use of intoxicating drinks?

Have you ever thought that the miracle alluded to, was setting a bad example to wine-bibbers?

Did it ever occur to you that it was not strictly moral and not according to the commandments, to go into other peoples corn fields on the Sabbath and pluck corn, without permission?

Upon mature reflection, do you still think you were right and reasonable when you got angry at the fig tree and cursed it because it did not bear figs at an untimely season of the year?

Do you still think it kind and god-like to damn people to endless punishment because they do not believe that which they cannot believe?

Can a person believe just what he pleases, whether convinced or not?

Do you still think the example of mendicancy and idleness the best example you could have set your fellow men?

Is not the doctrine "take no thought for the morrow," calculated to prevent enterprise thrift and forethought? Would we have anything to eat in winter, if we did not prepare for it in summer?

Was it strictly right for you to instruct your disciples to take an ass or a mule to which they had no right?

When you went without food for forty days, in the wilderness, did you not endanger your life? Can a man now go forty days without food or drink, and live?

When the Devil took you up into a very high mountain and showed you all the kingdoms of the earth, did he carry you as boys say, "pig-back," or in what way did he carry you?

How high was the mountain?

Could you see the countries on the opposite side of the globe any better for going on to a high mountain?

Did you get a good view of Rhode Island and New Jersey?

Did you at that time know the earth is a round ball, or did the person know it who wrote the account?

Did you know at the time you were accompanying the Devil on this mountain trip, that he was your deadliest foe, as well as the great enemy of the human race?

When you were riding on his back through the air, why did you not embrace the opportunity and choke the villain to death?

Would it not have been the greatest favor you possibly could have conferred upon the human race?

Would it not have been vastly better than to be yourself put to death?

Did it please your loving Father better that you should die, than his old enemy and creature, the Devil?

Did your blood pacify his disturbed feelings better than the Devil's would?

Does blood actually appease your Father's anger?

Did not the blood of bullocks, rams and he-goats, formerly have that effect?

Does he not still have a fondness for blood?

Were the chemical constituents of your blood materially different from other men's, that it could exert a more potent effect upon the anger of your Father?

If it was either through the plan of your Father, or through the intrigues of the Devil that you were put to death, was there not partiality and injustice in the business?

Did it do your Father any good, or the Devil any harm, for you to die?

Would it not have been better for your Father, for yourself and for the whole world, if the Devil could have been the one to be put to death and then had remained dead?

What was the Devil ever made for?

Was it not the greatest mistake, the greatest folly that was ever committed?

Had there been no Devil, would not everything have been lovely with everybody, and would there have been any one to vex your Father?

Does not the Devil get fully nine-tenths of the whole human family, and does he not annoy your Father and yourself more than all the world besides?

Why is it you still suffer him to live?

Is it because you need him to officiate as Chief-Burner-General in the nether regions of brimstone, and to carry out your will in pitching and punching and burning poor hapless beings to the latest moments of eternity, and who had no hand in bringing themselves into existence or in getting up the vile natures with which they are endowed?

Is there not really a tacit, secret understanding—a partnership in fact—between the Devil, your Father and yourself?

Does not the Devil carry out the wishes of your Father and yourself, in punishing and tormenting his helpless victims?

Would your grand scheme of salvation be worth anything without the Devil?

Is not the Devil in the divine programme a personage equally as important as your father or yourself?

Could you get along without a devil?

Would the system of theology which we have in this country, and which is attributed to you, be worth a row of pins without a devil in it?

Could your sixty thousand clergymen in this country get along without a devil?

Would their business pay running expenses except for a devil to warm it up?

Really, after all, considering how much the Devil has done towards carrying out the divine plan concocted by your father and yourself; how much he has done for the human race by introducing education, science, inventions, innovations, and Freethought, while your clergymen and your church have been doing all they could to keep them out, is he not after all, a pretty good fellow?

Is he really as cruel and relentless as the clergy represent him?

Is it your Father or the Devil that is the most revengeful and unforgiving?

Let me ask you, can you be happy in heaven, seated on the throne, at the right hand of your Father, the four beasts near, with the hundred and forty-four

thousand saints dressed in white robes, bowing continually and singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, that song which no other man can learn; I ask, can you be happy thus, while you know the poor, wretched, unfortunate damned are writhing and screaming in the torments of hell?

Do not the shrieks of the damned wretches sometimes penetrate even to your throne and overpower, for the moment, that continuous song of Moses & Co.?

Can you be completely happy thus surrounded, when you know countless millions of poor, weak creatures are suffering the most excruciating tortures?

Would it not be vastly better to suffer those pitiful wretches to go out of existence than to keep them in endless torment?

What possible good can it do your Father, yourself or any living being to punish eternally quintillions of poor fallible men and women?

Is there no possibility of ending this most wretched and damnable business?

To return; when the Devil took you up into that high mountain, to show you all the kingdoms of the earth, and when he offered them to you, did you not know he had no title to them at all, and that they belonged to the estate of your Father?

If you knew this, was it much of a virtue in you that you did not accept his offer?

Do you think it was a sharp thing in the Devil to undertake to play such a game with a God?

Was not the Devil, who could transport you on to the top of a high mountain, equally as large and as strong as yourself?

Was he the same Devil, or the same sized Devil that you subsequently cast out of the wild man you found raving among the tombs?

If that was a full-sized Devil, how could he get into a man?

Mark says the Devil left the man and went into two thousand swine; were there two thousand Devils in the man, or did the one Devil divide up into two thousand parts?

When the two thousand swine rushed down a steep place in the sea and were drowned, what became of the Devils? Were they drowned, or did they enter the fishes?

Mark says all these Devils were in one man, and Matthew says there were two men that had the Devils, which was correct? Did Matthew see double?

If one told the truth, did not the other tell a falsehood?

If you sent those Devils into two thousand hogs, thus causing their destruction, is it strange that the people, when they learned the fact, wished you to leave their coast?

Would any of our Western stock-growers welcome your visit now, if you should thus cause the destruction of their herds?

Were those Devils that you sent into the swine the same kind as the seven Devils which you extracted from Mary Magdalene?

What was the size of those seven Devils? Where did they enter, and where did they make their exit?

Is not all this business devilish strange, any way?

If your death was necessary to the happiness of the world, to the serenity and peace of your Father's mind; if you had to die, that one in ten, or one in a hundred of poor doomed humanity might escape the suffering vouchsafed to all the rest, and by which grand process your Father is to be eternally glorified, did not Judas play a most commendable part?

If you had to be betrayed before you could be tried and crucified, was not the betrayal most essential?

If this is so, is it not wrong to despise Judas and hold him in detestation for the important work he performed?

Should he not rather be canonized by your Church as a saint of the first water?

How could a single being ever have found salvation, had there been no Judas?

Were not the Jewish priests who urged on your death and destruction, also important factors in the grand, divine scheme?

Were not the Roman soldiers who performed the closing part of the melo-drama, also worthy of special honor and distinction?

If you knew the results of your death, in redeeming a few sinned souls from the burning sea of sulphur, were of such vast importance, why did you dread the special work you came to perform—the glorious death you came to die?

Was there ought of fear or faltering in your mind and courage when you so frantically reproached your Father, for forsaking you?

Did you really think he had turned his back upon you, when you cried out so piteously, "Eloi, eloi, lama sabachthani?"

Do you think you met death as bravely as did old Socrates and numerous others of those old heroes who preceded you?

Should a God, in facing death, have less courage, less fortitude, and less backbone than a man?

Did you know that your death would be the most glorious event in the whole history of the world?

Did you consider it any more for you to die than for any other individual to pass through the same ordeal?

Have not hundreds of thousands of men and women endured the pains of dissolution with far more fortitude than you did, though their sufferings were many times greater?

Let me ask you was the six hours during which you was suspended on the cross sufficient to take a man's life?

Did you absolutely die, or was it merely a case of fainting or swooning?

Did darkness cover the earth in consequence of your suspension upon the cross? Where was the sun during those three hours?

Was an earthquake also produced in consequence of your sufferings, and did the graves open and the dead walk out alive and mix again with their former companions?

If this extraordinary affair really occurred, why was Matthew the only one of your biographers to notice it, when mere trivial events were minutely related by all?

Did you keep the engagement you made at that time with the thief, that he should be that day with you in paradise?

Did you not, rather, take the opposite direction and spend the interim between your death and resurrection in the heart of the earth, according to your prediction, or "in hell," as the Apostles Creed and the Bible have it?

Did you not find the interior of the earth intensely hot and a very uncomfortable place to be in?

If you were to pass three days in the heart of the earth did it not necessitate your traveling four thousand miles through dense, super-heated matter to get there?

Did you not find the great density towards the heart of the earth a great impediment to your travel?

If it was foretold by yourself and others that you should be three days in the heart of the earth how could you make two nights and one day to fill the bill?

Are one day and two nights—aggregating at the most forty-eight hours—equal to three days or seventy-two hours?

Had the extreme heat of the interior of the earth anything to do with your returning before your time was up?

Did you not make excellent time to go four thousand miles to the heart of the earth and return in two nights and a day? Did you have much time to tarry there?

Let me ask you as to your ascension; did your physical body, the same that was laid in the sepulchre, ascend?

How high did your journey reach?

Did you not find the upper air extremely rare and intensely cold?

Can a physical body of flesh and blood exist for ten minutes at a distance of ten miles from the earth?

As the earth travels through space at a velocity of over sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, does that fact make any difference as to the direction, route or distance from earth to heaven?

How is it that the four evangelists differ so widely in reference to your ascension, Matthew representing that you ascended from a mountain in Galilee, Mark

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

The Marples-Underwood Debate, at Toronto, Ontario.

From the Toronto National.

We publish this week a lengthy report of the public four evenings' debate between Rev. John Marples and Mr. B. F. Underwood upon the questions of the existence of a Personal God and the Inspiration of the Bible, which took place in this city last week (the first part of Oct.). The affair was fully as successful and interesting as was anticipated. The orthodox element was not as largely represented in the audience as would have been desirable, owing, doubtless, to the policy which a considerable number of Christians deem it advisable to pursue, of ignoring such gatherings altogether, on the ground that such questions should not be discussed. In strong contrast to this rather narrow-minded view, we must mention the part taken in the affair by several prominent clergymen, three of whom Rev'ds. J. G. Robb, D. J. Macdonell, and T. W. Jeffrey occupied the chair in the course of the discussion, endorsing, both by their presence and their utterances, the great principle of free and unfettered opinion as the first essential toward the attainment of truth. It may be deemed invidious to particularize, but we were especially gratified by the remarks made by the Rev. D. J. Macdonell, expressive of his intelligent sympathy with the position of Free Thinkers and sceptics. We are sure that many of our readers will be glad to learn that a debate between him and Mr. Underwood is now under consideration, and, if the details can be satisfactorily arranged, is likely to take place during the coming winter.

FIRST EVENING.

The public debate between the Rev. John Marples, Presbyterian minister of Toronto, and Mr. B. F. Underwood, Free Thought lecturer of Boston, which has for some time been anticipated by the adherents of the respective causes with considerable interest, commenced on the evening of the 29th ult. at the Temperance Hall. There was an audience of about three hundred persons in attendance in spite of the unfavorable weather, among whom were a number of ladies, and several ministers belonging to the leading orthodox denominations. The gathering was a highly respectable and intelligent one, and as far as could be judged, nearly equally divided in its proclivities with a slight majority of the friends of Free Thought. Mr. G. M. Rose occupied the chair, and in a brief and appropriate speech introduced the champion of Christianity.

Rev. John Marples explained the circumstances which gave rise to the Napanee debate, and the subsequent arrangement for a similar discussion here on the same questions. He stated the first proposition to be debated, as follows: "That Atheism, Materialism, and Modern Scepticism are illogical and contrary to reason." He occupied a considerable portion of his opening speech in defining the terms employed. Atheism he said was a disbelief in the existence of a God. Materialism was the assertion that there was nothing but matter in the Universe, and Scepticism was universal doubt. He defined truth as a knowledge of the real nature of things. Truths were of three kinds, physical, mathematical, and moral. The mistake made by Freethinkers was the application of physical or mathematical tests to subjects which could only be rightly judged by a moral standard. He knew a man named Dodworth in Sheffield, England, who was a leading Atheist, who used to argue that if God existed, men could see, hear, or feel him, and have tangible evidence of his existence. God being not matter but spirit, we could not expect to recognize him by the same faculties as if he were material. Bishop Colenso was an eminent mathematician, but his mathematics had run away with him, and he undertook to apply his measuring rule to the Bible, which could only be judged by a moral test. Herbert Spencer's view was, that induction and analysis should be regarded as sciences. The courts of law were accustomed to decide in accordance with the preponderance of evidence. All human transactions were governed by the same rule. Any position established by preponderance of evidence is considered established in logic. And he claimed that the existence of a personal God could so be established. The speaker then advanced the well-known argument of design, quoting from Voltaire to the effect that as a watch proved a watch-maker, so the Universe proved a creating God. Matter must either be eternal, self-caused or created, and it was impossible to prove either of the first two propositions.

Mr. B. F. Underwood accepted most of Mr. Marples' definitions as correct in the main. He took exception to the distinction drawn between different kinds of truth as purely arbitrary. Truth was one and indivisible—all truths must harmonize with others. Logicians have made these differences—they are not inherent in nature. The Atheist Dodworth referred to by his opponent was not a representative man. He (Underwood) did not disbelieve in a personal God because he could not see or feel him, but because he had no evidence of his existence. Colenso did apply the moral standard to the Pentateuch. He had examined it by the rules of enlightened virtue and found it wanting. The speaker then adduced the

slaughter of the Midianites as recorded in Numb. xxxi: 13-18, as evidence of the atrocious nature of the actions of the ancient Jews, said to have been committed in accordance with the direct command of God. Could his opponent endorse the slaughter of women and children in cold blood as a justifiable act? He repudiated all authorities except as aids and assistants. He was not absolutely bound by any man's opinion. So far as preponderance of evidence was concerned, two witnesses might overbalance twelve. The design argument was a mere begging of the question. It was as if a man, seeing a woodchuck's hole and knowing it to have been produced by a woodchuck, should infer that the Hoosac tunnel was the work of some gigantic animal of the same species. (Laughter.) Analogy failed when stretched from heaven to earth. There was reason to believe in a watchmaker upon seeing a watch, because we had seen watches made. But we had not the same reason for inferring the existence of a worldmaker. Design implies finiteness, calculation, doubt, inconsistent with the character of an Infinite Being. "Man designs; Nature is." Matter was eternal. It was indestructible, and there could be no infinity with one end cut off. We could have no idea of anything we had not seen. We could not conceive of abstract qualities separately from the substances or persons through which they found expression. The speaker concluded by arguing that the amount of suffering in the world, and the universal system of warfare prevailing throughout nature, negated the idea of a beneficent and omnipotent Deity.

Mr. Marples, in reply, urged that the passage in Numbers would not bear the interpretation put upon it by his opponent. He read the preceding passage (Numbers xxv. 1-8), as evidence that the crimes of the Midianites deserved punishment, and justified the wholesale slaughter inflicted by command of Moses. God was the author of life, and had the right to dispose of it as he thought proper.

Mr. Underwood, in his closing speech, denied that he always required to see before he could accept conclusions deduced from scientific research. It was not supposable that all the Midianites were guilty of the offenses put forward as an excuse for wholesale massacre. He regarded the Bible as he did any other book, accepting what was reasonable, and rejecting such parts as were abhorrent to humanity and decency. He advanced the theory of evolution, claiming that the adaptation urged as a proof of design was caused by the survival of the fittest.

The best feeling prevailed during the debate, the speakers being courteous and gentlemanly in their conduct toward each other. The debate will be renewed this evening at the same place, Rev. J. G. Robb acting as chairman.

SECOND EVENING.

The debate was resumed on Thursday evening, at Temperance Hall, before a fair attendance. Rev. J. Gardner Robb presided.

Rev. John Marples, in resuming the discussion, said that his opponent placed design and adaptation in opposition, but as a matter of fact, adaptation was practical design. Design signified purpose, plan, scheme. Everything in Nature was wonderfully adapted to the purpose it fulfilled. What was the object of the firmament? Was it not to afford an arena through which countless mighty and brilliant orbs might roll ceaselessly on their course? The object with which the sun was created was to afford light and heat. It was in every respect adapted to the purpose of its creation. The forces of gravity—the centripetal and centrifugal forces were adapted to their task in keeping the planets in their orbits. Suppose that the centrifugal force were suddenly suspended; the planets would suddenly hurl themselves upon the centre, and universal destruction would result amid "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." Earth was perfectly adapted to be the abode of man. The wonderful mechanism of the human body was admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was formed. Nature was perfect. Art, when striving after perfection, was obliged to imitate Nature. Nothing like the order and fitness witnessed throughout the Universe could be caused by chance. We might as well throw a quantity of type into the air and expect it to come down arranged as a poem by chance. His opponent apparently fancied that the world was created on that principle. No life could be spontaneously generated. In order for the production of life, two things were necessary—seed and favorable conditions for its nurture. He quoted from a criticism on Tyndall contained in the London Globe, to the effect that as an egg contained all the germs of life, but could not be developed without heat, so the "promise and potency of every form of life" which Tyndall recognized in inert matter needed something from without to vivify it.

Mr. Underwood recommended to his opponent's consideration, the doctrine of the conservation of force. If he expended so much physical energy, it would detract from his mental power. Adaptation was not necessarily an evidence of design, because according to the orthodox argument, adaptation could be proved to have existed from eternity. Order, harmony, and adaptation must exist in the creator, and if they are evidences of design, it is clear that he in his turn must have been created, and

so an infinite succession of Gods can be inferred which reduces the design argument to a *reductio ad absurdum*. He acknowledged the existence of an unknown and unknowable power; but to call that power "God" was merely to clothe our ignorance with a word. Personality was inconsistent with infinity. Personality implied self-hood, limitation and form. Form implied formation, and as a consequence, beginning. Intelligence infers finiteness. There could be no such thing as infinite intelligence. The speaker contended that the qualities which constituted intelligence, such as reason, imagination, &c., were inconsistent with infinite knowledge. Reason implied a conclusion arrived at—an increase to our stock of knowledge. Imagination dealt with the realm of the unseen, therefore, if God possessed imagination, there must be something he could not see. Nations made their Gods after themselves. The African gods were black, the Indian deities red, &c.

Mr. Marples speaking of the possibility of the destruction of the centrifugal force, showed himself ignorant of the doctrine of the correlation of forces. No force could be destroyed. Adaptation was the result of development. The earth passed through innumerable changes, and as its condition improved higher and higher forms of life appeared. Art had improved on nature. Animals and vegetables were wonderfully improved by breeding and cultivation. He read an extract from Schmidt, a recent German author, to show that some of the lower forms of life were propagated without the process of generation, by a process of disintegration, and closed by a quotation from Tyndall's celebrated Belfast address.

Mr. Marples claimed that Tyndall established his position, that seed was necessary for the organization of life. The infertility of hybrids was fatal to the development theory. Prof. Huxley had stated that it was not proven that a species ever originated by natural selection. We spoke of God as though he had human attributes and parts, but it was a mere figure of rhetoric. All things must have had an intelligent creator; but God was a being self-existent, uncreated and eternal.

Mr. Underwood argued that fitness and adaptability arose from the struggle for existence. Those animals whose color was nearest to that of their surroundings could most easily escape their pursuers, and hence survived, and their peculiarities were perpetuated. The hardiest plants of any variety survived in a cold climate, while the weaker ones died out and the species became gradually adapted to its environments. Huxley has said, that the Darwinian theory could not be absolutely demonstrated, still he regarded it as most probable. Water adapted itself to its bed, and gradually wore a channel for itself, but without any special purpose in view. The speaker then concluded by referring to the various natural convulsions, pestilences, storms, fires, wars and famines, and asked if the system of Nature and the condition of man was consistent with the theory of a God of love and power. Infinite Power could prevent suffering—infinite Love would.

THIRD EVENING.

The second portion of the debate was taken up on Friday evening, the subject being the Inspiration of the Scriptures. There was a good attendance, considering the number of other gatherings. Rev. D. J. Macdonnell occupied the chair.

Mr. Marples stated the question to be discussed as follows: "That the Bible, consisting of the O. T. and the New Testaments, contains evidence beyond all other books of its divine origin." He stated that he did not believe in the inspiration of the English version, nor did he contend that every word of the original was inspired. The three principal evidences for inspiration were the fulfilment of prophecy, miracles, and the effect of Christianity on mankind. There were in the Old Testament no less than thirty-eight predictions with respect to the coming of Christ, some of which were uttered four thousand years, and none less than four hundred years, before his appearance. The destruction of Jerusalem was prophesied one thousand years before the prediction was fulfilled. Christ also foretold its annihilation in plain and unmistakable terms. There were other remarkable prophecies uttered concerning the desolation of Egypt. It was prophesied by Ezekiel that Egypt should be delivered into the hands of strangers; that there should be "no more a Prince in the land of Egypt." Volney in his travels testified to the degraded condition of the country. Isaiah had foretold that Edom or Idumea should lie waste. Volney speaks of thirty ruined towns in that country, of its being the habitation of wild beasts and the abode of desolation, according to the prediction of the sacred volume. Burkhardt says, the country is a desert. The speaker closed by commenting upon the close and literal fulfilment of all the predictions concerning Christ.

Mr. Underwood said there might be a preponderance of evidence concerning a subject of which we had sufficient data leaning to one side, but not enough to completely establish it. He contended, that had God intended to give man a revelation, he would never have put it in a dead language, rendering the *ipse dixit* of the clergy necessary to its correct interpretation; but that he would have written it upon the face of Nature in characters of living light, or more probably, impressed it upon the mind and heart of

man. Mr. Marples did not believe that every word of the Bible was inspired. Others might say the same concerning other passages, and who was to judge? The latest manuscripts discovered all differed from each other, and from the generally received version of the Scriptures, which had been forged to build up certain dogmas. The prophecies lacked circumstantiality and particularity of statement. He doubted whether Christ's prophecy concerning Jerusalem was uttered before the event. There was no evidence that any one of the gospels was written in the first century. The end of the world was foretold in the Bible, as being then immediately at hand. Of the blessings and curses pronounced with regard to the Jewish nation in Deuteronomy xxviii, some had been fulfilled and some had not. He quoted a prophecy concerning Egypt which had not been fulfilled, and claimed that his opponent should have furnished chapter and verse of the prophecies relating to the Messiah. Instead of bringing peace on earth according to the prediction, the Gospel has brought wars and dissensions. He concluded by pointing out the difference between Christ and the temporal ruler expected by the Jews.

Mr. Marples said that on the next evening he would go into the predictions concerning Christ, and challenged his opponent to bring forward thirty-eight passages in any other so-called sacred book concerning any other person which had been fulfilled. He said that all the prophecies had come through the descendants of Shem. No revelations had been vouchsafed through Ham. In reply to Mr. Underwood's argument with regard to the language in which the Bible was written, he said this difficulty was traceable to the tower of Babel, where the Lord confounded the language of the audacious builders.

Mr. Underwood said that Mr. Marples had not replied to many of the arguments that he had advanced. He characterized the laws of the Bible as disgraceful to savages and said that the Jews were a barbarous and an ignorant people. The well-known prophecy of Mother Shipton had been fulfilled to the letter, excepting the last item. He did not believe in the story of the tower of Babel and the confusion of tongues, which was against the views of the most eminent philologists.

The Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, in summing up, said, that the debate was calculated to do good, and result in a firmer hold and deeper love of Truth. There were many people in all the Churches who could understand and sympathize with much of Mr. Underwood's position, while repudiating his conclusions. Many members of the Churches were looking not so much for Truth, as for their particular "ism," and the same remark applied to many professed Liberals also. They wished to establish preconceived ideas of their own. Statements had been made, as matters of fact, which amazed him and set him thinking; and he would probably take the opportunity of expressing his views on these subjects at an early day.

FOURTH EVENING.

The debate on the inspiration of the scriptures was concluded on Saturday, Rev. Mr. Jeffrey presiding. As on the previous evenings the majority of the audience appeared to be in sympathy with the views of the advocate of Free Thought.

Rev. Mr. Marples took up the argument of the fulfillment of prophecies concerning the coming of the Messiah. He was referred to in the Old Testament as the seed of the woman who should bruise the head of the serpent—as Shiloh—as a great prophet—he was to be of the tribe of Judah of the house of David—to be born in Bethlehem—to be born of a virgin—to be remarkable for his wisdom, righteousness and meekness—to work miracles—to be despised and rejected of men—a man of sorrows—to be betrayed for thirty pieces of silver—to be tried, condemned, spit upon, pierced with a spear, and put to death—to be buried in a rich man's tomb, and finally to ascend on high, leading captivity captive—his teachings were to extend far and wide, and enlighten the Gentiles. He gave the chapter and verse for several of these passages. His opponent would perhaps contend, that Mary was not of the seed of David. There were two genealogies of Christ given in the Bible—tracing his descent from David. That given by Matthew gave the paternal line through Joseph—the other was to be found in Luke and gave the descent of his mother Mary. The latter stated that Joseph was the son of Heli—meaning son-in-law—Heli being the father of Mary. According to the Jewish system of genealogy, the name of the husband was put for that of the wife.

The speaker read an extract from the writings of John Stuart Mill, in which a high tribute is paid to the character of Christ as a standard of divine excellence. Concluding with the sentence, "Whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left."

Mr. Underwood said he had asked his opponent for chapter and verse of the prophecies referred to by him, but Mr. Marples had only given them in three instances which, he must conclude, were the strongest he could adduce to prove the fulfillment of prophecy. The passage relating to the bruising of the head of the serpent by the seed of the woman, had no reference to Christ—merely to the killing in the readiest way of serpents by men, in consequence of the idea that the serpent had tempted Eve. In the seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed was another text ad-

duced. All the nations were not blessed in the seed of Abraham. Christianity was making no progress in the East. "The scepter shall not depart from Judah until Shiloh come" could not refer to Christ, as Judah was a subjugated province at the period of his advent. The text of Isaiah, "behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son," was a sign given to King Ahaz respecting his deliverance from his enemies. The context would show that the event referred to is mentioned by Isaiah as happening shortly afterwards. The same argument adduced to prove the divinity of Christ, would establish that of Buddha—another great moral teacher and law-giver. He agreed with Mill in his veneration for the character of Christ as a reformer and iconoclast, who, were he to reappear on earth to-day, would affiliate as of old, with the abused, the down trodden and the outcasts, and would find a readier acceptance in the halls of the Infidels, than beneath the gilded steeples of a formal Christianity. (Applause.) Rev. Dr. McNaught, of Liverpool, and Dean Alford were both opposed to the view that Mary came of the House of David. As to the effect of Christianity, the doctrine of the atonement was demoralizing in its character as affording a cover for every kind of vice. The great bankrupt scheme of salvation made men more careful about getting converted, than anxious to live true and noble lives. The speaker commented upon the absurdity of a system which, while receiving those whose lives had been a course of depravity, because they professed repentance at the last, held that Mill, Humboldt, and other benefactors of the race were damned because they did not believe. Such an undue exaltation of faith, gave a license to crime and wherever it was preached the jails were filled with criminals.

Mr. Marples in reply said that the countries blessed with an open Bible compared favorably with others. The well-known Joseph Barker, once an Atheist, had given damaging testimony as to the immoral lives of the Infidels he met in the States. He contended that he was entitled to be considered the victor as Mr. Underwood had not even attempted to show that any other book afforded equal marks of divine inspiration to the Bible.

Mr. Underwood claimed that, according to the rules of debate, he could not be expected to prove a negative. It was true that the Bible-reading countries were the most advanced, but that was because the prevailing intelligence induced the people to become acquainted with literature in general. He might with equal truth say that the countries where the Greek and Roman classics were most studied were most advanced. He pointed to the low condition of Abyssinia, which had been Christian for fifteen hundred years. England had increased in greatness in proportion as she had grown skeptical. He alluded to the progress of Free Thought in the States, in Germany, &c, and said that Joseph Barker was an unscrupulous adventurer—Christian or Atheist by turns as suited his purpose. Christianity had no doubt been a factor for good in human progress, but it had outgrown its usefulness, was unsuited to the age, and a clog on the wheels of progress.

The speaker closed the discussion amid loud applause by expressing his satisfaction with the treatment he had received in Toronto, and his friendly feeling towards his opponent.

Mr. Marples, in a few appropriate words, reciprocated the expressions of good will on the part of Mr. Underwood, and assured him of his continued esteem and friendship.

The chairman was exceedingly glad the discussion had taken place. It would awaken thought, and lead to closer investigation of the basis of religion. The great want of the age was not so much the want of brains as a want of thought.

After the passage of a vote of thanks to the chair and general committee, the meeting adjourned.

The Poor this Winter.

To Peter Cooper and Hon. Abram S. Hewitt:

FRIENDS: The Fall River complication having brought home to the laboring poor of New York the question of their own imminent extremity, the question how at least scores of thousands of them are to look freezing and starvation in the face this Winter, how could you refuse the hall of the Cooper Union to the Labor Lyceum for a lecture from Charles Bradlaugh, a man with such an inevitable future before him as no other man in England, yet to be the first man in the United Kingdom, destined to enter Parliament and convert and compel it to justice to himself and his plebeian party, and who, as if his stake was not that sea-girt Empire but the whole world, yearly vaults to these shores to conquer fame and position here, welcomed, honored and sped by such men as Sumner, Phillips and Emerson? How could you refuse the hall to these thousands of suffering, imploring, destitute, despairing laboring poor? When Peter Cooper, a penniless lad, grew to erect and donate for the benefit of the similarly destitute, that magnificent structure devoted to science and art, with its reading-rooms, schools of design, and numberless benefactions open to all, alas! alas! was this last act to turn his back on all that proud and noble career?—J. T., in N. Y. Star.

Labor Strikes.

BY A. GAYLORD SPALDING.

DEAR EDITOR: We know the universal antagonism of labor and capital, which explains all labor strikes everywhere. Wise or otherwise, they are always justifiable or excusable, and will continue, in the nature of things, until justice and equity shall harmonize the relations of men and classes—employers and employees. Labor has the first claim, that can never be yielded nor relinquished, since life itself is only sustained by labor.

The negro chattel had rights, founded in human nature, and the rebellion was his strike—most terribly bloody, to be sure, but the last resort. In earth or heaven who can ever blame or condemn him? It was the crack of doom to hoary injustice, cruelty and tyranny, and should have been far extended, heeded, and applied. But mankind are slow to learn.

The Grange is now a grand and extensive strike of the white man, as well black. We avoid the blood, but mean none the less. It is a claim for justice and equal rights for the farmers and producers, against non-producers and vampires. Parties and sects are ignored. It is a question of manhood and labor, against money and non-labor, or aristocracy. We inaugurate a new order of aristocracy, namely, the

ARISTOCRACY OF LABOR.

Man is man, and who is more? Not even President Grant, Henry Ward Beecher, nor the Pope of Rome. Men have their pets and idols of party and sect, but the Grange favors none of them. Come down, come down, we say to the lofty and lordly millionaires, and the hundred thousand and fifty thousand dollar preachers and office-holders. No matter under what name or head you put it—Church, Ministry, Bible, Religion, or Politics—it is all one thing to the Granger. Come down to the farmer's half bushel. Ever so big or high, you all have to eat the same bread with us, and we produce it. It is common labor, common right, common humanity.

No privileged class, of church, clergy, or profession, of any kind, because the farmer claims equal manhood, and such partiality crushes him down in the dust. You may boast of your Websters, Calhouns, or Ben. Butlers; but the essence of all law, even the seedy and swarthy farmer can understand, and save the fees, though his speech be not reported in the morning paper. You may be proud of your Beechers, Spurgeons, and Moodys; but the substance of all true practical religion the plainest and humblest worker may fully comprehend, without making any man an idol, pope, or god, for an easy and genteel profession. Such distinction ruins the best society, like the old caste system of India.

THE STRIKE.

All superfluous offices, legislation, and burdens of old custom or habit, in the past, we throw off and abolish, because thereby labor is taxed, shackled, and crushed. It is a strike; and we strike in various ways: by speech, oral or written, by the newspaper, and by the ballot. Let the shining and heroic TRUTH SEEKER strike. It does strike, with hitting and cutting licks. Never fear to speak the bold and saving truth. Speech is our greatest weapon and power. Speak, sing, write, print, the burning and blistering truth. "He that would be free, himself must strike the blow." We may make a bloody strike, but there are wiser methods. Ballot is better than bullet. But the best strike of all, is

CO-OPERATION.

Strike, printers; strike, mechanics; strike, farmers; strike, miners of Pennsylvania, in the dark coal-beds. Strike, workers of New York, and of all the broad continent. Strike the saloons, the loafers, the shirks, the deadheads, the politicians, the aristocrats. Strike down Tyranny and Monopoly; strike up Brotherhood and Equality. Strike for the Millennium. Strike!

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

is a noble and glorious strike; and the success of the Grange is the success of that, because it is a Grange principle, and fundamental. The Grange Movement is national, not sectional, and therefore, when women vote, in California and Minnesota, they will do the same in New York and New England. Millions of Grangers will be millions for woman's ballot. Then keep it before the people. East, West, North, or South the cause is one, everywhere. Strike!

GOVERNMENT.

with us, is a multiplicity, a combination, and a complication, and may be compared to a newspaper, the people being the types and self-compositors; or, to a mixed, cunning and intricate web, with the people for warp and woof, and self-weaving. Oh, such a nice, curious, beautiful, harmonious, perfect, and happy system! All right, indeed, for the millennium—only, were ont the diabolical abuses and abominations. But our Grants, Beechers, and Generalissimos of State and Church, incline to stand outside, a peg or two above the people, to boss, assume, and monopolize the whole job, and lay on the taxes. However, the Grange says, strike! We will mark and correct the foul, black, proof-sheet, and pick out the knotted and tangled threads. Strike! We all are labor strikers, to kill monopoly stone dead. Strike, in November, like a thunderbolt. "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." Strike!

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

stating that the ascension took place in a room where the eleven were at meat, Luke having it that you led your disciples out to Bethany, where you made your ascension, while John says nothing about your going up at all?

How could such an important event in your career be so differently stated by the four?

If either was right, were not the others wrong?

Has the great similarity between many characters in the heathen mythologies and your own, ever attracted your attention?

Are you not aware that the main facts, or what are claimed as facts, in your history appear to have been copied from similar legends pertaining to pre-existing individuals?

Were not Buddha, Christna, Sakia, Zulis, Bacchus, Hercules, Alcides, Hesus and several others who lived, or were claimed to have lived, hundreds of years before, said to have been born of virgins and to have a god for a father?

Was it not said of many of them, that they had disciples, to whom they taught excellent morals, and before whom they performed wonderful miracles?

Were not Christna, Sakia, Thammuz, Wirtoba, Iao, Hesus, Quexalcote, Quirinus, Prometheus, Thulis, Indra, Alcestos, Atys, Crite, Bali, Mithra and still others, all of whom lived centuries before your time, claimed to have been crucified as expiations for the sins of the world?

If your life and death upon the earth were a divine plan, devised in heaven, is it not a little singular that it should be so perfect a pattern after so many similar schemes previously gotten up by pagan nations?

Is God under the necessity of borrowing his plans from barbarians and ignorant heathens?

Is not the striking similarities between the various mythologies the world has known, enough to cause any thinking person to believe each system was borrowed from another?

As Christianity was the youngest mythology of the lot, does it not seem probable that it is wholly a plagiarism?

When you uttered your best and grandest sentiments and morals did you not know that the same had been uttered by many, hundreds of years earlier?

Do you not know it now?

Do you not know that what is called the "Golden Rule," was written much earlier and taught by Confucius, Pittacus, Socrates, Sextus, Isocrates, Hillel and others?

Did you give any of these persons credit for any of the sentiments borrowed from them?

Were not the sentiments and morals taught by these old pagans, when the same as yours, equally as worthy of veneration and praise as when uttered by yourself?

Had not nearly every moral sentiment which was attributed to you been taught by others before you?

Is any given maxim or truth more true, or more beautiful for being spoken by a God or a demi-god?

Is not the same maxim when pronounced by a man just as true and as admirable as when from a God?

Is it just to transfer to any individual the credit and honor that has been earned by another?

Would it not be just as right that we should revere and honor Confucius, Pythagoras, Plato, and others for the excellent morals they have taught, as to give you all the praise for inculcating the same?

Is it strange that in view of the great similarity between your life and teachings and those of your predecessors, that many should doubt the probability of your existence?

Is it not a fact that all the rites, ceremonies, sacraments and usages of the creed called by your name are traceable directly back to pre-existent heathenism?

If this is true can there be any harm in the world being apprised of it?

If Christianity in the dark ages of the world has served a purpose and assisted somewhat in helping man to emerge from the mists, falsities and superstitions of the primitive ages, does it follow that he should always continue to hug it to his bosom as truth?

In fact, is it not time the world discarded all mythologies, man-made gods, mental crudities, absurdities, monstrosities, falsities, senseless creeds, superstitions and impositions?

Are not Truth, Science, Reason, Fraternal Love and Human Brotherhood vastly superior to all these?

Have not many of the propagandists of your religion been most bloody tyrants?

Was not Constantine, who murdered many of his own family, of this number?

Were not Charlemagne, Guy Lusignan, Torquemada, Alva, Philip II., John Calvin, Munzer, Claverhouse and very many others of the same category?

Has not the religion called after your name caused more bloodshed, more persecution, and more suffering than all the other religions of the world?

When the terrible slaughters, massacres and murders that have been committed in your name and in your cause, came to your knowledge, why did you not sometimes interpose and prevent those abominations?

Did you approve of the infernal institution called the "Holy Inquisition" which for five hundred years cursed the most populous portions of Europe, and before which hellish court were dragged at all hours of day and night, men and women, helpless, defenceless victims of priestly suspicion, avarice and malice, and where without evidence or means of defence they were slowly and cruelly tortured on racks, wheels and infernal machines of every possible conception, and where hot pinchers, pullies, thumb-screws, and the stake and fagot were used in thousands of instances?

Could you hear the cries and groans of these poor, helpless, tortured wretches, hour after hour, day after day, month after month, year after year, century after century, and never feel a particle of sympathy for the sufferers—and never stretch forth your hand or to lift a finger to stay these most accursed wrongs?

Did you participate in the wars of the Crusades, when Christian Europe sent so many of her hardest and bravest sons to wrest the Holy Land from the possession of the Infidel, which terrible wars lasted many years, and which caused the blood of scores of millions of human beings to saturate the earth?

Did you take part in other Christian wars by which unknown thousands and millions of hapless mortals were made to bite the dust?

Did you assist in the bloody persecutions which continued for centuries, that were directed against the sincere, well-disposed, but most unfortunate Vaudois, Waldenses, Albigenses, the Moors of Spain and the Huguenots of France in which unparalleled cruelties of every conceivable character and the most profuse bloodshed took place?

If you did not aid in all this most infernal business, transacted in your name, and by your Church, were you totally unconscious of it?

If you knew of it, and possessed the power to stay the red hand of blood, the heavy hand of oppression, or the strong hand of death in this long night of gloom and horror, why in the name of all that is good, all that is merciful, all that is high and holy, did not you, or your all-powerful Father, once stretch forth your hands and stay these giant wrongs?

Could beneficence, mercy and love, sit benignantly, placidly and smilingly, on a golden throne, with all power at hand, and never raise an arm to check this mad monster savagism, intolerance, cruelty and death, which for so many long weary years, in the name of the Christian religion, cursed the fairest portions of the earth?

As a God or as a man, have you at any time dispensed to the human race the blessings which would have been of the greatest value to them?

Would not natural truths, science, positive knowledge, and general education been of infinitely more value to the world, than the gift of your blood, or the relics of ancient paganism which you handed down, or which have been forced upon the world in your name?

Did not your bishops, your priests, and your Church, a few centuries ago, do all in their power to hold back advancing light, intelligence, education and science?

Were not the great discoveries of the truths of Nature, the noble emancipators of our race from the rule of ignorance and error, systematically and persistently hunted down and persecuted?

Were not books, schools, and the printing press, time and time again denounced as of the Devil's agen-

cles and opposed by Christian zealots to the extent of their power?

Were not the masses purposely kept in ignorance and filled with superstitious fallacies by those who claimed to be their religious and Christian teachers and guides?

Has not the advance which the world has made in education, science and general intelligence been made in spite of, and in opposition to Christian leaders and the Christian Church?

Let me ask you right here, As God, or as man, are you, or were you ever acquainted with what are called the Sciences?

Do you understand astronomy, chemistry, geology, biology, physiology, psychology, philology, mathematics, geometry, natural philosophy, and natural history in all its branches?

Are these not all valuable and beneficial to the human race, and do they not help greatly in elevating man above the plane of barbarism, sensuality and ignorance?

If you had known these, and had taught them to the world, would it not have been immensely better than to give your blood or to retail the mysticisms, parables and the impracticable injunctions which you presented to the world?

Is it not better and wiser now, to follow in the light of science, reason and truth, than to adhere longer to any of the mythologies, superstitions and absurdities of the past?

Has not man advanced as far as he has, by his own efforts, and is it not vastly better for him to depend upon his own powers, and to exercise them, rather than to look to gods, demi-gods, popes, bishops or priests?

Have not these held the world back in ignorance, darkness and slavery for thousands of years?

Has not your Church been signalized by the fallibility, vice and ignorance of many of its leaders and rulers?

Have you been mindful of the villainous popes who have, from time to time, filled the papal chair, and who claimed to be your vicegerents and special favorites?

Did you approve the conduct of Gregory the Great in the sixth century, who was an aspiring, unscrupulous despot, notorious for his profligacy, cruelty and crimes, and who sanctioned one of the most bloody assassinations ever perpetrated?

Was John XII. in the tenth century a favorite of yours, who was an unscrupulous libertine, gambler, debauchee and murderer, and who turned the Vatican into a brothel?

How did you like John XXIII. in the fifteenth century, who was proved to have been guilty of seventy different kinds of crime, among which was sodomy, simony, rape, incest and murder, and with having illicit intercourse with over three hundred nuns?

Do you not remember the delectable Alexander the Sixth in the fifteenth century who was guilty of incest, who seduced his own daughter, who was the father of many illegitimate children, and reeked in the most abominable crimes, and among the rest murder?

Can you approve of the conduct of many of your modern clergymen who have claimed to be bright lights in your galaxy of stars? What of Ephraim K. Avery, who was guilty of seduction and then the murder of his victim?

How do you esteem Bishop Onderdonk, L. D. Huston, Henry Ward Beecher, John S. Glendenning, and thousands of other clergymen, who have been guilty of dark and damning crimes and debaucheries?

Is it an indication of the purity and goodness of a cause when so many false lights and teachers are claiming to represent it?

Do not the clergymen, who loudly preach in your name, do quite as much to corrupt the morals of the world as they do to improve them?

Do you approve in general of the rich, expensive churches and cathedrals of these times?

Are the \$250,000 churches and the \$10,000 and \$20,000 pastors anything like the times when you were upon earth and wandered listlessly about the fields, on the streets and in the highways?

Would it not be better if these magnificent church-

places, where Mr. Moneybags, Mrs. Grundy and Mrs. Uppercrust meet to worship alike the unknown God, and the god of fashion, were all converted into industrial schools, hospitals for indigent widows, imbeciles, helpless cripples, the aged, the infirm and all unable to do for themselves?

Could not many of them be profitably changed into halls of science, where the truths of nature, the useful arts and the various avocations of life might be freely taught to all?

In view of the pride, arrogance, extravagance and hypocrisy of the modern clergy, would it be unsafe to expunge them all as a bad lot?

Would not the hundreds of thousands of priests throughout Christendom, who are entirely an unproductive class, and are living upon the labor and sweat of the toiling classes, be much more profitably employed in useful and productive occupations, thereby earning an honest living?

If the masses who, through ignorance and mistaken notions of virtue and morality, are now induced to support these hordes of pampered, licentious priests, and to build and furnish these costly temples and churches, could be relieved of the onerous expense of all these; and if the priests, who labor not at all in the avocations of industry, were forced to do so, would not the hours of toil for the weary and overworked millions be materially lessened, and would there not be more time for rest, recreation and mental improvement?

Finally, as you now view the field, the past, the present and the future, would it not, in your opinion, be better to wipe out from the face of the earth all the priestcraft, superstition, sectarianism, falsehood, all the absurdities and monstrosities which have so preyed upon mankind, and to inaugurate an era of truth, reason, common sense, science, education, simplicity, fraternity and humanity; discarding false gods, base devils, useless saviors and degrading creeds, and to devote our time and attention to the improvement of this world and to the happiness of the human race?

Pardon me, Dear Sir, if I have been impertinent or bold in my interrogatories. I feel that it is perfectly safe to inquire of you on all the subjects here touched upon, and upon which I wish information.

Should I be successful in obtaining an answer from you, I will be encouraged to ask for more information. But as hinted at in the beginning of my letter, judging from the success I used to meet with, years ago, in the appeals I made to you in thousands of instances, I am prepared to not be disappointed if I receive no reply to this. I am respectfully, and studiously,

A TRUTH SEEKER.

THE GOLDEN AGE.—It is with regret we chronicle the suspension of this excellent literary and semi-liberal paper. It survived the vicissitudes of nearly six years but was compelled at last to yield the struggle. Its patrons were not numerous enough or not prompt enough in renewing. We hope this is not to be the fate of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and that a majority of its patrons have not decided it shall cease to exist. While we are loth to think this, we can only say, if they wished to produce that result, they could not take a better course than that which many of our readers are now pursuing.

Every patron who holds back and does not renew when his time has expired, is effectually forcing the breath out of it, the life from its body.

No paper can live in this city which has not a liberal list of patrons who renew promptly.

A few hundred being prompt and ready, will not sustain a paper if four or five times as many hang back and do not lend a hand to sustain it.

Think not, friends, that it is just the right course to pursue, when times are hard and the publisher necessarily feels it as directly and as acutely as any man in the community, to withhold your support, either by not renewing promptly, or saying, "I don't care to take it any longer, you may stop my paper."

We are making an earnest struggle to diffuse light, truth and mental liberty; we are engaged in an unpopular enterprise; we necessarily are denied the recognition and esteem of the popular, hypocritical classes, but we care not for this. We are willing to toil in obscurity and obloquy, and to furnish you with

the cheapest Liberal and Freethought reading matter in the country, if you will stand by us, and not be too penurious to sustain us in this glorious labor.

May we not still look in confidence to the Liberals and lovers of truth in America to aid us and support us in the task we have undertaken?

WE ARE RECEIVING DAILY orders for the work we have in progress and propose to bring out in a few months, "THE WORLD'S SAGES, INFIDELS AND THINKERS;" but we have not received enough yet to justify our issuing a work so expensive. Many who order the book speak strongly of the great need that exists for a work of the kind, and the value that such a volume will possess. If enough of our readers will take that view of the matter and conclude to patronize us to the amount of \$3, for a work richly worth \$5, they will please send us their names. We shall not risk bankruptcy in bringing it out on an insufficient guarantee; but if the proper amount of encouragement is extended, we shall bring it out as speedily as possible, and in first-class style. We believe there is no book in the country sold for \$3.00, that is better worth the money, than this same work will be. Who else wants a volume of The World's Sages, Infidels and Thinkers, with over 800 pages, crown 8 vo., with a steel plate portrait of the author, at \$3.00, post paid?

VOLUME II OF THE TRUTH SEEKER.—Three numbers after this completes the volume and the year. A limited number of complete copies of Volume II can be furnished at the close of the year. Some will be bound in paper, pamphlet form, and some in boards and cloth. The Volume running sixteen months, from Sept. 1st, 1875, to Jan. 1st, 1876, will contain thirty-two numbers, or 512 pages of good reading matter, including the interesting story of "The Witch of the Wine Mark," the able work of "The Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion," and a large number of talented lectures, essays, and long and short communications and selections; making, altogether, a valuable volume for perusal and reference. They will be sent by mail, post paid, at the following prices: In paper, \$2.75; neatly bound in cloth, \$3.50.

Those who wish a copy of Volume II. of THE TRUTH SEEKER, will please inform us early and let us know which binding they prefer, so that they may be duly served.

We have Volume I. of THE TRUTH SEEKER in paper, which we send, post paid, at \$1.00; when they lack one or two numbers, they will be sent for 75 and 60 cents.

We will send what book-binders call, cases, or covers; for Vol. II. of THE TRUTH SEEKER, ready finished and lettered, ready for any book-binder to use for the Volume; these we send post paid for 65 cents. Those wanting them will please inform us, that we may know how many to have made.

VOLUME III.—The time is getting near at hand, when we shall start out with Vol. III. of THE TRUTH SEEKER as a weekly. Many have written us that they will send us in clubs of new subscribers. We hope an effort in this direction may be general. As we propose to give some thirty-seven per cent. more reading matter for the money than now, we need to have our circulation increased to that extent; for thus far, in dollars and cents, we have hardly held our own and unless our circulation can increase largely with the new Volume, we shall lose money. We trust our readers will not suffer this to take place. Friends of THE TRUTH SEEKER, please try to do what you can for us with for the new Volume. Send in all the names you can, and we will endeavor to furnish you the best and the cheapest Liberal paper in the world. Price of the weekly only \$2.00 per year, post paid. Send in the names. Let the truth spread. Send in the names. Let the light shine. Send in the names.

TRUTH SEEKER LEAFLETS.—In the hurry of business, we have not been able so yet these ready to fill the orders received for them; but will be, in a few days. They are a cheap medium for dispensing Freethought and vital truth. Friends, send in your orders; prices 4 cents per doz., 25 cents per hundred; \$2.00 per thousand, post paid. We give a few more specimens of them in this issue. THE TRUTH SEEK-

ER LEAFLETS and TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS should have a generous and a general circulation. We are getting many very complimentary letters concerning the Tracts, stating that they are just the thing to open the eyes of those who do not see clearly and are troubled with moral blindness. They are destined to be very efficient in the good cause. We will be glad to fill any number of orders for them. Send them in.

THE NEW AGE is the name of a new weekly eight-page paper just issued in Boston, J. M. L. Babcock, Editor and Publisher, A. Walter Stevens, Editorial Contributor, and Wm. Denton, Contributor. No. 1, Vol. I. is a fine specimen of an able literary journal. In the leading article we notice this: "The New Age is not devoted to any special interest whatever, nor the advocate of any special policy." Herein, we think, lies a mistake. It would be better to have a special interest and a special policy than to run without one. We see, however, it is liberally disposed and we wish it good health and a long life. Price \$3.00 per year.

THE BURGESS-UNDERWOOD DEBATE will be out in a few days. This full report of one of the ablest four-day's debates ever held upon the topics of the Bible and Christianity is most interesting and instructive to all classes of readers. As both sides are faithfully reported, it affords a specially good opportunity to study the arguments of each side. We will be glad to send a copy to every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER. In paper 60 cents, in cloth \$1.00, post-paid.

THE PRO AND CON OF SUPERNATURAL RELIGION.—This able and exhaustive little work, together with a sketch of the life of the author, will also be out in a few days. It is a valuable little production for every Liberal reader and student of Freethought. Price in paper 40 cents, in cloth 75 cents. Let us see how many orders we will receive for it.

Those who have copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER No. 26 for September 15th, 1875, and do not care to retain them will confer a favor on a worthy sister and an excellent Liberal, Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va., by mailing them to her. She is anxious to obtain a few copies of that number and as ours is exhausted, we are unable to supply her.

SOUL PROBLEMS is the title of a medium 12 mo. volume by Joseph E. Peck, and published by Chas. P. Somerby of this city. We have been too busy to give it a careful perusal, but it appears to be well adapted for Liberal and earnest thinkers. Price, \$1.

MARRIED. ARUNDELL-PATTERSON.—At Wapello, Iowa, on Friday, Oct. 8th, by W. G. Allen, Esq., Mr. Thomas Arundell of San Buenaventura, Cal., to Mrs. A. K. Patterson, nee Amanda Kremer, of Wapello, Iowa.

The parties became acquainted with each other through an advertisement in the Boston Investigator of November last. A visit from Mr. Arundell resulted in a marriage and after spending a few weeks visiting their relatives they started for their home in the fair clime of Southern California, where Mr. A. has resided for the past eight years.

These friends have our best and heartiest wishes, may they live long and happily and leave a numerous progeny behind them.

ELEVATING LABOR. SOMETHING NEW TO BE TAUGHT IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.—The special committee of the New York Board of Trade, appointed in February last to inquire into the condition of labor in this city and State and to devise measures for the promotion of skilled labor, met last evening. Mr. Chas. H. Haswell was Chairman, and Mr. G. W. Clark was Secretary. The act, passed by the Legislature on the 14th of last May on which the committee base their action, provides that the Board of Education in each city in the State shall cause free instruction to be given in industrial and free hand drawing in at least one department of the schools under their charge respectively. This act will go into effect on the first day of next month. In all the great cities of Europe free schools for the study of the industrial arts are numerous, but in the metropolis of America Cooper Institute is the only institution which is devoted to this purpose, and that is by far inadequate to satisfy the wants of the people. Mr. Haswell said last evening that skilled labor is the great element of national prosperity, and that it behooves us not only to contend successfully with the workmen of continental Europe, but to surpass them. An ample fund should be raised to authorize the renting of a building, to equip it, and to provide suitable instruction in technical studies. Several sub-committees were appointed.

The Bible God Disproved by Nature.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Delivered before the Progressive Lyceum, America Hall, 615 Jayne Street, Philadelphia, Sunday September 12th, 1875.

After a few preliminary observations, of a local character, Mr. Coleman spoke as follows :

Many of the most eminent scientists, and advanced thinkers of the age, emphatically ignore the existence of any power, personal or impersonal, outside of Nature, denying *in toto* the being of the creator, or the possibility of any such thing as creation, recognizing only perpetual formation from everlasting to everlasting; all the powers, potencies, and principles manifested in Nature, being inherent therein, having always existed and will ever continue to exist. Such a senseless non-entity as a personal God, is utterly repudiated and scouted. No person of any philosophical acumen, or clear perception of the nature of things, can ever subscribe to such a palpable absurdity as the anthropomorphic monstrosity ycleped the God of the Bible, hence the rational, philosophical Rationalist and Spiritualist entirely ignore his existence, relying solely upon the eternal principles of mind and matter inherent in the Universe.

Many Liberalists and Spiritualists, however, acknowledge their belief in what they call the "God of the Universe," or the "God of Nature;" not a personal being, but a more or less Pantheistic God; while some are purely Atheistic; but usually they are more allied to Pantheism than to either Theism or Atheism. Unlike our Atheistic brethren, they generally recognize an intelligence in the Universe, impersonal, so to speak, till individualized in the human organism. The utilization of the instinctive intelligence in the Universe, the focalization of all the principles, forces, and powers in Nature into one distinctive whole, constitutes the Scientist's usual conception of Deity, immutable law reigning supreme in the universal defile organization, as much as in the various organic and inorganic bodies found in Nature's wide domain.

All over the country we find Spiritualists and Materialists fraternizing, as they should do. Liberal Leagues are organized composed of both, and societies formed of Spiritualists and Freethinkers, before whom Spiritual and Liberal lectures are heard. B. F. Underwood and J. W. Pike, Materialistic lecturers, often lecture for Spiritualists, as does that sturdy veteran in the cause of Freethought and intellectual liberty, Horace Seaver, of the Boston *Investigator*. Clearly, then, the place of the Spiritualists in these debates, is with the skeptics, the Materialists, the Atheists, excepting, of course, when the abstract question of spirit and cognate subjects are under discussion.

Appropos of this subject, in an editorial in the *Investigator* of Sept. 1st., the oldest and most prominent Materialistic and "Infidel" paper in the country, the following language appears: "If we are not greatly mistaken, nine-tenths of the Spiritualists of to-day will acknowledge themselves Infidel, we mean so far as respects their unbelief in the divine authenticity of the Bible, and this is all that Infidelity signifies. Every one of the Spiritualistic lecturers in this quarter, of any prominence, is anti-Biblical and anti-Christian, and as little affected by the mental poison of Infidelity, as if it were good mental food—and so we think it is. Andrew Jackson Davis, the John the Baptist of Spiritualism, and Prof. Denton, Warren Chase, Gerald Massey, Dr. Storer, Prof. Carpenter, Prof. Toohy, Prof. Morse, and others—the ablest of the Spiritual lecturers—are all anti-Christian or Infidel; and so, likewise, is the *Banner of Light*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Hull's Crucible*, &c. Therefore, Spiritualism, in its lecturers and its press, is nearer to the *Investigator* or Atheism, than it is to Christianity."

One of our Theistic friends recently declared, "that no one but a Bible student was capable of properly discussing this subject;" thus intimating that himself and his *confreres* were better students of Holy Writ (falsely so called) than those on the opposite side. What constitutes a Bible student? Is it those who delve and pore over its pages, with certain preconceived ideas constantly in their minds, bending everything found therein to meet their views, studying the book solely from the Christian standpoint, without examining the various arguments of those of contrary modes of thought? No one can possibly study the Bible fairly, dispassionately and unprejudicedly, believing in it as an infallible divine revelation. Such a believer is biased in its favor, and it is impossible for him to judge impartially and justly of its contents. The various absurdities, contradictions, and immoralities found therein, he either skims over, scarcely conscious of their presence, or else he so turns, twists and distorts them from their pure and simple meaning, as to make them unrecognizable. The most far-fetched and fancied interpretations are given to the clearest and plainest statements; or else, as in the cases of Swedenborg and T. L. Harris, they are so spiritualized, idealized and transcendentalized, that their deformities are concealed, and their hideousness mantled.

Has the gentleman referred to, and his Theistic friends, who have spoken on this floor, made them-

selves acquainted with the various facts and arguments advanced against Bible infallibility, etc., found in the writings of the Freethinkers of this, and past generations? Are they as familiar with anti-Christian ideas and arguments as anti-Christians are with those of Christians? I think not, indeed, I know not. The flimsy character of most of the views presented by them on this floor—clearly evince their ignorance of the two unanswerable arguments of the noble army of disciples of Freethought, Rationalism and Mental Freedom. No one can be truly qualified to decide upon the merits of the Bible as a divine and infallible revelation, unless he has first examined, in the fullest manner, the best that can be said on both sides of the subject. Have our Christian debaters here, done so? Did they ever examine Volney's "Ruins," and his "New Researches in Ancient History;" Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," or that ablest of all Atheistic works, D'Holbach's "System of Nature," or even Helvetius' epitome of the "System of Nature;" or Cure Meslier's "Good Sense, (a scarce commodity among Christians, when dealing with theological subjects.) Do they know much about even Rousseau's ideas, (and he was comparatively a feeble Freethinker,) or of Spinoza's "Theological Tractate," or his "Ethics;" or of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of Rome;" or of Dupuis' scholarly "Origin of all Religious Worship?" I wonder if they ever heard of Robert Taylor and his "Diegesis," "Syntagma" and "Devi's Pulpit"? If they ever got hold of his "Diegesis," they must have felt sick after perusing it. They may have liked better Hume's "Essays on Miracles," &c., or Shelley's "Queen Mab," or "Gregg's Creed of Christendom?"

I think it very doubtful if any of our friends ever came across Haslam's famed Letters to the "Clergy and to the Bishop of Exeter," undermining as they do the whole foundation of Christian belief and evidence. Winwood Reade's recent work, "Martyrdom of Man," would also mightily please them, over the left, as would Robert Cooper's "Infidel Text Book," "Bible and its Evidences," &c. Perhaps some of them may have really looked over Paine's "Age of Reason," that being the best known and most widely read of anti-biblical books; but if so, none of them have ever dared to attempt to answer his unanswerable logic and "knock down" arguments.

Another most excellent work, the study of which I earnestly recommend to all Theists and Bible-worshippers, is Higgins' masterly "Anacalypsis." After reading that once, I think they will be "settled." If not, let them at once procure that incomparable production of the great German theologian, D. F. Strauss, I mean his "Life of Jesus," the grandest work on Christology the world ever saw; the greatest specimen of pure analytical reason the human mind has yet produced. No one can come to a clear comprehension of the life and teachings of Jesus, or the value and authenticity of the New Testament records, without reading this work; but if found impracticable to be obtained, (and it is very scarce at present,) then get Thomas Scott's "English Life of Jesus," only published within the last few years, which contains in a small compass, very much that will be found amplified and elaborated in Strauss' much larger work. Perhaps, however, some of our friends may have read that very shallow and superficial Rationalistic "Life of Jesus," by Renan, wishy-washy stuff, in comparison with Strauss or Scott. Then there is Evan Powell Meredith's "Prophet of Nazareth," a recent able English work, critically analytical of the character and teachings of Jesus. "Amphilogia," by the same author is another fine production.

Then again, do our friends on the other side know anything of the various polemical writings of the modern Bvanerges, Bradlaugh, or of his associate, Charles Watts, leaders of the English Secularists, and editors of the London *National Reformer*, or of the chaste and polished utterances of George Jacob Holyoake, his admirable "Trial of Theism," "Last Trial for Atheism," etc.? Every Theist should certainly read his "Trial of Theism." Or do they know aught of the more impassioned utterances of Austin Holyoake, and of the earlier English Freethinkers, Richard Carlile, Charles Southwell, Henry Hetherington, and Robert Owen, not forgetting our own Ethan Allen's "Oracles of Reason," Abner Kneeland's "Evidences of Christianity Examined," and Hittell's "Evidences against Christianity," also Elisha Palmer's "Principles of Nature"?

An important work recently published in two large volumes, entitled "Supernatural Religion," scholarly and classically written, is specially commended to all believers in the verity of the New Testament writings, and that they are really the productions of those whose names they bear. A little work published a few weeks since, entitled "The Childhood of Religion," by Edward Clodd, would not be bad reading for Bible-believers, and those who swallow down the incredible, nonsensical stories narrated in the "Sacred (?) Scriptures." It shows pretty clearly the origin of many of the myths and legends, the marvelous and fabulous traditions incorporated in the *inspired* volume, showing their essential oneness with similar fables and legends found among all the nations and tribes of antiquity.

Then we have the rationalistic and so-called Infidel

works of the Spiritualists, Andrew Jackson Davis, Hudson Tuttle, Prof. Denton, J. M. Peebles, H. C. Wright, Robert Dale Owen, Warren Chase, and a host of others, including the newly published, "Sixteen Crucified Saviors," by Kersey Graves. This latter is a splendid book for Christian perusal! Not only one crucified savior, Jesus of Nazareth, but *absolutely sixteen* others in various kingdoms and countries, all teaching essentially the same doctrines, living and dying in pretty much the same manner, and *all before Jesus was born, too!* Rather a poor show for the Judean Jesus. Only the seventeenth part of an atoning savior! only one seventeenth of a dying God!

Possibly the friends of the Bible God may be somewhat acquainted with the burning words of that greatest and grandest of all preachers, Theodore Parker, or with the inspired utterances of the Sage of Concord, Ralph Waldo Emerson, or those of A. B. Alcott, the transcendentalist; and the Free Religious teachers and thinkers of to-day, Frothingham, Abbott, Higginson, Weiss, Bartol, Wasson, Johnson, Longfellow, Alger, Potter, Chadwick, Conway, Newman and Voysey, not forgetting the long list of publications being issued monthly by Thomas Scott of London.

William McDonnell's excellent works, "Exeter Hall" and the "Heathens of the Heath," should by no means be neglected, calculated as they are to open the eyes of many a benighted, blinded Christian heathen.

Jaccoliot's "Bible in India" demonstrates conclusively the Hindoo origin of a great part of the Bible, both in the Old and New Testaments, and therefore constitutes choice reading for deluded bibliolaters.

Of course our friends have not read Ingersoll's Orations on the Gods, etc. If they had, I opine, they would be very chary thereafter in saying anything in advocacy of the Bible God or any other god; nor do they take much to Underwood's orations and pamphlets. He has too much strong common sense and clear searching logic for them. Then behold the vast army of deep, solid, profound thinkers and rationalists the German mind has produced, all battering away at the now tottering walls of superstition, supernaturalism and ecclesiasticism. Look at Buchner's "Matter and Force," and other works; Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity," and "Essence of Religion," besides those of Karl Vogt, Monschott, Baur, Paulus, Schleiermacher, and Schopenhauer, and an army of German theological critics and exegesis too numerous to mention, not omitting that intellectual giant, the master scientist of the age, Humboldt the Atheist, Humboldt the Materialist, whose "Cosmos," the masterly production of nearly ninety years of matured thought and research, signally demonstrates the supremacy of Law in the Universe.

De Wette, Ewald, and Kalisch's Commentaries on the Bible, are very useful reading for Bible students, throwing a flood of light upon the imperfections, inconsistencies, mistranslations, and general unreliability of the whole book, hence recommended to the prayerful consideration of all Christians and Hebrews.

But above all should such parties diligently study Bishop Colenso on the "Pentateuch and Joshua." This being the work of a Christian bishop, learned, intelligent, and conscientious, anxious only for the truth, certainly all our Christian friends should read this pointed and searching examination of those six books of the Bible. No one can possibly be thoroughly posted in regard to the Old Testament without reading Colenso, nor of the New Testament without reading Strauss' "Life of Jesus." Being familiar with these two authors, a clear and intelligent conception can be obtained of the origin and purposes of the Testaments and the probable extent of their credibility and authenticity.

Are our theistic friends acquainted with the current Free Thought periodical literature? Do they ever see the *Index*, *Investigator*, *Truth Seeker*, *Banner of Light*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Common Sense*, *Crucible*, *Spiritual Scientist*, *Freethinker*, *Spiritualist at Work*, *Medium and Daybreak*, *London Spiritualist*, *National Reformer*, *Secular Chronicle*, or do they know anything about Holyoake's *Reasoner*, *London Investigator*, or the *Lion*.

Being familiar with all, or nearly all, the writings just referred to, having most of them in my private library, I think I am safely entitled to be called something of a Bible student. Can our opponents state as much? I would also say that I am just as familiar with all the arguments, principles and ideas of the Christians and Theists, as with those of the Skeptic and Atheist. Reared in orthodoxy, a constant attendant upon the Bible class in Sunday School, from my earliest recollection, until a year or two after my emancipation from the shackles of Christian finalities and Bible worship, and having continued ever since in the path of biblical research, I can truly say that there is scarcely an argument on either side biblical or anti-biblical, with which I am not thoroughly acquainted.

In order also to place an intelligent estimate on the Bible and Christianity, it is absolutely necessary to have some acquaintance with the sacred books and forms of thought, of the other great religions of the world. We should, as far as opportunity afford, become familiar with the Koran and Mohammedanism; the Zend-Avesta, and Parsecism or Zoroastrianism; the Vedas, Shaster, Puranas, Uparishads, Ramayana, and

Institutes of Menu, in connection with Brahmanism, including also what is sometimes called the Hindoo New Testament, the Bhagavad Gita, readily purchasable in this country, and which consists of Dialogues between Christna and his favorite disciple Arjoun, these two corresponding to the Christ and John of the Bible, the suffix of Christna being dropped to make Christ, and the prefix of Arjoun (ar) being omitted to make John. Christna it is well known, lived 1000 years before Christ, and the Bhagavad Gita is known to have been written long before the Christian era. Also the Tripitika, and Buddhism; the five King and four Shoo of China, and the lives and teachings of the sages Confucius, Mencius and Lao-tse; the Talmud and Judaism; the Eddas, and the Scandinavian, and Teutonic mythology.

Considerable information relative to all these may be obtained from Mrs. Lydia Maria Child's "Progress of Religious Ideas," G. B. Stebbins', "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages," and M. D. Conway's "Sacred Autobiography," and the perusal of any or all of these three books would be of much benefit to our biblical friends.

Commending the foregoing works to the consideration of our opposing friends, I proceed to the discussion of the question in point: Does Nature disprove the God of the Bible? I will endeavor to establish the fact that Nature, through the following branches of physical science, and other departments of systematized knowledge, completely disproves the existence of the Bible Deity, and demonstrates the utter unreliability of his purported revelations, viz: Cosmogony, Astronomy, Geology, Paleontology, Anthropology, Ethnology, Archaeology, Chronology, History, Biology, Physiology, Botany, Zoology, Ornithology, Philology, Geography, Mathematics, Optics, Acoustics, Meteorology, Pneumatics, Hydrostatics, Mechanics, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Psychology, and Military Science, giving one or more illustrative examples in each case.

1. COSMOGONY. According to the teachings of the best scientists, the matter comprising the Physical Universe is alike uncreatable and indestructible, our earth and all other forms of Nature have been gradually evolved through processes of growth and development, inherent in the matter or substance comprising them, the earth and all the suns and planets have been originally composed of nebulous or gaseous matter, which, through extended processes of condensation and solidification, have assumed their present shapes and positions. The Bible God, however, tells us, through his inspired penmen, that he miraculously created our world and everything else in the Universe less than 6000 years ago, the earth having been finished in six days, while all the other worlds, suns and moons were created in one day; our earth, although, in comparison with the rest of the Universe less than the millionth part of a grain of sand, requiring, however, six times as long for its creation as the whole Universe beside. Thus Cosmogony decidedly disproves the existence of the God of the Bible.

2. ASTRONOMY. Nature, through the science of Astronomy, informs us that the sun of our solar system was in existence millions of years before our earth was evolved. The sun having primordially contained within its encircling atmosphere the material from which all its attendant planets, including our earth, were evolved, necessarily pre-existed before any of the planets, and as long ages intervened between the development of each successive planet, the outer ones being first evolved, and our earth being one of the most interior, it follows that myriads of ages must have elapsed from the time when the sun was first developed till the development of the earth. Yet the Bible God reports the creation of the sun four days after the earth was created, an absolute impossibility, and self-evident absurdity, equivalent to saying that a man's father was born four years after his son. Just as sensible; just as true. O, wise God! O, intelligent God! O, truthful God!

Again, the moon being the offspring (so to speak) of the earth was still further separated from the sun as regards the periods of their evolution, yet the Bible God represents them to have been created by him on the same day, as much as to say a man's father and a man's son were both born the same day.

Still, further, the stars of the sidereal heavens Nature teaches us have been progressively developed in like manner as our solar system, it being the type of all systems, one law running through them all, and astronomers inform us that this process of evolution of suns and worlds from nebulous matter is still going on at the present time. They also inform us that they have observed certain stars, the light from which has taken two million years to reach the earth, clearly proving them to have been in existence at least two million years ago. Yet our friend the Bible God tells us they were created the same day the sun and moon were, not quite six thousand years ago.

Saying nothing of the absurdities of light being created three days before the sun, moon, and stars, and of the existence of three mornings and evenings, constituting three days, before the sun was created, there are yet several other peculiar astronomical statements in the "Sacred Word." Joshua's command to the sun and moon to stand still a whole day, and the going back of the sun on the dial ten degrees for Hezekiah, are two marvels so transcendently ab-

surd that it is only necessary to make a passing allusion thereto. Then we have that wonderful star in the East that guided the Zoroastrian Magi, or "Wise Men," to the cradle of the infant God at Bethlehem. Most accommodating star! whose like was never seen before or since. The whole story is so contrary to the known facts of astronomical science that it is not worth serious consideration for a single moment.

The last astronomical wonder, recorded in the previous volume, I shall notice, is the prediction that the stars shall fall from heaven to the earth. The well known law of gravitation which reigns supreme throughout all space, as far we know, renders such a catastrophe an impossibility. Our earth being one of the smallest of the heavenly bodies, if there were any falling to each other to be done, would inevitably fall to the star instead of the star to the earth, and as the stars are, in general, much larger than the earth, only one star would be required to fall upon the earth to cause a general "smash-up" of terrestrial things. There would not be any room for more than one star, and even a great deal too much for that one, owing to the preponderance in size of the falling body. So you see this Baron Munchausen story about stars falling to the earth is all bosh, the worst kind of bosh, as are all the other astronomical statements to which I have alluded. Thus in seven instances, through facts of astronomy, does Nature disprove the Bible God.

In taking leave of this branch of the subject I feel tempted to exclaim, O, the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, of the unsearchable wisdom (?) of God—the Bible God! Verily, a ten year old school boy knew more in one minute than Jehovah knew from the time of Adam to that of John, the illustrious author of that sublime and god-like book, the "Apocalypse or Revelations," the teachings of which are so plain that "a way-faring man though a fool, need not err therein." Query—Did John have the faintest idea what he was talking about when he wrote it? I am sure nobody else ever did.

3. GEOLOGY AND PALEONTOLOGY. Nature, through Geology, declares the earth to be millions of years old, and that vegetable and animal life has existed therein also for millions of years, higher and higher species being gradually developed from the lower. The Bible God says that the earth and all organic nature were miraculously created six thousand years ago in six days. Some pious expounders of the revealed word, anxious to harmonize that which is totally unharmonizable and irreconcilable, say that these six days are six indefinite periods of time, geological epochs. Even supposing this to be the case, (which it is not), the work allotted to each of these days by the Bible God, is not at all in accordance with the revelations of geology. The Bible God says the work of the fourth day was the creation of sun, moon, and stars and nothing else. Now we have seen that Astronomy proves that neither sun, moon, nor stars were created on this day, hence if this fourth day be a geological epoch, millions of years in duration, God must have been idle all these millions of years, as no other work is assigned to him on the fourth day save the creation of the heavenly bodies, which he certainly did not create upon that day or during that epoch. God then must have been at rest on that day, hence the proper Sabbath day is Wednesday, instead of Saturday or Sunday. Here have these poor, deluded Christians and Hebrews been observing Saturday and Sunday as a Sabbath all these thousands of years, while, according to their own theories, carried to their logical conclusion, Wednesday is the true Sabbath day, God's grand rest day.

Again, if the six days correspond to the six Geological Epochs, the seventh day must be the same, and as a Geological Epoch is an indefinite number of millions of years, it necessarily follows that the seventh must be of equal duration, and as only 6,000 years have elapsed since the completion of the sixth, the seventh must still be in operation, in short, comparatively only just begun; and as the seventh day or epoch is devoted to God's rest and refreshment, he must still be resting, and will continue to rest for millions of years hence. Therefore, as God has been idle and unemployed ever since Adam's creation, the whole of the accounts given in the Bible, of God's doings and workings among men must be entirely fabulous. God having been doing nothing all this time, he certainly could not have been continually interfering with the affairs of men, as is reported in the Bible, so all the tales and stories of God talking with men; getting angry and killing thousands in a moment through petty spleen and malignant wrath; all the wondrous miracles therein recorded and ascribed to God, such as making a whale swallow Jonah; aiding Aaron to manufacture frogs, lice and flies; assisting Samson to butcher thirty innocent men, in order that he might rob them of their clothes, so that he might pay a bet; all these elevating, soul-uplifting and virtue-inspiring narratives must be relegated to the domain of the fabulous, mythical and legendary. As the Universe has been getting along so well for the last 6,000 years without the assistance or interference of Jehovah, I think we can dispense with him and his handiwork altogether, for all future time, and obligingly permit him to continue to "take a rest."

The order of creation, as given in Genesis, does not agree with the discoveries of geology. According to

the Bible God, grass, herbs and fruit trees were the first created organic substances, while geology proves that the lowest orders of vegetable and animal forms were first brought into existence, such as sea-weed, echinoderms, coral polyps, etc., and many millions of years elapsed before such highly developed vegetable substances, as grass and fruit trees, were evolved. Fish are placed by Genesis as created after herbs, grass and fruits, while every geologist knows fish were in existence ages before the latter. Genesis locates the creation of fish, birds and whales on the fifth day, while reptiles are placed in the sixth day. Now fish were developed long ages before birds and whales; in fact, millions of years elapsed between the development of each of these three orders of animals. Fish were among the earliest animal productions, birds only appearing in the triassic period and whales in the cretaceous. Reptiles, instead of being created after birds, preceded them in order of development, they (reptiles) being a link between fish and birds.

Many other discrepancies could be shown between the Genesal record and the "testimony of the rocks," but time forbids their mention. Thus, in many instances, Nature, through the sciences of Geology and Paleontology, fully disproves the Bible God.

4. ANTHROPOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY. Nature, through these sciences, teaches us the gradual development of man from the animal kingdom, and his existence on this planet, certainly one hundred thousand years, and probably near two hundred and fifty thousand years ago. Baron Bunsen, the famous Christian savor and Egyptologist, proves that man has certainly existed twenty thousand years. Sir Charles Lyell demonstrates conclusively the great antiquity of man, reaching back far into the past. The presence of man, either contemporary with, or immediately succeeding the Glacial Epoch, which occurred, according to well established principles of calculation based on known astronomical facts, about two hundred and fifty thousand years ago, has been completely established. What then becomes of the puny six thousand years of Genesis? Dissipated into thin air, vanished in smoke, like all the rest of the science of the Bible.

All the races of mankind, black, mixed and white, are derived from Noah, so says the "infallible" authority, but the best ethnologists declare otherwise. Even Agassiz argued strongly in favor of separate creations for the varied types of mankind. Science demonstrates the impossibility of the black races ever to have had white progenitors. Thus we see Nature, through the sciences of Anthropology and Ethnology, flatly repudiating the Bible God.

5. ARCHAEOLOGY, CHRONOLOGY and HISTORY.—These just as fully disprove the Bible narrative of man's recent origin as the kindred sciences of Anthropology and Ethnology, Geology and Paleontology. Remains in various parts of the earth have been found, indicating a high state of civilization anterior to the time of the flood in Genesis, the same continuing uninterrupted for many generations subsequent to that supposed event, thus showing that no such general deluge as is described in the Bible occurred at the time specified. Bunsen says hieroglyphical writing was in vogue in Egypt eleven thousand years ago. Manetho, the eminent Egyptian chronicler, as quoted by Eusebius, the famous church historian, speaks of a succession of dynasties in Egypt lasting 29,925 years. Thus, again, we see the six thousand years of Genesis fade into insignificance.

Jesus is represented by the Bible God as being filled with his spirit, the offspring of the Holy Ghost, and as one with the Father, yet we find him most egregiously blundering as regards the history of his own countrymen, God's chosen people. In Matt. xxiii. 35, he accuses the Jews of murdering Zacharias, the son of Barachias, between the temple and the altar. Zacharias, son of Barachias, was a Hebrew prophet, whose writings constitute one of the books of the Bible, but he was never killed, but died peacefully like other men. Another Zacharias, son of Jehoida, living three hundred and twenty years before the prophet Zacharias, was, however, slain between the temple and the altar. (See 2 Chron. xxiv. 20-22.) Here we have this son of God, or God himself as commonly believed, making a sad blunder in Jewish history, confounding together two entirely different persons on account of the similarity of their names. This one circumstance completely demolishes the infallibility either of Jesus or the record. Either Jesus never made the mistake, and Matthew was inspired to write a falsehood, or else Jesus, the perfect man, or very God (according to the conflicting views of different Christian sects), had forgotten which of the two Zacharias it was that was killed, and, guessing at it, hit upon the wrong one. Our Christian friends can take either horn of the dilemma they elect, both being fatal to their views and theories. So Nature, through the agency of Archaeology, Chronology and History, clearly destroys the reliability of the Scriptural Deity.

6. BIOLOGY. Nature declares the impossibility of animals and men living without having fresh air to breathe. The Bible God says that Noah and his family, and the immense concourse of animals, lived without air in the ark for at least forty days, if not over a year. There was only one small window to

the ark, on top, in the upper story, which, with the door, was kept closed, certainly during the rain storm, if not afterwards.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

PAINE HALL LETTERS.

ANOTHER FROM D. R. BURT.

MR. EDITOR: I thank you for placing the facts relating to the Paine Memorial Association—and in answer to the enquiries of Mr. Charles A. Codman in relation to the same—before the public. But I will say, with all due respect, that I was not a little surprised by your preface—that it was with feelings of delicacy you did so. Have you delicacy in publishing public facts, every word borne out by the record, and most of them known to yourself as facts, and such as are due the public. Having thrown to the breeze your banner, inscribed, "Truth and Justice, though the heavens fall," we were not prepared for any exhibition of feeling. It is only truth and justice to the public and posterity we ask—nothing for ourselves.

And if those gentlemen, Friend Underwood and Butts, would cease their pettifoggery and specious pleadings about the honest payment of obligations and unselfishness of men in the past—which have no relation to the case at issue—and would approach the subject with firmness and kindness, advising the Boston parties to make a clean breast of it, by inviting a searching investigation, and proposing to bind themselves to abide the decision of a Board of Trustees, properly appointed and judiciously selected, to represent the interests of all, say seven, nine, eleven or thirteen, whichever would be best, and transfer to said board and their successors, the Paine Memorial property, to be held and controlled by them in all future time; to organize under the general law of Massachusetts, which requires not less than seven trustees, as an educational institution, and thus save all taxes in future, then the above-named gentlemen would prove themselves the real friends of the cause and the friends of those who have wrested the funds from their proper custody, and refuse to loosen their grasp only upon conditions which they are pleased to offer.

Has not Mr. Mendum established his unfitness to control the matter since the lamentable departure? Had he followed instructions of the Board, every dollar of expense would have been paid by this time. It is known that his departure caused the loss in New York of \$13,000. I have a friend that was and is anxious to give all his property to an institution similar to what this was originally designed to be, amounting to \$30,000. I can also name a friend who would give \$1,000, and three others that would give \$500 each, had all been honorably conducted.

When in California, I received a proposition from Mr. Joseph Lee, of San Jose, a worthy citizen and a friend of the cause, who proposed to borrow \$3,000 for three years and return \$6,000, giving the best of security for the faithful performance of the same, as a means of aiding the cause and himself at the same time.

I retained \$3,000 in the bank for a time, and wrote to Mr. Mendum the facts. He telegraphed and wrote me not to loan any part, but to bring it all away. I then forwarded the money by draft, less \$15.00 exchange. Thus was lost to the fund \$2,500. This will throw a little light on the "frittering" process named by Mr. Mendum.

Mr. Lick has often stated, had the business been properly handled to ensure its safety for the objects designed, he would have made his gift amount to \$50,000 to each fund, to wit, the "Lecture" and the "Memorial," \$100,000 in all. This sum, together with the promised subscriptions unpaid, and which never will be in all probability, unless the conditions be changed, amounting to \$4,361.51, these several sums, amounting in the aggregate to \$135,361.51, will all be lost to the Paine Hall Fund, unless the enterprise or institution be satisfactorily secured to posterity, as originally contemplated.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I plead with you and with those above referred to, as well as with all who love the cause, to use every effort for the restoration of that union, confidence and enthusiasm, which, like a halo of light, clustered around the first inception of the Paine Hall movement—dispensed and attenuated, though it undoubtedly now is on account of the suicidal conduct of its professed friends—yet I earnestly hope the original purpose may yet be attained in the erection of a Temple of Reason dedicated to the truth as it is in Nature, and held in trust for that sacred object to our successors forever.

With the kindest feelings of respect, I remain fraternally yours in friendship and truth.

Dunleith, Ill.

D. R. BURT.

* P. S. I enclose a letter from J. Warner, of Patch Grove, Grant Co., Wis., a contributor to the Hall fund, which be pleased to publish for its very proper suggestions, and expression of feelings generally entertained. Very respectfully, yours for truth, justice and friendship,

D. R. B.

PATCH-GROVE, WIS., Sept. 4, 1875.

D. R. BURT, Dunleith, Ill. Dear Sir: Not having seen you since your expedition to Boston last winter

at dedication of the Paine Memorial Building, I take this mode to enquire as to the condition of the property, title to the same, funds used in purchase of grounds and erection of building. I surmise by Mr. Altman's letter that there is one or more screws loose as to title, funds used, and controlling management.

Now, it still appears to me, as I told you at my residence last winter, that there are two ways of making all plain and clear—first, a special charter from the legislature of Massachusetts. Second, an organization of a corporation under the general laws of the State making trustees and legal successors who shall control the property. It would seem certain to me that, under the present management, there is no legal title or control to the Liberals who have furnished the money so far, and more money is constantly wanted. Is there not danger of the building becoming the property of certain individuals, or is it not already so? May not these individuals sell said property to the Y. M. C. A., or for a shoe factory at their pleasure? (I do not believe they would, but their heirs or assigns may.) I observe that yourself and Mr. Altman, as trustees, take little part in the Building. What is the matter? Are you free to say? Is there not a probability that the mortgagee will soon take the building? I should like to know all about this matter. Is it right, or is it wrong? Please say at your convenience, and oblige your friend,

J. WARNER.

DUNLEITH, ILL., Oct. 20th, 1875.

TO A. K. BUTTS, ESQ.—My Dear Sir: I noticed in the last TRUTH SEEKER your article, in which you mention a proposition from the parties holding the title to the Paine Memorial property, which you proposed to offer to the public, and which you consider will be satisfactory to the wishes and expectations of all except a fraction of the Liberals of the country. Nothing could be more satisfactory to my feelings than to have it properly adjusted, and controlled by men who desire it as a public institution, and not the means of advancing the personal aggrandizement of any one man, or any three men.

It must be admitted that the irregularities of these men were, and are, a grave error. But if they will now invite investigation, and propose to convey in proper time to a Board of Trustees, properly selected, and abide the determination of that Board as an investigating committee, I should judge that the matter could be adjusted. I ask nothing but that the original objects of the association be carried out, and in order to do this, it is necessary to increase the number of trustees to enable an organization to be effected under the general laws of the State of Massachusetts for such purposes. If, by any fair and honorable mediation, you can be the means of affecting this, you will have earned the title of public benefactor.

Fraternally your friend,

D. R. BURT.

FROM M. ALTMAN.

OFFICE OF M. ALTMAN & CO.,
301 & 303 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR: Were it not for a single word in the letter of A. K. Butts in your last issue I would not trouble you with this note so soon, and that word is "third," which he italicizes (in the passage "for the third time, etc.") thus insinuating that I had noticed him before, by way of controversy or argument.

As far as my memory serves me I never had any difficulty with him, and have not the remotest idea of what he means when he says I "may for a third time fail to hit him," unless he refers to the following circumstances. Some three or four years ago, this man, Butts, called upon me several times for the purpose of inducing me to advertise in the *Index* or to subscribe for its stock. I refused several times, but he was persistent and importunate; finally I made him the following proposition, to wit: That I would subscribe for \$100 worth of *Index* stock upon condition that he would subscribe \$100 to the Paine Hall Fund. This he agreed to. I at once sent \$10 to the *Investigator* and a letter giving the particulars, which \$10 was credited to, and acknowledged as coming from Butts. He sent \$10 to the *Index* which was credited to me. Thus far the contract was kept by him; but the next year I received notice from the *Index* Association that my second installment was due. I wrote to Mr. Abbot informing him that the Association must look to Mr. Butts for the second \$10; and giving him the details of our agreement. He replied, stating that Butts owed them more money already, than they desired, and the result was that I paid that \$10 and six subsequent ten dollars making \$80 on said stock; and when I called Butts' attention to the violation of his contract, his reply was evasive and discourteous; at any rate he never paid one dollar to the *Index* Ass., besides the first \$10 above mentioned. If he knows of any other difference, difficulty, or controversy I ever had with him, let him speak out, giving facts as I have done.

I have no difficulty with him, even now; for what in the world has he to do with the Paine Hall or its fund? From what we know of him, he must be much more familiar with the funds of the *Index* Association than with that of Paine Hall. We certainly never heard of him in connection with our cause until he was turned out of the *Index* Association. Who is this "Busy-body Meddlesome," who rushes into print to defend better men than himself against charges never made?

Mendum and Seaver are honest, upright men, and I have never said anything to the contrary. I have had dealings with them continuously, ever since 1859 and in all their dealings have always found them strictly honest and conscientious; and yet I say that they have made mistakes in this Paine Hall matter. I repeat again, that in my judgment, the mistakes made were honest ones; yet they should be, as they can be, rectified.

It surely does not require Butts' word to assure us that Mendum and Seaver are honest, and no man deserves special credit for being honest, and why should Butts insist upon defending them when they require no defence, unless he intends drumming the country for advertisements and commissions as he did when a Free Religionist. The old adage is remembered—"When the Devil was sick the Devil a monk would be, but when the Devil was well the Devil a monk was he."

I trust, Mr. Editor, that whatever is written upon the Paine Hall Fund should bear upon that question directly. As far as I am concerned I am done with side issues and irrelevant personal gossip. I stand by what I wrote in my first card, and will prove all I have said, if denied by any two parties interested—not outsiders.

M. ALTMAN.

[The following letter from A. K. Butts is on the other side of this unfortunate matter, and we insert it just as freely as the above. Mr. Butts is recognized as the authorized spokesman for the Boston parties.]

THE PAINE HALL, ONCE MORE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20th, 1875.

MR. EDITOR: I seem to come in for attack, from far and near. While I am disposing of Mr. Altman here in New York, an honored voice from the shore of the Mississippi denounces me for what he considers my bad advice to the Liberal people. I thank you again for the permission to defend myself. I rejoice that in defending my advice on this subject, I shall incidentally be defending those standard bearers of our cause, whose devotion started, and whose ability carried on the Paine Hall enterprise. I only wish their defence had fallen to abler hands. However, before this controversy is over I expect abundant assistance. Notwithstanding the virulent insinuations which have been cast about privately among the Liberals for months past, there have been no deep seated prejudices established except in some half-dozen minds and I am safe to say that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand in our ranks will be glad to return to that almost unlimited confidence which they have reposed in Messrs. Seaver and Mendum for more than one third of a century. And I predict that before the next anniversary of Paine's birth these two men will receive more of honor and gratitude for their self-sacrificing labors in this cause than at anytime heretofore. Either I and the majority of Liberals have been miserably befooled and juggled with,—and that for many years—or Mr. Burt's mind has recently been distorted, dazed, soured and turned into a nest of haunting doubts and horrid suspicions. Mr. Burt, against my earnest protest, summons the Liberal public to decide which of us is mistaken, and I accept the issue. I never had but two hours conversation with Mr. Burt in my life. It was conducted mostly by him and concerned only this trouble. Although opposed to him from the start on this question, I was impressed by his apparent honesty of purpose and natural nobleness of character.

At the close of Mr. Burt's narration, I told him I still had absolute confidence in the honesty of Messrs. Mendum and Seaver, and further, in their anxiety to accept of any compromise which could be demanded by any candid Liberal. I begged him to remain a week or two longer in New York, to see what could be done.

I understood him to promise me absolutely and unconditionally, that he would do so. He left my office immediately and left town for the West within twelve hours without the least word to me. Right here let me say that I must never be understood to cast any reflections on Mr. Burt's honesty. He doubtless forgot his promise, and I trust I shall maintain the respect due to his age, as it is about double mine, and to his services, which are, doubtless, just as he describes them.

But if we measure by the latter, I am as well entitled to a respectful hearing, when I presume to advise your readers as before. When he mentions hundreds, I could mention thousands of dollars spent in the cause of Freethought, and where he mentions weeks, of devotion thereto, I could count at least as many months. Something more than honesty and devotion should be demanded, however, when a man makes such outrageous and scandalous attacks on venerated leaders of a noble cause. Mr. Burt should have been accurate, just and self forgetful, not to say kind, candid and reasonable.

That he has been neither one nor the other I propose to prove. First, accuracy, Mr. B. is entirely mistaken when he asserts in private and public, that the land on which Paine Hall stands is the property of the Boston Trustees, *individually* to be liable for their individual debts or to go to their heirs. The property is held by them as "*joint tenants*." This Mr. B.

ought to know as quite a different thing from "tenants in common."

The legal papers in this case were drawn by a distinguished infidel lawyer of Boston, and under them so long as either of the three Trustees lives and remains faithful to his trust, there cannot be the slightest alienation of the property. They have the power to appoint their own successors, and to suppose that they intend to appoint improper persons to that office, is too absurd for argument.

Mr. Burt's figures are inaccurate. There is only \$62,000 of mortgage on the property, instead of \$70,000. Mr. Altman signed for \$10,000, instead of \$5,000, and the former was all which he was legally required to sign. He signed without protest too.

Again, Mr. Mendum and the rest have never "positively refused" to re-deed the property to "a legal body of Trustees." On the contrary, they have always been ready and eager to make it over to any man, or set of men, who would assume their liabilities and responsibilities.

Mr. Burt conveys the idea that he and Mr. Altman were put out from the Board of Trustees. This is not so. Mr. Altman virtually took himself out and carried Mr. Burt with him. When they wished to come back they had the same right there as any of us who might have been acceptable, but were not. If Mr. Burt were a younger or less worthy man, I should accuse him of quibbling on some other points.

Mr. B. says that I referred to Mr. Codman's inquiries without answering them. This point I will leave to your readers, especially to those who knew of no covert meaning in Mr. Codman's letter. Ostensibly, his letter was to ascertain what bearing the history of the Boston enterprise could have upon our desire to erect a similar hall here, and to that inquiry I did reply fully. Messrs. Altman and Burt may see the time when they will wish that I had succeeded in repressing this scandal for a still longer time. I accuse Mr. Burt of injustice. Let us see. He ignores the fact that the five Trustees were just as much an illegal body as the three. He knows, I presume, that had they been a legal body under the laws of Massachusetts, two more would have been required, and in case of vacancy, their ranks could have been filled by the Judge of the Supreme Court, who would be as likely to put in Christians as otherwise. He accuses the Trustees of violating their own vote as to the cost of building. Now when we get all the figures before us, it will appear that the cost of the building did not exceed but a trifle the \$60,000 voted. The land cost \$25,000 besides, and the furniture a sum at present unknown to me. Everyone knows that estimates in such cases usually fall short of actual outlay. If Mr. Burt's construction, that the entire expense was to be covered by \$60,000, should have been adopted, we should have had a mean little affair enough, instead of that elegant, substantial and well furnished hall, which is and will be, (unless Messrs. Burt and Altman succeed in their work) forever a pride and satisfaction to the Liberal people. As to the lecturers' fund, it was invested in a manner which, doubtless, the donors would have approved, and the proceeds are now being applied to occasional free lectures in Paine Hall. There is but one public lecturer of note connected with us outside of Boston, and Mr. Underwood has never asked for a cent from this fund. An army of lecturers can not be created and sent out on the income of \$11,000.

I say Mr. Burt should have been more self forgetful. His many valuable services do not entitle him to destroy the work of his co-laborers: "to blow the whole thing higher than Beecher's 'Life of Christ,'" merely because he could not have his own way. He was out-voted and should have retired more gracefully.

Here is the pith of the whole matter. Let it further appear if Mr. Burt shall frankly reply to the inquiries below. I regret that Mr. Mendum has been several weeks absent on his trip to California, and some facts and figures I withhold till his return. As Mr. Altman would have it believed that I do not know much about the Paine Hall, I confess I may learn more in time. I don't know it all yet. It don't take an omniscient mathematician to see the root of these "differences." Some little trust may be placed in men whose reputation for nearly forty years has been as unquestioned for integrity and uprightness, as it has been open and widely known of all men.

It is in private circles that Mr. Mendum is best known and most beloved. On one occasion in Boston I met a silver-haired but vigorous old gentleman, editor of a popular religious weekly, who had known and watched his career up from the time they were apprentices together. Though utterly opposed to Mr. Mendum on matters of religion, he bore cheerful and emphatic testimony to Mr. Mendum's uprightness and probity of character. Said he: "I've known Mr. Mendum well for over forty years, and the first grain or germ of a lie or a cheat is not in him, and never was." I learned that though he is such an open and uncompromising infidel, his neighbors and fellow citizens of Melrose township, hold him in the highest personal esteem, and would gladly, if he would accept, give him any office in their power to bestow.

It is a great pleasure to refer to Mr. Underwood's testimony here, and surely he has some opportunities of knowing.

Mr. Mendum's best friends will admit that he is often too rough, harsh and uncompromising. I should

have been glad if he had been less so, for instance with Messrs. Burt and Henderson. But these faults are common amongst us. They are but exaggerations of the virtues of frankness, uprightness and individuality. "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." It is unfortunate that some of the few who are fighting Mr. Mendum should have similar peculiarities. While we are waiting for Mr. Mendum's return I should like to ask Mr. Burt a few questions which shall be in the best temper and utmost respect toward him personally—I trust he will answer me as considerably as he did Mr. Codman.

1st. How long after he became a trustee was it before he became so suspicious of the Boston men as to send his proxy as trustee to Mr. Altman?

2d. Who caused these suspicions and how?

3d. Was there ever any legal organization of the five trustees?

4th. When Mr. Burt obtained money from the Lick property and others, and turned it over, as he says, to Mr. Mendum did he ask or obtain any security therefor? In other words, what then was the "nature of the instrument under which they"—or Mr. Mendum—"hold the trust for posterity?"

5th. If as Mr. B. says, Mr. Altman and himself exacted "not the shadow of security," then why does he blame me now that the Paine Hall is a fact accomplished, and by its history, its adaptability and infidel inscriptions, etc., to say nothing of the integrity of the joint tenants, is "perpetuated for the purposes intended," why does he blame me for advising Liberals to the very same thing which they—Messrs. A. and B.—did so freely?

6th. As the contributions were sent in by reason of the advertisements of the enterprise in the columns of the *Investigator*, and on the faith of the only two men who were well known to Liberals, how does it appear now that they have proved themselves rascals according to Mr. Burt that the increase of their number to five would make the matter any more secure to the purposes intended? If we can't trust Scaver and Mendum, whom we think we do know, how can we trust Altman and Burt, whom we do not know? Is discord any security? Is not the chance for harmony lessened by increase of numbers?

7th. If it was right for the five men to go on in this matter without legal organization or other security, how can it be wrong for the three men to do the same?

8th. Does not Mr. B. know that the deed was originally made out to the five names, sent on to Mr. Altman, who acting for himself and as attorney for Mr. Burt refused to assume any responsibility in the matter, and sent back the deed to Boston, telling the Boston men to do as they liked, i. e. to go on without him?

9th. I proposed to Mr. B. that he and his friends go to work and form a legal body of trustees or stockholders and make the Boston men a square offer to assume the liabilities and responsibilities. I vouched for their acceptance of such offer. Now has Mr. B. any well defined plan other than this which he would have the Boston men adopt? Would he force into their company a man who refused to act with them, and who is distrusted by them, and who could not harmonize with them unless he could rule them, and who evidently acted from selfish motives from beginning to the end?

Mr. Editor I did what I could to postpone or suppress this controversy but now we are in it let there be enough of it to settle for once and all who is the villain of this play.

When Mr. Mendum returns you will hear from him or from me further.

I trust your compositor will deal kindly with me this time. In my first letter he made me say "memorable" where I had written venerable, and "well reasoning" where I wrote well meaning, and in the last line but one in my last letter he left out the quotation marks to the three words, "honest (I hope);" these were Mr. Altman's words, not mine.

Yours, for truth and justice,

ASA K. BUTTS.

PAINE HALL.

Mr. BENNETT, Dear Sir: As one who has been acquainted with the movement to build this Hall since its inception, I wish to say that the charges brought by Mr. Burt, against Messrs. Scaver, Mendum and Savage, are entirely without foundation, and they can be properly characterized only as falsehoods. Just as soon as I am able to write a letter, I shall furnish you with the facts to demonstrate the truth of this assertion. In one sentence, the case stands thus: Mr. Burt is not recognized among the Trustees, because he, or his attorney for him, refused to do what he had agreed to do. One word more, the property could in no way be as safely held for perpetuation in the interest of Free thought as it is now.

Yours Respectfully,

CHARLES ELLIS.

Greenwood, Mass., Oct. 19, 1875.

THE cranberry crop this year is estimated at 210,000 bushels, against an average of about 275,000. Cape Cod and New England produce 75,000 bushels, New Jersey 90,000, New York 5,000, and the Northwestern States 40,000. The fruit is said to be of nice quality.

Business Notices.

[In this column short notices will be inserted at 10cts. a line.]

Write to A. M. BURNS, Manhattan, Kansas, (enclosing stamp,) and get one of his circulars in reference to Burns' Seedling Raspberry. One of the hardiest, surest bearers and best varieties in existence for the severe climate of the northwest. They have been in cultivation fifteen years, and in that time they have not Winter-killed nor failed to bear bountifully.

The Liberal lectures by Prentice Mulford, announced as to be held at Masonic Hall, will be given at Trenor's new Hall, 1266 Broadway, between 32d and 33d streets, at 8 o'clock. Admission free. They are good. Let all attend who can make it convenient.

We would call the attention of our readers to the card of G. L. Henderson & Co., in another column by which it will be seen that they are still engaged in supplying their Western friends with goods.

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Friendly Correspondence.

A. W. SMITH, Denver, Col., writes: I think your paper has improved much. I am glad you are going to make it a weekly. I am a thorough Liberal, and never let an opportunity pass to advance Liberal ideas.

C. W. HALL, P. M. Rock Rapids, Ia., writes: The good work is still progressing here. There have been two clergymen here for two years, but they cannot get a foothold. One lately left—the other will leave soon. Truth must prevail.

J. COMPTON, Volo, Ill., writes: I would not do without your paper for \$10 per year. I am very thankful you are to send it to us every week. Two weeks is too long to wait for it. It is worth more than a thousand dollar minister, and far more safe with the SISTERS.

ALBERT J. GOULD, Covington, Ind., writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER is a valuable and instructive journal, and I, for one, cannot do without it. Keep up the good fight, deal your earnest blows against Biblical superstition and bigotry, and may success attend you.

JOS. W. PASSMORE, Embreeville, Pa., writes: Please send THE TRUTH SEEKER as long as the enclosed remittance entitles me to the same. I think by that time all will be said that can be upon theology. I would like to hear from you or somebody else on the money question. Just now this seems to be the question of the day. Sometime since I read an article in THE TRUTH SEEKER, written by Mr. Davis of Philadelphia, on this question, which I thought very good. I keep the THE TRUTH SEEKER around among my friends. Some like it very much, while others scold me for having such a paper about.

JOSEPH NOYES, Richford, Vt., writes: I saw in the last number of your paper the name of La Roy Sunderland, which produces peculiar feelings, carrying me back to 1838-40. Then Nathan Bangs, D.D., and the Methodist church treated him shamefully for preaching against the institution of negro slavery. I threw the *Christian Advocate* and *Journal* aside, and took a paper edited by Sunderland. We were both Methodists, and both anti-slavery. I am glad we have both concluded to worship the God of the Universe, and to reject the Christo-Jew God. I was much pleased with your paper on the Gods.

BRICK PALMER, Paradise Valley, Nev., writes: Your bold and independent style of writing has done much good in Paradise. THE TRUTH SEEKER is the principal paper taken here. It does not fear to speak the truth at all times. The citizens here have concluded to protect themselves by organizing a Grange. We hope to be able to secure ourselves against the two great monopolies that are seeking to grind the farmer between them, as between the upper and lower mill-stone. THE TRUTH SEEKER is not quite bold enough to suit me. I say that men who make a living by taking God's name in vain and by teaching that Christ is the son of God, should not be tolerated in society. They are wolves in sheep's clothing, over on the watch for our women and wine, our chickens and coin.

GEO. L. JONES, Vanville, Wis., writes: May reason and Nature (the highest God) bless your noble efforts to free the mind from the traditions of ignorant ages. It is a gigantic work you have before you, Brother; but stand firm, and success and honor will finally be yours. Since it cost five hundred thousand lives and immense treasure, to free the bodies of four millions of blacks in this country, what must be the task of freeing all the millions of mental slaves. But courage, Brother, our army, though small, is the most valiant that ever trod the soil of freedom. The pen of Col. Ingersoll is mightier than the swords of ten thousand captains. We have the school-house which is a terror to superstition. We also have great power through the press. Were it not for cowardice it could blow eternal intelligence through the traditions. Slowly, but surely, we are advancing. The brave are taking the foremost ranks, and standing shoulder to shoulder, with their white-robed sister, Science. All the thunderings from the pulpit, "the coward's castle," intimidates none. We must prove ourselves worthy of that noble Deist, upon whose banner was inscribed: "The world is my country, to do good my religion." We must withstand the enemies of our Liberal institutions, who to-day are seeking to put three gods in the people's place in our Constitution, if "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," are to be guaranteed to the citizens of this republic.

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If a sweetheart is called a turtle-dove, a coquette must be a mock turtle-dove.

WHY is a dishonest bankrupt like a poor man?—Because both fail to get rich.

THE greatest "affair of the heart" known to science is the circulation of the blood.

THE man who recently knocked down an elephant, a lion, and a rhinoceros, was an auctioneer.

WHY is a marriage certificate like an article the public cannot do without?—Because it is a noose-paper.

WHEN a girl tumbles and hurts herself badly, the first thing she does is to get up and look at her dress.

"Bah!" said John Henry's hopeful to a small boy who wanted to whip him, "you couldn't lick a postage stamp."

You need never scruple to seize time by the forelock, for he'll be pretty sure to pull out yours if you live long enough.

"ANY letters for Mike Howe?" asked an individual of a clerk at a post-office window. "No letters for anybody's cow."

A TRAVELER called for mint sauce at a hotel the other day, and the waiter said they had none, adding: "Our cook makes all the mince into pies, not sauce."

EUGENE—"Come sit down on the shelly shore, and hear the mighty ocean roar."

Amelia—"I can't sit down you silly goose because I'd burst my pin-back loose."

"FATHER," it tells here of illuminated MSS. What are they lighted with?"

"Lighted with? Oh—why—my son, they are lighted with—with the light of other days."

CROWING boy on the fence to boy on the walk. "You ain't got no baby at your house." Sneering boy on the walk to boy on the fence. "I don't care, our dog has got six pups, aha-a."

"Augustus, dear," she said, tenderly pushing him from her, as the moonlight flooded the bay-window where they were standing. "I think you had better try some other hair dye—your moustache tastes like turpentine."

WHEN you see a woman with a raw-hide hid in the back drapery of her mornin'-wrapper, and calling "William Henre-e-e" in a key about four octaves above high C, you may know that a whaling expedition is about to set sail.

AN Indian and a white man were passing along a street in an American city, when the former espied a window full of wigs; pointing to the owner, who was standing in the door-way, he said: "Ugh! Him great man—big brave—take heap scalps!"

A CHICAGO woman advertises in the *Marriage Bazaar*: "I want an honorable, honest gentleman for a husband. No lawyer, doctor, or politician may apply. I will give my future husband on my marriage day \$10,000 cash, and twice that amount in real estate. I am 22 years of age, 5 feet 4½ inches high, weight 140 pounds, a good musician, and well educated. Editor has address."

Logic—"Eat your bread, Charles, do not fling it away," said a learned and a good judge to one of his family; adding, "for who knows, in the vicissitudes of this life, if you may not some day want it." The old gentleman had to cough, look learned and go away, when the youngster answered more logically, "If I eat it, how can I have it when I want it?" This is the result of a learned judge having children.

BUYING A WATCH.—A respectably dressed, but woe-begone-looking individual entered a New York horse car, and pitifully asked: "Is there any one here who will buy this watch? My wife lies dead in the house and I want twenty dollars to bury her with." A passenger handed over the twenty dollars, pocketed the watch, and the man,

after bestowing his blessing, departed. Another look at the watch convinced its new owner that two dollars was the market price for it.

A SLIGHT HINT.—A bashful youth was paying his addresses to a lass of the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. He called one day when she was alone at home. After settling the merits of the weather, Miss said, looking slyly into his face:

"I dreamt of you last night."

"Did you? Why, now!"

"Yes, I dreamt you kissed me!"

"Why now! What did you dream your mother said?"

"Oh, I dreamt she wasn't at home!"

A light dawned on the youth's intellect, and directly something was heard to crack—perhaps it was his whip, and perhaps not; but in about a month more they were married.

A young lady of engaging personal appearance, who arrived in Burlington, Iowa, recently from Creston, announced that she was going to open a barber shop on North Hill. The very next day each married woman on North Hill surprised her husband, whose many virtues she had long known and admired, with a neat little present, consisting of a razor, lather-brush and strop. And now, as oft as a North Hill man comes home, the wife of his bosom puts her arms around his neck and rubs her downy cheek against his face, in all apparent innocence and affection; but if his cheek is smoother than when he went away from home in the morning, she fans him with the rolling-pin until he has to wear his hat on which ever lump it will fit best.

JACK AND JILL.

"To climb that stately eminence,"
Says Jill to Jack, "I go;
And if thou lov'st, then follow me,
Follow in weal or woe."

Says Jack to Jill: "Whate'er thou wilt,
Thy will is law to me;
And if to climb thou dost desire,
Lead on! I'll follow thee."

They climbed the hill, but all too soon
Repentance came to Jill;
For Jack he tripped upon a stone,
And tumbled down the hill.

"O Jack! O Jack! My own true love!
Oh, 'What a fall was there!'
Behold! Like thee, I'll crack my crown.
For what thou dar'st, I dare!"

"I called on thee to follow me,
Whilst climbing up the hill."
With one wild shriek, "I follow thee!"
Were the last words of Jill.

—Boston Advertiser.

WAITING FOR A CAVE.—Three or four days ago, within two or three miles of this city, a Washington street merchant, who had business in the country, came to a small creek, beside which a native was washing his shirt. The man was sousing the garment up and down and around, and as he "soused" he whistled a merry tune.

"Do you have to wash your own shirt?" inquired the merchant as he halted.

"Not allus, but old Bet has got one o' her fits on jest now," was the ready reply.

"Then you don't agree very well?"

"Partly well on the general thing. Bet's kind o' mulish, and I'm kind o' mulish, and when we get our backs up we crawl off to see who'll cave first."

"I should think you would want some soap?"

"I do."

"Why don't you get it, then?"

"That would be caving to Bet, stranger. She's squatted on the only bit of bar soap 'tween here and Vicksburg, and she's jest aching for me to slide up and ask her for it."

"And you won't?"

"Stranger," replied the native, as he straightened up, "don't I look like a feller that would wear a shirt three months afore I'd cave in and holler for soap?"

The merchant sided with him, and as he drove on, the man soused the shirt up and down and whistled:

I'm gwine up the river—
Hear me holler.

—Vicksburg Herald.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Prince Imperial of France is not only suffering with his old constitutional affliction, but is in danger of losing his eyesight.

Two old crows which perch on a tree in Dudley, Mass., every afternoon, and caw until hundreds of others are collected, are called Moody and Sankey.

ADJUNCTS of a Roman Catholic fair in Springfield, Mass., under the auspices of the priests of the city churches, are a pantomime, comic singing and farces.

BETWEEN May 12th, 1873, and Sept. 28th, 1875, the Springfield factory issued 255,478,000 postal cards. Orders are now on file for five millions of the new style.

"You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said a mother reproachfully yesterday to her little eight-year old girl. "'Cause I never seen you when you were a little girl," was the prompt reply.

FRANCE counts up 324 colleges, with 69,500 pupils, besides 657 private and 278 ecclesiastical institutions, with an aggregate of 77,000 students. Each bishop has at least one training school for priests.

THE registered tonnage of the British empire now amounts to 7,533,492 tons, contained in 36,935 vessels, manned by 337,624 seamen. During the past year 1,766 new vessels were built and registered.

AMONG the Yarrow tribes of Bengal marriage is arranged by the young couples themselves; but if their parents refuse their compliance, the friends of the lovers assemble and beat them into acquiescence.

ACCORDING to a French statistician, more than a thousand people have perished by fires in theatres from the beginning of the nineteenth century up to the present date, while the pecuniary loss amounts to \$60,000,000.

FATHER McGill, a Catholic priest, was recently arrested in Jersey City for intoxication. It was only a few days before that he was discharged from thirty days' imprisonment in the Hudson county jail, for a like offense.

FRENCH experiments indicate that iron rails of excellent quality show in three years a wear of 0.393 inches, white steel rails show in four years a wear of only 0.157 inches, the table of the rail preserving a perfectly regular form.

A LITTLE boy in Springfield, after his customary evening prayer, a night or two ago, continued, "and bless mamma, and Jenny and Uncle Benny," adding, after a moment's pause, the explanatory remark, "his name is Hopkins."

THE colored parson of a Georgia church gave out a hymn which did not accord with any tune known to the congregation. An old darkey in the corner rose up and said: "Parson, I'm pretty sartin I kin reech to both ends o' them varses." "Brudder Jones will raise de tune;" and the old man gave out a series of shrieks to outrival a cal-liope with a drunken engineer. "Hold up, brudder," cried the frantic preacher; "desinging will be adjourned to the next meeting."

THOUSANDS of emigrants and artisans are emigrating back to their old homes in Europe on account of the hard times and scarcity of work in the United States. Two hundred embarked at Philadelphia in one day last week.

THE two great express companies of the United States, the Adams and the American, employ about 8,000 men, 1,900 horses, 1,200 wagons, and use 3,000 iron safes. Their agents travel more than 100,000 miles daily, or more than 32,000,000 miles annually.

A MAN in Michigan cut a large piece out of his leg the other day, under the impression that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, and then discovered that he had merely been stung by a bee. A meaner-feeling man, on making the discovery, was probably never raised in that State.

THE indictments for libel against Tilton and Moulton were ended recently by a *nolle prosequi* in the Brooklyn City Court. This amounts to an admission of adultery on the part of Henry Ward Beecher, while it adds nothing to his reputation as respecting the sanctity of an oath.—N. Y. Sun.

THE great astronomer of Paris, Leverrier, who discovered the planet Neptune, which could eat up this little earth of ours and not suffer from indigestion in consequence, has made a prediction which is noteworthy. It is that the winter of 1875-6 will be uncommonly severe. Enormous quantities of snow are to fall in December and January.

WE have received assurance that the charge against Julius Wittrup, recently referred to in these columns, is founded upon no positive proof; albeit, it had current circulation in the neighborhood where the transaction was said to have occurred. There are, certainly, enough such cases of priestly peccadilloes, without giving currency to any which are not fully authenticated.

FATHER Martin Egger, a Tryolese Jesuit priest, is reported to have taken out a patent in Vienna for an electro-motor which makes the electro-magnetic current as available for driving purposes as steam. The Vienna Academy of Sciences have admitted the practicability of the invention, and have agreed to assist the inventor till his machine is completed. It will be sent to Philadelphia.

THE Ohio river is the greatest coal carrier in the world, notwithstanding the fact that it is frozen up during most of the winter, and nearly dried up a large portion of the summer. A "run" of coal was made during the month of July last, when 375,928 tons were shipped in forty-eight hours. It would have loaded over 37,000 eight-wheel cars, which would have had to be made up into about 1,000 heavy freight trains.

IN a negro revival meeting at Mount Vernon, Ind., Noah Bishop was apparently one of the most contrite of the seekers after salvation. He was the loudest among those in the mourners' seats, and was prayed for by all the brethren. Before the close of the services he said he had received the evidence of forgiveness. Then he went out of the church, met his divorced wife with a man whom she was soon to marry, grew frenzied with jealousy and killed her with an axe.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM A KENTUCKY MINISTER.—Two preachers were some time ago passing Howe's old mill, on Lead creek, which was at that time sadly dilapidated. One of them remarked that the mill needed a new dam, and was horrified when his reverend brother earnestly answered: "That mill is not worth a dam." The seemingly wicked brother is now our presiding elder.—Hawesville Phileander.

THE negroes of Jackson county, Ga., are reveling in the excitement of a revival season. Here is the favorite camp-meeting song:

Forty-seben bull frog all in de row,
Down in de lagoon, laffin' at de crow;
Bress de good Lord, how de cullud angels yell;
Hand out de dimes, or you all gwine to hell.
Bress de good Lord.

It is related that a New Hampshire minister recently portrayed the history of Jonah after the following style: "I seem to see Jonah passing along the road to Nineveh: I seem to see him enter the ticket office, buy his ticket and pay for it; I seem to see him walk upon the vessel: I seem to see them lift their anchor, and the stately ship moves grandly out upon the broad Atlantic."

IN SPEAKING of the death of "American Girl," the favorite race horse of America, which suddenly died in a race a few days ago, the *Herald* says: "If there is indeed a horse heaven, she has gone to it. There she will meet Bucephalus, with the horses of Achilles, with Balaam's Ass, Rosanante, Dapple, and all the mighty studs of antiquity, to sport with them in fields of immortal bloom and feed upon celestial oats."

A whole lot of new metals are found by the spectrum to exist in a gaseous state in the atmosphere of the sun. There are the vapors of hydrogen, potassium, sodium, rubidium, barium, strontium, calcium, magnesium, aluminium, iron, manganese, cobalt, nickel, titanium, lead, cadmium, zinc, copper, uranium, cerium, vanadium and palladium, and how many others are yet to be discovered we must leave to the imagination of our readers.

THE *Scientific American*, says if a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal is left uncorked in a room at night not a mosquito or any other bloodsucker will be found there in the morning. Mix potash with powdered meal and throw into the rat holes in a cellar, and the rats will depart. If a rat or mouse gets into your pantry, stuff in his hole a rag saturated with a solution of Cayenne pepper, and no rat or mouse will touch the rag for the purpose of opening a communication with his depot of supplies.

A HEAVY FALL.—Abbe Joseph Chabert, a prominent Catholic ecclesiastic of Montreal, and principal of the government school of art and design, was on September 25th, arrested on a charge of rape, committed on Josephine Beauchamp, a girl of fifteen years, and in his own room. Possibly his saintship had indulged too much in celibacy, until the flesh rebelled against the spirit. His trial will soon follow, but probably it will be immoral in a court to convict so good a man of so base a crime.

OLD Winston was a negro preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature were often very original. A gentleman thus accosted the old gentleman one Sunday: "Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. 'How can you prove it?'" "Well, sah, did you never read in de Bible how seven devils were cast out'er Mary Magalin?" "Oh, yes, I've read that." "Did you ebber hear of 'em bein' cast out of any odder woman, sah?" "No, I never did." "Well, den, all de odders got 'em yet."

MR. SLUSHEK, the largest man ever born in Tennessee died at Greenville in that State last Friday. He was but nineteen years of age, and, had he not been bent by an attack of rheumatism, would have been nine feet high. His boot was 18 inches long, and one of his hands was about the size of four ordinary ones. He could sit on a chair and pick up anything three feet from him. His head measured about 14 inches, and his chest seven and a half feet in circumference. His coffin was 8½ feet long, 28 inches wide, and 2½ feet deep.

COLOR IN DEATH.—Henry Jones, a worthy man of color in Philadelphia, bought a lot in Mount Moriah cemetery. His money was deemed as good as any man's, and was readily taken in exchange for the lot where he wished to have his bones deposited when he went the way of all the earth. But not so. He died a few days ago, and when the funeral procession was on the way to the cemetery with his body, it was stopped by order of the Christian directors and was informed that the defunct colored man could not be buried in their grounds. The pious souls could not think of the white saints lying mouldering in their graves, being contaminated by the contiguity of a man who once had African blood coursing in his veins.

The Bible God Disproved by Nature.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

[Concluded.]

Again, the Bible says death came into the world through man's sin. Science proves the utter falsity of this statement. Death is a natural law of life, inherent in the nature of all organic existences, impossible to be avoided, and was rampant in the earth millions of ages before the fabled Adam ever trod the mythical Eden. Thus we have the biological teachings of Nature dissipating the spectral Bible God.

7. **PHYSIOLOGY.** According to the Bible God, the following events took place with Judah, during the first forty-two years of his life: He grows up, marries and has three sons; the eldest son grows up, marries and dies; the second son marries his brother's widow and dies; the third son, after waiting to grow to maturity, declines to marry the widow; the widow then deceives Judah himself and bears him twins; one of these twins, Pharez, (from whom Jesus was descended according to Matthew) grows up and has two sons born to him, yet Judah was only forty-two years old at the end of all these transactions. (See Genesis xxxviii.) Four generations in forty-two years. Is not this manifestly absurd and impossible, contrary to established physiological laws?

Again, in less than four hundred years after the deluge, the descendants of Noah's three sons—none of whom had a child before the flood—had so multiplied that four kingdoms were engaged in war with five other kingdoms, besides over a dozen more kingdoms are mentioned as then existing. Is not this also opposed to all of Nature's physiological and reproductive laws?

Yet again, from seventy people, Jacob's family, who went into Egypt, there sprang, in two hundred and fifteen years, between two and three million people. There were only four generations, as Exodus plainly states, yet seventy people produces two millions or more in two hundred and fifteen years. There must have been forty-six children to every couple, without an exception, in each generation, yet we see in the first of the four generations, that the twelve sons of Jacob had altogether only fifty-three sons. At this rate of increase, in the fourth generation there would have been only 6,311 males, instead of over a million. Evidently a lie is out somewhere, and it don't take long to place it. The whole book of Exodus is full of falsehoods from beginning to end, as Colenso demonstrates, beyond all doubt.

Dan had only one son, yet in the fourth generation his descendants had increased to 64,400 warriors. Counting women, children, and males unable to fight, there must have been nearly 300,000 Danites. Another monstrous falsehood!

Nature renders it impossible for a man to be older than his father, yet in 2 Chronicles xxi. 20, and xxii. 1-2, we find a man's youngest son two years older than his father. And yet people cling to, and worship a book full of such rubbish, nonsense and downright lies as is this Holy Bible. Holy! Heaven save the mark!

This book plainly contradicts Nature, in stating the birth of Jesus without a human father, and the birth of Isaac when Sarah was ninety years old, when, as is plainly declared in the book, the reproductive functions had long ceased to act with her.

Also we read in the "blessed New Testament," of a certain demoniac possessed of a legion of devils. A legion in the Roman army was about three thousand men; but as these devils entered two thousand swine after being expelled from the man, we will call them two thousand, allowing one devil for each hog. In all representations of devils and demons given us by our Christian friends, they are about the size of an average man. We always see and hear of them in human form and of human size. Now we can conceive of one devil possessing or obsessing a man; but how in the name of common sense can two thousand devils enter into one poor mortal? Can devils reduce themselves in size, diminish themselves down to the size of mosquitoes and fleas, and by that means a legion of them take possession of one man? The natural history of the Bible does not give us any information on this subject; but supposing that they can so diminish themselves, I presume they would take up their abode in different parts of his anatomy; one in the mouth, one in each eye, one in each ear, one in the nose, one in each knee, one in each big toe, and one in each little toe? Poor fellow! he must have been in a sorry plight! Seriously, it is marvelous to see so many people calling themselves intelligent, swallow down such ridiculous stuff as this. Thus we see in many cases how Nature, through physiology, utterly repudiates the Bible God.

8. **BOTANY.** According to the so-called Mosaic record, (none of which Moses ever wrote,) all the vegetation of the earth was covered by a flood of waters, over five miles high, for over a year, yet it was not destroyed; no vegetable substances being saved in the ark, only animals. Nature declares that such a weight of water pressing upon vegetation for such an extended period, would inevitably destroy every vestige of it on the earth; that none could possibly survive; universal decay and decomposition would ensue both of plant and seed. The Bible God further declares that he cursed the ground for man's sin;

causing it to produce thorns and thistles; while science proves that thorns, briars and thistles existed as plentifully in the primeval world as after the appearance of man. Wrong again, Jehovah. Wake up, please, and tell the truth sometimes! Thus the Bible God is again disproved by Nature's laws exhibited in the science of botany.

9. **ZOOLOGY.** The Bible God declares that the hare chews the cud, and divides not the hoof; while science emphatically affirms that it does not chew the cud, and does divide the hoof. It seems from this that our friend, the Bible God, after making the hare, entirely forgot what kind of a creature he was; not only forgot his physical conformation, but likewise the habits with which he had endowed it. Strange God! Infallible God! How we should honor and revere thee for thy matchless teachings!

"To every animal God gave every green herb for meat," says the precious volume. Really! Is this true? About as true as all the preceding biblical statements to which I have referred. From the very beginning of life on this planet, carnivorous and flesh eating animals have existed, millions of years before the appearance of man, or the fabled "fall," through which Christian theorists account for the existence of ferocious animals, poisonous reptiles, etc.; but which theory, alas, science ruthlessly demolishes, by proving that carnivorous animals existed, in even greater numbers, prior to the advent of man than since; that from the beginning of all organic life, animals have been preying upon each other, such being the order of Nature. So we see that Nature's teachings, as exemplified through zoology, distinctly disprove the Bible God.

10. **ORNITHOLOGY.** The Bible God, it is reported, caused 4,538,480,640 cubic yards of quails to fall around the Jewish camp, to supply them with food; enough to make a wall around the earth eight feet high and twelve feet thick, the quails being brought by a "wind from the Lord," from the sea. Science demonstrates, first, that quails are never brought from the sea; and second, that no such quantity could ever be possibly collected, at one time, in any one part of the world, or in fact, in the whole earth. Again we observe the Bible God disproved by Nature.

11. **PHILOLOGY.** The Bible God, as the book declares, originated the various languages of the earth by confounding the speech of the builders of Babel's Tower. Science declares language to be the result of a gradual growth from a few primitive sounds, evolved by man's dim consciousness in primeval ages, developing as man develops in civilization and enlightenment, the distinctive branches of the human family having each developed a different body of languages, as the Indo-European, or Aryan, the Semitic, the Turanian, etc. Long prior to the time of the alleged Babel confusion, various conflicting languages and dialects were in existence in different parts of the world. Such a thing as a unanimity of speech on earth, science knows nothing of, save, perhaps, in the dim and distant past when man first emerged from the animal kingdom into the strictly human. Once more is the biblical divinity repudiated by Nature's teachings.

12. **GEOGRAPHY.** The Bible God speaks in several places of the "four corners of the earth," the "ends of the earth," the "foundations of the earth," etc., all of which are entirely inconsistent with the spherical shape of our globe. It also speaks of Satan taking Jesus up into a high mountain, and showing him all the kingdoms of the world. A pretty high mountain that! I wonder where it is situated! As archaeological research has demonstrated the existence of kingdoms in Central America at that time, how did Jesus see, from that mountain in Asia, those kingdoms?

Genesis, likewise, speaks of the four rivers in Eden being united as one. These rivers being evidently the Euphrates, Tigris, Nile and Indus, it is geographically impossible for them ever to have been joined into one river. Thus we see that Nature, through geographical science, clearly establishes the non-existence of the Bible Deity.

13. **MATHEMATICS.** Mathematical certainties, you know, are the most certain of all certainties, if I may be allowed the expression, yet judged from the Bible God's standpoint, they are very uncertain. Three times one is three, is as about as sure as anything can possibly be; yet the Bible says, three times one is one. "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one," is its plain declaration. Comment is unnecessary. Speaking of the Trinity, I may here parenthetically remark, that this dogma is clearly of Pagan origin, the same idea appearing in Hindoo, Persian, and Egyptian theologies; indeed there is nothing original in Christianity or Bible religion. It can be demonstrated, beyond all doubt, that every doctrine, dogma, rite, ceremony, institution, feast day, festival, fast, and fast day, as well as every moral precept, without a single exception, has been borrowed from Paganism. The Old Testament bears as much the impress of "heathen" thought as the New, one instance of which it may be pertinent to mention. Among the ancient Egyptians, as is proved by the inscriptions upon their monuments, there was something of sacredness attached to the number 110 years. Many of their most famous kings are stated

to have lived one hundred and ten years, and other instances of the sacred import of that number appear. It will be noticed that Jacob, the Hebrew Patriarch, is stated, in the Bible, to have died in Egypt, aged one hundred and ten years, the sacred number of the Egyptians, thus being transferred to Jacob.

It is a well established axiom in mathematics, that the whole must be greater than any of its parts; yet the inspired record gravely informs us that a part of five loaves and two fishes, viz.: the fragments taken up was much greater than the whole.

A hundred is usually supposed to be the tenth of a thousand; yet the "Word of God" tells us that a hundred and a thousand are the same. 2 Samuel, x. 18, says, David slew seven hundred charioteers of the Syrians. 1 Chronicles xix. 18, says he slew seven thousand, referring to the same event.

Again, three and seven are generally presumed to be different in amount, but not according to the Bible God. 2 Samuel xxiv. 13, says seven years of famine, and 1 Chron. xxi. 12, says three years of famine, alluding to the same circumstance; we thus perceive that three years and seven years are the same, according to Bible arithmetic. Mathematics thus conclusively negatives the being of the ideal biblical deity.

14. **OPTICS.** Genesis says God divided the light from the darkness. Nature says there is no such thing, positively considered, as darkness, it being merely the absence of light, a negative condition. If he divided one from the other, they must previously have been united, or mixed together, and what kind of light was that united to darkness? It is sheer nonsense to talk of dividing light from darkness, the veriest bosh! But you perceive our Bible God much delights in bosh. Still again is this fabulous Scripture God set aside by Nature.

15. **ACOUSTICS.** The Bible several times declares that Moses spoke to "all the congregation of Israel," to "all Israel," with similar phrases. It also says Joshua read the commands of Moses to "all the congregation of Israel, with the women, the little ones and the strangers conversant with them." This congregation consisted of over two million persons. How was it possible for Moses to speak to, or Joshua to read to, two million people at once? Thus, once again, does Nature deny the existence of the Jewish Jehovah.

16. **METEOROLOGY.** The Bible God, it is declared, made a firmament that divided the waters above the earth from the waters below and on the earth. This firmament was supposed by the Jews to be a solid arch spanning the sky, in which the sun, moon, and stars were "stuck" by God, above which was a large body of water which it, (the firmament), held up. There were, they thought, numerous little holes or windows in this firmament or heaven, which, when opened, let the water run through, thus causing the rain. There also existed, according to the Bible, a large body of water under the earth, upon which the earth rested. The Second Commandment forbade the making of any graven image of anything in the waters under the earth, hence there must have existed some kind of animals in those waters under the earth. Psalms 24. 2, says, "The earth is founded on the seas, and established on the floods." Another psalm speaks of him "who stretches out the earth above the waters." When the deluge came on the earth, the Bible says, "the fountains of the great deep were broken up," that is, the waters under the earth were let loose over the earth; "and the windows of heaven were opened," that is the coverings of the holes in the firmament were lifted, and the rain suffered to run through on the earth. Meteorological science proves that there exists no such thing as a firmament, neither windows of heaven, waters above the earth nor waters under the earth. No more need be said on that point.

Meteorological science also declares, the impossibility of there ever having been such a flood on the earth, as is described in the Bible. It is absolutely impossible for a body of water over five miles high (covering the highest mountains), to be ever held in solution in the atmosphere. If all the moisture in the atmosphere was condensed it would not cover the earth one inch. Then again, where did all the water go to when the flood abated?

The Bible God still further declares that no rain fell on the earth till after the creation of every plant and herb of the field. Impressions of rain drops, however, are found in both Silurian and Devonian rocks, laid down before plants and herbs had an existence. So much for that story.

It is also narrated, in that strictly accurate volume, that, at the request of Elijah, it failed to rain, in a certain locality where rain was accustomed to fall, for three and a half years. Science declares this an impossibility. No such thing ever did, or ever will happen. In several instances, then, does meteorological science demolish the Bible hero.

17. **PNEUMATICS.** The Bible God, in order to prevent men building a tower that would reach to heaven, was compelled to confound their language, when if he had only been aware of one of the simplest facts in the science of pneumatics, he need not have troubled himself about it at all. All he had to do was to let them continue building, until they reached a certain height, when the rarity of the atmosphere would have compelled them to desist, as it is impossi-

ble for men to live in the upper strata of the air. What a pity it is that God did not know this, else there would have been no confusion of tongues, and all nations would be speaking the same language, which would be far more convenient than the present medley of dialects. Nature thus again disproves the Jewish God.

18. **HYDROSTATICS.** Water invariably seeks its level, every one knows, yet, in Bible times, such seems not to have been the case, for we read of the Red Sea standing up like a wall each side, so the children of Israel might pass through. A manifest impossibility again.

Some biblical apologists say the deluge was only a partial one, extending over a limited tract of country, forgetting that, as water always seeks its level, a body of water five miles high would flow over the whole earth, of necessity, till an equilibrium or level be established. Thus again is the anthropomorphic Bible God dethroned by Nature.

19. **MECHANICS.** We read in the Bible of Aaron casting into the fire a lot of gold and jewelry, and behold! a golden calf came out, no mention being made of any mould or mechanical appliances, the inference being that the melted gold formed of itself into a calf, thus plainly contradicting one of the simplest laws of mechanics. Our biblical divinity is again supplanted by Nature.

20. **CHEMISTRY.** Man was made out of the dust of the ground by our Bible God, it is said, but man contains within himself numerous primitive elements not found in dust or clay, likewise dust contains silicon in considerable quantity, scarcely a trace of which can be found in man. Again the imaginary Bible God is dispelled by Nature.

21. **MINERALOGY.** Moses, so the story goes, ground the golden calf to powder, and sprinkling it upon the water, made the people drink it. Science declares the impossibility, in the first place, of grinding gold to powder. It may be melted, or beaten to a remarkable thinness, but cannot be pulverized. In the second place, it cannot be held in solution in water so that it may be drunk. These facts completely spoil that pretty story, and again render the Bible God a non-entity when brought in contrast with Nature.

22. **PSYCHOLOGY.** According to the views of the ancient Jews, and other nations, the seat of the mind was in the heart, just as the Chinese locate it in the stomach. One is as sensible as the other. So all through the Bible, the heart is spoken of as synonymous with mind, brain, intellect, affection, etc., the Bible God not having the remotest idea that the head or brains had anything to do with man's mental nature. Science now teaches the brain to be the depository of the mind or soul, not the heart. Thus, as in all other particulars, modern science establishes irrefutably the utter ignorance of the Bible Deity.

23. **MILITARY SCIENCE, STRATEGY.** The Bible recounts the falling of the walls of Jericho, through the blowing of rams' horns. Military science declares the story utterly baseless, since the walls of any city can only be made to fall by being battered down with the requisite projectiles, by being undermined, or by the shock of an earthquake. Hence once more, and for the last time, have I demonstrated, through Nature, the non-existence of the God under consideration.

Having brought to bear upon this fabulous monstrosity the light of some twenty-six departments of knowledge, I will now proceed, very briefly, to pay my attention to some of his attributes, sayings and doings, as recorded in his own holy word.

It has been denied that the Bible God ever sanctioned vengeance among men, or practiced it himself. Those who make the statement must be woefully ignorant of the contents of the Bible, for, all through that book is God described as a revengeful, retaliatory, vindictive, sanguinary monster. Nahum i. 2, says: "God is jealous and the Lord revengeth; the Lord revengeth and is furious; the Lord will take vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth wrath for his enemies." That is plain enough in all conscience. Exodus xxxii. 27, 28, says: "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, put every man his sword by his side, and slay every man his brother, and every man his neighbor, and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men." 1 Samuel, xv. 3, says: "Go and smite Amalek and utterly destroy all that they have; and spare them not, but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass." And this wholesale butchery was ordered simply for what their ancestors had done, four hundred years previously. In 1 Sam. vi. 19, we are informed that God savagely killed 50,070 wheat-reapers in the valley, because they looked into the ark. And what was the ark? A trumpery old box, an idol of the Jews, revered by them as sacred, like the car of Jugernaut by the Hindoos. That was a pretty extensive wheat field in the valley in which fifty thousand men could be reaping it at one time!

Again, as the ark was being borne along, the oxen jostled it, and Uzzah steadied it with his hand, and the Lord became mad with anger, it says, and killed him on the spot. Comment is unnecessary upon such fiendish deeds. Scores of other passages might be referred to, but time does not admit. Indeed, of all the cruel, blood-thirsty, sanguinary, malignant, ferocious, diabolical and infernal fiends and monsters of

which the human mind has ever conceived, the Bible God is the most devilish and diabolical. Of course he is a mere figment of the Jewish imagination, a nonentity, but were it possible for such a despicable fiend to exist, no language would be capable of depicting the utter loathing and contempt such a wretch would necessarily inspire, in all men and women of kindly sympathies, generous impulses, and a keen sense of justice.

The Bible God is also guilty of wholesale lying and deceit. 2 Thess. ii. 11, says: "God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned." In Ezekiel xiv. 9, the Lord declares that if a prophet be deceived in speaking a thing, he, the Lord God, has deceived that prophet. In Num. xiv. 30, the Lord tells the children of Israel that they shall not come into the land which he swore he would give them to dwell in, and in the thirty-fourth verse he acknowledges his breach of promise in the matter. Here God is a perjurer, liar and a trickster altogether. In Deut. xxviii. 68, the Lord says he will bring the Israelites into Egypt again by the way he spoke to them they should see it no more again, thus breaking his word in true Jehovah fashion. Any number of similar passages might be quoted, in fact this Bible God was one of the most persistent and clumsy liars of which we have any record. Peace be to his ashes! Poor defunct! Science and Freethought have killed him!

This God, however, seems to have been as good at repenting as at lying, for we find numerous cases of his indulging in that delectable pastime—fit occupation for a God! It repented him that he had made man, and it grieved him at his heart. Poor fellow! It repented him that he had made Saul king. He repented, on several occasions, of the evil he thought of doing the Israelites in the wilderness. He repented of the evil he had intended to bring upon Nineveh; and in Jeremiah xv. 6, he says, in despair, he is weary with repenting. No wonder! Poor, childish God! He did not know his own mind for an hour at a time.

The injustice and partiality of the Bible God are so glaringly apparent, it is scarcely necessary to mention any cases thereof. See, however, Deut. vii. 6; 1 Kings iii. 12; Malachi i. 2, 3; Rom. ix. 15, and Deut. xiv. 21.

The immoral teachings given to men by the Bible God are fearfully conspicuous. In Deut. xiv. 26, he commanded the people to buy, with the money obtained through selling tithes, whatsoever their soul lusteth after, wine or strong drink. In Prov. xxxi. 6, 7, he directs that strong drink be given to him that is ready to perish, and wine to those that be of heavy hearts. Let them drink and forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more. These passages are as plain exhortations to intemperance and drunkenness as can possibly be expressed in language.

We also find robbery, vagabondism, polygamy, prostitution, debauchery, adultery, degradation and enslavement of women, slavery and the slave trade, tyranny and oppression, all enjoined in the Bible. Virtue and learning are discouraged, and vice and ignorance encouraged. Breach of faith, lying and hypocrisy are also encouraged. Persecution unto death for opinion's sake, is expressly commanded. Suicide is recommended in Prov. xxiii. 1, 2. Wholesale murder and assassination are commanded and rewarded on numerous occasions. If I had time, I could quote verse and chapter for every statement herein made.

Moreover, the most nonsensical language often appears in the Bible; for instance, Luke ix. 18, says: "When Jesus was alone, praying, his disciples were with him." How could he be alone, and they with him? In Isaiah vii. 20, we read: "The Lord shall shave with a razor that is hired, namely, by those beyond the river, by the king of Assyria, the head and the hair of the feet, and it shall also consume the beard." There's crudition for you. A dozen "Philadelphia lawyers" could not make any sense out of that.

In different parts of the Bible we find God variously described, thus: As a gardener (Gen. ii. 8); a tailor (Gen. iii. 21); a mid-wife (Gen. xxix. 31); a house-builder (Ex. i. 21); a slave-dealer (Joel iii. 8); a fool (1 Cor. i. 25); a butcher (Isa. xxxiv. 6); a schoolmaster (Isa. liv. 13); a sexton (Deut. xxxiv. 6); a stone-mason (Ex. xxxii. 16); a shoemaker (Ezek. xvi. 10); a potter (Isa. xiv. 8); a doctor (Jer. xxx. 17); a barber (Isa. vii. 20); a cook (Acts x. 15); and a candlestick-maker (Ex. xxxi. 6-8).

Numerous prophecies of the Bible God have also totally failed to come to pass. The prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel concerning Tyre, Babylon, Egypt, etc., have all failed long ago, as could easily be demonstrated, did opportunity afford. Christ's prophecy of the end of the world taking place in that generation, and his declaration that there were some standing by his side who should not taste death till he came in his kingdom, have never been verified. Eighteen hundred years have rolled away, and yet no wind-up of things mundane; no Son of Man sitting on a cloud; no Gabriel with his trumpet; no saints caught up in the air! Verily, our Bible God should have managed a little better than that! His "only begotten son" a false prophet! Who then can we trust?

In conclusion, it is only necessary to state that the Bible probably contains more contradictions, absurdities, inconsistencies, fabulous legends, rhapsodical nonsense and unmitigated rubbish than any book the world ever saw, and its author, the idolized Bible God, must be of similar character to the book. "By their fruits shall ye know them." All I have to say is, that if God can not write a better book than the Bible, he had better "shut up shop," sell out to some one who can do better, and never attempt another book. One such dire failure is enough.

To sum up, this God of the Bible is "a God who raised up enemies that he might conquer them. (Exodus ix. 15-16); made promises that he might break them, (1 Samuel ii. 30-31); caused moral diseases that he might cure them, (Romans xi. 32); and permitted his favorite people to go after other Gods, that he might butcher them.—Numbers xxv. 2-4.

A God who was before time was, (Psalms 5, 6, xc. 2), cogitating before there was anything to cogitate about—made the Universe before there was anything to make it out of, and did before there was anything to do.—John i. 3.

A God who formed man in his own image, though his own image had no form, (Genesis i. 27; John iv. 24), created an author of all evil, though not himself the author of any evil, (Genesis iii. 1; James i. 13), and caused his creatures to commit the most abominable crimes, and suffer the intensest agonies, though not himself the cause of either criminality or agony.—Isaiah xlii. 16-18; Hosea xlii. 16.

A God who saw that the work he had performed was very good, yet presently discovered that it was very bad, (Gen. vi. 7),—foreknew that man would sin, yet was indignantly astonished that he did sin, (Gen. vi. 5-6), foreknew that the forbidden fruit would be eaten, yet damned the whole human race because it was eaten—Gen. iii. 15.

A God who, though always in all places, occasionally came down from Heaven, just to see how the world wagged, (Gen. xi. 5; xviii. 21); though always of the same opinion, occasionally changed his mind, (Gen. vi. 6; Jonah iii. 10; though in good temper, occasionally in a thundering passion, (1 Sam. vi. 19; Numb. xxv. 4); though always merciful to perfection, occasionally murdering millions of innocent beings, (Exodus xi. 4-5); and though without parts, did, upon a particular occasion, show his back parts.—Exodus xxxiii. 23.

A God so deceptive as to send upon his people "strong delusions" that they might believe a lie, (2 Thess. ii. 11-12); so very silly as to suffer himself to be "checkmated by the Devil," (Gen. iii. 4-5); and so atrociously cruel, that no human tyrant could ever equal him in brutal wickedness.—Jeremiah xlii. 14; 1 Sam. xv. 2-3.

A God whose presence would make a hell of heaven, (Heb. xii. 29); whose virtues are vices, (Exodus xx. 5; Psalms vii. 11); whose reasons would disgrace an idiot, (Exodus xxi. 21); whose laws would shock a savage, (Numbers xv. 30-35); whose fickleness provokes derision, (Jer. xv. 6); and whose whole character is a horrible compound, "an intense concentration" of the worst vices which have stained the worst human natures.—Exodus xxxii. 27; Ezekiel xiv. 9; 1 Kings xxii. 21-22.

This is the God of the Bible—mankind behold him! look at him with wonder and astonishment!—behold that All Wise Being who made man upright, yet could not keep him so, (Eccl. vii. 29),—made the Devil, yet could not control him, (1 Peter v. viii),—made all things pure, yet could not preserve them from corruption, (2 Peter iii. vii),—that All Powerful Being who damned countless millions, for the innocent error of an individual, (Isaiah xlii. 27, 28),—destroyed by the Deluge "every living soul," because of their wickedness, except two or three living souls, who begat a second race as wicked as the first, (Gen. vii. 23, Numb. xiv. 20),—provides an eternal heaven for the fools who accept, and an eternal hell for the wise who reject his "holy Gospel," (John iii. 36, Mark xvi. 16),—that Divine Being, who, after begetting himself upon somebody else, (Luke i. 35), sent himself to be a mediator between himself and somebody else, (John iii. 17), and after being derided, spurned, hated, laughed at, scourged, and nailed to the cross, got himself decently buried, as a preliminary to mounting once more to the right hand of himself, (Acts x. 39, 42),—that Amiable Being, whose history should be written in blood, for it is a bloody history,—whose name inspires disgust, for it is the name of an imaginary fiend, and whose religion should be universally execrated, for it is the religion of horror, (Zeph. i. 17, Heb. ix. 52, Jer. xlii. 13, 14, Lam. iv. 8-11).

Away, then, with this Bible God! Away, then, with this atrocious Trinity, Omnipotent God, unnatural son, and voluptuous ghost! Away with all such brutalizing phantoms, in whose name priests rule with a rod of iron, oppress and persecute, upon the principle that the oppressed and persecuted in this world, shall, by their phantoms be made happy in the next; fit us for heaven by making us unfit for earth; make us wise unto salvation, by making us foolish unto destruction; purify our thoughts, by teaching us that we cannot possibly think a good thought; exalt our courage, by denouncing terrible punishments upon those who do not "fear God with trembling; in whose

name priests "damn to the lowest depths of hell" the scoffers at these soul-saving doctrines, the exposure of their body-plundering practices, and the depisers of their sanctified errors."—*Godology, By Thomas Patterson.*

Thinking, the God of the Bible has been sufficiently disproved by Nature, Science, Reason, and Common Sense, I bid you farewell.

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The Ills we Endure, their Cause and Cure.

Through extreme selfishness, undue greed, unrestrained avarice, obtuse ignorance, a mistaken theology, an excessive fondness for show and glitter, and a love of aristocracy and caste, this poor world of ours—and more especially this fair country—is far less happy than it ought to be. It should be a HEAVEN, and *might be*, but man has made it almost a HELL.

Through a misdirected policy and a defective system of civilization, this land, which should be in every sense of the word a land of plenty and happiness, is with many a land of poverty and want. We see riches, affluence and splendor on one hand, and destitution, disease, wretchedness and starvation on the other.

It is painful, in this great city of New York, to walk around in the aristocratic portions of the metropolis and view the magnificent palaces of the rich, where all is grandeur and ostentation, where so much wealth is lavished for mere display and show, and then to turn our steps to the haunts—the dwelling places—of the poor, the toilers, the unfortunate ones of the community, who are forced to crowd into dingy attics, damp, noisome cellars, into badly-constructed and over-crowded tenement houses, often twenty, thirty and fifty families, even, in one badly-constructed building—luxury, plenty and pride on the one hand, and desolation, discomfort and squalor on the other. The contrast is striking and most appalling. In a large proportion of cases it is found that those who wearily toil the greatest number of hours in the twenty-four, sustain the greatest deprivations, and live on the plainest kind of food. The extremes between wealth and poverty are probably greater in this city than in most parts of the country, but the contrasts are much the same all over the country. As it is here, it is nearly everywhere.

It is melancholy to realize that, in this "land of plenty," where no individual should suffer for the want of food, that starvation absolutely takes place. There is far too much enforced idleness. It is not unfrequently the case in this one city, that there are from fifty to one hundred thousands that cannot find employment by which to secure the necessities of life. It is a crying evil that a man, seeking employment—upon which the existence of himself and family depend—is unable to find it. Our laws protect the rich man in every dollar of the millions he has ground out of the labor of the toiling masses, and it is due to the poor man as well, that he has equal protection. His labor is his capital, and this should be guaranteed him as really as the rich man with his gold and his ill-gotten gains.

There is a most serious defect in the Christian civilization of our times. It has sadly failed to extend happiness and plenty to the masses. A large proportion of the people of this country, of unequalled advantages, are to-day groaning under poverty, deprivation, destitution and want. It is not as it should be. With the productiveness of our soil, with the increased knowledge that has been acquired in the various avocations and the varied conditions of life, all ought to have plenty, all ought to be happy. If the labor and the wealth were fairly apportioned, there would be none excessively rich; none excessively poor. Six hours of labor in twenty-four would be sufficient to afford a comfortable living for all, and none need famish with hunger.

The selfishness of our kind, the faults of our religion, and the aristocracies we have to support, are chargeable with a great share of the evils under which we groan. If we could exchange seventy-five per cent. of the selfishness we cherish in our breasts, and let a true feeling of humanity, a love of our race fill its place; or, if we could cause our selfishness to become so enlightened as to show us that the best interests of individuals is most promoted by the well-being and prosperity of the masses, it would be vastly better for all concerned. In a family of ten children, where the larger proportion are healthy and capable of getting along in the world; if a brother or sister from ill-health, imbecility or want of capacity, evinces an inability to grapple with the trials and difficulties of life, the kind-hearted brothers and sisters who are more fortunate, will take an interest in them, will aid them, will help them along, and will divide with them, if necessary.

This is the sentiment that should actuate all of us. We are one large family. All humanity are our brothers and sisters. We should not try to pull each other down, nor to rise upon others' misfortunes and disabilities; but it should be the duty and the pleasure of all to make those around them prosperous, contented and happy. *Excessive selfishness is the bane of our existence.*

The aristocracies that have to be sustained are oppressive and expensive. First, perhaps, in this country, comes the aristocracy of wealth. Gold, and the love of it, rules the country. The capitalist wields an influence and power not easily computed. One excessively wealthy man, like a Vanderbilt, a Stewart or a Scott is able to control and oppress thousands of his equally deserving, but less fortunate fellow-beings. The rule of wealth and capital is a most fearful despotism which the world would be happy in suppressing. The tendency is for this gigantic evil to increase, and it is doing so in geometrical progression. The rich men to-day are vastly richer than twenty-five and fifty years ago, while the poor are much poorer, and vastly more numerous.

If this state of things continues but a very few decades longer, the rich will become monied lords, comparatively few in number, while the millions will be abject slaves, menials and dependents. This is upon the supposition that the masses do not inform themselves of their rights and take the means of redress into their own hands.

The aristocracy of knowledge is not so much to be dreaded, but still it exists to a very great extent. The number of educated, well-informed people are in far too small a minority, and their power is by no means inconsiderable. Ignorance still fills the land, and though a large majority know how to read and write, the general information that should, like the rays of light, overspread the land, is, unhappily, fearfully deficient. It is, however, a cheering indication that knowledge is increasing. With each succeeding generation it is to be hoped some gain in this direction is made upon the preceding generation. But much remains to yet be done. The world needs a great deal more of light, to dispel the great mass of existing ignorance and error. A happy fact in this direction is, that any person and every person can acquire as much knowledge as he pleases without impoverishing another or lessening the grand aggregate.

The aristocracy of the *Priesthood* is indeed a fearful one—an aristocracy that rules the world by working upon the fears and the ignorance of its dupes, and the more dangerous because of its insidious, presumptuous, arrogant, and exacting character. It claims a delegated power from a king in heaven, and it has for thousands of years ruled the world with a rod of iron, and with fire and the sword. Millions of treasure have been wrung from ignorant and confiding dupes by this greedy, oppressive aristocracy, and though they have made pompous claims to morality, they have doubtless been the greatest curses the earth has known.

An eloquent and distinguished teacher in the Liberal ranks has given utterance to this sentiment: "We are satisfied there can be but little liberty on earth while men worship a tyrant in heaven;" and he might have added: *and but little little liberty and independence while men sustain a licentious, pampered, polluting priesthood.*

An approximate estimate of the expense of this theological aristocracy can be arrived at when we take into consideration that in Christendom there are 600,000 priests that are wholly non-producers and who live solely upon the labor of others, laying their exactions upon the toiling masses with a heavy, merciless hand. In our own country there are sixty thousand clergymen, and scarcely one in the entire number do as much as to grow a hill of beans. Their salaries vary from \$500 and \$1000 to \$10,000 and \$20,000. There are also sixty thousand churches to be kept up, many of these temples to the unknown God in the cities of our land, costing from \$50,000 to \$500,000 each, and some even more. Many of these churches are supplied with expensive organs, and high-salaried choirs are employed. The Christian religion costs this country \$200,000,000 annually and the question naturally arises, *are the returns in proportion to the cost?* Truth answers no, no, NO! It is definitely settled that the religion alluded to does not increase morality where it prevails. In no part of the world is there so much cheating, lying, stealing, robbing, killing, grinding the face of the poor, trampling upon the helpless and needy, as in Christian lands. Christian despots, Christian lords, Christian millionaires, Christian capitalists, are more oppressive, more cruel, more exacting than any others in the world.

Reader, think for a moment how it is. The sixty thousand clergymen of this country and their families are supported in idleness by the laboring classes; for all the rich, all the idle, all the indolent, and all the aristocrats live and flourish by the muscle and sweat of the toiling millions. Every drone, every non-producer, every one who adds nothing to the wealth and products of the world are supported and fed by those who labor. Suppose every priest, every clergyman who now feeds upon the best the earth produces, but without lifting a finger towards producing it, suppose by the power of public sentiment or other controlling influence they were themselves compelled to become producers—if by the labor of their hands they were made to feed themselves and their families, just think what a burden would be taken off the shoulders of the weary toilers. If the clerical aristocracy, if the monied aristocracy, if all the drones and idlers were forced to feed themselves, to support themselves and to clothe themselves, what a relief it would be to the working men and women who not only are now forced to feed themselves, but all the drones in the great human hive. If the labor of the world could be equally apportioned, as we observed, six hours of toil in the twenty-four would be sufficient to sustain every person in comfort and plenty, and the remaining eighteen hours could be passed in recreation, mental improvement and rest.

It is fortunate that the remedy of the ills we endure is mainly in our own hands. What we need is the intelligence, the humanity, the love of our fellows and the unselfishness to co-operate and work for the general good instead of personal aggrandizement, and excessive wealth. The laboring masses must learn to co-operate with intelligence and unselfishness. It is impossible to limit the great good that can be accomplished by it. With the ballot, with the muscle, with the habits of industry, and with the resolution and perseverance of the working men and women the greatest results can be produced. The laboring classes have in their own hands the making of officers and law-makers, and consequently the laws. If they will work together with due intelligence they can compel the conditions as they please.

If certain laws are desirable to be enacted, they have the power to elect the men to enact them. If capitalists are bearing down upon the working poor, let the laboring class bring their power and influence to bear and command the terms. If the owners of mills and factories, as at Fall River, are oppressive and unreasonable, let one hundred and fifty men, more or less, of the operatives work in a united interest putting in \$100 apiece, or what they are able to do, and inaugurate a business, on a moderate scale, if necessary, and be their own masters. An honest and practical co-operation in cases of this kind can hardly prove unsuccessful, and will apply to nearly all the avocations of life—in buying for consumption and in selling the products of labor. Co-operation is success.

ful in many parts of Europe and is becoming somewhat so here; and in this direction lies the remedy for many of the ills endured by the working millions. To make it a success a fraternal feeling, an enlightened intellect, faithful honesty and practical effort are the essentials.

Our attention has recently been attracted to a co-operative movement at Springfield, Vt., known as "The Industrial Works," that furnishes all its members with constant work at fair wages and a pleasant home at small cost, and which is meeting with a success so marked as to attract the attention of many thinking people. The members of this association are said to be young people who are willing to rid themselves of bad habits, work steadily, dress economically, and save a portion of their wages. No others are taken.

The men who join are required to furnish a small amount of capital, and to save one fourth of their wages which must be invested in the capital stock of the company. Women are not required to put in capital, but to save one sixth of their wages and to invest it in the business. Those who do not comply with the requirements of the association are expelled, and those who wish to leave can do so at any time and can withdraw their capital by giving a few months notice. The wages paid to each member is fixed by a board of directors and is apportioned to skill and ability.

They have a large dwelling or home, where the members live and enjoy many privileges and comforts not attainable by the poor in the ordinary course of life, whether in small families or boarding-houses. All pay a moderate price for board from their wages.

They have two new factory buildings and a good water privilege and considerable machinery; and are engaged in the manufacture of toy and house-furnishing goods, for which ready sale is found.

They commenced business a year ago with five hands, and are now working forty-five. Their sales for last month were over \$3,000. Their pay-roll for the month was over \$1,200, and the saving of wages which was added to the capital of the company was more than \$300. The average amount saved from the wages of each man in a year is \$150, and of each woman, \$50. Many of the members have saved more than this amount, but this is all that is required of them. The aggregate amount saved by the present company will be about \$5,000 for the year. By continuing in this course for a few years, the capital of the association must become large, and the earning of each member a respectable and comfortable competency.

Such a co-operation of industrious, honest and intelligent individuals, may certainly be practical and very successful. It is a subject upon which we shall have more to say. The success which has attended the combined operations of the societies of "Shakers," "and the Oneida Community," establish the fact, that not only in union is there strength, but that in union and co-operation is there sociality, pleasure and profit.

There are various ways in which the principle of co-operation can be applied. If it is not desirable in all cases to enter into companies in the manner just indicated, it can at least be carried out in the election of officers, and in the enactment of desirable laws. The laboring men of this country may be the rulers of this country if they choose to be so. They have only to act in concert and with discretion, to accomplish anything they wish. We urge them to an unselfish humanitarianism, or in other words, an enlightened self-interest. Let the great truth be always borne in mind, *that by promoting the general welfare and happiness, we most effectually promote our own.* Let this principle be acted upon and carried out in all the affairs of life, and vastly more can be accomplished for the happiness and good of the race, than the Church, religion, and all the priests have effected, for thousands of years.

We would briefly indicate, just here, the course, that to us seems feasible for employing the thousands who are unable to find employment themselves; that the municipalities, the State, or organized companies for the purpose, establish a series of manufactories and industrial establishments, where any person can

find employment, at any time. Let fifty or seventy-five per cent of the wages earned from week to week be paid, the balance to stand for six months to be then paid, or to be invested in the capital of the company for the benefit of the individual. This would be vastly better than that unemployed thousands should be left to crowd our cities and indulge in crime. A reasonable amount of capital invested in this way, would be vastly better than establishing soup houses and alms-houses; and an immense saving would thereby be induced in cost of trials and courts of justice for the punishment of criminals. Labor, even, at moderate pay, is a blessing to those wanting bread.

Our prisons should also be made industrial institutions, and every person unwilling to work and who has no visible means of livelihood, should be arrested and made to work for no remuneration save plain board.

In a word employment, at moderate wages, should be furnished all who want it, and those who will not work should be made to. This course would end most of the tramps, idleness, and crime that now abound, and the average hours of toil would be lessened for all classes. Now the workers have to support all the idlers. If the idlers were also compelled to work, the laborers would assuredly have to devote fewer hours to toil.

The insatiable and insane desire for excessive wealth, which is one of the great evils of our time, should be counteracted by excessive taxation upon the excessively rich. No man has ever honestly earned a million dollars, and he really has no right to it. Wealth is the common property of the world, and a few individuals have no right to engross it all. We say then, *tax the immensely rich, heavily*, and in a ratio increasing with their wealth. Say on \$50,000, one per cent.; 100,000, two per cent.; \$500,000 five per cent.; \$1,000,000 and over, ten per cent., or at all events, such a rate of taxation as will render excessive wealth undesirable, thus leaving it to flow in the usual business currents, and attainable in a moderate degree by the masses.

Large land-owners should be treated in a similar way. No man has a natural, or just right to more land than he can use, and the excess above this quantity should be so heavily taxed that he would be glad to part with it and to throw it into the market, where men of moderate means can obtain it.

The people have these reforms within their power, if they will but intelligently use the power they possess.

Our remarks, however, are already too extended. We must defer the further consideration of these and cognate subjects, including money and finance, to future articles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Brooklyn Revival.

Brothers Moody and Sankey are daily and nightly holding forth in the Skating Rink in our sister city, and with voices worn and hoarse they are still shout- and calling upon souls to "come to Jesus." Over \$10,000 have already been expended in the enterprise. For the amount of money expended, the number of clergymen in daily attendance, the ostentation and display, the attention called to it by the daily press, it surpasses all revivals which have preceded it, but whether the result is to prove a financial or a substantial success, is more than doubtful.

Many are attracted by idle curiosity; many go to hear Sankey's excellent singing; and others imagine by going there they will, for an hour or two, get a little nearer to Jesus than they could be elsewhere, and thus, perhaps, make amends for the short-comings and mis-deeds they have been guilty of.

From the accounts of reporters, Moody is not a very able man. He is rather coarse and unlettered and tells his stereotyped stories over and over again in an inelegant manner. Some of his allusions to the Deity are also said to smack of irreverence and are common-place.

He is reported to have claimed that he converted seventeen Infidels in Edinburgh; and one among the number was the president or chairman of a Free-thinkers' Association. We were not there, and of

course cannot speak by the card, but it is our opinion that there is a lie out in the matter. If he is so potent at converting Infidels why don't he try his hand upon some in these parts? At 335 Broadway, for instance, is a hardened and fearless Infidel who has not prayed for many years, and has very slight faith in the saving efficacy of Christ's blood or any other man's, and is more than anxious to be converted to the truth, if he already has not found it. Come on, Brother Moody; don't despise small game; we will meet you fairly and "argue the case" with you. If you can convert us to your ancient fables all right, and we will join in the song of "Moses and the Lamb;" but if we, on the other hand, can show you that your system is all a cheat and a fraud, and that you are engaged in a business that is really disreputable and ever ought to be, we want you to forsake it forever.

Is it not really a ridiculous farce for men of education and talent—and scores of them for that matter—to stand up and harangue gaping crowds of simple people, which reach thousands in numbers, about the machinations of the Devil, the anger of Deity, the great efficacy of blood as a propitiation and a saving element, the eternal purposes of a God being frustrated by the wiles of the evil one, and the imminent and everlasting destruction that awaits the human race.

Is it not pitiable to see men and women who ought to have better sense, to quake, and fear, and tremble, under such silly ravings—to cry out in terror as though a terrible impending danger was just ready to overtake them, and the wrath of heaven just ready to fall upon them, when they frantically call to this clergyman and that pastor, (who are very possibly deeper in sin than they are) to pray for them?

Do these objects of pity really suppose God has changed, that there is a particle more of danger to be apprehended from God or from the Devil, now, than a week ago, a month ago, or a year ago, and that there is the slightest cause for alarm, more now, than before they entered the Rink?

This miserable tomfoolery is what is called "getting religion," and in our opinion, the more a person gets of it the worse off he is, and the more fool he is. Is it really not about time that intellectual beings should be fed on a different kind of pabulum, that the *reason* should be appealed to instead of the *fears*, the *ignorance*, the *superstition*, the *emotions*, and *passions*, and that such men as Moody and Sankey should be able to find some more useful employment than frightening old women in petticoats and in pants, out of the little sense they have left?

Although many call for prayers we do not learn that the number of the converted is very great. When all the smoke of the excitement has blown away, we apprehend a scarred, arid field will be left, and that the converts of the hour will relapse back into the crooked, winding ways they have heretofore walked in.

O! for a revival of reason, of truth and common-sense. May it spread over the land and visit every man and woman, and make them children of LIGHT and TRUTH. AMEN.

THE BURGESS-UNDERWOOD DEBATE, AND THE PRO AND CON OF SUPERNATURAL RELIGION.—Both these works will be ready to send out about the 20th inst. We have been delayed some by the stereotypers, printers and binders; but our friends will not have much longer to wait. Let us again urge all our friends to order a copy of each, and thus render us a little aid. They are cheap, and a slight amount of money will buy them. THE DEBATE, 180 pages, 60 cents in paper, and \$1.00 in cloth. PRO AND CON, 150 pages, 40 cents in paper, and 75 cents in cloth; sent postage paid. Who next says he will take a copy of each?

B. F. Underwood

Will speak at

Yates City, Ill.,	- - -	Nov. 14th.
Auburn, Ill.,	- - -	" 15th, 16th, 17th.
Clayton, Ill.,	- - -	" 18th, 19th, 20th.
Du Quoin, Ill.,	- - -	" 24th to 28th.
Oskaloosa, Iowa,	- - -	Dec. 1st to 5th.
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa,	- - -	" 7th, 8th, 9th.
Lincoln, Neb.,	- - -	" 12th.

Political Freethought.

BY M. STEIN.

Universal suffrage exercised by the sovereign people of the United States, is a beautiful thing if looked at from a distance, say, for instance, from the other side of the Atlantic, where monarchy and more or less absolutism sits on the throne by the grace of God, to rule the subjects which for hundreds of years have been transferred from father to son, subjects in the tame meaning of the word, ruled alternately by wise and good men, by virtuous and vicious women, by idiotic and demoralized kings, all by the grace of God. Here we are ruled by governors of states and by the "Great Father" in Washington, elected by the vote of the people and kept in power for only a short time.

Universal suffrage in its widest sense is somewhat like the elements. Fire and water, when properly used, are beneficial to humanity, if left uncontrolled they will prove to be our greatest enemies and destroyers. Universal suffrage, as at present carried out in this country, will eventually destroy our liberties, ruin our republican institutions and bring about a revolution, which will compel the better class of our citizens to put down by main force the ignorant rabble that as part of the sovereign people has been accustomed for years to think that brutal power can elect corruption to the seats of governors, judges, state and city officers. To any reader who may think that these conclusions are exaggerated, we beg to propose the following questions. Do we always see in the results of an election the expression of the wish and will of the majority of the people, or of the more intellectual, the more honest and moral members of society? Does not the minority always include a great many upright men, that have fought for some sound principles? Does it not now require a Diogenes to look up a true statesman? The type of the men that a hundred years ago framed and signed our constitution, seems to be lost, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that the memory of an honest president like Lincoln, and of a noble and able statesman like Seward, is celebrated by the erection of monuments. This, although it proves that there are exceptions to the general standard of politicians, it at the same time proves that these exceptions are so scarce as to make them worthy of delivery to the growing generation in stone, marble or bronze. Our average politician knowing that no statuary is in store for him, wisely concludes to have his memory celebrated during life-time by figuring in paint on political banners and posters, by playing a conspicuous part in target excursions and rum-shop brawls, and by furnishing his own rockets, powder, and calcium lights. In some few exceptional cases the memory of prominent political men is transferred to the coming generation by the criminal records or by free lodgings in the penitentiary or states prison.

The modern politician, as a rule, is a prominent church member, because he knows the Church to be a power; that a connection with it covers a great many sins, and that he can repay any favor granted by the church, by voting away the people's money for sectarian purposes. Would it have been possible for the political thieves that ruled this State and city, to have acquired and kept themselves in power if the church, and especially the infallible one, had not supported them by crilling the uneducated, brutal adherents of priestcraft to come and vote in a phalanx for the installation of corrupt candidates? When once in power, how easy it proved for these low-bred politicians to vote away millions of the people's money for the erection of sectarian schools, which are the true breeding places of bigotry, ignorance and pauperism, and in opposition to our public schools.

The Church will flourish most profusely under two kinds of government, under a liberal and absolute monarchy, as in England and Russia, or under a corrupt government, as in the United States. In the first cases the Church and State are one, they depend upon one another, and therefore support one another, in the other case the Church is at liberty to fanaticise, manipulate and command millions of uneducated, bigoted and willing tools to vote according to its dictates. A noble government, free from corruption, independent and just, would cripple the power of the Church by abolishing the many privileges, freedom from taxation, granting of millions of money for sectarian institutions, etc., now enjoyed without the shadow of right and justice.

If Moody, who is at present peddling out cheap salvation for the masses at the Brooklyn Bink, was a New York priest, he would have evinced more policy than he did the other night. He was weighing off sinners, old and young of both sexes; they all proved too light, so that in each case part of Christ had to be thrown in to balance the scales. Salvation by this process proved so far very easy, until a prominent Brooklyn politician was got hold of, when it was found out that a whole Christ was not even enough to balance him, and the peddler had to throw in a holy ghost in the bargain.

New York is the worst ruled of all the cities in the Universe, and it is astonishing with what indifference the tax-payers look on, when they are robbed in open daylight by a mob of political vagabonds! What a set of men are masters of this city; what a band of robbers dispose of the money wrung from property-

owners and indirectly from tenants alike! What a disgrace to decency and common sense to see the benches of district courts, police courts, and sometimes those of the higher tribunals, occupied by degraded men, companions of thieves and gamblers, men without any knowledge of law, and whose education is a mere sham! What an insult to common sense to have the majority of the judges and the recorder elected by the vote of the people, the criminal classes, and future candidates for the States prison included!

The corruption in Albany is proverbial, is talked of as a matter of fact, and the expression "lobby and lobbying" has found a steady place in our language. Suits for lobby services are openly brought before our courts in the same way as butchers' or grocers' bills. Albany is the high school for political aspirants—the place they "run" for—and it would gladden the heart of an artist if he could draw the picture of a defeated candidate for the Assembly, who expected to fill his pockets, after the last dollar is gone for election, whiskey and Chinese lanterns, and now stands there an object of pity, compelled to take up the spade and borrow or deal out poison from behind the bar of a public rum-shop patronized by statesmen in embryo. The word "ring" in its political meaning is true American. Rings are profitable to its own links, but expensive to outsiders; they are costly luxuries for cities, counties and States. Look for instance at the New York City ring, and see what price the city paid for the luxury. The ring possessed absolute power over the city, established an irresponsible and autocratic system of government. The debts amounted, Jan. 1st, 1869, to \$36,293,929; up to the year 1870, it was increased \$11,739,812; during 1870, \$25,339,810 were added, and during eight months following, an increase of \$24,000,000 took place; all these figures were added to the bonded debts during a few years.

Although nobody will deny that the majority of our citizens are law-abiding, orderly, well-meaning and honest, everybody must confess that the better classes of our citizens are totally indifferent in matters of public interest and reform. A good many well-meaning people waste their energies in reform movements of a doubtful character; temperance movements that know no limits to fanatical measures, religious revivals that will bring no lasting good, begging and squandering away money for the conversion of so-called heathens, distribution of thousands of Bibles and millions of trashy tracts, fighting pauperism by means that will only encourage the very evil which they intend to conquer.

The object of our merchants and professional men is mainly to make money; they will pay any amount of taxes as long as they individually can make money enough out of their neighbors to pay the bills. To strike at the root of a bad government is troublesome, to be indifferent is easy and offends nobody. If we were asked to propose a plan for a general political and social reform, we only could repeat what we have written on this subject some eight years ago. Restrict the power of the President to prevent him from removing able officers of an out-going administration and filling their places by political favorites, that are often totally unfit for the position. "Make hay while the sun shines," expresses at present, too often, the principles of government officers, that expect their discharge in course of a few years for no other cause than a change in the political horizon. Abolish the useless and costly ornament called the Senate. Pay your representatives in the Legislature and in Congress a good salary and make them work for the money. Let at least two-thirds of the officers be appointed for life or a long term, especially all the judges and make them responsible for their actions. Give to the minority a proportionate representation. Extend the right of suffrage to intelligent women. Separate the State from the Church in the true meaning of the word by taxing church property and withholding state or city support from all and every sectarian institution. Church members will then be free to vote for the best man regardless of future consideration for their benefit. Do not allow any newspaper to attack candidates with malice, slander and foul language, because it has a demoralizing influence on the masses of the people. Establish courts of arbitration wherever advisable, it will reduce the number of political shysters aspiring for positions with the expectation to share in robbing the people.

Above all things reform the election process by excluding all persons that are morally unfit to vote, abolish the voting cattle, but on the other side compel every person entitled to vote to do his duty, under penalty of the law. The latter proposition can be carried out easier than the reader may imagine. It is absurdity if the individual in a republican community thinks that he can escape responsibility for the existing evils by withholding his vote. The passive or silent element in politics, is no less dangerous than the one that votes for the wrong man. Indifference is the stumbling block of reform.

We are opposed to know-nothingism because it is contrary to cosmopolitan ideas, but manufacturing of voting cattle, as carried on in this country, is a disgrace to the American citizens, an insult to the men that framed the constitution of the country. Ignorant Irishmen that cannot read nor write, uneducated

Germans unable to speak the language of the country, Frenchmen and Italians not in the least acquainted with the country, its language and its institutions, ignorant negroes and mongolians are turned into voting cattle by thousands, to be used as tools by political factions. A man that cannot read or write or that cannot read and express himself with ease in the language of the country, has no right to decide upon questions of political importance.

State and city know how to collect personal taxes and how to summon citizens for jury duty. Can they not act in the same way for the purpose of voting at elections? Have blanks printed containing the usual questions put at the registering places, let them be distributed, and let every voter answer on these blanks the questions in his own handwriting. The voter takes this paper to the polls, where his name is kept on record, he deposits his vote, or part of it, or he may, in exceptional cases, even withhold his vote from either of two candidates, when a coupon attached to above mentioned blank is torn off, stamped and handed back to him to enable him to prove at any time that he has performed his duty. A challenge would not require any foolish oath, as pen and ink could decide on the spot if the paper and handwriting were genuine or not.

In calling attention to the existing political evils of our country, we do not pretend to have said anything new or unknown to the reader. Parsons and priests have been preaching their doctrines for eighteen hundred years, the same old stories every year, with the exception that now and then they exchange their bundles of sermons; if their flocks do not become tired of their repetitions, you may well afford to forgive the writer.

Contrivance does not Prove Design.

BY JOHN SYPHERS.

What do men mean when they talk about *design* in nature? Let us philosophically consider this question for a short time in the light of reason and science. Design is a mechanical term which men have invented to represent the doings of their own hands. When the term is applied to the things of nature, it has no meaning nor applicability, and will mislead the mind every time. There may be an adaptation of means to ends in the inventions of men, and this adaptation they may call design, but in nature there is no such thing. The general constitution and frame-work of nature may be built up in any promiscuous manner whatever, or according to any plan whatever, or according to no plan whatever, and the human mind being developed in accordance with that system, it will seem full of design to that mind.

The great question of *standard* comes in here, and so long as the mind tries any system or arrangement, no matter how heterogeneous and promiscuous it may be by itself, it will look to be and seem to be crammed chock full of design and adaptation, so much so, indeed, that men, in their superficial reasoning, will declare that they can plainly see that this thing was made for this purpose, and that thing for that, when the fact is, there was no designer in the mechanical sense whatever. If the whole frame-work of nature had been right the opposite of what it is, men would discover just as much design in it as they now do in the present system of things. Why so? Simply because the mind would then be developed in accordance with that system, whatever it might be, and know nothing else. They would know nothing else, and have no other standard by which to compare things. When men have no standard, but measure themselves by themselves, of course then everything will tally strictly with that system, and men call this design, and thus fool themselves with an injudicious use of their own terms. If the trees had grown in nature with their tops in the ground and the roots upward in the heavens; if pumpkins had grown on great oak trees, and little acorns on the slim pumpkin vines, then we would be hearing men talking about acorn vines instead of pumpkin vines, or if the human body had had no joints in the arms or limbs, or if we had two faces and a pair of eyes on the back side of the head as well as on the fore side, then men would see just as much *design* in that system of things as they do now, and perhaps a great deal more. Theologians would be just as loud-mouthed in their praise of him who they supposed framed that beautiful system of things in which means were so beautifully adapted to ends, as they are now, not being sharp enough to see through the sophistry of their own argument and fallacious reasonings.

THERE IS NO DESIGN IN NATURE, consequently no big mechanic as a designer. That old mechanical argument and idea is now exploded and become obsolete. Design is a term which men hatched up in describing their own operations here on the earth, and it will mislead every time when applied anywhere else. Talk about a world of chance! This is nothing more nor less than a world of chance, although the word *chance* is not just the right word to use in speaking on this subject. Yes, this is a world of chance, and a very slim chance at that! It is a world of heterogeneous promiscuousness. The system and order, harmony and design that men think they see, exists only in the mind.

Look how promiscuously the stars are scattered over the blue vault of heaven. No more arrangement or order in them, than there is in the seeds that fall from the hand of the sower; yet the human mind, when it brings to bear the faculty called order upon them, will see the shapes of animals there, which they call constellations. Pléiades, Hyades, Leo, Ursa Major, Ursa Minor etc. This heterogeneous conglomeration of stars, is all resolved into order and taught in a science called the geography of the heavens. Yet really, there is no order there—all is promiscuity, just so with the great and universal system of nature. The human mind conceives order and apparent design, where there really is none.

Astronomers talk learnedly of the twelve signs of the zodiac. They speak of the Bull, the Lion, the Ram and the Bear, yet there is, *in fact*, no such arrangement of those stars. It is wholly an ideal conception. The human mind has worked out so much order and design from this great fountain of heterogeneity, that we could not study astronomy nor write intelligently upon that subject without it. This should teach us the great philosophical lesson, that, what we call order and design, are creatures of the mind alone, and do not exist in nature at all. If one of the inhabitants of Jupiter was to make a flying visit to this world, I should not wonder nor be the least surprised if he would almost laugh himself to death, to see our system of things here. Everything would look to him like one great conglomeration of heterogeneous, lawless chance. His mirth would be increased ten-fold if he should ever chance to hear one of our Doctors of Divinity fulminate and boast of the great design and adaptation which they think they see in everything around them here. He would smile when he looked around upon this half made world, where heterogeneity sits enthroned upon all things. He could see no two things exactly alike. No two faces exactly of the same shape and feature—no two people of the same size and height—no two flowers alike, no two trees alike, no two hills or mountains of the same size and height, no two stars of the same size, color, brilliancy and glory—no two rivers of the same length, and no two streams running in the same direction. Everything to him would be full of chance. He would see that here men might be sick and die at any moment. Here we know not when it will be clear or cloudy, cold or warm. But in Jupiter they know all these things, for there everything is regulated by fixed laws; nothing is left to chance. He would remark, no doubt, that here men and women seemed to be about half made, having only one pair of eyes and a face on one side of the head, while in Jupiter they have a pair of eyes on both sides of the head, and they can walk backward or forward at any moment, without having to turn the whole body clear around as we do. No chance there to slip up behind and knock a man's head off and he not see the approach.

He continues, "you have a sophistry which is popular among your theologians and logicians, here, that *contrivance* proves design." This argument arises from pure ignorance. *Contrivance can prove nothing*. The old argument of the watch is only a plausible sophistry. If man had no help from any source, he might look at, and study the mechanism of the first watch he ever saw until his hair was as grey as a rat, and his head as big as a bushel, and he never would even suspect what it was made for. If a man could live long enough to study a watch a thousand years, and at the end of that time, the watchmaker was to step up to him and say, "sir, that is a machine by which I measure time," he would no doubt, burst out into a loud laugh and haw haw, crying out "crazy again." "Is there any man fool enough to believe that such an intangible, imponderable and immaterial thing as *time*, can be measured by a machine?" A very little study will make it plain to the mind of any man, who is not a bigot or an imbecile, that no man can ever tell or even guess the use of any machine without assistance from the inventor. No machine or watch can tell their own story. Then away goes the old argument of a thousand years standing, that contrivance proves design. I will give any man one hundred dollars for every model in the United States Patent Office, which he has never seen nor heard of before, the true use of which he will tell *merely by a study of its mechanical contrivance*! How long do you suppose it would take an Indian to study out what a rail road engine was made for, merely from its contrivance; or a corn sheller, or a piano? I would not be the least afraid to make the offer to any of our boasting, self-conceited, clerical friends, for I am sure that I could stall them, and that too, on a machine not more complicated than a cow-catcher, a Jews harp, or even a fish hook! Men do not think nor reason on these things, at least not very profoundly, or they would soon see what an immense amount of guessing it would take to tell the use of even so simple a thing as a fish hook! (*i. e.*, provided they had never seen nor heard of one before). The fact is, when men argue about contrivance proving design, and design proving a designer, they do not know what they are talking about; they are ignorant of their own ignorance and are not sharp enough to see it.

Worlds and systems of worlds forming this mighty Universe, never came into being by the hands of big mechanics, whom heathens call *Gods*. Worlds in

their present form and shape, were evolved by the force of inherent laws, which always belonged to Matter. But short-sighted men will argue that *things must have a beginning*, and they must have an end also. Behold, I tell you a secret. That beginning and that end which you think you so plainly see, is nothing more nor less than the *beginning and end of your mind*! The human mind in its present development can only go out in either direction but a little ways. Aggregation and segregation are at least two of the great laws that pervade Matter. Attraction will bring kindred particles of Matter together in an organic body, and hold them there for a longer time, but finally the law of repulsion becomes stronger than the law of attraction, and then segregation or disintegration takes place.

Worlds were never made, finished up and completed in a few days or hours, as old ignorance affirms ours was; but incalculable, millions, billions and trillions of ages, has even our own little one horse world been in forming, and yet it is not finished, for creation, or rather aggregation, is still going on. Our world will continue to grow until the laws of aggregation have fully exhausted themselves, and then the laws of disintegration will set in, and the good that will have been ultimated by the long process of building up and taking down a world, will be carried forward into the great spirit world beyond. The ultimatum and elimination of spirit, is the great design in the aggregation of Matter into worlds in the first place. The old heathenistic idea of a big man, called God, making not only this world, but the sun, moon and stars, was perhaps the very best that the ancients in their low estate could do. They had as yet no science nor philosophy to guide them; but were governed almost wholly by the imagination, and hence we could not expect anything else but that we would have some big mistakes left as a legacy by them, for us to correct. But now, men's greatest condemnation is, that scientific light has come into the world, and old fogies love darkness rather than light; but for what reason, I know not, unless, perhaps it is because their minds are evil.

There cannot be a law without a law giver, cries the sophist. As far as human and man-made statutes are concerned, that may be correct; but the remark will not apply when we speak of the laws of Nature. Heat, light, motion, gravity, affinity, attraction, repulsion, &c., &c., are some of the laws of Nature. How could they be created? How little and insignificant must that sophist feel, who would apply to them the same arguments and mode of reasoning, that he would apply to the Legislature of Illinois! "But the Universe and its laws cannot be self-existent." What's the reason it cannot? You claim that the big God who made it, is self-existent. Is it not just as easy for one to be self-existent as the other? If Nature with her laws, must have a big being for a creator, designer and law giver, then we demand that your God, whom you in your ignorance pretend to know so much about, must have a creator, designer and law giver also. Here I spring a trap and a dead-fall upon the clergy, and I defy the smartest of them ever to crawl from under it. Nature and the Universe must have a creator; but that creator, who must of course be greater than that Universe, can get along without any!

Oh consistency! thou art a jewel, but how seldom found among the bogus and brassy jewelry owned and worn by the clergy! Oh glorious and beautiful star-eyed science, the world's only *savior* and *redeemer*; save us from ourselves and redeem us from ignorance and send darkness and superstition howling from the world!

When shouts of loud triumph
Will sound o'er the sea,
That priestcraft is fallen,
And now the world's free!

Stop My Paper.

MR. EDITOR: I choose this heading for the purpose of giving a short lecture to that class of bigots who profess to be Liberals, and are not willing that any person should differ with them in belief—*Liberality*, with a vengeance. Such Liberals are worse than the worst Christian bigots in the world, because bigotry is part of his creed, and true liberality is the reverse of his creed, and is the foundation of liberality. What right has a professed Liberal to condemn any man for his opinions, and then ask any man to respect his own? I have been a subscriber to your paper for about two years, and to the *Boston Investigator* for about thirty years, and I have seen so much fault finding among professed Liberals (I will not say Liberals,) because there had been something printed which did not suit their particular belief, and would stop their paper in consequence, that I have felt called upon to give my views in the matter. And I understand you have recently been converted to Spiritualism, and I have seen some fault finding articles with you, because the same evidence which convinced you would not convince them. Now, Mr. Editor, let me say to you, I am a Materialist of the rankest kind. I do not believe in any spirit, only as the result of natural organization. But as you do not measure my wheat in your half-bushel, neither do I measure your wheat in my half-bushel. I have no fault to find. Judging from your paper, I believe you are a true Liberal in every

sense of the word, and I wish to say that any person who cannot fully endorse your platform, and also that of the *Investigator* is not a Liberal, and is not fit to class himself among them, and the sooner he drops the name the better for the cause. If you have become a Spiritualist, I cannot discover that you are any less liberal, and if it were possible for you to become a Methodist, and still retain your liberality, I should think no less of you. I am the president of the Whiteside County Liberal Association, and as I saw an article a short time ago in your paper in regard to the Rev. Mr. Hunt and an indignation meeting held at Morristown, and as the writer made the statement that the indignation meeting was largely attended by the Liberals, I will say that he was mistaken, as there was only one of our members present at said meeting, and the Chairman and Secretary were professed Christians. I wrote an article at the time of the said meeting, in condemnation of said meeting and sent it to the county paper for publication, but the editors would not publish it on account of their bread and butter. If I can get it back, I will send it to you, to show you that the Liberals did not approve of their acts. JAMES M. PRATT.

Pratt P. O., Whiteside Co., Ill.

The Story of the Cross Simply Stated.

A book is put into our hands when children, called the Bible, the purport of whose history is briefly this: That God made the earth in six days, and planted a delightful garden, in which he placed the first pair of human beings. In the midst of the garden, he planted a tree, whose fruit, although within their reach, they were forbidden to touch. That the devil, in the shape of a snake, persuaded them to eat of this fruit; in consequence of which God, condemned both of them and their posterity, yet unborn, to satisfy his justice by their eternal misery. That four thousand years after these events (the human race in the meanwhile having gone unredeemed to perdition), God engendered with the betrothed wife of a carpenter in Judea (whose virginity was nevertheless uninjured), and begot a son whose name was Jesus Christ, and who was crucified and died, in order that no more men might be devoted to hell-fire, he bearing the burden of his father's displeasure, by proxy. The book states, in addition, that the soul of whoever disbelieves his sacrifice will be burned with everlasting fire. During many ages of misery and darkness this story gained implicit belief; but at length men arose who suspected that it was a fable and imposture, and that Jesus Christ, so far from being a God, was only a man like themselves. But a numerous set of men, who derive and still derive immense emoluments from this opinion, in the shape of a popular belief, told the vulgar, that if they did not believe in the Bible they would be damned to all eternity; and burned, imprisoned, and poisoned all the unbiassed and thoughtful enquirers who arose. They still oppress them, so far as the people, now become more enlightened, will allow. The belief in all that the Bible contains is called Christianity. A Roman Governor of Judea, at the instance of a priest-led mob, crucified a man called Jesus, 1,840 years ago. He was a man of pure life, who desired to rescue his countrymen from the tyranny of their barbarous and degrading superstitions. The common fate of all who desire to benefit mankind awaited him. The rabble, at the instigation of the priests, demanded his death, although his very judge made public acknowledgment of his innocence. Jesus was sacrificed to the honor of that God with whom he was afterwards confounded. Whilst the one is a hypocritical demon, who announces himself as the God of compassion and peace, even whilst he stretches forth his blood-red hand with the sword of discord to waste the earth, and having confessedly devised the scheme of desolation from eternity; the other stands in the foremost list of heroes who have died in the glorious martyrdom of liberty, and have braved torture, contempt, and poverty, in the cause of suffering humanity.

"I will beget a son, and he shall bear
The sins of all the world; he shall arise,
In an unnoticed corner of the earth,
And there shall die upon the cross, and purge
The universal crime; so that the few
On whom my grace descends, those who are marked
As vessels to the honor of their God,
May credit this strange sacrifice, and save
Their souls alive; millions shall live and die,
Who ne'er shall call upon their Savior's name,
But, unredeemed, go to the gaping grave.
Thousands shall deem it an old woman's tale.
Such as the nurses frighten babes withal;
These, in a gulf of anguish and of flame,
Shall curse their reprobation endlessly,
Yet ten-fold pangs shall force them to avow,
Even on their beds of torment, where they howl,
My honor and the justice of their doom."

Boston has property and buildings devoted to religious, educational, and charitable purposes, valued at nearly \$20,000,000, which are exempt from taxation, one ward alone having \$5,000,000 worth of such property. As at the regular rate of taxation these structures would yield the city at least \$275,000 per annum; a movement is on foot to abolish the exemption clause in the law.

Editors' Notes.

TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS AND LEAFLETS.—We are receiving a good many orders for them, and we assure our readers it affords us much pleasure to send them over the land, knowing as we do, that they are capable of doing much good. We believe every person who has received them from us are fully satisfied. Let those who have not ordered some of them, make up their minds to do so. We send them post paid, at very reasonable prices. See List on last page.

WE THANK those kind friends who have lately remitted us their dues for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and for the ensuing year. They have done their share in helping us to bear the burden that rests upon our shoulders, and they are entitled to our gratitude. Let us once more gently hint to those who are yet in arrears, that we will still be very glad if they will do likewise. Have you not put it off, and deferred it, and made excuses long enough? If you will all send in the little amounts due to us, we will agree to talk about something else.

“THE WORLD’S SAGES, INFIDELS AND THINKERS.”
—The orders for this valuable work are coming in every day, and we are progressing moderately in its preparation; but we would be glad to receive orders from large numbers who have not yet written us. Friends, don’t be afraid to order. We ask no money till the work is ready, and it only costs \$3.00, and it will be cheap at \$5.00. Reader, if you have not notified us you will take a copy, let us request you to do so, before you sleep again.

Truth Seeker, Vols. I. and II.

Remember, a limited number of bound volumes of THE TRUTH SEEKER can be had by those who attach a value to them. After a while they will be gone and cannot be had.

Vol. I, 12 numbers, entire,	-	-	-	-	\$1.00
“ 11 “	-	-	-	-	.75
“ 10 “	-	-	-	-	.60
“ 8 “	-	-	-	-	.40
“ 6 “	-	-	-	-	.25
Vol. II., 32 numbers, 512 pages, 16 mos.	Paper,				\$2.50
“ “ “ “	Cloth.				3.25

Sent, post-paid, by mail. Those who want copies, had better order soon, and state whether they wish them in paper or cloth.

Volume III:

Two numbers after this completes VOLUME II, when we start out, we trust, under favorable auspices, with VOLUME III as a WEEKLY. Many have written they would send us in a good list of new subscribers for the new Volume. This is to notify all such, that they need not wait for the New Year, before remitting. For two DOLLARS sent now, we will send THE TRUTH SEEKER thirteen months, including December, 1875. It will thus be seen, that all who remit us the amount of a year's subscription within the next thirty days, will obtain THE TRUTH SEEKER one month extra.

Now we are very anxious that our list should grow largely with the new volume when it becomes a Weekly, and though we have made the price so low that it is impossible to throw off much to clubs or getters-up of clubs, we will, nevertheless, offer the following inducements:

To those who send us three names for a year's subscription to the Weekly TRUTH SEEKER, we will send one dollars worth of Tracts, or a bound copy of TRUTH SEEKER VOL. I., as he may elect.

To those who will send in five new names for a year, we will send Vol. I, II, and III of TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS (in paper), containing 1,500 pages of the best Liberal reading matter in the world.

To those who will send in seven new names for a year, we will send Vols. I, II, and III of TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS (1,500 pages), neatly bound in cloth, or a bound copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER Vol. II. for sixteen months.

To those who send in ten new names for a year, we will send a copy of our forthcoming valuable work "THE WORLD'S SAGES, INFIDELS, AND THINKERS," of over 800 pages, and which we are proud to think

will be one of the best books ever issued from the Liberal press.

To those who will send us fifteen new names for a year, we will send a copy, each, of THE WORLD'S SAGES, INFIDELS AND THINKERS; THE BURGESS-UNDERWOOD DEBATE; AND E. E. GUILD'S PRO AND CON OF SUPERNATURAL RELIGION.

To those who will send in twenty new names for a year, we will send a copy, each, of Vols. I., II. and III. of TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS; THE WORLD'S SAGES, &c.; BURGESS-UNDERWOOD DEBATE, and PRO AND CON.

To those who will send us twenty-five new names for a year, we will send all mentioned in the last proposition and add a copy, each, of **THE HEATHENS OF THE HEATH**, and Vol. I. and Vol. II. of **THE TRUTH SEEKER**, bound.

There friends, is something to work for. Who will not do all in his power to double the List of THE TRUTH SEEKER? The world is groping in darkness and needs its light. If every patron will use his efforts to swell our list, it can easily be doubled before the first of January. In many localities, three, five and ten times as many copies should be taken as are now sent there, and thereby securing for its patrons the best paper of the kind yet published.

If you cannot induce new subscribers to remit for a year, try them for six months. If they hesitate for that term, persuade them to send for three months. Price of the WEEKLY, postage paid, \$2.00 per year six months, \$1.00. Three months, 50 cents.

Let all orders be accompanied with the cash in draft on New York, postal order, or in registered letter, and let the names of the orders be "Legion."

The Grand Plan of Salvation.

Christianity teaches, that after an eternity spent without employment and without a companion, God, in the space of six days, made this world and the trillions of other worlds and suns that fill immensity, with all existing forms of life; and among the rest he made man to be happy and to glorify his name; that he planted a garden in which he placed man with slight knowledge and no experience. In the center of this garden he planted a tree bearing beautiful and tempting fruit, but which possessed qualities worse than the most deadly poison. As he knew all things, he was necessarily aware what the consequences would be—he knew man would eat this fruit; but, apparently, to make it more certain, he suffered the Devil, whom he had also created, to assume the form of a snake, and to lure and tempt man to taste the fair, but fatal fruit. Weak and uninformed as he was, man fell into the snare thus laid for him—he tasted and died. By this most unfortunate transaction, man not only brought death and the eternal wrath of God upon himself, but also upon the quintillions of his descendants who have since lived. Herein is manifested the great love and kindness of God. To plan the conditions so that this result, by any possibility could occur, argues a want of power or of goodness on the part of God.

In this first experiment which God tried, his adversary completely circumvented him and wrested the world of mankind from his grasp ; but as it was in keeping with the programme laid down, perhaps the pair were mutually suited. A few centuries passed, during which the Devil constantly gained upon God and became the governing spirit among men. This caused God to heartily repent in his heart that he had made man ; and to wrest him from the custody of the Devil, he sent an immense flood which submerged the whole earth and drowned every man and everything that had life, save the cargo of one boat. All this, however, availed nothing. Mankind still did wickedly and the Devil had supreme control. This conflict between God and his Devil continued thousands of years, but the Devil was invariably triumphant and victor in every struggle. Poor man was the victim. For doing what it was designed he should do, he incurred the eternal enmity of God and was doomed to endless punishment in hell.

To gain an advantage over his adversary—to give a chance for a portion of humanity to escape its awful doom and to make it possible that he could forgive man—God at length carried out the grand scheme

which he had decided upon four thousand years before; to came down from heaven and be born of a woman, to renew the bitter conflict with his enemy, with new weapons and new tactics. He overshadowed a young Jewish maiden and "got her in the family way," or in other words, he entered her womb, and at the expiration of the usual time, nine months, he came forth a healthy boy-baby-god, who was both father and son to himself. This boy-god grew up to manhood and worked with his step-father at the carpenters' trade till he was thirty years of age, when he took up preaching and working miracles. Two years, however, had not elapsed, before his old enemy, the Devil, incited certain parties to put this God to an ignominious death, and all in keeping with the pre-ordained plan of God.

The philosophy of this sublime plan of salvation is about in this wise: God made man and placed within his reach a deadly poison which he knew he would eat, and also made a Devil to assist in the fatal error. For this offense, God damned man forever, and could not possibly forgive him, unless he took himself the penalty and in his own person—unless he took the fatal blow he had aimed at man, thus striking himself to satisfy himself, and to induce himself to pardon man for what he could not help doing with the divine Devil to lead him on. But even after God put himself or his son to death, the Devil was not conquered. He is to-day, as lively and as active as ever. The world is under his control, and thousands are daily going to hell despite all that God has done to himself.

This is the great plan of salvation which priests loudly extol and call upon us to accept. Is it not most beautiful?

Friendly Suggestion.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 18th, 1875.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Permit me to express my unqualified thanks for the able manner THE TRUTH SEEKER is conducted, and for the amount of useful information you present to its readers in each number.

I am pleased it is your intention to make it a Weekly and would suggest to keep it the same size as it is now, being, I think, a very nice size for binding, and I think none of your subscribers will object, if you charge three dollars or four per year for it.

The Liberalists of England donate a fixed amount of money, according to their means, to Mr. Bradlaugh, to be used by him as a propaganda fund for lectures etc., delivered in places where there are Liberalists who want lectures, but from their poverty, are unable to compensate lecturers.

I would like such a fund established by THE TRUTH SEEKER; and I shall be most willing to contribute to it, knowing it will be the means of bringing men and women to a "true knowledge of God."

Let us hear from other Freethinkers what they think of such a plan of salvation.

Yours Truly, • AJAX.

REPLY.—It is not our purpose to increase the size of our paper so as to be unwieldy. The size decided upon, is the same as *Harper's Weekly* and several others. We think differently from our friend about our subscribers not being unwilling to pay three or four dollars a year for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Many of them seem very unwilling to pay the present price, or are very slow about doing it. We think a paper furnished at a low price will have the widest circulation and give the best satisfaction. Our wish is to furnish a first class Weekly at so low a price, that nearly every Liberal in the country, may feel disposed to take it and pay for it willingly and promptly. It would seem that every lover of truth and every hater of superstition and shams, ought to feel a little pride that such papers as THE TRUTH SEEKER are sustained and have a wide circulation; but it cannot be done by apathy and a holding back—too penurious to spend a dime in the cause of truth. We would be glad if the Liberalists of America would follow the example of the Liberalists of England, as our friend suggests. A fund is really needed for the promulgation of Radical philosophy and truths. We daily feel the need of it, and heartily wish, the Liberalists of America were more willing to do a trifle, for the cause they love. We would say, let every man, who is free, and wants to see others so, subscribe for the TRUTH SEEKER, and distribute, among his neighbors, TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS, and TRUTH SEEKER LEAFLETS. If this is done, our cause will prosper, and our triumph will be assured.

Another Appeal.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

DEAR READERS, FRIENDS OF FREETHOUGHT:

Again we appeal to you, and entreat your substantial sympathy, your encouragement and support. Let it be ours to make THE TRUTH SEEKER an institution. Individuals come and go, and change overmasters all; but institutions outlast the flesh of their founders, and live on through the coming and going generations. Let us contribute our combined influence toward making this TRUTH SEEKER such a power in print as will testify for Truth, after we shall have passed away. Let us so rig out this staunch little iron clad, that it will sweep destruction among the rotten old orthodox hulks which are to-day lazily rocking, creed anchored, upon the ebbing tides of superstition. All the shot and shell of the Christian fleet will rain as unavailing against its truth-mailed ribs, as the pellets of a boy's pop gun against Gibraltar. But its furnaces must be fed, its steam kept up. Little green paper slips furnish the fuel for its propelling power. The fires smoulder, and the wheels rest and rust, when the paper fuel is lacking.

Dear friends, it is the many and many of these little slips constantly coming in from all your several pockets that will enable this little cruiser to triumphantly outstride the financial breakers, which have whelmed the many hundreds of more pretentious crafts within the last few months.

Perhaps you do not realize the cost of journalism, or the embarrassments attending such enterprises as those in which the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER is now engaged. The change of THE TRUTH SEEKER to a Weekly, the publication of Tracts and Leaflets, together with the expensive work, such as he proposes to issue, all at this particularly unpropitious time, make it imperatively necessary that all who wish him success, all who feel an interest in the dissemination of Liberal literature, should promptly render him their support at this critical juncture.

The names of twenty-five hundred delinquents are upon his subscription list to-day. The prompt payment of these arrearages would place THE TRUTH SEEKER in a prosperous condition, and enable its worthy editor to prosecute with renewed zeal, his welcome work.

As a class, we are poor. Opposed to us are Mrs. Grundy, the Almighty Dollar, and all the wealth and power of the conscienceless Christian Church.

In the darkest hour of the revolutionary struggle, Thomas Paine pledged his every dollar upon a subscription list for the suffering soldiers. The example of his sublime individual efforts inspired the colonies to carry the contest on to victory. They emancipated themselves and us from the rule of a "royal brute of Britain." To-day we are seeking to guard the right of conscience from a deadlier foe than ever sat on England's throne. And it is only by co-operation and self-sacrifice that the champions of Freethought, to-day, can hope to do their duty. Each individual may do something for the Liberal cause; may circulate a few Tracts or Leaflets, obtain a new subscriber, or induce an old one to renew. At least, those in arrears should pay their just dues; and all should realize that every little push helps carry onward the car of Progress.

The "Friendly Correspondence" in THE TRUTH SEEKER indicates the absolute demand for such a print, and the place it occupies in the hearts of its patrons. It has now become a necessity to the majority of its readers, and the Liberal public must maintain it. And not all the demons and devils, nor ghosts and gods, nor Christs and churches and Comstocks, can crush it, if its friends will prove true Liberals—liberals in pocket as well as in ideas, and will properly sustain it.

The sole aim of its editor, is to give to the world the cheapest and most effective radical reading matter. For illustration, Ingersoll's Lectures, complete, a work costing \$2.24, by mail, is furnished by him in tract form for 30 cents. Those who are personally acquainted with him, are aware that he is enabled to publish at the surprisingly low rates he does, only by the most economical business management, and the most self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of his patrons and the cause he advocates. Seeking to strike off the cursed shackles of creed and ignorance from his soul-fettered fellows, he is contented to perform his thankless task; to work unweariedly with heart and hand, with brain and pen and muscle, sixteen hours out of each day's twenty-four, and to still struggle on against the most disheartening circumstances. Those fully acquainted with his surroundings, appreciate his efforts, and trust that time hath reward in store for him. Many of his friends would persuade him to leave THE TRUTH SEEKER for the lecture field. He is fully assured that the latter pursuit would be far more profitable and pleasant, than his present position. But convinced as he is, that THE TRUTH SEEKER has an especial mission in the great domain of theological and scientific investigation, no mere considerations of profit or pleasure will ever induce him to abandon it. All he has, is invested in the enterprise; all he has, all he is, and all he hopes to be, are unreservedly devoted to the work he has undertaken. But it is evident that a radical paper like THE TRUTH SEEKER, entirely un-

supported as it is by friendly capital, must needs seek something more substantial than Truth if it escape the fate of so many others in these unhappy times.

And now, Liberal Friends, consider whether there be another Freethought journal in America to-day, that could supply the place of THE TRUTH SEEKER; consider that a certain number of cash-paying subscribers are absolutely essential to its continuation, and that no paper can afford to have the names of two or three thousand delinquents on its subscription list; consider what a jubilee it would occasion in the Christian camp, were we to suffer this staunch little sheet to languish for lack of necessary support, and what an everlasting stigma such a result would attach to the very name of LIBERAL. We entreat you, Brothers, earnestly consider this, and send in your remittances without delay.

Unwilling to meet the Issue.

[The following correspondence was held at Bedford, Ind., at a recent visit of friend Underwood.]

BEDFORD, IND., Oct., 14th, 1875.

ELDER JAMES M. MATHES, Pres't Bedford College.

Dear Sir: Mr B. F. Underwood is here, delivering a series of "Freehought" lectures, and is willing to meet you in a public discussion, on the issue of "Freehought" and the Christian Theology. It is believed by the Freethought element there, that discussion would be profitably advantageous; and as you are a representative man of your church in Indiana, (and doubtless of the West), we can see no substantial reason why you should decline engaging in a public debate with Mr Underwood. He has debated with your best minds, Burgess, Braden, Russell, and others of your theological school. If you prefer, you may select Messrs Trent, Sweeney, Burgess, or any other competent representative man of Christianity. If you conclude to accept our invitation, we can then arrange the preliminaries, number of sessions, etc. We confidently hope that you will accept this challenge and communicate the same to us at your earliest convenience.

We are very truly yours.

N. L. HALL.

R. L. ROUT.

J. D. THOMASSON.

WM. A. LAND.

BEDFORD, IND., Oct. 15th, 1875.

MESSRS. R. D. ROUT, N. L. HALL, J. D. THOMASSON, AND W. A. LAND.

Gents: I have the honor to acknowledge this receipt of your very kind and courteous letter of 14th inst., covering a challenge for a public discussion with Mr. B. F. Underwood, of the issues between the Bible and your belief. You tell me that you think that such a debate would do much good in this community and is much needed, &c.

In answer, I will say, that I am prepared to admit, that your champion, Mr. Underwood, is a gentleman and a scholar, and possesses superior ability, both as a debater and lecturer. And I may also admit that you are honest in your *unbelief*. Still I do not admit that there is any necessity for such a debate in Bedford.

First. Because the Infidel elements in this community is only as one in a hundred of the citizens, and therefore too small to make such a debate interesting.

Second. Mr. Underwood has met some of our strong men, and the issues involved, have been as thoroughly discussed as we could hope to do it; and all that is likely to be gained by such discussions has already been brought out, time and again. Why then repeat it in a community where you have nothing to lose—let the matter go as it may—where your defeat even to you would be victory?

Third. Debating is one of the means adopted by Mr. Underwood and his school of unbelief, to gain notoriety, and to publish their unbeliefs to the crowds, who otherwise would not go to hear them. I decline being a partner with him in such a meeting. Our fathers and mothers believed and loved the Bible, and died in the glorious hope of eternal life beyond the graves, inspired by its divine teachings, and we are satisfied with the Bible as the word of God.

Fourth. I am told that you want to have *fun*, and think that it would be *funny*, to have the debates you propose, and hear a poor mortal impiously assail the character and teachings of the Redeemer of the world, and trample under his feet the blood of the Savior of mankind.

Now it occurs to me that there could be no *fun* in this. I want no fun of that sort. The subject is too solemn and awful, for *fun*!

But I have said enough. You now understand me, and while feeling myself fully prepared and able to defend the Bible against the attacks of unbelievers of every school, whenever, in my judgment, such defenses becomes necessary, I most respectfully decline to accept your challenge.

I am most respectfully yours,

J. M. MATHES.

BEDFORD, IND., Oct. 16th, 1875.

ELDER JAMES M. MATHES, Pres. Bedford College,

Dear Sir: We are in receipt of your favor of yesterday, in reply to our invitation to meet Mr. Underwood in public debate. We regret that you have decided not to engage in a public discussion in this town. Knowing that you belong to a denomination

that was born and reared and matured in controversy with other sects, and that public debate is one of the means employed by your ministers to get your news accepted by the people, we were not prepared to believe that you would decline to meet Mr. Underwood, a gentleman of ability, culture and reputation. We are glad to see, however, that you do not resort to a method too frequently employed, of deprecating an opponent in order to diminish the importance of the views he advocates.

You think the Infidel element here so small that it is not worth while to engage in debate with Mr. Underwood, its representative. It is true, this is a stronghold of your faith, but the Infidel element in this community is probably larger than you have been led to suspect. There are probably more infidels and skeptics in this community than there are members of your Christian Church, not to speak of those whose minds are filled with doubt, and who are looking for arguments to fortify them in that belief, which, despite themselves, is growing weaker and weaker every day. The notion that the Infidels here are as one to a hundred, is quite incorrect, and simply shows that in your devotion to your faith, your eyes are closed to the real danger that threatens your Church. But even if the number of Infidels here are as small as you say, provided a debate would be favorable to the truth as you profess to believe, would not that small number be sufficient to warrant a discussion?

Mr. Underwood, we can assure you, does not seek discussion merely for notoriety. It is true, he endeavors by debate to get the attendance of those who could not otherwise be induced to listen to his reasoning. Is this not quite as true of the ministers of your denomination? Have they not sought controversy with the Methodists for the same purpose?

You are pleased to say "our fathers and mothers believed and loved the Bible." But is that any reason that we should believe in the divine origin of the Bible? Were not our fathers and mothers fallible erring creatures like ourselves? Did they not have many errors and superstitions that we have outgrown? Might not the Buddhist or Mohammedan make the same statement in support of his faith, when urged to investigate by the Christian missionary? Indeed did not the pagans of old say the same of their religion when called upon to embrace Christianity? We are not aware that mere "fun" is the object of any Infidel in this community in wishing a debate. We agree with you that the subject is a serious one, and is entitled to earnest and candid thought and courteous discussion.

Our object in requesting you to debate with Mr. Underwood, is to give the public an opportunity to hear the arguments and reasonings of two men of opposite views, who have given much time and thought to the subject of religion. Your supposition that Mr. Underwood would "impiously assail the character and teachings of the Redeemer, and trample under feet the blood of the Savior," is entirely gratuitous and shows how unjustly, though unintentionally, we hope you judge him in advance. On the whole we cannot help thinking your reasons for declining to meet Mr. Underwood, are weak and insufficient, however satisfactory to yourself.

But through the efforts of Mr. Underwood and others, we look for an increase of the Infidel element in this community. The tendency of the age is that way, we think, and orthodox conservatism in this town cannot resist it. We hope, therefore, that you or some other minister will be forced by candid and liberal public sentiment, to engage in a debate on the Bible and the Christian religion.

We have the honor to be very truly yours,

A. N. HALL.

R. L. ROUT.

J. D. THOMASSON

WM. A. LAND.

Catechism.

What is an Infidel?

An Infidel is a miserable sinner who has the presumption to not believe as I believe.

What is the unpardonable sin?

The unpardonable sin is to be a greater man than I am.

What is hocus-pocus?

Hocus-pocus, or legerdemain, is any law or force, beyond my comprehension.

What is the chief end of man?

The chief end and aim of a large percentage of what calls itself man, is to live by hook, or by crook, on the earnings of others—Honorable Exceptions to this rule—We have the *ladies* in our mind's eye.

And further your deponent saith not.

PRENTISS.

THE Methodist congregation in Frankfort Hill, N. Y. quarreled about the location of the organ in their church. One faction assembled to move the instrument by force, and were so energetic in their work that it was badly damaged. It is nightly expected that the other party will try to put it back in its old place, and if the attempt should be made, a fight is anticipated.

The Book-keeper's Dream.

The day had wearily come to its close.
And night had come down with its needed repose,
As a book-keeper wended his way from the store,
Glad that his toilsome hours were o'er.

The night was cheerless, and dismal and damp.
And the flickering flame of the dim street lamp
Went out in the wild rough gusts that beat
With furious speed through the gloomy street.

Tired and cold, with pain-throbbing head,
He sank to repose in his lonely bed:
Still through his brain, as the book-keeper slept,
Visions of debtor and creditor crept.

The great balance sheet he had finished that day,
And profit and loss, in the usual way,
Showed how much money the merchant had made
Or lost on the preceding twelve months' trade.

And he dreamed that night that an angel came
With the ledger of life, and against his name
Were charges, till there was no room to spare,
And nothing whatever was credited there.

There was life and its blessings, as intellect, health,
There were charges of time, opportunities, wealth,
Of talents for good, of friendship the best,
Of nourishment, joy, affliction and rest.

And hundreds of others, and each one as great,
All with interest accrued from the time of their date,
Till despairing of ever being able to pay,
The book-keeper shrank from the angel away.

But the angel declared the account must be paid,
And protested, it could not be longer delayed.
The book-keeper sighed and began to deplore,
How meagre the treasure he'd laid up in store.

He would cheerfully render all he had acquired,
And his note on demand, for the balance, if desired.
Then quickly the angel took paper and wrote
The following as an acceptable note:

On demand, without grace, from the close of to-day,
For value received, I promise to pay
To him who has kept me, and everywhere
Has guarded my soul with infinite care,

Whose blessings outnumber the drops of the ocean,
While living, the sum of my heart's best devotion;
In witness whereof, to be seen by all men,
I affix the great seal of the soul's amen.

The book-keeper added his name to the note,
While the angel across the great ledger page wrote
In letters as crimson as human gore,
Settled in full, and was seen no more.

Paine Memorial Hall.

A STATEMENT BY G. L. HENDERSON.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Many of your readers are also readers of the *Boston Investigator*, and have contributed sums of money toward the Paine Memorial Hall of Boston; and whether they have contributed money or not, they are interested in every movement whose object is to unite upon a plan of organization which will ultimately furnish Temples of Reason in every city, village, and township in the United States, with trained reasoners capable of filling them, and performing the functions which the teachers of Superstition are either unable or unwilling to perform.

About four years ago, I read with pleasure a notice in the *Investigator*, that five trustees had been selected to receive subscriptions for the purpose of erecting a Paine Memorial Hall. This made the enterprise popular, and it was indeed appropriate that the name of the author of "The Age of Reason" should be associated with the first temple dedicated to Reason. Boston being remote from the Mississippi river, I was pleased to notice that one of the trustees was chosen from the West, and wishing to know that any money remitted to them would be used for the purposes set forth in the call, I wrote to a party in Dubuque enquiring as to the character and capacity of D. R. Burt of Dunleith, Ill., who was one of the five trustees named to control the funds. The reply was that "D. R. Burt had by industry and perseverance established a large business, that he had conducted it successfully, that as a man of integrity and probity, none stood higher, so much so that he was known by the name of 'honest Burt,' and that his word was as good as his bond." Since then, I have learned, that he has been repeatedly sent to the legislature of his State, and would have been elected Governor of the State of Wisconsin, had he not sacrificed his ambition on the altar of friendship, and through that sacrifice the first solid support was given to the Paine memorial fund. That friend offering him two thousand dollars for his services, this scrupulous, single hearted, noble old man refused to accept it, but presented it, half to the Memorial Hall, and half to the Lecture Fund. On receiving this letter, I sent forward a sum of money, and promised an additional sum when they were ready to expend it in building. I was at the laying of the foundation of the Hall on July 4th, 1874. I addressed the audience there assembled, encouraging all to help forward its completion.

On the following day I paid to J. P. Mendum the sum promised, and enquired into the nature of the Society, its constitution and plans for developing its resources and extending its influence, so that similar societies might spring up in every State of the Union. He told me that Mr. Altman had obstructed their movements, and had even threatened to issue an injunction to stop their proceedings, as illegal. "But," said he, "by the holy smoke he shall not do it."

I was amused at his original mode of swearing. Queen Elizabeth swore "by God's death." Others have sworn by Jesus and all the saints, but Mr. Mendum chose the most unsubstantial thing to swear by that I had ever heard. I then learned for the first time that there was any difference existing among the Trustees, and I expressed my sincere regret, and hoped the object would not fail on that account. He assured me it would not, that himself and the other two Trustees held the title, and the donors were safe. I ventured some close questions as to the actual state of things. When he lost temper and began to speak about his honesty and long services in the cause, and that nobody doubted their intentions to do what was right, I assured him that I had no reason to doubt his integrity and honesty of purpose, nor the other two Trustees, Mr. Seaver and Mr. Savage, nor Mr. Altman and Mr. Burt, who, it now appeared, were not Trustees, for before July 4th I had never met any of them. But they had declared, through the *Investigator*, that five trustees were to receive donations for the erection of a building, and I had merely desired to know how the matter stood.

On the following day, I met Mr. Underwood, and while seated under a tree in Boston Common, the question of the Paine Hall came up. I asked him what he knew about the Society, telling him that I had asked Mr. Mendum about the relations which the Trustees bore to Mr. Lick and others who had sent money to erect a building and create a "Lecture Fund." He frankly admitted that he did not know how matters stood, but thought there was no legal organization; that Mr. Mendum usually resented any attempt to inquire into the matter; that his high regard for Mr. Seaver had prevented him from pushing the enquiry, fearing that it might be regarded as an intrusion on his part, or might be construed by them as a doubt of their intentions to faithfully perform their trust; and further, that he regarded it as of the utmost importance that he, as the advocate, and they, as the publishers of *Freethought*, should be on good terms. I admitted the truth of this, and liked the fair and impartial way in which he spoke of the Trustees, and especially of Horace Seaver, in whom he placed the most undoubted confidence. Mr. Underwood promised me to call and ascertain whether the Trustees (for so I still regarded them), had taken care to have the property so placed that it would pass safely to their successors in office. I desired him to do this because I thought his personal acquaintance and public position as a lecturer would make it less offensive to them than to have similar inquiries put by me, a comparative stranger.

On July 29th, 1874, Mr. Underwood wrote me that after we separated, he had an interview with Mr. Mendum regarding the Paine Hall, that he talked very fairly, and that he would see me in N. Y. soon, and would talk with me again on the subject. When I met Mr. Underwood in New York, it appeared that nothing definite had been arrived at in his interview with Mr. Mendum and Seaver; that he had seen no articles nor deeds, in fact, that they had given him no definite information. Thinking that the best way to get the facts was to write to the Trustees (so-called) and get the information desired from them, on August 6th, 1874, I wrote as follows:

MESSRS. J. P. MENDUM AND HORACE SEAVER.

My Dear Friends: I address you as such, because we are engaged in a common cause, and that cause being unpopular, it is the more necessary that its few supporters should be firmly bound together by every tie that should unite honest men in seeking their own best interest and that of their race. I regret that any difference of opinion, real or imaginary, should have even temporarily divided the Trustees to whom is entrusted the funds of the Paine Memorial Hall. The generous gift of James Lick and many other donors to be set apart as a sacred legacy for the advocacy of POSITIVE TRUTH and intellectual freedom. If Mr. Altman and Mr. Burt are laboring under any misapprehension as to your course in the use of the Memorial Fund, I would suggest that you hasten at once to make the matter clear to the many who feel a deep interest in the success of the enterprise.

On page six of the *Investigator*, where you appeal to the friends of Thomas Paine to help the cause, it reads: "This Hall is intended for free meetings, and when the building is paid for, its rents and incomes will be bedevoted to supporting Liberal lectures, &c." Now then, publish in the *Investigator* the deed of trust for the purposes intended, which will show that there is really an instrument legally executed to you and your successors in office. Whether this would satisfy Mr. Altman and Mr. Burt, I cannot tell. But it will satisfy the many donors who have invested their funds in this noble enterprise, that the money is used for the purposes for which it was given, and not for the promotion of any personal ends. Hoping that you will see the propriety of this course and act accordingly, is the wish of your sincere friend,
G. L. HENDERSON.

In answer, I received the following reply:

Boston, August 8th, 1874.

FRIEND HENDERSON: Your kind letter is just received, and I beg to say that we are getting on finely with the Hall. I never understood that Mr. Burt was in the least dissatisfied with what we are doing in the matter and I think that friend Altman's technical objections are made for the purpose of making us keep our eyes open and not get over-reached by sharpers, as he supposed we might

be. Everything so far as I know is satisfactory between us. The work is satisfactorily progressing and every one has confidence in our integrity if not in our wisdom, unless some insinuations from our enemies may have a vein of suspicion as to our intention. We have no apprehension of difficulty with Mr. Burt nor Mr. Altman, all our acts are open to them, and surely they can at any time investigate and soon find out if we are wrong in anything we do, and by their advice they can soon set us right. Truly yours,
J. P. MENDUM.

The careful reader will notice that my letter called for a publication of the deed. The reply took no notice of that call. I was the more astonished at this letter, because Mr. Mendum told me in Boston, that Mr. Altman was so much dissatisfied that he threatened to sue out an injunction to stop their work on the Paine Hall, and yet he writes that he had "no apprehension of difficulty with Mr. Burt and Mr. Altman." I made no enquiry about the progress of the work, mine was an enquiry into its safety to posterity, and that the Deed of Trust should be published in the *Investigator*, so that all the world might know what our Trustees were doing with the money remitted to them.

I confess I was not satisfied. Not one single line has ever appeared in the *Investigator* to intimate that any one had ever enquired into the doings of the Trustees. Trustees are expected to publish a balance sheet, showing how much had been expended of the money entrusted to them. Why are we compelled to write through THE TRUTH SEEKER instead of the old *Investigator*, who has for its motto, "hear all sides, then decide." But if they are not Trustees, they are not under any obligation to render an account of the money.

On August 28th, 1874, I called at their office in Boston, and happened to find the three Trustees together. I desired to know exactly how the property was held. Mr. Mendum replied that the deed was made to the three Trustees. "Are you named in the deed as Trustees?" Mr. Mendum replied "yes, for one of us cannot sell the property without the consent of the others." "Will you let me look at the deed?" Mr. Mendum expressed his willingness, but could not find the instrument; thought it was at his residence. I then stated, that since they would neither publish the deed in the *Investigator*, nor had the original at hand, I would go to the City Hall and read it in the record. Mr. Mendum then stated the fact that they held the deed as joint tenants, and not as Trustees. He became quite waspish—I know of no milder term to express his manner to me. One correspondent, Mr. Butts, calls it "rough, harsh and uncompromising." I should have been glad if he had been less so, for instance with Messrs. Burt and Henderson." Mr. Mendum proposed to return my money if I was not satisfied. I answered, I had given my money to a cause, and not to private individuals, and if that cause could not be attained, I would receive back my money, but if it could be attained, I would not receive it back.

Here Mr. Mendum became angry, and declared that "the funds were sent to them, on account of their personal services to build a home for the *Investigator*, and the *Investigator* is my property, and I shall do what I please with it and its home."

This is the purport of his language, though not his exact words. I entered my protest on the spot and denounced it as an iniquity. Some will enquire why I did not then make a public exposure. My reply is, that I hoped they could be induced to reconsider their course in this matter. The following letter to D. R. Burt, will make this more clear:

NEW YORK, Dec. 8th, 1874.

D. R. BURT, Dunleith, Ill.,

Dear Friend and Brother: At the request of Morris Altman, I write you, requesting that you be in New York city on Jan. 22d, 1875, for the purpose of devising the best method of arranging the Paine Hall property. You are aware that the lot on which the building is erected, is now held in fee simple by Messrs. Mendum, Seaver and Savage, and not as trustees of any society. As it now stands, the death of these three men would leave the whole property to their heirs, and would be a misappropriation of all the donations made by donors to aid a definite cause, and not a gift made to private individuals. You and Mr. Altman, as the other Trustees, must devise a way to place this property as it should be, in the hands of trustees and their successors, for the purpose of furthering the cause of *Freethought*.

I have written to B. F. Underwood to be here at the same time, and aid us with his counsel. He is well aware of all the facts in the case. I think, and hope, that the three gentlemen named will, when a proper plan is devised, immediately create a corporation and give a deed to the Trustees of the corporation, to be used for all time for the purposes intended by the donors, leaving a part of the building as a free home for the *Investigator*, and the other rents to be used in maintaining lectures and in circulating scientific literature.

Your letter of Nov. 23d in the *Investigator*, would lead the casual reader to suppose that you were fully satisfied with the way in which the funds were disposed of. I have already entered my protest to the parties themselves in their own office. Hoping, however, that we will not have a repetition of the Methodist Book Concern, I remain, yours very truly,
G. L. HENDERSON.

The following circular will show the inducements held out to the public, to send in their funds to the Trustees:

CIRCULAR TO THE LIBERAL PUBLIC.

DEAR SIR: We propose to purchase or, erect in the City of Boston a building to be known as the "Paine Memorial Hall," as a testimonial to the great services of THOMAS PAINE in the struggle for American Independence, and for universal mental freedom. Said building to be suitable for stores, business offices, a hall for free discussion, amusements, lectures, and finally an office for the business purposes of the *Boston Investigator*. To accomplish this, we need the assistance and contributions of all

the friends of Mr. Paine and of the *Investigator*, and believing you to be one of the number on whom we may rely, this circular is sent to you, hoping you will give it your aid and assistance, by contributing liberally yourself, and inducing others to do so. Subscriptions will be given monthly in the columns of the *Investigator*. We have labored under many disadvantages during our connection with the *Investigator*, in providing suitable accommodations for our business, and in securing a hall for our Paine celebration, and we appeal now to the Liberal public to come forward and help us to secure a permanent place for business, and for holding our meetings.

We send out these circulars to the Liberal public, trusting that each one will consider himself or herself a special missionary, to procure and forward to Josiah P. Mendum, our Treasurer, all possible contributions. We trust, also, that in forwarding pledges of money to be paid when called for, the subscriber will rest assured that in developing a plan for the success of this enterprise, the highest practical business talent of Boston shall be employed in devising a legal method by which our rights, the rights of the subscribers, will be perpetually guaranteed.

Friends, brothers, sisters, the hour will come when we must cease from our labor. The cause that the proprietor and Editor of the *Boston Investigator* have expended their lives in, is in itself an earnest voucher, that not for self alone, but for humanity, they have worn away a lifetime. And we invite all our friends to zealous and prompt action, as advancing age indicates that time waits for none. We all feel solicitous that our works may still live after we retire; and that our advocate of freedom, our sturdy old *Investigator*, may still, for coming generations, sound our rallying cry, "For all peoples, and over all lands forever, Liberty."

J. P. MENDUM,
HORACE SEEVER,
J. M. BECKETT, } Trustees.
T. L. SAVAGE,
M. ALTMAN,

March 1st, 1871.

The death of Mr. Beckett led to the appointment of D. R. Burt, of Dunleith, Ill., after which I sent my contribution, as before stated.

I will now go back somewhat, and give a few letters that were written bearing upon the subject.

MENDUM TO ALTMAN.

Boston, Sept. 13, 1873.

Dear Friend Altman: Yours is received, and like all your letters is read attentively and with much interest. I think you are unnecessarily anxious about our responsibility. We deed only what has been granted to us as Trustees. We have been made *bona fide* Trustees by Mr. Lick, to sell or dispose or keep that property. Perhaps we have sold it, and so far as the other matter of organizing, it can be done any time when you feel disposed to come here and see us; especially after friend Burt gets back. I look on all this matter about as you do—the donations which have been sent to me were sent from friends of the *Investigator* to help give it a permanent, abiding place of business, etc. I choose to give it the title of Paine Memorial Hall, and Home for the *Investigator*—have contributed to it largely—and I hope to live to see the thing matured and carried out, and with your services and assistance I believe I shall. I believe that all has been contributed was for the benefit of the old *Investigator*, to keep it from being ousted and lost, or turned over to religious conductors after Seaver and I go away. Contributions have all come from its friends, and its friends will see it through—with your advice and assistance it will be done. After the return of Mr. Burt we must make arrangements to carry out some plan of organization. Yours truly,

J. P. MENDUM.

Boston, May 13, 1874.

Friend Altman: As you are aware we have agreed to take the three lots on Appleton Street, near the Parker Memorial Hall, which you saw when here. \$5,000 is to be paid on receiving the deed; the balance, \$20,000, to remain on mortgage one year. And as the mortgage and note must be signed by the Trustees, to whom the deed runs, and their wives, I forward to you the mortgage and note for you to sign, and for you to send to Mr. Burt for his and Mrs. Burt's signatures, and he to return to us for our signatures. Let the witnesses of the signatures state where witness, he or she, is. We have engaged the City Solicitor to examine the title, so that we may be sure everything is correct. Please forward with as little delay as possible. Respectfully yours,

J. P. MENDUM.

Copy of Mr. Altman's letter to Mendum, Seaver and Savage. Protest.

207 East 45th St., May 21, 1874.

FRIENDS MENDUM, SEEVER AND SAVAGE:

I send you the enclosed papers without my signature, first because the deed and mortgage should be made out in the name of the Trustees, and secondly that even that form is unnecessary unless you prefer it in that way.

The resolution unanimously passed by the Board of Trustees giving you power to purchase the property and erect the building, places the matter in the hands of you three gentlemen as a sub-committee, and the deed can be made out in the name of you three gentlemen as such committee, and the mortgage signed by you again as such—not requiring the signature of either Burt or myself; I, as for myself, and proxy for Burt, by voting in favor of empowering you with title, had, and still have, the fullest confidence in you, hence you need have no delicacy in having the deed and mortgage drawn up in your name as committee of such board of Trustees. I remain your co-trustee, (Signed) M. ALTMAN.

On January 20th, 1875, D. R. Burt arrived in New York, and upon consultation it was decided that Mr. Burt proceed to Boston and ascertain if they were willing to comply with the printed circular of March 1st, 1871, and devise a "legal method by which the rights of the subscribers could be perpetually guaranteed." If not, I declined to take any part in the dedication. Let me state at this stage that I pointed out two errors committed by Mr. Burt and Mr. Altman. 1st. Mr. Burt should have placed the money realized from the Lick property in the bank, subject to the order of J. P. Mendum, countersigned by the secretary, M. Altman. This would have been a check on the money. 2d. Morris Altman should have sent for D. R. Burt and gone to Boston, effected an organization, of which J. P. Mendum in his letter of Sept. 13th says: "it can be done at any time when you," (Altman and Burt,) "choose to come and see us, especially after friend Burt gets back," and had they

done so perhaps at that time they would have kept their promise and have taken "legal measures to protect the subscribers." But D. R. Burt had then no suspicion that these men would refuse to comply, and Altman did protest and told them to make the deed in their names as a sub-committee and in trust. But they had the money in their own hands and used it in the erection of a building to themselves as joint tenants, of which the last survivor and his heirs will be the sole possessor; and this under the "advice of the highest practical talent of Boston, employed to protect the rights of the subscribers." The chances of life point to T. L. Savage as the man most likely to be the last survivor, and his children the heirs of the Lick donation and all other donations which become part of the realty of their joint-tenant lot.

Mr. Burt went forward to Boston and wrote back a very encouraging letter, that after the dedication they would organize and make all right. He urged me to come on and assist him, and bring as many from New York as I could induce to come. I went and met Messrs. Mendum and Savage, the latter assured me that everything would be made satisfactory after the dedication and wished us not to disturb the meeting by indicating that there was any difficulty among the Trustees. I was perfectly satisfied with this assurance, and my address on that occasion was an index of my happiness at the prospect that Freethinkers had at last begun to assert themselves in the erection of halls dedicated to science, and that the Paine Hall was the first fruits of the "Age of Reason."

On the following day we met together, when, to our astonishment, and sorrow, they absolutely refused to even discuss a plan of organization. Mr. Seaver said, "I think all are willing to trust us, and there is no need of making any change." Mr. Burt plead with them, saying, "I was chosen by you, I was made a Trustee by James Lick, I received the funds as a Trustee, and I would basely betray that trust were I to see it pass into the hands of private persons instead of Trustees." Mr. Savage arose and coolly left the room. Mr. Burt's anger knew no bounds. "Gentlemen," said he, "you have betrayed not only me, but have basely betrayed every man who contributed one dollar to this cause. Did you not promise me that after the dedication you would proceed to organize, and deed the property to legally qualified Trustees? I do not ask to be one of that board, but I do insist that such a board shall be created. Gentlemen you have treated me like an old horse who was once serviceable and useful but when he can be ridden no longer you turn him out to die." The old man became faint, and Mendum, Seaver and myself had to use restoratives and friction to prevent a stroke of apoplexy. It was a sad spectacle indeed, and I think that Mr. Seaver and even Mr. Mendum felt some compunctions as they saw the fearful mental suffering of this old hero, the veins on his forehead were full and ready to burst, and the heart-agony which he felt none can know. His faith in man was shaken, his fondest hopes blasted. Mr. Seaver spoke tenderly to him. "Friend Burt," said he, "I am willing to do right, we will all meet again to-morrow night, and this thing shall be set right so that you will be perfectly satisfied." With this assurance we parted. The old man remained moody and silent, his lips moved incessantly as if in communication with some one. He neither ate nor slept that night.

Among my papers I find the following penciled lines to D. R. Burt, dated Jan. 31st, 1875:

MY DEAR FRIEND: I fully understand the distress you experience at being ignored by your co-Trustees after what you have so generously done for the Paine Hall fund and the cause of mental freedom. But you must control your feelings and move with caution, and if possible save these men from themselves and from degrading our cause by proving themselves incapable of receiving a trust for the benefit of society, and instead, blindly appropriating it to their own personal use. You will please read Mr. Altman's letter of June 20th, 1874.

TO J. P. MENDUM, Secy: As member of, and Secretary to, the B. P. H. M. F. I would respectfully ask: First. In whose name, and how is the deed executed and recorded. Second. Has any money other than the \$5,000 which I signed, been drawn from the funds as per the resolution of the May meeting? Third. Please send me a copy of the contract entered into for the building of the Paine Hall.

Yours Truly, M. ALTMAN.

To which Mendum replies;

June 30th, 1874.
M. ALTMAN, Esq. We regret very seriously that you can't be here on the 4th, and give us an opportunity to assure you that we are doing nothing but what is right and just. That your fears of our dishonesty are altogether groundless. We are obliged to hurry up to have our Hall ready to lease as soon as our TENANT requires it, and are short of time; but as we intend to do right, it is rather cutting for any friend to presume we intend wrong, and threaten an injunction on us. If he knows aught against us he should make the charge direct.

But I would beg to say one word about that deed. First. It was made out to us five Trustees, but you did not see fit to sign the mortgage. That required a new deed which is made to us three, as joint tenants. As Trustees, we could not give a mortgage without a permit from the Supreme Court. We had no time, and did the best we could do after you returned the mortgage.

With much respect, yours, &c., J. P. MENDUM.

Carefully compare the two letters of September 13, 1873, where the "organizing is to be done after Mr. Burt gets back," and that of June 30, 1874, where he admits that the deed should be to them as Trustees and not as joint tenants, and for not doing, which he pleads the want of time to get an order from Court to give the mortgage! Now you are here and ask them to organize, they refuse!

For seven days we tried to get them to effect this. We presented a plan of organization with the follow-

ing names as Trustees: Susan H. Wixon, Horace Seaver, J. P. Mendum, T. L. Savage, Louis Masquerier, E. P. Stowe, M. Lamb, D. R. Burt, M. Altman, Nathaniel Myrick. Mr. Burt and Mr. Altman offered to withdraw, if that was necessary to effect an organization, but every overture was rejected, and at last, in order to close the matter, the following paper was presented for their signatures:

MESSRS. BURT AND HENDERSON.

Gentlemen: Regarding the matter in controversy, we would say that we regard the various contributions to the "Paine Memorial Hall and Home of the *Investigator*," as personal gifts to us on account of our long services in the cause of infidelity, and decline to make any other disposal of the property than that which now exists.

Messrs. Mendum and Seaver both read this carefully and approved of it. Mendum sat down, and partly wrote his name under it, when it occurred to him to enquire what we intended to do with the paper when they had both signed. Our reply was that for eight days we had remained in Boston, at our own expense, trying to do what should have been done before a single dollar had been received by them and what James Lick supposed existed when he deeded them his mill property, and in his letters repeatedly speaks of them "as a society." When you sign that paper, we cease all attempts at an adjustment of this matter by mutual effort. We will trouble you no more personally. This will be your final decision, and this property is in reality the 'Home of the *Investigator*,' so far as you can make it.

"But," he enquired, "would you not recognize it as the home of the *Investigator*?"

I replied that one floor of it would be rent free and would be a great help to the *Investigator*.

He arose in a great rage and said: "G—d d—n it! it will cost me more, in the Paine Hall, than it does now in Washington street, by the holy smoke!"

An altercation then ensued between Messrs. Burt, Mendum and Seaver. The old man again plead with them by everything that was sacred in humanity and in justice, not to do so rash an act, as to strangle in its infancy, the first great effort on this continent to organize a society whose object would be to make this earth a heaven, by teaching man how to live in this world. "Gentleman, organize! and deed the property to the trustees, subject to all encumbrances. Announce to the world the principles you propose to propagate. Show, that if we tear down the false, we will also build up the true. And I warrant you that, in two years, every dollar of debt will be paid, and there will be money besides in the treasury, to employ lecturers and teachers. By Jove, I would give my life, for this cause!"

It was fortunate for them that he did not hear all that was said in reply, by these misguided men; otherwise this meeting might have ended in a tragedy. For so terribly was this man of giant frame and pure heart aroused, that I feared, at one time, that he would seize them, one in either hand, and dash them into Washington street, through their own three story window.

This was our last interview with them personally. What occurred later, must be left for a future paper and since they have refused to show in the *Investigator* what they have done with their trust, we hope they will now open its columns, and discuss all sides of this case.

Paine Hall—Protest.

CARYVILLE, MASS., Feb. 1st, 1875.

D. R. BURT,

My Esteemed and Venerable Friend: I understand that the "Paine Memorial Hall" is erected upon lots held by three men, as joint-tenants, in fee simple, and not in trust, as intended by James Lick and others, therefore I denounce it as an iniquity, and demand that the property be transferred to legally qualified trustees and their successors in office, constituting a corporate body in conformity with the laws of this State, relating to educational and charitable institutions. To such a society only did I make my contribution of \$50. Yours for justice,

EMORY P. STOWE.

A Legal Question—Is it Safe?

FRIEND BENNETT: Like yourself and others, I regret the necessity that forced this unhappy controversy before the public; but as every honorable effort to have the matter properly adjusted has failed, let us know the whole truth of the case, and to that end allow me to reply to only one point in Mr. Butts' defense of the Boston men, which is really the only one in which the public are interested, namely: Whether the tenure by which the Paine Hall is held, is such as will insure its perpetuation for all time, for the purpose for which its donors designed it, and for no others.

Mr. Butts asserts that the tenure of "joint tenancy," on which this property is held by three of the original Trustees, is such a tenure. Let us see if this be so.

The essential principles of the tenure of joint tenancy as expounded by Chancellor Kent, Vol. IV. page 357, are:

First. "A joint tenant in respect to his companion, is seized of the whole; but for the purposes of alien-

ation, and to forfeit, and to lose by default in a praecipe, he is seized only of his undivided part or proportion."

Second. "If A and B be joint tenants, and A conveys his joint interest, being his moiety of the estate to C, the joint tenancy is severed, and turned into a tenancy in common, as between B and C, for they hold under different conveyances."

Third. "On the death of a joint tenant, his interest being undivisible by will, passes over to the remaining joint tenants, and on the death of the last joint tenant, it reverts to his heirs, or to the State, if he leaves none."

Such being the nature of joint tenancy, three contingencies are liable to happen to estates held by that tenure.

First. That unless expressly stated in the instrument, creating the joint tenancy, that it is a trust for a specified purpose, (which is not known to be the case) the donors have no security that their donations will continue to be used for the purposes for which they were designed, except the promises of the three joint tenants. Should the mere word of any three men, however honest, be deemed a sufficient guarantee in such a case?

Second. By a sale of his interest by any one of the three joint tenants, the purchaser becomes a tenant in common with the other two, and consequently may devise his interest to others, or his heirs may succeed to it, who, not being legally restrained from using the property for any other purpose, except that designed by the original grantors, may not have the disposition so to use it.

Third. But supposing the joint tenants to remain faithful to the cause, and to their promises during their lives, what is to prevent the heirs of the last surviving joint tenant, from diverting the property to other uses than those intended by James Lick, and other donors to the Paine Memorial Hall?

HUGH BYRON BROWN.

A Letter from Minnesota.

LEROY, Nov. 7th, 1875.

TO G. L. HENDERSON. *Dear Brother:* I see in THE TRUTH SEEKER, lately, a rumpus about the Paine Hall matter. Who is this man, Butts, who defends Mendum & Co. so ardently. He acknowledges that the board of Trustees are not, and never were, a legal body, and yet claims that the present management of the Hall, is in the best possible shape to benefit posterity; and he intimates in his letters, that Burt and Altman are sowing discord amongst the Liberals of America, by trying to get the whole matter on a sound legal basis.

It looks bad to see this jangle amongst men who pride themselves on their advancement in everything that relates to reason and a sound morality. This Paine Hall matter is a very simple affair. It is not as Mr. Butts seems to intimate, dependent on the virtues or good intentions of Mendum, Seaver, George Washington, Jesus Christ or any other man. The question is, whether this Hall belongs to the Liberals of America or to Mendum and Seaver. If it is as Mr. Burt and Mr. Butts both intimate, that the Trustees never were a legal body, under the laws of Massachusetts; and if the parties in whom the property is now vested, refuse to transfer it to the Liberals of America through a legally constituted body of Trustees, then we have simply another instance of sharp practice where the Liberal element of this country have built an office for a paper, called the *Investigator*, under the supposition that they were building a hall commemorative of the great Statesman, Thomas Paine, and set apart for the promulgation of Freethought and Liberal ideas, of which he was the great exponent. I would suggest that the Liberals take a lesson from the Presbyterians, who, in addition to laying up treasures in heaven, never forget to look after the title deeds of their churches. Your affectionate brother,

WM. L. HENDERSON.

Letter From Asa K. Butts.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6th, 1875.

MR. EDITOR: I was more glad than sorry to see M. Altman's liberal display of his nether self in your last issue. Such exhibitions will give your readers a glimpse into the very seat and source of the Paine Hall difficulty, and in such a cause it matters not if I do get a little bespattered with his characteristic insinuations, frothy falsehoods, and blustering blackguardism. I only ask of your fairness a chance to wipe it off again.

First. I plead guilty to the heinous crime of having once been a "Free Religionist," and I still am one as much as Altman is still a Jew, perhaps more so. That is, in the best sense of the term—if it has any sense—I am still a Free Religionist; but I feel no more out of place among you "uncircumcised Infidels," so called, than if I had been longer in your ranks. To have been once a Jew or a Free Religionist, is no reproach to a man. What is the man now? That is the question. The principal difference between the claim of Altman and his "busybody meddling," to a home among Infidels, is, that while one has made money advertising his fancy goods in your

papers, the other has lost it in publishing books and pamphlets for you.

I am willing to refer to Altman's own referees on this point. Even on Paine Hall matters I have performed more in proportion to my promises than he, as will appear.

It is for the honor of the Liberals of this city that the undersigned "rushes into print to defend better men than himself" against vile insinuations, which, whoever may believe them now, had but one source and fountain head, and that is becoming more and more visible as the mist rises. Messrs. A. B. & C., have dragged their dirty linen right under my nose, and I ask permission—but not of them—to stand by and see it washed.

Messrs. Mendum and Seaver will doubtless be thankful for Altman's certificate of their character as "honest, upright men," "strictly honest and conscientious," "better men" than I am. They would hasten to return the compliment, doubtless, only that Altman instructs us that "no man deserves special credit for being honest," and they will not put that barren crown upon his head to-day, I guess.

There is no offense in their being "better men" than I. They certainly ought to be, as they are so much older. I cannot hope to be any better than they, even when I have lived to be a Freethinker as long. They are the standard bearers. Altman and I are in the ranks, and we might be ten times worse than we are, and it would matter little. But Altman's present opinion of these men shows a most miraculous conversion since, in private he denounced them by every epithet, contrary to what he now says, and in your columns, said they had "violated" their most solemn obligations, and insinuated his "honest, (I hope)" into bewildered eyes. How soon will Messrs. B. and C., and the rest of the alphabet also repent and announce their faith in Boston? Stand up and be prayed for, gentlemen, I am wrestling in prayer for you even now, "and while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner" may take up his cross and follow M. Altman back into Paine Hall, even more rapidly than you followed him out.

Now about the *Index*. Let those who know us both put Altman's story side by side with mine, and see which they believe.

He says I called on him "several times," etc. He "refused several times." Now if one time is "several" he is right about my calling, but not as to his refusing. He did not refuse at all. He merely put me off, as he said, until I should conclude to give him space in the *Index* as low as he had bought it in the *Investigator*. He wanted some editorial endorsement, too, which I could not promise him. Thereby, as he said, he had made several thousands a year out of his advertisements in the *Investigator*, and when he was convinced he could do as well in the *Index*, rates as low, etc., he would try it. I measured my man too well in the first interview to expect him to take stock.

The next time I went to him, I sprung upon him the proposition, which he says, that he made me; viz: that I should pay ten dollars a year toward Paine Hall, and he ten dollars toward the *Index* fund, i. e. take a share in the stock. I remember thinking over, as I approached him, that I should have to flatter him to get that out of him; so I began the conversation to this effect: "Mr. Altman, we want the influence of your name on our stock list for the *Index*, and so I propose," etc. I had made the acquaintance of Messrs. Mendum and Seaver, and determined on putting a few more bricks in their hands for Paine Hall anyhow, so that Altman's subscription cost me nothing.

I never saw Mr. Altman again until last Summer ('74). Hearing he had quarreled with the *Index* as well the *Investigator*, I went to hear him deliver himself. He said, among other things, that he had written Abbot that "Asa K. Butts was fully justified," that is, in my course with the *Index* matters. This he remarked to others also, in this city. Compare this with his insinuation about my connection with *The Index* funds. You see what reliance to place on his statements, or rather call them insinuations, about Paine Hall.

The *Index* is running yet on the funds I raised for it. It would have died the second year but for my exertions, as I can prove by Abbot's letters, and whoever says or insinuates that I am indebted to them to the amount of one cent, either lies, or is miserably befooled. They tried to withdraw the suit they merely for effect put upon me, but as my lawyer and I both objected to its withdrawal, it hangs there, and has never been brought to trial. Altman can purchase the claim, and if the court awards him anything, he shall have it to the last cent.

Six or eight months after Altman subscribed to the *Index* stock, he says I was turned out of the *Index*. I had, as he says, subscribed \$100 toward Paine Hall, but I was to pay it in ten annual installments, and to the Paine Hall Fund, not to the *Index*. (This arrangement I have kept to this day, having sent my fourth recently.) So when he wrote me some four or five months before it became due, asking what I meant to do about it, I replied to the effect that I should pay to the Paine Hall Fund as, and at the time, agreed upon. He, to my utter astonishment, wrote me that "then he should be compelled to tell the *Index* Association the whole arrangement." I think my reply to that was almost precisely in the following words:

"Friend Altman: Are you a trifle sun-struck this Summer, or what ails you? If you wish to tell Abbot our arrangement, why in heaven's name don't you do so? It will be no news to him. Tell the whole Association, and proclaim it to the rest of mankind from the house-top, if you like, there is nothing to be ashamed of."

His confused, suspicious nature thus revealed itself to me, and I shall never be surprised at any statement he makes again, whether about myself or Paine Hall. This was the first time his gun went off at half-cock to my knowledge, and "he failed to hit me," for there was not the shadow of evidence, save in his now suspicious heart, that I intended to back out of my pledge to Paine Hall. There was no other personal unpleasantness between us than as above. I was indignant at being suspected of being like him, a repudiator, and I am indignant that "better men" should also be suspected, and that he should have inculcated "better men" on his own side with suspicions worthy only of him.

He accuses me of the "violation of his (my) contract," and I am ready to show any friend or decent enemy, even, by the acknowledgment in the *Investigator* and Mr. Mendum's receipts, that I have fulfilled my contract to the letter. Now when he accuses the Boston men of "violation," etc., we know what it amounts to. He asks what I "know of Paine Hall matters, any way?" If I am allowed a fair hearing in this paper, he may find out that I know quite as much as he does about it. Having asked, like a man, for facts and figures, I have had access to the whole story, and seen some letters, for instance, of Mr. Burt's, concerning this thing and Altman's share in it, which may, if I ever publish them, surprise Altman and amuse as well as instruct your readers. But as Altman knows so much, perhaps he will tell us what has become of the \$13,000 which Mr. Burt says is lost to the cause or the fund here in New York.

Having replied to his personalities, this once I promise not to intrude personal matters again. My character has not much bearing in Paine Hall matters, I admit. His has, however, too much bearing, as already appears. In this matter, as in the *Index* affairs, I act only on the defensive, and for the defendant. When I find myself in the minority and no case, except to whine about my treatment in the public press, I will be quiet. If attacked, however, I have defended myself, and incidentally "better men" also, and will do it again. Nearly all of Mr. Burt's points were covered by my article in the same issue, except about taxes. We Liberals are trying to have the churches taxed, meanwhile let us pay the taxes on our own Church like men, and say nothing about sneaking out of it under the shadow of the church steeple.

Mr. Burt has no idea how absurd it is to talk seriously about "advancing the personal aggrandizement of any one or any three men." Please tell us, Mr. Burt, where this "aggrandizement" comes in. Neither you nor I, nor seven, nine, eleven or thirteen like us would like to take this "aggrandizement" off their hands. Excuse me at any rate. Do you seriously exhort Mr. Underwood and myself to approach these "Boston parties" "with firmness and kindness" "advising" them to get down on their knees and "make a clean breast of it."

Picture it, my dear sir, and think how Underwood and myself would look in the role of father confessors to Seaver and Mendum, or making a "searching investigation" under those gray hairs and into those depleted pockets to see if a cent or two has got out of place. What could we say except, "sinful children you are accused of taking your own way instead of M. Altman's way, and you regard not the voice of Burt and Coduan, confess, therefore, how much you have made—out of pocket—by Paine Hall. Tell us wherefore ye refuse longer to sleep in the same bed with Altman (I hope they will do this) and your sins shall have absolution." I can think of two ways, only, more reasonable than this. The first is for Messrs. Altman and Burt to cease flinging their grievances in the faces of those who don't wish to see them, and tell their lawyer to fight it out in the courts. The second manly way is for Mr. Burt to bring on the \$135,361.51 which he speaks of, and his own board of trustees with it, and offer to take Paine Hall with all its obligations. In this case I have been authorized by Messrs. Seaver and Savage verbally, and Mr. Mendum by letter, to say that they would instantly and gladly accept, provided always they were not required to sit on that board themselves. And if Mr. Burt will do this he shall have an account of every cent expended, and it shall be turned in to swell the amount to \$175,000, or thereabouts, to be exact.

Messrs. A. B. and C. do you mean business, or do you mean revenge and scandal and the evasion by me of you at least, of his promised contributions to this cause? Will you not now "either put up, or shut up" and "give us a rest"? Mr. Editor, you say I am recognized as the "authorized spokesman for the Boston parties." Let me not be misapprehended. I am authorized to make the above offer to all whom it may concern; and I have some of my facts and figures from Boston parties; but they have never asked me to act as their attorney in this case, nor are they in any way responsible for my manner of treating it, personalities, etc. It is true I am and have been, to a

slight extent, a customer of Mr. Mendum's like Mr. Altman, but I can't say that I ever made anything by it. I have never touched Liberalism, except either directly or indirectly, to lose money, and I never expect to gain by it pecuniarily. But I do not live merely to make money, if I did I might be marching along behind Mr. Altman with two or three who are "better men." Very truly yours,

ASA K. BUTTS.

Special Notices.

[In this column short notices will be inserted at 10 cts. a line.

A WINTER SCENE.—Is a walk through snow and slush, rain and mud, to a coop at the foot of the garden, to shiver over a *Privy Vault* desirable? If not, then rid yourself and family of the vile abomination by procuring THE WAKEFIELD EARTH CLOSET. Do you care for the health of the females and children, the aged, infirm, and invalids of your household? Then furnish for their comfort the greatest blessing of the day, THE WAKEFIELD EARTH CLOSET. Is any member of your family confined to the room with wasting disease? Remember you have in that room an uncontaminated atmosphere by using THE WAKEFIELD EARTH CLOSET. Send to 36 Dey street, New York, for descriptive pamphlet.

ALL who think difficult cases cannot be cured by DR. R. P. FELLOWS' Magnetized Powder (Nature's greatest remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of all nervous and chronic diseases), are invited to read the following voluntary and unsolicited testimonials extracted from letters of patients treated in this way by DR. FELLOWS. Ira N. Mason, M.D., of Markesan, Wis., writes: "Your Powder has done me good. The pain in my side and back is removed. The rheumatic affection of the arms is removed, and I feel much relieved." M. Heasley, of Wheeling, W. Va., writes: "Your Powder is all taken, and I am happy to say I can now hear the clock strike and tick distinctly for the first time in three years." Theodocia Blair, of Rowley, Iowa, writes: "I have taken your Powder, and I have so much improved that I can eat and sleep better than I have for years. I feel almost young again." Lydia Barber, of Woodstock, Ill., writes: "Before taking your Powder, I could not sleep. I was bloated so I could neither sit, or lie with any comfort. I had spells that it seemed my heart did not beat, and that I could not breathe; but now I am entirely cured by its use." E. Casterline, of Belmont, N. J., writes: "When your last package of Powders came to hand, I was suffering from a severe fever-headache, pain in my side and bones, but when I took your Powder my bad feelings left me almost instantly." For the want of space, interesting quotations from letters of patients in other States are omitted. The foregoing are only samples of those daily received by DR. R. P. FELLOWS from all parts of the world. The Powder is \$1 per box. Address, Vineland, New Jersey.

The Light of the Gospel.

Of all the Presbyterian clergy, whether of the Old or New school, none stood higher than the late Albert Barnes, the well-known author of "Notes on the Gospels." Mr. Barnes knew the "Word of God" by heart from Genesis to Revelations, and supposed he had mastered the exact meaning of every syllable and sentence it contained to the splitting of a colon. There was not a dark saying in the "sacred volume" that he could not make as clear to the faithful of his church as mud is in sunlight. For half a century Dr. Barnes preached the Orthodox Gospel in one of the most fashionable and well-attended churches in Philadelphia, and devoted his leisure moments to the study of the "Holy Scriptures," until he became "perfect" in its understanding, and "thoroughly furnished unto all good Orthodox works." And now, after more than half a century's close study of the Bible and preaching of the gospel, listen to what the good man has to say. In one of his last letters on biblical subjects, he thus bemoans the lack of light afforded by the book which Pollok terms "the bright candle of the Lord." (See page 124, of Practical Sermons): "I see not one ray to disclose to me the reason why sin came into the world, why the earth is strewn with the dying and the dead, and why man must suffer to all eternity. I have never seen a particle of light thrown upon these subjects that has given a moment's ease to my tortured mind; nor have I an explanation to offer or a thought to suggest that would be a relief to you. I trust other men, as they profess to do, understand this better than I do, and that they have not the anguish of spirit that I have; but I confess, when I look on a world of sinners and sufferers, upon death-beds and graveyards, upon the world of woe, filled with hearts to suffer forever; when I see my friends, my parents, my family, my people, my fellow citizens; when I look upon a whole race, all involved in this sin and danger; when I see the great mass of them wholly unconcerned; and when I feel that God only can save them, and yet he does not do it, I am struck dumb. It is all dark, dark to my soul, and I cannot disguise it." Thus, this greatest and purest of modern Orthodox divines not only acknowledges the entire failure of Christianity, but practically throws overboard the whole system as a thing of naught. "Not one ray of light," not even the eating of the apple by Eve, dis-

closes to him "why sin came into the world." Nor does God, although "he only can," do anything to save sinners, and "all is darkness to his soul." What an awful comment is this upon the Gospel, the preaching and diffusion of which, it is claimed, is to enlighten the world!

The especial merit of the Gospel, Christians claim, is the light and consolation it affords the true believers in the hour of death. Infidels are represented as taking a leap in the "dark." But the glorious gospel left it all "dark, dark" to the soul of Barnes. "In all my experience," says the Rev. Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, "I never saw an unbeliever die in fear." It is probable that I have seen a greater number of those so-called irreligious persons breathe their last than any other clergyman in the United States. But when I first entered the clerical profession, I was struck with the utter inefficiency of most forms of Christianity to afford consolation in a dying hour. Jesus, the object of the Christian's faith, could neither deliver himself from death, nor from the terror that it inspired. Hear his prayer, in prospect of approaching death: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." It was not possible; and in the anguish of his soul he exclaims: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" So overcome by terror at the prospect of his own death as to "sweat, as it were, great drops of blood," it is not surprising that the believers in him tremble at the grim skeleton. Unable to deliver himself, how can he be expected to deliver his followers?

Friendly Correspondence.

WM. T. WELLBORN, Forest City, Ark., writes: I am nearly a Spiritualist after reading your reply to Willicott in the *Investigator*.

W. F. JAMIESON, Eddyville, Iowa, writes: Put me down as a subscriber for your book, "The World's Sages, Infidels and Thinkers." It appears to me such a volume will prove invaluable.

A. W. BEMIS, Montezuma, Ill., writes: Put my name down for a copy of "The World's Sages, Infidels and Thinkers." THE TRUTH SEEKER is a cheap journal. Keep the mill going. Let light into the dark recesses of superstition.

J. W. SCOTT, Morrill, Kan., writes: I like THE TRUTH SEEKER very much, and will be glad when it comes out in its new dress every week. Consider me a subscriber as long as it continues on its present tack.

WM. E. POLHEMUS, Charlotte, Mich., writes: I see by the *Banner of Light* a notice of your coming book. I cannot do without it. O for a stirring up of the dry bones of old theology and the advancement of truth.

C. L. HEATH, Angola, Ind., writes: Your paper is the best eye-opener I ever read. Go ahead in the good work of pulling down the strongholds of ignorance. You will be sustained. Your letter to Immanuel J. is a stunner to Christians.

R. J. LAMBORN, Glen Hall, Pa., writes: I take five papers besides THE TRUTH SEEKER. I spend more time reading the latter than in reading all the others, and it is unpleasant to read that you are short of funds, and that the subscribers are slow to pay up.

W. R. YOUNG, Mankato, Minn., writes: I have received the first number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and will say that I am truly delighted with it. Keep on, regardless of Mrs. Grundy. People are becoming wiser and better, and are entertaining more liberal views.

J. F. GREEN, Hyde Park, Pa., writes: You can count on me for a copy of your new book, "The World's Sages," etc. I have been thinking for the past twenty years that Christianity was a gigantic humbug, and my every-day observation only confirms that opinion.

A. HAKES, Clay, N. Y., writes: I have resolved a number of times, that under the circumstances in which I am placed, I had better give up THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I find that I cannot relinquish it—that I must have it, for it is the best paper that I have ever read.

ABEL GOODNOE, Zoar, Mass., writes: I like your paper better than any other of its class in this great country. You are doing a mighty work in fighting the superstitions of the day, and you have my best wishes in the cause of Freethought, liberty and progress.

HORATIO GATES, Breakabeen, N. Y., writes: For the sake of humanity keep the machine running until this disgusting superstition that makes men and women run after and bow down to priests, and submit themselves to their will and wish, thinking they are doing God service by so doing, is destroyed, root and branch.

Blow ye the trumpet.

Let all the nations know;

To earth's remotest bound,

The time for Liberal thought is come;

Come home to common sense.

Come home!

Ye who in ignorance wrought.

And placed a priest above,

May have the truth unbought,

The gift of friendly love.

The day of Liberal thought is come;

Come home to common sense.

Come home!

Ye who have sold for nought,

Your happiness below,

Return to sober thought.

And you may surely know

The day of science now is come;

Come home to common sense.

Come home!

Ye slaves to priest-forged hell.

Your liberty receive;

Be just, and truly tell.

As long as you can live.

The day of jubilee is come.

Come home to common sense.

Come home!

L. O. ROOT, Minneapolis, Minn., writes: I regard THE TRUTH SEEKER as the best reading I ever had. Each one comes loaded with life-stirring truths. You have truly worked yourself up to an enviable position, and may the time soon come when THE TRUTH SEEKER will be found in every house in this priest-ridden land.

J. COOK, Lake Village, N. H., writes: I hope that the time is not far distant when Freethinkers may be secured the right "to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" in this country. Your live TRUTH SEEKER is making priests tremble. The people are beginning to read and think for themselves, and truth must prevail.

W. P. KREMER, Wapello, Iowa, writes: I am well pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is just such a paper as every Liberal should feel it his duty to support. It fills a vacuum long felt in the progressive world. The *Investigator* is good in some respects, but is known to be notoriously old-foggy on some issues, which lowers it in the estimation of many.

P. R. WRIGHT, San Bernardino, Cal., writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER is gaining ground. I hear it universally applauded by all Liberals and Spiritualists. Keep good cheer and go ahead! Better times are coming. Don't fear about being too radical. A Western divine remarked: "It used to be the issue of the day, Is the Bible true? but the issue of the day is now, Is there a God?"

DR. N. H. DILLINGHAM, Boston, Mass., writes: I go for all reform so far as I can carry out in conformity with my creed, which has but two articles, viz:

Never condemn anybody or theory without positive proof.

To live no longer in the bodily tenement than I can pay the rent.

BENJAMIN F. STAMM, Detroit, Mich., writes: Send me a copy of "The World's Sages, Infidels and Thinkers" as soon as published. Although my library is sufficiently large, and my advance in years precludes my reading much beyond the papers of the day, yet I feel that I must wade through one more volume, and add it to the many on hand. I am sanguine as to the use of such works as we advance in education and civilization.

W. P. ROSECRANS, Clear Lake, Iowa, writes: The correspondents of THE TRUTH SEEKER are among the grandest thinkers of the age, and their writings are doing much to remove the priestly thralldom that still holds mankind in darkness and degradation in spite of free schools and free presses. THE TRUTH SEEKER must and shall live to carry messages of truth and freedom until the last son and daughter of humanity have been redeemed.

S. STEVENS, Knoxville, Ill., writes: I appreciate your paper. It is doing a good work, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to read your paper. It is more than fifty years since the total fallacy and nonsense of the Christian mythology became as apparent to me as my own existence. Yet I know that if a man die, he shall live again. I have seen and held communion with several of my friends and relatives since they were in spirit life, just as plainly and palpably as when they were in the flesh.

ORRIS BARNES, Clay, N. Y., writes: Every truth-loving Freethinker in America ought to become a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER. If you had lived in the days of the Puritans, and published such a paper, they would have served you as they did the honest Quakers, or drive you out as they did Roger Williams. Let us bless our stars that we live in these days of Liberal thought, when men can express their views without fear of the Inquisition. Your "Open Letter" (whoever the writer may be), is one of the shrewdest things I ever read. It ought to be issued in tract form. "The world moves."

S. W. LIPSCOMB, Greenfield, Ill., writes: Please count me a subscriber for your proposed work, "The World's Sages, Infidels, and Thinkers." I am a poor young man just starting out in the world, and for some time have been consulting with myself whether I should be able to enjoy the treat of your book or not. I have finally come to the conclusion that I will have the book if I have to work Sundays to pay for it. I have been a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER for two years, and while it remains the strong advocate of free thought and free speech that it now is, I shall continue to be one. I hope the day is not far off when this priest-trodden country will be truly free, and the whole horde of pampered pastors and ministers will be obliged to earn their living by the sweat of their brow like honest men.

DR. H. H. JACKSON, Cleveland, O., writes: I have been a regular and earnest reader of your little God-send for blind humanity (THE TRUTH SEEKER) for two years. When I say, "God-send," don't think I mean any great personal being away yonder on a white throne. Not a bit of it. Such is not my God. My God is the great and wise power (if you please) which enables the wise and good to come near and guide your pen in the silent hours spent in your sanctum, which may be any of those noble philosophers mentioned in the first, second or third part of your great work in press, "The World's Sages, Infidels and Thinkers." Please place my name on your list for a copy. May the pure in thought be with you; may the wise and noble guide and strengthen you in your noble work.

JOHN CLARK, Washington, Ind., writes: I am well pleased with your paper. I do not know how I could do without it. Every Liberal should feel it his duty to support it. It is my heartfelt wish that it may live long and that it may dispel the mists of superstition. I trust Liberals and Seekers after Truth will respond to your moderate terms. Poygism and superstition are losing ground in this section. The Jesus business is becoming more and more transparent every day. Free presses and free discussion are fast wiping out the landmarks of priestcraft. I trust the time is not far hence when every man and every church will teach the doctrine of that noble advocate of truth and reason, Thomas Paine, whose life-motto was: "The world is my country, to do good my religion."

EDWARD PALMER, North Castine, Me., writes: One of my neighbors, a sea captain, has for years been considered one of the best of men, and kindest to those in his employment. About a year ago he "got religion." The present season he flogged a boy who lived with him, so severely that he endangered his life. Another neighbor of mine "experienced religion" at the same reformation. This summer he so severely whipped an orphan boy (his nephew) that the lad was obliged to flee to one of the neighbors for safety. A while since the Rev. Henry F. Durant, the founder of the Wellesley Female College, and worth his millions, set fire to some brush so near a new house, which one of his neighbors had just completed, as to greatly endanger it. The owner of the house had warned him not to fire the brush. Durant, however, caused the fire to be set, and in a short time the house was a heap of ashes. The reverend millionaire persistently refuses to compensate his neighbor, (a poor man who does not belong to his church,) for his loss.

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THE DRAMA OF DECEIT;
A SATIRE, AN ARGUMENT AND EX-
POSE.
Henry Ward Beecher

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Nearly 1,000 lines of wit, sarcasm, deep
thought and merciless caricature. *Every-*
body is reading it.

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an, San Francisco.
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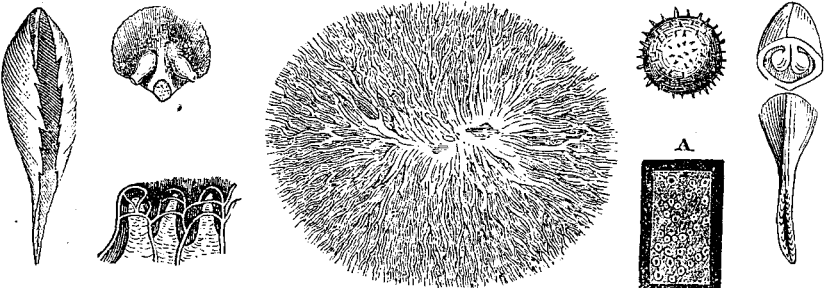
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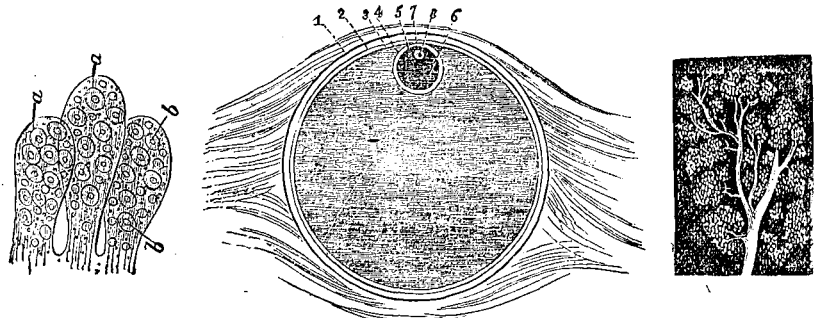
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"THAT clock, stranger," said a Michigan farmer, "was the best kind of a clock up to six months ago, when my daughter began to have beaux, and now the blamed thing is always two hours' slow."

"OH, my friends," exclaimed an orator, "that I had a window in my heart, that you might all look in and see the truth of what I tell you!" "Wouldn't a pain in your stomach do just as well?" asked a small boy.

WHILE a San Francisco undertaker was drawing his tapeline over the corpse of a Chinese woman, he was surprised to see her roll her eyes up at him. The surrounding friends showed no surprise, but simply said, "She be dedee by twelve o'clock."

MAMMA (to her oldest son)—"My dear George, where are your manners? You should always say 'Thank you' when anything is handed to you." George—"Oh, bother, having to say thanks every time, ma! Can't a fellow have a season ticket?"

A LITTLE German girl in a public school of this city was told to put the word year in a sentence. After a moment's reflection she answered: "Last year my sister was married; this year she has a baby."

JONES had prepared himself for a home dinner to his liking. He sat down in his dining room at peace with all the world, and said: "Now, Hannah, bring the cold mutton. No hot meat for me this weather." Hannah hesitated for a minute and said: "But I done give it away, sir." "Give it away! Give my dinner away?" "Yes, sir. You said if any tramps called, I was to give them the cold shoulder."

SNIFKINS staked his all on the result of a game of euchre the other night and lost. Throwing down the cards peevishly he broke forth in the following pathetic strain: "'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour; I've seen my fondest hopes take flight, and every time I played left bow-er, some one took it with the right."

"What's all this talk about the councency and the five-twinties and the sivin-thirties that I hear about Mike?" "Why, bliss your sowl, don't ye know, Pat? It manes that the government wants to make the laborin' min work from five-twinty in the mornin' till sivin-thirty in the evening." "Och, the spalpeens! May the devil choke them!"

A FAIR GAME, BUT NOT EQUAL.—During the war a Georgian started to Marietta with some chickens for sale. He met a squad of soldiers, and they bought all his chickens, but one rooster. He insisted they should take him, but they were out of money, and couldn't buy.

The old man said he hated to go on to town with only one chicken, and was greatly puzzled about it.

At last one of the soldiers said: "Old man, I'll play you a game of seven up for him."

"Agreed," says the old man.

They played along and spirited game. At last the soldier won. The old man wrung the rooster's neck and tossed him at the soldier's feet, and mounted his swab-tailed pony and started for home. After getting some two hundred yards he suddenly stopped, turned round, and rode back and said:

"You played a fair game, and won the rooster fairly; but I'd like to know what in the h—l you put up agin that rooster?"—*Meridian Homestead.*

UNJUST SUSPICIONS.—The other day a Detroit husband went on a fishing excursion with a small party of friends. Returning at midnight, he pounded on the door and awoke his wife. As she let him into the hall, she saw that something ailed him, and cried out:

"Why, Henry, your face is as red as paint."

"Guessers n't," he replied, feeling along he hall.

"And I believe you've been drinking," she added.

"Whizzer mean by that?" he inquired, trying to stand still.

"Oh! Henry, your face would never look like that if you had'n't been drinking."

"Mi to blame?" he asked, tears in his eyes. "S'poken big bass jumped up'n hit me in th' face an' make it red—mi to blame?"

And he sat down on the floor and cried over her unjust suspicions.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ABOUT ALLIGATORS—Another, who like Washington, could not lie.—The passenger, who was going down the big river for the first time in his life, secured permission to climb up beside the pilot, a grim old grayback who never told a lie in his life.

"Many alligators in this river?" inquired the stranger, after a look around.

"Not so many now, since they got to shootin' 'em for their hides and taller," was the reply.

"Used to be lots, eh?"

"I don't want to tell you about 'em, stranger," replied the pilot, sighing heavily.

"Why?"

"Cause you'd think I was a-lyin' to you, and that's sumthin' I never do. I ken cheat at keards, drink whiskey, or chaw poor terbacker, but I can't lie."

"Then there used to be lots of 'em?" inquired the passenger.

"I'm most afraid to tell ye, Mister, but I've counted 'leven hundred alligators to the mile from Vicksburg c'lar down to Orleans! That was years ago, afore a shot was ever fired at 'em."

"Well, don't doubt it," replied the stranger.

"And I've counted 3,459 of 'em on one sand bar!" continued the pilot. "It looks big to tell, but a Government surveyor was aboard, and he checked 'em off as I called out."

"I haven't the least doubt of it," said the passenger, as he heaved a sigh.

"I'm glad o' that, stranger. Some fellers would think I was a liar, when I'm telling the solemn truth. This used to be a paradise for alligators, and they were so thick that the wheels of the boat killed an average of forty-nine to the mile!"

"Is that so?"

"True as Gospel, mister! I used to almost feel sorry for the cussed brutes, 'cause they'd cry out 'e'en more like a human being. We killed lots of 'em, as I said, and we hurt a pile more. I sailed with one captain who allus carried a thousand bottles of liniment to throw over to the wounded ones!"

"He did?"

"True as you live, he did. I don't 'spect I'll ever see another such a kind, Christian man. And the alligators got to know the Nancy Jane, and to know Capt. Tom, and they'd swim out and rub their tails agin the boat an' purr like cats an' look up and try to smile!"

"They would?"

"Solemn truth, stranger. And once when we grounded on a bar, with an opposition boat right behind, the alligators gathered around, got under her stern, and humped her clean over the bar by a grand push! It looks like a big story, but I never told a lie yet, and I never shall. I wouldn't lie for all the money you could put aboard this boat."

There was a painful pause, and after awhile the pilot continued:

"Our injines gin out once, and a crowd of alligators took a tow-line and hauled us forty-five miles up stream to Vicksburg!"

"They did?"

"And when the news got along the river that Capt. Tom was dead, every alligator in the river daubed his left ear with mud as a badge of mournin', and lots of 'em pined away and died!"

The passenger left the pilot-house with the remark that he didn't doubt the statement, and the old man gave the wheel a turn, and replied:

"Thar's one thing I won't do for love nor money, and that's make a liar of myself I was brung up by a good mother, and I'm going to stick to the truth if this boat doesn't make a cent."—*Vicksburg Herald.*

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Notes and Clippings.

THE dentist's epitaph: "He is filling his last cavity."

OREGON has a new town called Pay Up. It is said to be a good place for settlement.

It is said there are more lies told in the sentence, "I am glad to see you," than in any other six words in the English language.

At one of the colored churches in Columbus, Ga., the other night, a woman screamed, "Glory! I'se jest like soda water! I'se bilin' over!"

MANY working men in Canada have been thrown out of employment for this Winter, and many of the new settlers are returning to England.

THERE is a man in Beuna Vista, Ala., who has eleven daughters at home. It takes one hundred and ninety-eight yards of calico to go round.

JAMES LICK has notified the Regents of the University of California that he has decided upon Mount Hamilton as the site for his proposed observatory.

A BALTIMORE servant girl the other morning tried the good old time honored plan of lighting the fire with kerosene. Nothing has benzine of her since.

THIS year's crop of apples in Michigan surpasses anything ever produced there before. From Adrian alone 22,351 barrels were shipped in the month of October.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH, the Democrat and Liberal orator, of England, delivered a lecture to a large audience before the New York Liberal Club, Friday evening, Nov. 26th.

A COUNTRY editor says, with apparent truthfulness: "The best paper now issued is the greenbacks signed by Treasurer New. It is difficult, however, to get it on the exchange list."

"MOTHER, does the Lord take the daily papers?" "No, my child; why do you ask so strange a question?" "Well, I thought he didn't—it takes our minister so long to tell him what is going on."

INHABITANTS of the planet Mars can make the tour of the world there dry-shod or in forty days if they have accomplished rapid transit. The land is not divided off in islands as with us, the amount of water being barely enough to form lakes.

MANY very good people are annoyed by sleepiness in church. The following remedy is recommended: Lift the foot seven inches from the floor, and hold it in suspense without support for the limb, and repeat the remedy if the attack returns.

MOODY preached in the Unitarian church in Northfield, Mass., several years ago, and his theme was the atoning blood of Christ. After the service the pastor said to him: "Christ's blood has no more to do with us than the blood of a chicken," and the shocked evangelist has not since preached in a Unitarian church.

If the proposition of abolishing clerical patronage in Prussia is adopted, there will be quite a revolution in the interests of the Church. In connection with the Roman Catholic Church there are over 1,000 ecclesiastical offices in the gift of private patrons, about 500 in that of the State, and 5,200 in that of the bishops.

A PRETTY young lady lawyer of Chicago always declines divorce cases. Her argument on that score is short and sweet, viz.: Every woman who accepts a husband should forever thereafter during life be compelled to live with him, whether ugly, shabby, good, bad or indifferent.

OBJECTION has been expressed, in a Chicago meeting, to the singing of religious verses in the common schools. The Board of Education, which recently stopped the use of the Bible in the schools, is now asked in a petition to revise the singing books, expunging every orthodox sentiment.

THE BROOKLYN REVIVAL is over. The sweet singers—Moody and Sankey—have flown. It is estimated that the revival cost, in money and time, from \$50,000 to \$100,000. If the good it has produced amounts, at the highest estimate that can be placed upon it, to half that sum, we may all be glad. We know, however, of no class of people who need reformation—a revival of honesty, integrity and decency—more than Christians and preachers themselves.

PROF. TYNDALL's reply to Rev. James Martineau, and which appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly* for December, is an able, argumentative paper. He is evidently making steady progress to the ultimate position of true Materialism. He is a little hard upon the theories of Spiritualists, but it is to be presumed they will excuse him for the apparent want of charity he evinces in that direction.

THE grape harvest in France is said to have been unprecedented the present season. The owners of large vineyards have been obliged to fill their vats twice, and have now double the usual quantity on hand. None of the vine-growers have any recollection of so abundant a vintage. The quality of the wine has also turned out much better than was expected.

THE Los Angeles (Cal.) *Herald* says, that at the present rate of increase it is estimated there will be in four years 1,000,000 stands of bees in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Bernardino counties, which will produce annually 100,000,000 pounds of honey, worth \$20,000,000, which is more than the value of the sugar and molasses crop of Louisiana, Texas, and Florida combined.

THERE are enrolled in the public schools of the United States 8,000,000 children. In the last fiscal year the average daily attendance was 4,500,000. Thirty-seven States and eleven Territories report an increase in the public school income of \$1,232,000, and in attendance of children 164,000. The total sum raised during the year was \$82,000,000, and the cost of public education was about \$74,000,000.

PERFUMERS, by blending primary odors, obtain all the various bouquets. Roses, orange blossoms, jasmine, violets, geranium, tuberose, and jonquil, contain types of nearly all flower odors. Blend jasmine and orange flowers, and you get the scent of the sweet pea; asmine and tuberose mixed produce the perfume of hyacinth; while violet and tuberose resemble the lily of the valley.

THE Presbyterians of Jersey City have fully decided that they have no further use for the Rev. John S. Glendinning. He has their concurrent permission to leave. He goes to Henry, Ill., to there perform the work of his "Master." As he has married, it is to be hoped the lone, defenseless young girls in the vicinity where he goes, will not be endangered. The church with which he was connected has changed its deacons, changed its name, and done all it could to wipe out the stigma of the Glendinning disgrace.

AN old lad residing in Ohio lost the companion with whom she had jogged along for many years. She neglected to mark the spot of his burial by even a stone. Not long after coming into possession of a small legacy, a sister of the deceased said to her: "I suppose you will now put up stones for Daniel?" Her answer was a settler. "If the Lord wants anything of Daniel at the resurrection, I guess he can find him without a guideboard! There ain't a speck o' doubt but what the old man'll be on hand in good time."

NONE of the congregation knew she was crazy until she insisted upon singing a solo when the contribution box was being passed around. The unfortunate sexton who attempted to remonstrate with her was nearly knocked down by the hymn-book she threw at his head, and the pastor, when he tried to quiet her, got a fearful blow on the head from her umbrella. Then the congregation came to his aid, but the woman was too much for them all, and escaped from the church. This happened the other day in Pittsburgh.

OREGON has a new cereal which looks like wheat, rye, and barley, and isn't either of them, and the "leading agriculturists" of the State are puzzling themselves about it. Its history is strange. About four years ago a farmer living in Tillamook county, Oregon, killed a wild goose, in whose crop he found a peculiar-looking grain. He planted it: it multiplied wonderfully, and he subsequently raised forty bushels on half an acre of land. Its growth is peculiar, from seven to ten stalks springing from one root. The kernel is very thin and compact, of a bright straw color, and extremely hard.

PROF. RICHARD A. PROCTOR has taken some notice of the Christian attacks made upon him for his supposed change in theological belief. He says he was once satisfied that the teachings of science and the dogmas of the Church were consistent, but that the theologians have at length convinced him that this is not so, while he is as well satisfied as ever that the teachings of science are right. Notwithstanding this frank explanation, the theologians are not satisfied, and would not be unless he gave the dogmas of theology the foremost position, and science a secondary consideration, and this he can by no means do.

A REVIVAL has been in operation in the Presbyterian church at Bushnell, Ill., at which the excitement was raised so high as to drive John J. Scott crazy, to the extent that he has been taken to the State Insane Asylum at Jacksonville. He was a very worthy man, a kind neighbor, and a good farmer. He owned 60 acres of land, under the highest cultivation. Is it not a pity—is it not a shame, even, that these mischief-making fool-preachers cannot find something better to do than to be roving over the country, driving better men than themselves crazy with their rantings about an angry God, a bleeding Savior, a roaring Devil, and a burning hell?

ANOTHER AMOROUS PASTOR, AND SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES.—Rev. H. O. Hoffman, of Quincy, Ill., so far forgot the conduct due from a moral man, seized a sister (Mrs. Chatten) of his congregation, at whose house he was making a pastoral call, and placed her upon the bed when he attempted, by force, to commit a very improper act. She resisted him with all her strength, and the children making an outcry, he was unsuccessful. A trial followed. Judge Mitchell testified in the case, upon which Mr. Chatten (the husband of the lady), taking umbrage thereat, attacked him on the street and shot him in the head. The Judge was carried home on a shutter, and Mr. Chatten put in prison. Another instance of the sad results of a clergyman's lust.

THE troubles of Brother Beecher and Plymouth Church seem not to be ended. Another trial between Beecher and Tilton is expected soon to come off. Another examination of Beecher's case before a board, or council, of Congregational clergymen is to soon take place, and Mrs. Moulton's application that she have justice done her, in her connection with Plymouth Church, cannot be ignored. Besides, the Loader trial will soon take place, in which it is expected much evidence, touching Beecher's guilt, not heretofore produced, will be brought out. In the meantime, Beecher is extremely orthodox, very full of Jesus, and is rigidly pursuing the policy of silence. He is willing to say nothing in reference to the scandal, if other people will not. He much wants to be let alone. The policy of silence in a case of this kind, smacks very strongly of guill. An innocent person is never afraid to show his hand.

Vicarious Atonement.

In writing upon a subject so sublimely sacred to the orthodox world, and esteemed so vitally important to all mankind, I wish to approach it gently, use plain terms, and present it in its most simple form.

Inasmuch, therefore, as the atonement was made for the sins of the world, and as the whole structure of the Christian religion is based upon faith in this atonement, it may, perhaps, be necessary to go back to the Bible account of creation, and try to acquaint ourselves with the peculiar organizations of our first parents, by whom, it is stated, sin was first introduced into the world.

Here, in their little Eden home we find them, just as God made and placed them there, in a purely childish state of mind, with perfectly balanced organization, no one organ more fully developed than another, not at all capable of using their reasoning faculties, and consequently no more to be blamed for any mistake they might make, than the fondling child upon its mother's lap.

From the third chapter of Genesis, we learn the serpent not Devil, (as Orthodoxy has it) had some conversation with mother Eve, who, in her undeveloped nature, not being yet capable of discriminating between good and evil, did not know whether he was a friend or foe.

After concluding his speech and convincing her that her eyes were somewhat dim, but that they would be opened, and that she would know good and evil, the one great desire of mankind, and just such knowledge too as all good and honest teachers try now to impart, yielded to his counsel, partook of the forbidden fruit, and found the result to be no lie, no false statement, not deceived as we are instructed, but just what the serpent had told her—God, himself, (22nd verse) acknowledging the truthfulness of the statement.—"And the Lord God said, behold the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil, and now lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat and live forever," was sent out of the garden to till the ground from which he was taken. Query: If man had become as God or like God, to know good and evil, why should he be condemned?

Has it not always been, and ever will be, the great and constant effort of mankind, to gain knowledge and wisdom; to become godlike; able at all times, to distinguish between good and evil?

Does not the Bible, purporting to be God's word, contain numerous passages urging man to become more like him in wisdom and in goodness? Is not Jesus, as stated in Luke, second chapter and fifty-second verse, said to have increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man? That would imply that he was not always in full favor with God, but as he *increased in wisdom* he increased in God's favor, just as Eve did, and all mankind do in search of knowledge.

Then, I repeat, why censure the poor, innocent, ignorant woman for doing just what God intended she should do, and what is now acknowledged by all, to meet his approbation, and lay to her charge, the guilt for the sins of the whole world, for which to atone, Christ, another innocent being, is called upon, to suffer and die. Through a false system of education, the Orthodox world is laboring under a very great mistake; for, instead of the transgression, as it is termed, being a curse, it has proved to be one of the greatest blessings. It was the grand stepping-stone to knowledge—the throne of reason.

Admitting, for the time being, the theological idea of human depravity from eating an apple, and the irreconcilable state of man to God, being utterly powerless and unable of himself to better his condition, it seemed, therefore, necessary that something should be done, some means devised by which he could be re-instated to God's favor.

For a very great while sacrifices were made to Jehovah God, by burning the bodies of animals upon an altar erected for that purpose, and the aroma arising therefrom as a sweet-smelling savor into the nostrils of their God, were considered by the Jews sufficient to appease his anger and atone for sin. But in the process of time, after sacrificing thousands of animals, and an attempt at one time to sacrifice a human being—the sins of the world all the while increasing—it was considered necessary to devise some other means by which pardon and redemption might be obtained. Consequently, as already stated, an innocent man was born for that purpose, or, as theology teaches, "God being made manifest in the flesh," was made an offering (to himself) at the hands of his favorite people, to atone for the sins of both Jew and Gentile, to place all mankind with him upon terms of peace and pardon. Hence no more offerings of life were to be made, "he having tasted death once for all." "For this special purpose came he into the world," we are told, "to die, the just for the unjust." Now theologians represent Christ's death upon the cross as unjust, cruel, an ignominious, ungodly act, censuring its perpetrators for the guilty murder of "our Lord."

Let us pause for a moment and consider the correctness of these statements. Isaiah, one of God's prophets, fifty-third chapter, says: "He (Christ) was smitten of God and afflicted," "and with his stripes we are healed." "And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquities of us all."

It is also stated in the fourth chapter of acts, that "There is none other name given under heaven among men, whereby we must be saved."

From the above, and other similar quotations we might give, it is quite apparent that it was a compulsory act on the part of the Jews, they being the instruments simply through which God's plans were to be executed—a means for removing sin from the world. Therefore, according to God's own purposes, they are blameless. They did as did Eve, *just what God intended they should do*, and as none other than the body of Jesus crucified, could atone for the sins of the world, and it being absolutely necessary that God's plans be executed, they not only did no wrong, but are the greatest benefactors to mankind, the world has ever known. In consideration of the many who, in their benighted zeal to become more spiritual, make the weekly sacrament a part of their worship, who have come to feel that their soul's salvation depends much more upon the sufferings, death and spilt blood of Jesus than upon the good acts of his life, when the Scriptures teach and theologians affirm that, without the shedding of blood, there can be no remission of sins, and that Jesus Christ is made a propitiation for our sins through the shedding of his blood. I say, when the Scriptures are so plain upon this subject, and the absolute importance of such a sacrifice so universally taught, it would seem strange that censure should rest upon any one for doing what seemed so imperatively necessary should be done.

But as the Bible and the Church have condemned the serpent and the woman for bringing sin (knowledge) into the world, so do they condemn the Jews for being God's instruments in expelling it.

Now I think no rational intelligence will assert that the Jews did no wrong in putting to death the body of Christ. On the contrary, they did a great wrong—were guilty of the murder of one of their fellow men, instigated through priestly jealousy toward him, because of his large liberal nature, and the superior ideas he taught.

Not unlike the Protestant priesthood, they, in their infatuated enthusiasm to serve Jehovah, thought they were rendering him sacred service, in destroying such a person from among them. He died as thousands of other good people have died, a martyr to principle—a just God having nothing more to do with it than he would have to do with any other crime. No intelligent God, let me say, would suffer his subjects to get into such a predicament as to require the sacrifice of the life of a human being, to purchase their redemption. The idea of the innocent having to suffer to expiate the sins of the guilty, had its origin in cowardice, ignorance and superstition, and strange, is it not, at this enlightened age of the world, that there are thousands who are bowing the knee, and making daily oblations to this cruel sacrificer of human flesh?

The Church, however, teaches it was *love* that influenced God to make an offering of his son. Well, the Church may, in its visionary conceptions of the true relationship between God and man, and its tenacious Puritanic reverence for his holy word, imagine a highly offended God to be so moved with pity and compassion for the seeming wants of humanity, as to accept the idea of such a barbarous act being one of genuine charity; but I fail to see any rational display of love in *premeditated murder, under any circumstances*, while the fact of it having occurred nearly two thousand years ago, does not so palliate the crime as to render it just, and place it upon the plane of *love*. There are, indeed, so few of the characteristics of an all-wise God represented in this plan of salvation, that I am induced to regard the whole thing as a *preludic delusion* gotten up at the expense of ignorance and superstition.

It is furthermore stated that Christ gave himself, a willing sacrifice, which statement is contradicted by his own words when he plead with his God in the garden of Gethsemane if it were possible to relieve him from this penalty of suffering, and continuing his entreaties upon the cross while undergoing the agonies of death, crying to him, in tones of bitter anguish to know *why he was forsaken*. If the God, of whom Jesus was a part, yea whose life was his own, was so deaf to the dying prayer of his *only child* while in the hands of cruel assassins, what may those, whose lives are less dear to him by the ties of nature, whose petitions for succor are daily ascending, have reason to expect? If an imaginary God (as all Gods are imaginary who can't be seen or felt,) should become angry, and so displeased with the work of his own hands, as to require sacrifices of life to appease that anger, and reconcile to him, a people of his own begetting—and still further to require the life of an innocent person in whom, it is said, no guile was found—in a pathological sense, would be regarded in a morbid state of mind, with the organ of destructiveness largely preponderating.

Such was undoubtedly true in the case of the Jehovah God, who seemed never better satisfied, than when engaged in the slaughter and massacre of those whom he regarded his enemies; not confining his rage to the male adult population, but causing to be put to death, innocent women and children, often-times subjecting them to the most infamous and cruel tortures that could be thought of. Nor yet even were his blood-thirsty desires satiated, but would frequently

command whole herds of animals to be slaughtered for no other reason simply, than that they had previously belonged to his enemies.

The Old Testament scriptures abound in accounts of bloody wars instigated at his command, and he is frequently spoken of in both the Old and New Testaments, as being a *jealous God*, a God of *malice*, anger, etc., and greatly to be feared for his austerity, and highly extolled for his superior wisdom. However, on one occasion he was so much influenced by a speech he had the pleasure of listening to from his servant, Moses, that "he repented of the *evil* which he in his *wrath* was about inflicting upon his children." I can form no conceptions of a truly infinite *loving* father becoming so stupid in the management of his own affairs, as to be obliged to resort to such an overt act of cruelty and degradation in order to again effect a proper relationship between himself and his children—while the great sin of *unbelief* in such absurdities, has led to many bloody persecutions, and is today the prime cause of *selfishness and bigotry*.

The blind reverence for things considered sacred, which in early life are so forcibly impressed upon the mind, I am truly thankful to know, are all the while being outgrown. I hold no book so sacred, the contents of which will not bear the closest scrutiny, and the profoundest criticism—which to doubt a part of, or call in question its entire truthfulness, would be to be damned. Neither can I accept any theory or statement of facts as true, until logically and scientifically proven.

Springfield, Mo.

J. S. LYON, M.D.

Obituary.

BY M. P. ROSECRANS.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.—Supposed to have died about two thousand four hundred and thirty-seven years ago, in the great city of Babylon, Nebuchadnezzar. Age unknown to us.

While writing the above we felt sad, we felt bowed down with grief; we felt like uttering loud lamentations; we felt and still feel, like a hired mourner at a rich man's funeral; we almost see before our eyes the pomp and style attendant upon the solemn cortege surrounding the dead carcass of a king; we fancy we can hear the wails and sobs, the howls and yells of the wives and concubines of the dead king, of the near and dear favorites of royalty.

The king is dead, lies before us powerless, his wives are all widows, his concubines must now seek some other paramour.

While the dead king lies before us, dressed in the regalia of State, Belshazzar, the son, is crowned in his stead, succeeds to his estate, to his robes and garments of royalty; and all this took place, all this transpired within the short period of two thousand five hundred years; a time so short it seems but yesterday to us. Had the subject of our thought been poor, the time would seem longer, we could scarcely call the fact to mind at all, for this reason: poor men seldom have their history written, their words recorded; seldom have visions or dreams that are remarkable, that are worthy of interpretation; seldom have costly display at their funerals; are seldom laid out in state; have hired carriages or hired mourners. The poor actor whose funeral was preached in the "little church around the corner," has almost passed out of mind, while Nebuchadnezzar, the great, the mighty king of Babylon, stands before us bright and distinct as the sun when the sky is clear at noon-day.

Yes, dear reader, Adam was remarkable as the first man, the father of the race; Eve as the mother of all mankind; Noah as an artisan, a ship-builder, a preserver of animal life; Job as full of patience while covered with boils, and in the immediate presence of a scolding wife; Jonah as a sailor-preacher, who came near losing his life on the briny deep; Samson for his great strength and skill as a fox hunter. All these had their peculiarities, incidents in their history which were remarkable, and all of which were intended for our instruction to teach us great lessons; but it remained for Nebuchadnezzar to outshine them all, in riches, in power, in glory, in grandeur and dominion; in dreams, and in their remarkable interpretation; in change of diet and appearance, in having his heart changed to that of an ox.

Poor Neb! We see you seated high on the throne of a great empire! We see you subjects bow before this throne dazzled with its brightness and its glory; we see you dressed in the robes of royalty, the crown of gold upon your head, the scepter of power in your hand; an empire's weal or woe depend upon your nod or your smile. We see by your order an image made, and this image by your decree becomes a God. This image was of *pure gold*, was ninety feet high, and nine feet in breadth.

If but one foot in thickness this image contained 810 cubic feet of pure gold, and yet the treasury was still full, money was still plenty. We only mention this fact to show his great riches, his great power and the amount of gold at his command.

Were he living in our day and age of the world as the possessor of all that gold, he would be able to control Grant, Stewart, Tom Scott, Vanderbilt, and all the railroad interest in this republican government. He would have gold enough to convert the Turks, the Arabs and Hindoos, and still there would be enough

left to control a few elections and put 'God in the Constitution of the United States.

No wonder Neb. became proud and haughty, arrogant and overbearing. No wonder he had dreams and visions.

In his case riches didn't take to themselves wings and fly away, but he took to himself feet and walked away. He left the habitations of men and abode with cattle, or in other words he turned himself out to grass; he became to all intents and purposes an ox and did eat grass with cattle. Whether he chewed his cud we cannot say; neither do we know of his fitness for market. Had this happened in our day he would have had an owner, he would have been taken up as an estray, would have had to chew hay and straw during the cold and tedious winters.

We once read stories of this nature in the Arabian tales. We read of Genii and their powers. We read of men and women by magic power being turned into apes, dogs and other animals. We were interested in these matters; we read with eagerness and delight, and were sorry to be told they were works of fiction—were not true; we felt bad and refused to be comforted. We read of Alladin and his wonderful lamp, and we were sorry that the story was not true, for we did not know but we might sometime own such a lamp; but our ardor met with a check, our aspirations have had time to cool. We laid aside fiction and sought after truth, we found the story of King Neb. and are satisfied.

If he had not Genii he had gold, the power that moves the world; and were we to make a God for people to worship we could choose no better metal. As for the transmigration or change, his was as remarkable, as strange, as can be found in the works of fiction. His stomach was changed entirely; and here we must wonder, when in after years he was restored to his kingdom, his pomp his power and his glory, whether he did not have a fellow feeling for the ox; whether he could eat beef without remorse; or when he passed a rich pasture field he did not feel a hankering for grass?

We have all this to think and ponder upon. Whenever we see an ox we can't help thinking of this story, we do not know but we hold some king in disguise—some greatness humbled. This sad obituary has attached to it a moral. It teaches us that riches are not always available; that kings are no better than other men; that all the works of fiction are not fiction; that men that are proud, vain, and full of egotism would appear to better advantage if turned out to grass; that none but the rich have a history, and upon this sad story hangs a tale: That upon the visions of King Neb. rests the divine theory of this world's inglorious and ignoble dissolution.

Farewell to King Neb!—To-day your grave is unhonored, your resting place is unknown; and yet the grass grows just as green and the dew falls as sweetly as when in the pastures of Babylon you fed with the cattle and ate grass like the ox till seven times had passed over your head, and the writer of this obituary desiring to close with a Latin sentence, says:

"Requiescat in pace."

Infidelity Vindicated.

Infidels, foes everywhere and forever of kings and priests; Infidels, the saviors of liberty; Infidels gave mankind the sublime Declaration of American Independence—a Government without a Church, and a Constitution without a God. In every land, through all the dark and dreary centuries of chains and whip and fire, liberty was ever the watchword of the Infidel. Religion, in every age, has been the synonym of slavery. Infidelity is liberty; all religion is slavery. The Infidel has ever been found battling for the rights of man—the priest ever reeking with the gore of heretics. The Church damned men—Infidelity reformed them. The Church established inquisitions—Infidelity founded universities. But it is said that Infidels tear down, destroy. True; they have torn down the stakes and crosses and gibbets that, like a forest, hedged in the rugged road of Progress, and have raised telegraph poles in their stead. They have dethroned kings, and enthroned man; they have rolled back the unwieldy stone which the Church placed at the sepulchre of Liberty; they have destroyed the thumbscrews and racks and torture dungeons of the Church, and put out the fagot fires in which Torquemada and John Calvin slowly roasted thinkers and discoverers. Whatever has been done for the prosperity and advancement of man, has been done by the few heroic Infidels, in spite of all the persecutions of priests and popes and potentates. While that insatiate monster, called Christianity, has strewn the fair fields of earth with the wrecks of armies and the bones of murdered millions, converted populous nations into deserts and transformed our beautiful world into a slaughter-house, drenched with blood and tears. Infidelity has been the creator of science, the preserver of art, and the guardian of the ark of freedom. Infidelity is religion—the religion of goodness. "The world is my country, to do good my religion," was the life motto of that grand, heroic Infidel, Thomas Paine. The Church repeats creeds—Infidelity does good. The Church persecutes people because of their honest belief. Infidelity makes religious duties con-

sist in "doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make their fellow creatures happy."

Infidelity has enfranchised the human mind, has rescued the world from the midnight of mediæval superstition, and the monuments of Infidels are the mile-stones along the highway of Progress.

We are indebted to Infidels for this American Republic, its liberal institutions, and for civil and religious liberty. The "Author Hero" of the revolution was an Infidel. The author of the "Age of Reason" first wrote "The Free and Independent States of America." Yes, thanks to the heroic Infidels gone before us, who bared their breasts to all the blighting blasts of bigotry and persecution, and who with a splendid courage, dared to do and suffer and die, civil and religious liberty have been vouchsafed the world to-day. Fallen along the roadside of the centuries are the stakes and crosses and fagot piles. Quenched forever is the bigot's brand. No longer are men unjointed, crushed and mangled, or torn by red hot pincers, because they cannot comprehend the mystery of godliness. No longer do loving and tender and beautiful women rot in iron chains for Christ's sake. It was the grand old Infidels of other years, whose unfaltering feet left their blood-prints along the rugged road of investigation, whose flame-bleached bones whitened all the Mt. Calvaries of Truth and Discovery, who secured the right of the race to think and speak; they cherished and consecrated the ark of mental freedom amidst the fiercest flames of persecution, and passed it on, a priceless legacy, from one to another through all the sweeping storms of the years, safely down to us.

Extract from Shelley.

Is there a God?—aye, an almighty God,
And vengeful as almighty! Once his voice
Was heard on earth: earth shuddered at the sound;
The fiery-visaged armament expressed
Abhorrence, and the grave of nature yawned,
To swallow all the dauntless and the good
That dared to hurl defiance at his throne,
Girt as it was with power. None but slaves
Survived—cold-blooded slaves, who did the work
Of tyrannous omnipotence; whose souls
No honest indignation ever urged
To elevated daring, to one deed
Which gross and sensual self did not pollute.
The slaves built temples for the omnipotent fiend,
Gorgeous and vast; the costly altars smoked
With human blood, and hideous peans rung
Through all the long aisles. A murderer heard
His voice in Egypt, one whose gifts and arts
Had raised him to his eminence and power,
Accomplice of omnipotence in crime,
And confident of the all-knowing one.
These were Jehovah's words:
From an eternity of idleness
I, God, awoke; in six day's toil make earth!
From nothing; rested and created man:
I placed him in a paradise, and there
Planted the tree of evil, so that he
Might eat and perish, and my soul procure
Wherewith to sate its malice, and to turn.
Even like a heartless conqueror of the earth,
All misery to my fame. The race of men
Chosen to my honor, with impunity
May sate the lusts I planted in their heart.
Here I command thee hence to lead them on.
Until with hardened feet, their conquering troops
Wade on the promised soil through woman's blood.
And make my name be dreaded through the land.
Yet ever-burning flame and ceaseless woe
Shall be the doom of their eternal souls.
With every soul on this ungrateful earth.
Virtuous or vicious, weak or strong—even all
Shall perish to fulfill the blind revenge
(Which you, to men, call justice) of their God.

The name of God
Has fenced about all crime with holiness.
Himself the creation of his worshippers,
Whose names, and attributes, and passions change,
Siva, Buddha, Foh, Jehovah, God, or Lord,
Even with the human dupes who build his shrines,
Still serving o'er the war-polluted world
For desolation's watchword: whether hosts
Stain his death-blushing chariot-wheels, as on
Triumphantly they roll, whilst Brahmins raise
A sacred hymn to mingle with the groans;
Or countless partners of his power divide
His tyranny to weakness; or the smoke
Of burning towns, the cries of female helplessness,
Unarmed old age, and youth, and infancy,
Horribly massacred, ascend to heaven
In honor of his name; or, last and worst,
Earth groans beneath religions iron age.
And priests dare babble of a God of peace,
Even while their hands are red with guiltless blood,
Murdering the while, uprooting every germ
Of truth, exterminating, spoiling all,
Making the earth a slaughter-house.

"THE hardest trial of my life," said good old deacon Barnes, "was to shed tears at the news that my wife's uncle had died and left her \$50,000."

Fraternity of Jesus Christ.

Every day I hear and read, with astonishment, about the fraternity taught by Jesus Christ and preached in the Gospel.

I meet with Liberals, Freethinkers, Atheists, Spiritualists, Sociologists, Progressists, of any kind, who, invariably, recognize, praise, extol, the so-called *fraternity of Jesus Christ*.

This is a baleful illusion. It is time to put an end to such errors, which, when committed by Progressists, do not only lead to silliness and ridiculousness, but lead also to calamities, miseries and pernicious defeat.

The fraternity of Jesus Christ is the fraternity of Cain. Listen to what the Gospel teaches and preaches: "Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you nay; but rather division." (Luke, chap. xii. 51.)

"For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." (Matt. chap. x. 35.)

"I am come to send fire on earth; and what will I, that it be already kindled." (Luke, chap. xii. 49.)

"For from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three."

The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; the mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." (Luke, chap. xii. 52-53.)

"If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." (Luke, chap. xiv. 26.)

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I come not to send peace, but a sword." (Matt. chap. x. 34.)

"And the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child: and the children shall rise up against their parents and cause them to be put to death." (Matt. chap. x. 21.)

"For I say unto you, that unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him." (Luke, chap. xix. 26.)

"But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me." (Luke, chap. xix. 27.)

Have you enough of it? I refer those more curious, more particular or not sufficiently satisfied, to Matthew, chapter x. xviii. and xv.; and to Luke, chapter xii. xiv., xxi. and xxii. As for the commentaries and annotations upon those words of Jesus Christ, written by the saints and fathers of the church, it would be impossible to republish them in ten years, even if THE TRUTH SEEKER was a daily paper.

Such is the fraternity preached by Jesus Christ and the Gospel! And it has for sanction fifteen centuries of bloodshed and persecution, a seal of carnage and extortion!

If somewhere Jesus Christ has said: "Love one another," this was only a counsel of union given to his accomplices, the future conquerors of the world. Thus, in his cavern, a chief of robbers recommends to his companions, reciprocal honesty.

Fraternity is of human origin and of human essence. It existed before Jesus Christ. And all the efforts of this divine personage will not prevail against it. I quote at a venture, from the pagans: "The largest of all profits is to love one another."—*Xenophon*.

"Do not harm any one. Benevolence agrees with justice."—*Theognis*.

"Be to every one kind and friendly."—*Antonius*.

"Give to every one what is owing to him."—*Simonides*.

"A just man is he who thinks himself born for the benefit of his fellow-creature."—*Euripides*.

"Do not to others what you would not like others to do to you; and act towards others as you would have them act towards you."—*Socrates*, and fifty others.

Let us then give to God what belongs to God, that is, theft, murder, havoc, massacre. And let us restore to man what belongs to man, that is, fraternity.

OTTER CORDATES.

FIGHT TO THE END.—A colored preacher in this vicinity recently addressed his congregation at a revival meeting as follows: "Now my moanin' frens, you comes heal an' you moanis, an' rolls, an' habs a mighty struggle wid de debbil, night arter night, an' when you's might near loose you gits right up an' goes right back into de debbil's arms agin. Now I tells you, my frens, dat won't do: you neber git away from de deb il dat way. You's jis like d lightnin' bug! When you git down an' moan' an' roll, an' holler, you shows your light, like de lightnin bug do, when he raise his tail an' spread his wings. When you gits up an' goes roun' laughin' an' talkin', an' foolin' wid de debbil you puts your light under de bushel, and yo' jis like de lightnin' bug when he shuts down his wings. Den he ain't no' mo' like a lightnin' bug dan any odder bug, an' you knows it. Now, let's not hab any mo' ob d lightnin'-bug business, but git down to work agin de deb in yearnest. *Jackson Sun*."

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SHADRACH, MESHACH AND ABED-NEGO.

For hundreds of years there have been two classes of men who have given their time and attention to fire and to fire-works. One class are styled pyrotechnists, and it is their business to get up all varieties of fire-works, embracing rockets, fire-wheels, Roman candles etc., in which colored lights, stars and fiery sprays are artistically blended, sometimes attended with loud detonations; in which chlorate of potash, nitrate of potash, phosphorus, fulminating mercury, per-oxide of manganese, sulphur, carbon and various other chemicals are used. The skill employed in this branch of business is very considerable, and most brilliant and showy effects are produced. The avocation, unfortunately, however, is a very hazardous one, and many a man employed in the business, has been killed outright or shockingly mutilated; and many a building, in which this kind of work has been prosecuted, has been destroyed or greatly damaged by explosions and ignitions connected with this dangerous manufacture. Insurance companies are extremely disinclined to take risks on property of this extra hazardous character.

The other class have been called "fire kings," and they are those who by the application of alum and other substances which are non-conductors to the surfaces of the body, are enabled to endure an incredible amount of heat—to step on red hot bars of iron, to handle heated metals, apply them to the tongue, and take fire in various ways into the mouth etc., etc.

It is astonishing how great a degree of heat the living organization is capable of enduring. Men have gone into ovens hot enough to roast beef, and have remained there while the meat roasted. We do not, at this moment, remember the highest degree of heat the human system has been submitted to without apparent injury; but it is above two hundred and twelve degrees, Fahrenheit, at which point water boils. The resisting power of living organization is so great, that a man will emerge in a sound condition from a heated oven, as we observed, where flesh, deprived of life, would soon be cooked through and through.

India and Europe have boasted in times past of several of these fire-kings, whose astonishing powers of endurance have excited the wonder of large assemblages. Some thirty years ago, or more, this city had one of these curiosities—a Frenchman by the name of Chaubert—who, on many occasions, exhibited his powers in this direction before considerable numbers. Despite his charlatanry, he really was able to endure a high degree of heat with but slight injury, and gave a fair representation of the extremely high temperature a human being is capable of enduring for a short period.

There is, however, a limit to the possibility of human endurance in heated air or in close proximity to fire. There is a point which cannot be transcended with any degree of safety. The unnumbered thousands of human beings who have been burned at the stake, and others who have been accidentally caught in burning buildings, ships and steamboats, most conclusively prove that human flesh *will burn* if submitted to a hot fire; and there is no help for it.

The most remarkable "fire kings" that have been heard of—those who were able to "stand fire" vastly better than Chaubert or any other fire expert, living or dead, or in any age of the world, were the three Hebrew children, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah, whom the prince of Nebuchadnezzar's eunuchs, renamed, Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego. The story of their being thrown into a fiery furnace is so well known, we hardly need to repeat it.

Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the Chaldeans, notwithstanding Daniel had told him his dream and the

interpretation thereof, after which he seemed to acknowledge Daniel's God, did not seem to give his full adhesion to the same, but desired to have a god of his own and one he could compel the people to bow down to. So he created a god of gold, sixty cubits high. If a cubit is eighteen inches, the golden god was ninety feet in height, and fourteen feet across; and if a cubit is twenty-two inches, as some Bible scholars claim, the god was one hundred and ten feet high and sixteen and a half feet across—a most respectable god indeed, so far as size and material both were concerned. The account does not say whether the god was hollow or solid; but if it was solid, it assuredly contained wealth enough in itself to pay off the national debts of both England and the United States. He was a God that most any worshiper might bow down to. We think we know many Christians who would bow very low before such an amount of gold. In fact, they seem to be as susceptible to the magic influence of this aureate deity as any class of people in the world. There have, probably, been no races of men since this earth has been inhabited, who have been more devoted, persistent and servile worshipers of the golden god, than Jews and Christians. If a Nebuchadnezzar could now set up such a god in our Central Park, or at the Capitol at Washington, Christians and Jews from all parts of the land would flock to its shrine and bow in profound and subservient adoration to the god of Gold, especially if they could be allowed to saw off or detach certain parts of the image and carry the same away with them.

Not so with the three Hebrew young men. They were made of stern stuff and would not bow, even to gold. At this, the King with the long name, became very angry and proceeded to carry out the threat he had made. He caused the three boys to be bound, and had strong men of his army to throw them into a fiery furnace, made seven times hotter than usual. The heat of the furnace can be imagined, when it is remembered it was so great, that the mighty men who were compelled to throw the three boys in, though they approached only the mouth of the furnace, were utterly destroyed. But the young men who went to the very heart of the furnace, were not burned nor scorched in the slightest degree. Not even a hair of their heads, nor a thread of their garments was singed at all. It seems their flesh was not only invulnerable to the fire, but the fabrics of which their apparel was composed, were equally secure from its effects. They were the most complete fire-proof mortals that were ever heard of, and could "stand fire" far better than any of their competitors in any age of the world. Salamanders—fabulous animals, said to live in the fire, could not have stood that extreme heat—seven times greater than the furnace had ever been made before. Thermometers were not invented at that time, so the precise heat which that furnace reached was never known, but as it was seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated, and as six hundred degrees, Fahrenheit, is not an unusual degree for a furnace to reach, some four thousand degrees may be supposed to have been reached—a higher altitude on the scale, than is often attained. It must have started the perspiration freely.

It may be supposed, it was not a good place to receive company, but, unseemly as it was, they had a visitor, and the King, looking in and seeing not only the three safe and sound, but a fourth there also, was justly surprised. He said "the form of the fourth was like the Son of God." What he, a heathen king, who had been only in the metal god business, could know about the form of a son of God, is a little mysterious. It may well be supposed, of all men in the world, Nebuchadnezzar would be about the last that could have any true conception of what the "Son of God" would be like. But it is Daniel who tells the story, and if he is great at all, it is in mysteries and large stories. How the King could see into the fiery furnace and perceive who were there, is more than we can explain. Furnaces are not so constructed that people standing away from the effects of the heat can look into them so as to see if men were there walking about. But we know not in what form the Chaldeans made their furnaces; they may have constructed them upon the plan that the Christians in Spain arranged their *au-to-de-fe* or human burning on a

large scale, so that the kings, nobles and the numerous spectators who attended the exhibition, could easily witness the writhings and contortions of the unhappy wretches consigned to the relentless flames. As in this case, the committing of human beings to a fiery furnace, may have been one species of public amusement for gala-day purposes. It is hard to believe, however, that they were people of such cruelty, or that their taste could have been so abhorrent. That kind of amusement was principally reserved for Christians of a later time.

It may be asked then, do we believe the story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego withstanding the effects of that intensely heated furnace? Yes, we believe it to be an untruth; untrue because it is opposed to all our experience and utterly at variance with nature's laws. In all cases where human beings have been submitted to flames of fire or to a degree of heat more intense than the living organization is able to withstand, they have invariably been overcome with the heat, and their lives destroyed. As in the thousands upon thousands of cases of burning doomed heretics at the hands of *merciful* Christians one thousand years ago, five hundred years ago, or three hundred years ago, God never in one case interfered with the laws or forces of nature to prevent fire from causing death, we do not believe he did three thousand years ago. It is the nature of fire to destroy organized life, and we cannot think that God has ever interfered to prevent it. It is not his province to set his own laws aside for Jew, Chaldean, Christian or Turk.

We much more readily believe the whole thing to be "one of our Dan's big stories," or the story of some unknown person, who drew entirely upon his imagination, and whose vagaries were attributed to Daniel, and by some means became incorporated into the Jewish sacred writings. We feel under no more obligation to believe an impossible story in one book than in another. Had the Jews been scarce of material of which to compose their sacred writings, and had adopted the Arabian Nights, or any portion of them, we should have been compelled to reject them, and to disbelieve their exaggerated and impossible recitals, and conclude that the laws of God, or the laws of Nature are never set aside by any power in existence.

Possibly we are a little like the negro blacksmith who had recently gotten religion at a revival, and needs must be inducted into the "true faith," and into the "mysteries of godliness." He listened with rapt attention to the accounts of the creation of the world in six days from nothing; of the great calamity our first parents brought upon themselves and their numerous posterity, of eating an apple, by the persuasions of a snake; that God repented of the job he had performed, and decided to destroy the entire human and animal races, except two of a kind, saved in an ark, and that the waters descended all over the earth and covered it to the tops of the highest mountain; how Moses and Aaron produced the plagues of Egypt, pertaining to the frogs, the lice, the locusts and the turning of all the water of the land into blood; how to let the Israelites escape from the country, the Red Sea opened, the waters standing up on either side like a wall, so that near a million of people could walk through on dry land; how for forty years this vast number of people were fed in the wilderness upon manna daily sent from heaven; about Joshua's stopping the sun and moon in their courses, that he might have a few more hours of daylight to destroy his enemies; about Samson tearing open the jaws of a lion with his own hands, and finally pulling down a large temple by removing two pillars at once, and with his own strength; how Elijah caused no rain to fall upon the earth for three years and a half, and was afterwards taken up bodily in a fiery chariot into heaven; about Elisha causing the destruction of forty-two children by two she-bears, and his afterwards bringing a dead man to life, and causing iron to swim. He was told also about Jonah being swallowed by a whale and remaining in the stomach of the fish for three days, when he was vomited up on dry land.

All these narrations he listened to with close attention, as they were explained to him, and he frequently asked questions about the wonderful occurrences when he failed to get a correct understanding, and he thought that, as all these things were written in the

word of God, he could believe them to be true. When the story was told of the three Hebrew children being thrown into a burning hot furnace where they received not the slightest harm, he hesitated somewhat. He had had some experience with fire, and had found out its merciless character—that it would burn whatever was thrown in it, that was susceptible of being burned, and he was disposed to enquire into the facts of this particular case.

"Does yer mean to tell me," said he, "dat dem tree men was trown in dat red hot funace, an' didn't burn up?"

"That is true; not a hair of their heads was scorched."

"What's dat you'se a telling me! not a ha'r o' dere head, nor tread o' dere clo'es burnt?"

"Just so."

"An' dey was trown rite in dat bilin' hot, roarin' funace, an' 't never burnt 'em tall?"

"Precisely so. The fire never harmed them in the least."

"Now look ahere," said the negro, "I can't bleve dat. It can't be true. Fire'll burn, for I'se tried it; I don't bleve dis yere ol' fire story, no how; an' now, since I think more about it, I don't bleve none o' dem oder big stories you'se been tellin' me, noder!"

Letter from a Christian.

[We think we should have no doubt of the following being a *Christian* letter, from its language and style.]

OFFICE OF ERASTUS F. BROWN. }
Counsellor at Law, 76 Nassau St. }
NEW YORK, Nov. 8th, 1875.

D. M. BENNETT—Sir: Your "Open Letter" to *My Master* has been handed to me. When you say that you write the letter because "*I am in quest of truth*," you tell a deliberate lie. When you say, "*I was in the habit of addressing you regularly four or five times a day, and from one year's end to another*," I believe you lie. But be it so, why apply to Christ, keeping company, as you unquestionably do, with your father the Devil. Go to him who troubles my Master, with your lying tongue. Let me give you two words of advice. BE DECENT.

Not your friend, ERASTUS F. BROWN.

REPLY.—We are sorry that the zeal of this pious Christian, in the cause of his "Master," should induce him to forget the manners of a gentleman. We have not been guilty of falsehood in the direction he charges us with it. When he accuses us of "lying," he commits the very offense himself which he charges upon us. We are assuredly in quest of truth, and though we hardly expected to receive a reply to our "Open Letter" from the person addressed, we will be very glad to have the questions answered by some one who calls him "Master." When Mr. Brown insinuates that we lied, in reference to the frequency of the prayers we formerly offered, we can positively assert, that he is in error; and we ought to know a good deal more about it than he does. As a statement of truth, and not as boasting, we assure Erastus that for nearly a score of years we prayed regularly every day on rising in the morning, upon retiring at night, and at each meal we ate, besides frequently on extra occasions. Did he never hear of the like before? It is possible we are quite as well acquainted with his "Master" as he is. Has he any right to question us as to why we appeal to his "Master?" Have we not the same right as himself and all other persons in this direction? Has he any patent for addressing his "Master" that we have to purchase before we can use it?

The gentleman charges us with keeping company with the Devil. He may be correct in that, so far as we are able to say; but we have no recollection of ever meeting his Satanic Majesty, and we think we could not easily have forgotten it had we ever met him; as we have so often heard him spoken of, that we would esteem him quite a curiosity to see. From all that we can learn of the individual in question, he has been shamefully abused and slandered by such men as Mr. Brown, and so far as our choice is concerned, we would quite as soon keep his company as that of Erastus himself, believing him to be fully as much a gentleman and quite as much our friend.

As to the Devil being our father, our assailant is obviously in the wrong, for his assertion is in direct

opposition to the evidence of our mother, who certainly knows altogether more about the matter than Erastus possibly can. She said our father was an entirely different personage, who neither had a cloven foot, a horned head, nor a long, barbed tail. She is still living, and we can substantiate our position and prove the legal gentleman's error by her affidavit, if he would be in the least gratified thereby. On that aged parent's account, we regret that he should have made such an untruthful, uncalled-for statement, and one that reflects so seriously upon her early character.

Mr. Brown says another thing that we cannot help regretting; and that is, that he is *not* our friend. That is sad; we would that all men (including lawyers) might esteem us a friend. We would rather have the good-will of a dog than his ill-will, especially if he is a cross, biting dog. If, however, Erastus insists upon breaking friendship with us, simply because we saw fit to write a letter to his "Master," we shall be obliged to submit to it with the best possible grace, and feel compensated with the conviction that he loses quite as much by the operation as we do. But if his "Master" manifests no ill-will towards us for writing the letter, is it necessary for Erastus to get so "huffy" about it? Does he expect to gain a crown, or a pearl, or a diamond, or a star, by his zealous defence of one who is supposed to be able to take care of himself? By-the way he flutters, one might be led to suppose he was slightly hit.

But is Erastus F. following the injunctions of his "Master," who is reported to have said, "Love those who hate you and despitefully use you"? Does he not rather evince the same intolerant spirit which men of his caste were actuated by two or three centuries ago, when they persecuted, tortured, burned and otherwise put to death hundreds of thousands of those whom they supposed lacked in due respect to their "Master," thus making cruel barbarians of themselves? Is it not probable that had Mr. Brown lived a few centuries earlier, that in his holy zeal for his "Master," he would have joined hand in hand with Torquemada, Montfort, Alva, Calvin, Munzer, Claverhouse and more of that class who reddened their hands and deluged the earth with the blood of their hapless fellow-mortals, because they fancied their "Master" was not properly treated? Does he not evince, in proportion to the age in which he lives, the same intolerance, the same want of charity and the same barbarism that those bloody persecutors, murderers and assassins did? Would not the same spirit which induces a man to-day, to say in anger to a truthful person, "You are a deliberate liar, you have wronged my "Master," have caused him three hundred years ago to say, "I will take your life on my Master's account"?

The way this earth has been saturated with human blood in the name of that "Master," is a terror to every thoughtful, sympathetic mind. The cruelty that has been inflicted upon the human race in the name of that "Master" far transcends all the cruelties, wrongs, and outrages the world has known.

We presume Erastus F. Brown is naturally an amiable, reasonable, kind-hearted person; but the bundle of dogmas, superstitions and errors which he fondly and ignorantly presses to his bosom, and which he fancies is *religion and virtue* makes him what he is. When he attains—as we hope he may—to the advanced light and morality we have gained, he may become as good a man as we are, and be able to depend upon his own good deeds, instead of his "Master's."

In closing, he was kind enough to give us two words of advice; we will give him more. *Erastus*: remember that epithets and hard names are no argument; try and get your eyes open to see the truth and have a little *common sense*.

To the reader we will say, the above letter was drawn out by our "Open Letter to Jesus Christ." It is issued in tract form, and mailed at five cents each, or forty cents a dozen.

We have inadvertently neglected to notice the advent of a new Spiritualistic paper of small dimensions, entitled "*The Investigator*," a weekly, at one dollar a year. It is ably conducted by our friend John A. Lant, at 33 Park Row. Room 33. May it prove a success.

The Ills We Endure, their Cause and Cure.

[CONTINUED.]

Among the crying evils of our time, is the spirit of extravagance and the disposition to contract indebtedness. It begins with the individual farmer, mechanic and merchant; it is fearfully apparent in corporations, cities and municipalities; it is an evil with which every State is more or less troubled, and finally our National Government is sadly involved in the same evil. And so it is with nearly all the governments and nations of the world. All are loaded down with a weight of debt, which, like an incubus, hangs heavily upon their necks. Generations must pass away before this gigantic evil can be fully removed; and unless reformatory measures are adopted, the wrong will be more aggravated and still more widely extended.

This city alone has an onerous debt of \$150,000,000 in round numbers, saddled upon it, and our neighboring city of Brooklyn has nearly \$50,000,000 weighing her down; and in a similar manner nearly every city and incorporated town in the country has, through the criminal operations and mismanagement of local rings, and designing, intriguing parties, loaded themselves heavily with debt. Many counties and townships, nearly all railroad companies and similar corporations are in the same predicament. The mania to run in debt has been general, and the evil has become wide-spread.

To pay the interest upon this immense indebtedness is a heavy burden upon the people, even if the evil can be stayed where it is, and is a burden which the laboring classes have to carry. The dishonesty and thieving with which much of this has been accomplished, is appalling, and assuredly is enough to shake confidence in humanity, to its very center. When is it to end, and where is the great remedy? Is there a hope of escape from this burden, or must we ever submit to it without relief?

Closely allied with this evil is the still greater one of dishonesty, fraud, and thieving in public servants, which has rapidly increased within the last twenty-five years. It pervades all grades and classes of officials, with very few exceptions, from city policemen and ward-officers to the legislators of States and to Congressmen, Senators, Cabinet officers, and even the Executive himself, whose salary, like the salaries of many other high officials, has been doubled, and who, from a very poor man, has become, in a few years, a millionaire. Almost every public officer seeks places of trust to avail himself of the facilities which the position affords him to plunder and steal from the public purse, and thereby, instead of serving the best interests of the public, to increase his own wealth—his own dishonest gains. To such an extent has this mammoth grievance been carried, that it has become almost a dishonor to hold official positions in the nation. If a man's name is mentioned who has filled the office of Indian Agent, Congressman, a Secretaryship, or many other places of public trust, the question at once presents itself to the mind, has not that man, like all the rest of his compeers, filled his own pockets from the public treasury? It is the saddest aspect of modern civilization, that gross dishonesty is greatly on the increase, and that promotion to office is a most prolific source of theft, and is the channel in which it largely fattens at the public expense.

These are becoming a grave question; how much has our system of theology to do with all this corruption and crime? How much is the faith which teaches the believer that he secures a seat in heaven—not by his own merits and good deeds, but by the righteousness of another individual, responsible for the code of morals that now rules the land? Is it calculated to inaugurate and encourage honesty, to teach people that they can secure the most valuable riches, the highest degrees of happiness of which the mind is capable of conceiving, without any exertions of their own, but by the labors and sufferings of another?

Is it natural that people should pursue an honest course through life, when they are taught from their mother's knees, in the Sunday schools, and at every church they attend, during childhood, youth and ma-

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

[It taxes our modesty, somewhat, to publish the following communication, which was wholly unexpected, but we are so well convinced of Brother Henderson's earnestness, honesty and firm convictions, that we cannot withhold it.—ED. T. S.]

Appeal to Readers of The Truth Seeker.

BY G. L. HENDERSON.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: At a time when many old mercantile houses, banks, and manufactories are closing their doors on account of "hard times," the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER has the audacity to propose issuing his paper every week, instead of twice a month as heretofore. Many supposed that when THE TRUTH SEEKER moved from Paris, Ill., to New York, that it would not survive one year. It is true that the ghosts of a thousand defunct papers still haunt Nassau street and "Park Row." Even the *Golden Age*, with all its editorial ability, could not outlive the present crisis. How, then, shall we account for the continued existence of THE TRUTH SEEKER, which dares to continue the "struggle for life" among so many difficulties and so many competitors, to say nothing of the numerous books, tracts, and leaflets it is bringing out?

This iconoclastic paper has had no fat advertisements in its columns; no political ring at its back; no wealthy church organization, whose plethoric purse could be relied upon to keep it alive; but it had that indispensable element of every good journal, an Editor, who, like Horace Greeley, thoroughly believed that he had a mission to perform, and that there was on this continent a vast number who were ready to hear the good news, which it was his earnest desire to convey. D. M. Bennett, like Horace Greeley, never has time to court his graces before the looking-glass, or see that the legs of his pantaloons are smoothly stretched on the outside of his boots.

Like Horace Greeley, too, he works eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. The former punctured every corruption in the state; Bennett punctures every corruption in both Church and State. His "Open Letter to Jesus Christ," shows that even heaven itself is not exempt from the assaults of this implacable enemy of superstition; and yet, like Horace Greeley, he has a mild, kindly face, with a broad, open forehead; he looks at you with a pleasant smile through a pair of blue eyes, the wrinkles at the corners of which indicate a rather mirthful disposition. When in repose, you can hardly realize that this is the man who edits THE TRUTH SEEKER, but speak of some act of ecclesiastical tyranny or social corruption; and the lips suddenly contract and the eyes flash with indignation. In a moment the mild Melancthon becomes the implacable image-breaker, like John Knox, who cried: "Tear down the nests (cathedrals), and the foul birds (the priests) will flee away." Bennett denounces these foul birds in language equally vigorous (See THE TRUTH SEEKER, Nov. 15th. "The Christian religion costs this country \$200,000,000 annually, and the question naturally arises, are the returns in proportion to the cost? Truth answers, no, no, no.")

Knox denounced the Romish Church; Bennett denounces the entire Christian Church, Protestant as well as Catholic, and every form of superstition. He is not only an unwearied worker, but he has a happy faculty of making and retaining friends. His sanctum is now visited by Freethinkers from every State in the Union. When they call, he will drop his pen and gather up all the items of news, and in the best-natured manner, enter in conversation with his guests, who invariably leave the sanctum in a happy and hopeful frame of mind; happy because they have met a brother who is perfectly natural, thoroughly Radical, and as free to speak as he is to think; hopeful, because he feels a fresh assurance that superstition will be dethroned and NATURAL TRUTH enthroned in the human mind, in proof of which, this man whom they have just left has invested in the conflict his entire capital, his whole time, and all the energy and enthusiasm of his soul. Perhaps they do not know that to make up for the time spent so pleasantly with him, the Editor must burn the "midnight oil."

A Western miller once said: "My mill never knows when Sunday comes," so the water fell on the wheel. So with Bennett's pen, the ink flows just as freely on Sunday, and his thoughts more smoothly, on that day, because he has fewer visitors, and because he believes that the necessity for labor is not a curse but a blessing. All toil, either of hand or brain, (when the object is to remove what obstructs or increases the means of human happiness,) is holy. His Sunday is made sacred by unremitting toil.

I have often told him that, like most brain-workers, the strain upon him would ultimately result in a sudden collapse. He would reply: "I prefer to die in the harness. I am healthy, because I am sober and temperate. I love to work, because I love the work and feel able to do it. I sleep sound because I have a clear conscience. My mind is often uneasy because a newspaper cannot live without money, and my subscriptions often come in so slowly that I nearly lose heart. My philosophy has lifted me above the fear of death for myself, but I have no philosophy that would enable me to contemplate the death of THE TRUTH SEEKER, without a sense of sorrow. Even

were I to die myself, I would, at the last moment, look to my successor, and cry out, 'hold the fort.'"

"But," said I, "while you are doing the work of four men, and have to pay bills for paper, printing, stamps, rent and light, which must all be cash in advance, your subscribers read the paper with pleasure, but forget that the time paid for, has long since expired, and one or two thousand such have forgotten to send the necessary two dollars. What is it that makes you cling to the oar like a galley slave, and struggle so hard to keep THE TRUTH SEEKER afloat, like a heroic color-bearer amid the roar of battle?"

"Ah!" said he, "just at the moment when I am most despondent, the letter-carrier will hand me a lot of letters, some of which are reminders that an account will be due on a certain day, but one will read like this: 'Dear Bennett: Enclosed find a draft for fourteen dollars, to pay the subscription of myself and the following five persons . . . and the other two dollars is a present to yourself, and to let you know that we do not forget you.' See, such a letter lifts me right up. I grasp my pen with a firm hand; I work with fresh zeal; my faith in the cause rises because I have proof that I am not alone nor forgotten."

Now, at this point, let me state, that many years ago I became a reader of the *Investigator*, and although its high price prevented its becoming a popular paper, yet so anxious was I to see the cause of mental freedom extended, that on the first day of every year and on other occasions, I would think over all my friends who would be likely to appreciate the paper, among whom I would select from four to twelve, to whom I could send the paper free; some for six months, some for one year, for which I paid the editor.

In this way I could help the cause of Freethought, for to me intellectual freedom was a religion, and I well knew that the American Tract and Bible Societies were expending millions to teach the danger of trusting to reason as a guide, and were blocking up the pathway of science at every step, by teaching that our business on earth was not to be happy here, but rather to be miserable in order to be happy hereafter. That as for our sake Christ had been very unhappy in this world; so for his sake we ought to be very unhappy also, that in the world to come we might have a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The thinker and the man of science speak a far different language to the weary, foot-sore savage, who alternately scourges himself and his fetish. They say: "Come into this railroad carriage and ride," or "let me send your message by lightning;" "here take this cotton, or woolen, or silken fabric and cover your naked body;" "this earth is your home and that of your race, adorn it, improve yourself and be happy;" "birds nests do not grow on trees, they are built there. Houses do not come out of the earth like vegetables, nor do they spring up in answer to prayer, unless by prayer we mean conception, perception and construction."

A newspaper, like a house, is an offspring of the human brain, we love the latter when it becomes our home; in a higher sense we love a newspaper, because it is our home, too. Here we meet our friends, here our choicest thoughts find an abiding place; here we either see our thoughts expressed or reflected.

Now let me suggest that the best way for every earnest reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, to help it, and the cause it represents, is to invest \$5 or \$10 according to ability, and then select names to whom you will send the paper until the sum sent is expended. In the meantime get all that you can to pay for it themselves.

Last winter I had occasion to go out West, on some business, and I picked up fifty-three subscribers for the TRUTH SEEKER, only five of which I paid for myself and one of these was a clergyman of very Liberal views.

To illustrate how easily this is done—I enter the cars at an Iowa station, I look around for a seat with one occupant, I generally select one who is well-developed in the upper forehead; in almost every case I find that he is either a very advanced Christian, of the Congregational, Universalist or Unitarian type, or an out-and-out Freethinker. I take out my TRUTH SEEKER and begin to look over its pages. My companion has also a paper; we finish about the same time; I take his Chicago Times, he takes my TRUTH SEEKER. He looks over the first page; by-and-by he breaks out with:

"Tough on Beecher."

"Yes, rather too tough on him," I reply.

"Not a bit! The priesthood are a tough lot. They used to say, 'The king can do no wrong,' and some think so of the priests now. But they are highly fed and the gospel is a very light load for an ordinary brain, so that their animal spirits overflow in love to other men's wives. Look at Glendenning, hanging is too good for him; and he is a fair sample of the whole lot."

"Can't they be reformed? I say let them study and teach science that would occupy their time."

"Let them, of course we will let them, but they won't, they're a bad lot, sir! Clean them out I say, and give their room to better men. I want a copy of this paper, Sir." And he pays me for three months. The man behind us hears our remarks.

"Is that a square up and down Infidel paper, Sir?"

"Yes, as square as a brick."

"Then let me have fifty cents worth, too."

Another gentleman, a Mr. Cleveland, came forward and stated that he was a Spiritualist, and an unbeliever in old orthodoxy.

"How is this editor on Spiritual philosophy?"

"Oh," I replied, "the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER accepts a portion of the Spiritualistic phenomena, but has never been a medium, and has never relied upon any revelation from the other world, any more than myself, I think; but his paper, like the *Investigator*, has been, and is, open to a fair discussion of that subject, for like you, Sir, nearly all modern Spiritualists are also Rationalists, and ought to be heard in a Liberal paper."

"All right, send me one copy to Aaron S. Cleveland, of Volga City, Iowa."

Thus, before I left that car, I had six subscribers, and I had the supreme satisfaction of knowing that in the West, at least, we were a very respectable minority, and were rapidly on the increase.

Before I left this train I had another little bit of romance which I think too good to omit. I was somewhat tired of talking, and had subsided into a quiet corner in another car, and was reading a copy of David Swing's book, when a gentleman stepped up to me and said, "Sir, are you a clergyman?"

"No," I answered. "Did you suppose that I was?"

"No, not I, sir; but my wife has bet a dollar that you are a clergyman, I have bet a dollar that you are an out and out Infidel."

I replied, with a good-natured smile, "I am sorry your lady should lose her money on my account; but I do not think you have fairly won it, for I am neither a clergyman nor an Infidel; for though I am not a clergyman, in the popular sense, yet I both teach and preach the religion of Humanity, and I am an Infidel as commonly understood, that is, I reject whatever is incompatible with reason. As I owe allegiance to reason, as the highest authority, and the court of last appeal, therefore I am not an Infidel."

This gentleman, who is now a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and a resident of Postville, Iowa, will remember this little episode, and will, I hope, remember what I said, that as the wife had lost her bet, it could be no loss to her, since what she had lost, he had won. But the best thing was that I got a new subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Now, in closing, let me say, that we must rally around THE TRUTH SEEKER, one and all, male and female.

Look at its contributors. B. F. UNDERWOOD with his calm, rational and progressive logic.

Mr. M. STEIN with his clear and practical common sense views of political and social life. Where he advises the settlement of all disputes in a court of arbitration instead of a law court, where the jury is usually composed of loafers and political hangers-on of the party whom popular ignorance usually floats to the surface. Also, ELMINA D. SLECKER and SUSAN H. WIXON, whose stories possess that indescribable charm peculiar to ladies who are independent thinkers, but especially to those ladies of the Quaker type who as Michelet says, "are an unfathomable mystery, always breaking out where you least expect them to."

Then JOHN SYMPERS, who when he says a serious thing we suspect a concealed joke, and we begin to laugh whether we will or not.

Then HUGH BYRON BROWN, with his deep, earnest nature, who sees in all the past, in its successive degrees, only so many steps in an endless ladder whose name is PROGRESS, and whose ultimate aim is happiness or heaven for all mankind. And above all stands the short letters in the "Friendly Correspondence" which are a kind of "camp-meeting" experience of each individual from Maine to California. They are short, pithy and pointed. I like to read them, and I hope they will remain a leading feature of our paper.

I became, Mr. Editor, more attached to your paper every year, because I see in it signs of progress; that it will become the organ, or exponent of those social reforms which will most effectually help to establish a better religion, with science as its support, a religion which will endorse the family, resting upon the pure love of one pair, and that pair will assume the sacred duty of raising up children, to live a moral, a virtuous and a rational life, which must also be a life of labor in some useful industry or noble profession; and also to know that its life must, in order to be immortal, be taken up into the succeeding life, and thus through humanity, live for ever. When that time comes, the barbarous notion that the body has a resting place, which can be marked by a tombstone, will disappear, and the "s.m. picture" will become the true and economical medium of embalming the memory of those we love, and of those who have deserved our love.

Your paper, Sir, is the only Rationalistic paper in this great metropolis, and as soon as it can announce a body of doctrine around which we can unite, not only to free ourselves from past error, but to declare for the high st known truth, that which we can throw as a mantle around the child, that upon which the young man and woman may rely, when assailed by passion, from within and temptation from without, as well as that will cheer us in the decline of life, and enable us to meet death without fear, and free assured that, though objectively we have passed away, yet subjectively we shall live forever and ever.

First. Mr. Editor, make your paper catholic in its spirit.

Second. Sell it as low as you can, in price.

Third. Publish all the short letters; they are *thoughts* in *stand*, and statue is a body transformed into rock.

And, my friends—the readers—let me say:

1. Support the paper yourself, and pay for it.

2. Induce others to take it and read it. If they will not, send it to them; this will make it catholic.

3. Write to it, and let us look at each other's souls, rational, honest, pure and free. Let us tell our experience, so that we may write our own epitaphs while living, and save that trouble and expense to our friends.

And, Mr. Editor, if Jesus Christ does not take any notice of your "Open Letter," (and I don't think he will any more than Tyndall, Huxley, Peter Cooper or Moody and Sankey, is likely to, with our friend, Joseph Treat's,) then I suggest that we fill the paper up with short and friendly ones from living saints; for if Jesus should actually send you a real letter with an old-fashioned red seal stamped with a head of the Holy Ghost on the wax, how could you ever satisfy Syphers that Talmage, or Moody, or Beecher had not written it, and signed Christ's name to it, for they all claim to be his mediums, and declare that Christ and the Holy Ghost are at every meeting, anywhere they may see fit to call them, down or up as the case may be?

No! no! Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Christ, Shakespeare, Milton, Descartes, Spinoza, Franklin and Lincoln have had their day, and will never write any more letters to anybody, "open" or shut. It is our turn to write letters, edit papers, pay for them, make saints and holy virgins—and every mother is one—improved, and her son is one of the Godhead, and must be crucified in death, each for himself, and rise again from the dead, as nobody ever did, except through the never-ending life of our race, to whom be all honor and glory, now and for evermore. Amen.

Missionaries.

Our little village has lately been visited by a man who has a son who has been a missionary in China for a great many years. The old man delivered some lectures on the progress of missionary labors in China, and exhibited many curiosities brought from there, and among the rest two stone gods or idols—ugly little images about a foot in height. He also had paintings of several other of their gods, all of which he showed to the assembled crowd, and then made fun of and ridiculed a people who could worship such senseless images for thousands and thousands of years; and contrasted these little powerless gods with "our" great, omnipotent, all-wise, "good God," telling us how thankful we should be that our lot was cast in a Christian land, where we were watched over and cared for by a real, prayer-hearing, prayer-answering God. He wondered how the "heathen Chinese" could have any faith in their gods, when they saw that in all the years in which they had been praying to them not one prayer had ever been heard or answered!

Thinks I to myself, "what prayer has *your* big, imaginary ideal God ever heard or specially answered during the many centuries *you* have been so zealously praising, eulogizing and beseeching him? I'll wager "a pretty" with any one, that he may offer up ten prayers to his God, and I'll offer the same ten to a stone image, and my prayer will be as often answered as his will, notwithstanding my ungodliness and want of faith.

He said that all the religions of the Chinese were mythological (strongly emphasizing the myth) and false throughout, and that they were all the time arguing and disputing among themselves concerning it, one believing this and another that, some not believing in any of them.

And is it not just the same here in Christian lands? only still more so, because superior education, culture and refinement have elevated the Christian further above his religion than it has the heathen above his. The more people get to understand true science, philosophy and fact, the less faith they will have in all myths and ologies whatsoever, and consequently the more will they differ about them. He showed the picture of a Chinese magician who cast out devils, telling the story of the woman who was ill, and this man cast a devil out of her, put it in a bowl, covered it up, took it out and buried it in the ground—the woman getting well after this performance; and then reminded us, as was his fashion after each hit at heathenism, that there was no authority for these things in "our" Bible, pointing each time to the holy (?) book at his side.

Doubtless he forgot that, in that very Bible that casting out of devils was a common occurrence, and that Christ himself cast a whole legion of them out of a man, allowing them to enter a herd of 2,000 swine, which ran violently down into the lake and were choked to death, while the men who fed them hastened to the city to tell the tale. The multitude on hearing it, besought Jesus to depart, for they feared for the safety of the remainder of their flocks and herds should such a non-respecter of private property longer remain with them.

Now this devilish tale is much more reprehensible than that of the poor Chinese, who quietly put his

devil in a bowl and then buried it, but it is to be presumed that Jesus thought it by far too great a task to bury two thousand devils, and as the swine were not *his* property, he sacrificed them rather than soil his delicate hands by manual labor. It is much easier for some people to get a living with their tongues than with their hands, and from all accounts this Emanuel, this Christ Jesus, was one of the talkers, going about helping himself from other people's corn-fields, stables, etc., whenever he was hungry or wished for a ride.

The lecturer also spoke of Spiritualism and the great evil it had done, again remarking, that we had no authority for such things in "this book;" and O! I did wish to whisper in his ear, and in those of every one there present, the story of Saul and the Witch of Endor, asking them if THAT was not calling up spirits!

Then he went on to tell of the great good that had been done by the missionaries in China and other heathen lands, and how eager the heathen were to read of Jesus, and what a wonderful power of conversion there was in the words of the holy Bible when it was read by a heathen; and as he talked, I was all the time thinking of the Sandwich Islands, which are considered to be the most converted of all heathen countries, and yet what *has* actually been accomplished. Read the news that now comes from there. They are fast being depopulated. The native inhabitants are growing idle, vicious and lazy. The white residents are leaving the country because business is dull, and the past season has been so inconceivably hot and money has been so scarce. They have sucked the orange dry, got all they could out of the "poor heathen," bought up and obtained possession of the land and turned it into sugar plantations, and forced the natives to do all the labor for them at starvation prices or be imprisoned.

Only one hundred years ago they were a happy, healthy and comparatively wealthy people, numbering 500,000 individuals, and now they are only 35,000 and are growing poorer and poorer year after year, "while a blight seems to be over everything." Now had a few really disinterested, benevolent philosophers went among them teaching them morality, science, arts and industries, instead of preaching Christ and him crucified, and pointing to a Biblical record of wars, murders, rapines and religious bigotry and persecution as a guide to all goodness, how different would have been the result, and how immeasurably less the outlay and expense. Christians go among the heathen exaggerating enormously the few local errors, misdeeds and ignorance which they find there, and generally introduce half a dozen new crimes or vices for every old one they eradicate.

I read not long ago of a missionary lady in Japan who was watching a group of the native children play "blind man's buff," and said she, "O how heartily they did play, with all their might and main! Yet I have never seen them quarrel or fight; and if one should chance to fall, all are anxious to help him or her up, and wipe the face and dust the clothes, and all so kindly that it is very pretty to see. But, alas, this is not all that must be said of these very interesting children. If you would go with me to one of the many temples, you would see these little ones come with their mothers, clasp their little hands and bow their heads in honor, not of *our* Father in heaven, but of some false god, they know not whom."

And is it not far better to worship a God that makes them innocent, peaceable and happy, than one who is angry, jealous and revengeful? What we worship, that we tend to copy, and if we worship the God of Moses, we shall tend to be like him in character. Just so long as missionaries go about preaching up the God of the old Jew book, just so long will their teaching do more harm than good. Not until scientists and philosophers, Infidels and Atheists take the missionary cause in their own hands, and go among the barbarous and uncivilized nations, teaching them morality without religion, science without religion, arts and manufacture without religion, and social economy without religion, the missionary cause is one of almost unmitigated evil to the world.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va., Oct. 11th, 1875.

The Genii of the Period.

Passing reverently by the first chapter of Genesis, taking man as we find him within the ken of reliable history, we make the sublime discovery that very important changes have come over him. When, a few moons ago,

"Nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,

And men as fierce and wild as they,"

We now have the happiness to find a measure of civilization and refinement—the alpha of an interminable series of advance movements, which may, in some vast future, culminate in an approach to the likeness of God.

If there be a Power, unseeable by the unpracticed eye; an Intelligence, that overrules in the affairs of men; a Wisdom, surpassing the congregated wisdom of our most enlightened nations, is it quite reasonable to suppose that, through all stages of progress, humanity is under the same tutelage?

Reasoning from analogy, do we not reach the con-

clusion, that to every advance movement there is a change of Genii, adapted to the services to be performed?

Compared with the Genii who presided over humanity in its inception, are not the Genii of the better classes of this enlightened age, ladies and gentlemen in the better acceptance?

If different classes of Genii preside over humanity in different historic periods, why may not different tutelars preside over different classes of minds, in accordance with advancement, in the same period? And, as this little Universe is being constructed upon the *variety in harmony* idea—the individuality idea—why may not each individual have a guardian spirit?

In life's journey questions arise in which earnest minds are at a loss which way the balance beam ought to tip, and as it is fairly presumable that the guardian is, to some extent, the superior of the ward, in the wisdom which experience gives, is it not well so to hold ourselves in receptive condition, as to hear and understand what the guardian suggests? We say suggests, for no spirit in harmony with the sublime center of goodness, will ever trench upon the freedom of the will.

And right here, I am minded of a little historic episode, in my long-time-ago acquaintance with the red man of the then far West—no far West now.

Near the foot of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, "Indian go hunting." When he come home, children say, "Pale-face come and drive off our cattle." Indian say nothing. Children say, "What you do—kill pale-face?" Indian say, "No; Great Spirit no be pleased with me if I kill pale-face." Children say, "Have pale-face no Great Spirit?" Indian say, "Yes." Children say, "Is Great Spirit pleased with pale-face, when he drive off our cattle?" Indian say, "Great Spirit speak only to the inward ear, pale-face so busy here and there and all about, he no hold still long enough to hear with the inward ear, so he no hear what Great Spirit say." PRENTISS.

A Marvelous Manifestation.

(From a *Terre Haute* paper.)

Terre Haute, Nov. 6, 1875.—We, the managers of Mrs. Stewart's seances, have known for some time past that through her mediumship, spirits materialize and present their friends in mortal, beautiful and fragrant flowers, fresh from the parent stem with the dew drop glistening upon the petals; and in return the bouquets presented to them by earthly friends, are readily de-materialized and spirited away by some mysterious and invisible process unknown to us. This to us was wonderful, but far, far more wonderful were the demonstrations of last evening (Nov. 5). The manifestations at this seance, for a time, were of the usual order; thus, spirit friends, one after the other, each in his or her own order, old and young, appeared upon the rostrum, and each in turn, after shaking the hand of some recognized friend or friends, exchanging a few words of friendly greeting, closing with a smile and God bless you, gave way for others. Finally, Charles Smith, chief of the spirit band, appeared, who, after shaking hands with several friends, concluding with remarks in a general way, returned to the cabinet, and after opening the doors that all might see the medium, who was occupying her chair in an unconscious trance, as was the custom of those who preceded him, the doors were closed, and we were requested to remain quiet, explaining that they intended an experiment. Naught but the steady tinkling of the music-box was heard; all else was as still as the grave; five minutes passed; the door-bolt was sprung, doors thrown open, and lo! the medium's chair was vacant, not a vestige of her to be seen. Charles Smith, leaving the doors open that all might be convinced that she was not visibly present, advanced to the front of the rostrum, bringing the empty chair with him; returning, closed the doors, and requested that the music-box be kept continuously running, as they intended to recall the medium. Five minutes passed in silence, and it was announced that the medium was restored, and the most astonishing seance ever witnessed by us closed. The medium came out in an exhausted condition, from which she rapidly recovered.

In conclusion, we fearlessly assert, first, that Smith and Stewart are distinct individualities, therefore, Smith could not have been Mrs. Stewart in disguise; second, it was impossible for her to remain in any part of the cabinet unobserved; and third, she could not by any possibility pass from and return to the cabinet in her normal condition, and not be detected. The phenomena, to us, are inexplicable and incomprehensible; the facts we record, leaving the solution for others.

ALLEN PENCE.

JAMES HOOK.

SAMUEL CONNER.

[We are personally acquainted with the first two signers to the above statement, and know them to be honorable, reliable and truthful gentlemen.—ED. T. S.]

An Indiana man said to a Bible agent: "I'm a Christian, but I'll be blamed if I don't have to grit my teeth when the Ohio river is on a level with the top of my corn."

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

turc age, that however black their crimes, however base their sins, however dishonest or iniquitous their conduct may be, that it can all be blotted out; that their record can be made spotless and clean; that their sins, though as red as scarlet, can be made as white as wool; that they can be washed in the blood of an innocent lamb and be rendered immaculate, pure and spotless; that however great the score of indebtedness that may be posted up against them in the great ledger, that a kind-hearted individual will settle it all, if they will simply believe in him—that "Jesus pays it all"?

There can be no doubt that the sentiments and morals taught to children and youth, have a great influence in forming character and in establishing a rule by which to square the conduct of life. It is undeniable that the religious belief of a people has much to do in controlling their actions and in establishing their character and habits. Can it be expected that a nation can ever be honest, moral and truthful, when they are instructed from infancy, that in securing happiness, that in laying up treasures in heaven, morality and good actions count as nothing; that in fact they are often a hindrance to happiness, and that however great an amount of moral and spiritual indebtedness a person may pile up, Jesus stands ready and willing to pay the entire score.

This system of religion, this plan of salvation, is well calculated for moral bankrupts and those who want to eat well, and dress well, at somebody else's expense and upon the result of the labors of others. This getting to heaven by taking the benefit of the bankrupt act, inevitably makes moral delinquents and dishonest individuals of most of those who embrace the doctrine.

It is a far better religion, far more moral and more truthful, to inculcate into the minds of the young, and people of all ages, the great moral maxims that our happiness and peace of mind depend upon our conduct; that justification, like happiness, cannot be bought nor borrowed, nor stolen; that neither the blood of a lamb nor a belief in any blood, can avail in washing away the effects of wrong doing; that every act committed, whether good or bad, either adds to, or diminishes our happiness and peace of mind; that every individual is responsible for his own conduct; that the virtues, good deeds and good qualities of one person, cannot be transmitted to another; that the effects of a crime or a wrong action, can no more be removed by forgiveness, than can the effects of a burn, a broken limb or a dose of poison; that the better way to avoid the effects of misdeeds, is not to commit them; and that the safest plan to secure a competence, or to ensure peace of mind and happiness, is to work industriously, live honestly, and to do wrong to no man.

The gods have little use for our services, our devotions, our adulations or our praises. They are so far removed from us, they are so uncertain a quantity that it is not in our power to aid them nor to injure them. It is within our power to aid or injure ourselves and our fellow-beings around us. In view of these impregnable truths, should the actions of man be governed?

Common honesty is far too rare a commodity in this advanced nineteenth century. The great bulk of the community are trying to gain an advantage over their neighbors, and so far as in their power to get something for nothing. The actions of men are far too much influenced by selfish motives, and there is not regard enough felt for the happiness and welfare of neighbors, friends and strangers.

If we will do away with all dishonest gods, all unjust devils, all false systems of theology, and all blind and erroneous creeds; if we will square our daily actions by the principles of honor, honesty and uprightness; if we will make it a point to see how much we can add to the happiness of those around us; if we will resolve to dispense with all silly gew-gaws, all the trappings of vanity; if we will strive for the beautiful and the useful; if we will be content with a moderate amount of wealth; if we will be willing to dispense with luxuries; if we will at all times realize the truth that our own happiness is increased by adding to the happiness of others, we will do very much towards making this a brighter, an honest and a happier world, and will need no

blood of a god, nor a son of a god, to make us happy now, or in the future.

Let us cherish the good qualities of our natures and check and curb those of an opposite character. There is scarcely a human being—however low and depraved—but what has many good qualities in his organization. It should be the duty of his life to cultivate and increase the good, and root out and lessen the opposite.

The finest fruits, the choicest grains, the most beautiful flowers, do not grow spontaneously on every hand, but have to be cultivated with care. The weeds, the thistles, the nettles, and the poisonous plants, have to be uprooted and removed. So it is with personal qualities and individual characteristics. Some are less useful and less to be admired than others. One class needs culture and care, the other should be destroyed. Let us apply the same tactics and practices in one field that we do in another, and we can succeed in making this world about as pleasant and happy as we wish. We will not need to wait till we die before we go to heaven, for we can get up one here, on our own account, and if there is a continued existence after this life, we will be far better prepared for it than by neglecting our own faults and depending upon the virtues of another.

If every man will make himself honest, we will soon have an honest community. If we will search diligently and select honest men, only, to fill public offices and to be law-makers; if we will co-operate together in insisting upon such reforms as our country requires; if we will firmly resolve to have fewer officers, and to pay them less exorbitant salaries; if crime and dishonesty can be more effectually punished; if we will attach to wealth and its acquisition no value any farther than that it secures to us the comforts of life and the absence of suffering and want; if we render it impossible for any individual to accumulate, by fraud, dishonesty or otherwise, an undue portion of wealth, whether in money or land; if we will make the rich pay the burdens of the government; if labor can be provided for all: if none are suffered to be idle and non-producers; we may have a country flourishing in comfort, prosperity and happiness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We gratefully acknowledge from Brother W. F. JAMIESON the receipt of a fine copy of his work, "The Clergy a Source of Danger," "Was Jesus Christ a Democrat," a reply to Prof. S. B. Brittan, "Origin and Progress of the Movement for the Recognition of the Christian God, Jesus Christ and the Bible in the United States' Constitution," and "Ought Christians to Debate." The first is an elaborate, able and exhaustive work, which has been some time before the public. The other three are pamphlets. Mr. Jamieson is an able writer and a popular lecturer. He is now in the lecture field in the West, and may, during December, be addressed at Quincy, Ill. The title of one of his lectures is, "Value of Wit, Ridicule, and Laughter;" doubtless an interesting one.

TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS.—We shall issue in a few weeks three bound volumes of THE TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS of some 500 pages each, or 1500 pages in all. Many have made enquiries for them in that form, and we are glad to be able to announce to our friends that all can be supplied. For diversity of subjects, variety of authors, general ability and interest of matter and style, they can hardly be surpassed. They will be furnished at very low prices. In paper per vol., 60 cents, or \$1.50 for the three volumes. In cloth, \$1.00, or \$2.50 for the three volumes; sent post paid by mail. Those wishing copies will please inform us.

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B. F. Underwood's Appointments.

Oskaloosa, Iowa,	- - -	December 1st to 5th.
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa,	- - -	" 7th to 9th.
Lincoln, Neb.,	- - -	" 12th.

A Card.

MR. EDITOR: A sense of decent respect does not permit me to reply in kind to the column of falsehoods insinuated in the last number of your paper by that man Butts. My character and standing in this city require no vindication, but the many friends who deal with me through the country may want to have me stamp his misrepresentations as they deserve, for which reason I take the trouble of asking you to give your opinion of this man's insinuations (for he has not the courage to make a clear, positive statement) to the readers of your paper. They, doubtless, read sufficiently clear, positive statements over the signatures of a number of very prominent gentlemen a couple of years ago, to fully appreciate his character.

Yours truly,

MORRIS ALTMAN.

P. S.—Whenever my statements with reference to the Paine Hall matter are denied by Messrs. Mendum, Seaver or Savage, (which they have not yet done,) I will reply to them, but to no hireling drummer or outsider.

M. A.

We regret that the unkind personal allusions mentioned above, should have appeared in our last. We did not approve of their nature or animus, and protested against their admission. A disposition to let both sides be heard, and especially an unwillingness to deny our Boston friends, or their representative, a place in our columns to defend themselves, was what induced us, against our better judgment, to give insertion to the objectionable parts of the article alluded to, though we could not see what connection it had with Paine Hall, or what additional light it threw upon the matter. What has appeared in our columns upon that unfortunate subject, we have published from a sense of duty, believing the Liberal public were entitled to the facts in the case. We are sure we feel no ill-will to any of the parties concerned, and are inclined to believe that the errors that have been made, were errors of judgment rather than the promptings of dishonesty. We hope, in this connection, that no friend will ask us again to publish unkind and unfair personal allusions that have no bearing upon the subject.

We regret, exceedingly, if in what we have thus done, the slightest injury should inure to friend Altman. He is a warm, generous friend of the Liberal cause; the cheerful acknowledgment of his generous donations to THE TRUTH SEEKER, to aid in spreading Radical, Freethought sentiments, have appeared in our columns. We regard him as one of the warmest friends of which THE TRUTH SEEKER proudly boasts. He has been forward in many Liberal movements, and stands ready, to-day, to aid any worthy Radical work that may need his aid. He commands the respect and confidence of a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances. He is one of the leading dry goods merchants of the city; his credit and reputation stand "A No. 1." His business is rapidly increasing. We have reason to know that many readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER have made many purchases of him, and we believe with entire satisfaction. We have read very complimentary letters from those who have purchased of him, expressing the highest satisfaction with the quality of goods and the lowness of price.

His donations to "Paine Hall" were quite heavy. He now holds in his safe a will, bequeathing \$13,000 to the Paine Hall Fund, upon certain conditions, which he is waiting to have complied with by the Boston parties. We cheerfully add, that we have the fullest confidence in Mr. Altman's integrity and his devotion to the Liberal cause.

This we say, without wishing in the slightest degree to disparage the efforts Mr. Butts has made to spread Freethought and Liberal sentiments over the

country, and we sympathize with him that he did not find it more remunerative.

Friends, all a fraternal feeling of accord and harmony is our great dependence in the affairs of life. Let us not lose sight of this.—ED. TRUTH SEEKER.

Short Sermon No. 2.

BY REV. THEOLOGICUS D. D.

A Sign Worthy of a God.

MR. EDITOR: I see that some of your contributors are still far from being orthodox, and I feel it high time that I preach them another short sermon, in which I shall try to reconcile what is irreconcilable in the infallible word of God.

The reader will please mark well the sacred text, Mark viii. 12: "And he sighed deeply in spirit, and saith why doeth this generation seek after a sign? Verily I say unto you, there shall no sign be given to this generation." Math. xii. 38-40: There shall no sign be given to it but the sign of the prophet Jonas: For, as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. Luke, xi. 28-30: "There shall no sign be given it, but the sign of Jonas the prophet; for as Jonas was a sign unto the Ninevites, so shall the Son of Man be unto this generation." Mark, xvi. 17-18: "And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and they shall drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them, they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

John xx. 20: "And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples." Acts v. 15: And by the hand of the apostles were many signs wrought among the people.

First. What is a sign? Second. No sign. Third. One sign. Fourth. Another sign. Fifth. Many other signs.

1st. What is a sign?

There are tavern signs, cross-road signs, store signs, office signs, and signs of office. There are title signs, signs like Rev., D. D., L.L.D., Dr., etc. Signs of rain, signs of the sky, signs of the moon, signs of the zodiac, signs of wealth, signs of poverty, signs of health, signs of debauchery, signs of love, signs of hate, signs of war, signs of peace, signs of a prophet, signs of a god; no sign, one sign, another sign, and many other signs.

2nd. No sign.—It is claimed for Jesus that he was God, and further, (in his diabolical mood,) the Scriptures show him to have been one with Satan. Isa. xiv. 12: Satan is spoken of thus; "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! Lucifer, if translated into English, is, literally *Morning Star*."

Rev. xxii. 11, Jesus says of himself, "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star." This is proof point blank. But if your deluded readers need further proof, I refer them to the following inspired passage, which they can look up and read at their leisure. 2nd Cor., xi. 14; Rev., ii. 58: 2nd Peter, i. 19.

As I set forth in my first sermon, God, and the devil are both one, and it is all in the mood whether he is the one or the other.

As for the masses, they considered Jesus but a man. But as Jesus and his adherents claimed that he was more, the people clamored for a sign, as proof of his pretensions. But instead of giving one he flew into the diabolical mood, and called them a generation of vipers, snakes, toads, scorpions, and lizards, "a wicked and adulterous generation, seeking after a sign." But, he declares with a verity no sign shall be given this generation. Yea, he sighed deeply in spirit, showing that the incarnated devil, (remember he was in the diabolical mood,) within him was aroused, and that which he said, he meant. It was as if he had said, "I will not work a miracle, I will neither cast out a devil, cure the sick, open the eyes of the blind, unstop the ears of the deaf, cause the lame to walk, unloose the tongues of the dumb, or raise the dead." And furthermore, none of my disciples, or any one else, shall do the like, during the lifetime of this generation, for mark you, "no sign shall be given this generation." Of course he lied like the devil, that he was, (remember the mood,) for that, see Mark, Luke, and John, four infallible witnesses testify to his working many signs, also, that they did the same.

Third. One sign, Matthew comes to the help of these poor, bedeviled Jews, and tells them that they should have one sign, but "nary another." But it was to be accomplished by the head of the firm of Father, Son & Ghost, and the Son of man was to be the subject of the sign by which his deific character was to be proven. Think you, the sign of Jonas; yea, and more than the sign of Jonas, for "a greater than Jonas was there."

We are informed that Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly in the bottom of the sea. He thought it pretty rough, but still Jonah was in rather snug quarters, with his head wrapped up in sea weeds. 'Tis true, he was pretty well soaked with bile, which made his lot rather bitter. But he might have stood it a few days longer if God had not given

the whale an emeti, and sculled him ashore, and caused him to throw Jonah out upon dry land. But the thing as it was, was a very good sign for a lesser prophet. It would have done well for a bigger prophet, and it might have been made to answer for a second or third-rate God. The sign of Jonah but faintly portrays the sign of the Son of man. This sign of the Son of man, was a sign of the first water, real baptism by fire, a sign worthy of a first-class God. O, my hearers, look at it, as I but faintly draw the picture.

Only think of it, "three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." The heart of the earth! what is it? The heart of a tree is its center; the heart of every fruit is its center; the heart of every sphere is its center; the heart of the earth is its center, more than four thousand miles from its surface. Now science teaches us that, according to the ratio of increasing heat as we descend toward the center, would bring us to a molten mass of mineral substances in less than fifty miles from the surface. Yes, a veritable bottomless pit of liquid fire; and to the very center of this molten mass was the Son of man to penetrate and remain three days and three nights as a sign of his Deityship. Now, mark you, he was to go body, soul and all, as Jonah went into the whale. O, my God! only think of it! First, he must penetrate fifty miles of crust, earth and rock, the last half of the way at a red or white heat, that would have broiled a common man to a crisp in one minute. Methinks even John Syphers would have longed for the shady side of a "God-house" on the surface before he had got half way through this crust.

The sacred historian has not told us how the "Son of Man" got through this crust. There may be some royal road to hell over which he traveled, that has never yet been discovered, and probably will not be till the "Son of Man" comes again and brings the keys of hell (see Prov. i. 18), and unlocks the secret trap, and with a whip of scorpions drives into it "the wicked and all the nations that forget God."

Yes, my friends, this nation must hurry up and get the firm of Father, Son & Ghost into the constitution, or every mother's son and daughter of us will soon be through the trap, for science and Scripture both inform us that "fiery billows roll beneath our feet." But I have digressed—let me see, where am I? O, yes, I have just got the Son of Man through the crust. Now comes the tug of war. He must travel four thousand miles through this fiery mass to the heart of the earth. And here we are at a loss again, as the sacred historian does not tell us by what force he was sent on his journey through the fiery element. For as molten mineral substance is many times more dense than the human body, it would take an omnipotent force to direct him through.

But a second thought, my hearers, I remember he bore with him the original sin of the whole world, which sin so saturated and filled up every pore of his body, as to make it a thousand times more dense than the combined density of all metals. If so, (and I think I am correct in this matter,) then he went to the center of hell fire it has no bottom, as the plummet descends to the bottom of the sea. Contemplate it, who can. For seventy-two hours he stands the fiery ordeal, four thousand miles from a breath of air, till original sin was burnt out of him, which left him as light and as porous as a cork, when, with lightning speed, he shoots, rocket-like, toward the surface. O, should he miss the trap-door but a single foot in his upward flight, he would be mashed to a jelly, and the whole world's prospect for salvation knocked into pi. But banish your fears, ye timid ones, for the Father was at the helm, and he knew mighty well that he wouldn't miss "hell-gate," but come out all right. And he did! My friends, he did! and now stands at, or sits (I don't know which), on the right of the throne of God in heaven, where you can see him any day you have a mind to go there.

Jonah thought he was in hell, for he says: "Out of the belly of hell cried I;" but bless you, he hadn't got even a fair start toward it, he did not go only to the bottom of the sea which was not more than five miles at most. And then there was a whole sea of water around him to cool his tongue had it been parched. But had he traveled the road over which the Son of Man went, with all his pluck, he would have been burned to a cinder, and given up the ghost before he had gone a thousand miles. But I must not enlarge, but hasten to consider

Fourthly, Another Sign.

Luke informs us that as "Jonah was a sign to the Ninevites, so should the Son of Man be to that generation." First, let us consider what kind of a sign Jonah was to the Ninevites. Most theologians suppose that as Jonah was swallowed by the whale, with results as aforesaid, it was a sign to the Ninevites that God sent him to warn them of the coming destruction of their city. But I beg leave to differ from most of my brethren in the ministry on this point. For what could the Ninevites know about the whale swallowing Jonah, when at the nearest point it was 250 miles from the sea? they could only have had Jonah's word for it, and they were such wicked cusses they would not have believed him, and we have no evidence that he said a word to them more than his message, which was: "Yet forty days and God will destroy this city." But, my friends, had Jonah done

the swallowing, and swam ashore, traveled 250 miles or more to Nineveh, and in the midst of the principal street, in front of the Grand Hotel or Post Office, at mid-day standing before the crowd, "being too full for utterance," disgorged a whale of forty or fifty tons weight, then would the Ninevites have had a first-class sign. But, as it stands, the city was not overthrown, which was a sign to the Ninevites that Jonah lied. And as Jesus Christ was a like sign, we must conclude that he lied also. Which is another proof of the "diabolical mood," and that Christ and the devil are one.

Fifthly and lastly—any many other signs.

This as before, intimated, would on first sight, go to prove that there was a lie out somewhere. For it is first declared, there should be no sign, then one sign, then another sign, then again, many other signs. But where shall we saddle the lie, if there be a lie? "You let God be true, but every man a liar," including the Son of Man and Apostles, though they be infallible. But my friends, comparatively there isn't much of a lie. In fact, no lie at all. True, Jesus restored the sick, the blind, the deaf, the lame, the halt, the maimed, and raised the dead by the thousands. I suppose he did not make less than ten thousand new arms and legs for the people. Also Peter, Paul, Stephen, Philip, and many others, did many like signs and wonders before that generation. But lump all these thousands of lesser signs together, and pound them into one—yea, you may put in all the signs of the Old Testament—Moses and Aaron with their snakes, frogs, lice, &c., Joshua with his rams horns, Samson with his foxes, Gideon with his pitchers, Elijah with his ravens, Elisha with his bears, David with his ewe lamb, Solomon with his thousand wives and concubines, (it has always been a great mystery to me how he lived with so many) Isaiah and Jeremiah, with their sweeping destruction of cities and nations, Ezekiel with his "short cakes," Daniel with his lions, Jonah with his whale, and last, but by no means least, Shadrach, Mesach, and Abednego. For it must be admitted that they stood fire first rate—yes, and all these and it would be "a small fry"—a very small fry, compared with the sign of the Son of Man. Comparatively, it would be barely admissible to say, the sign of the Son of Man, and another sign. But how much more appropriate the sacred text, "There shall no sign be given this generation; but the sign of the Son of Man."

Edinburg, Ind.

Christian Charity.

A few weeks before the great fire in Chicago, (1871) the writer read from a morning paper of that city, that on the night before the reading referred to, an unfortunate woman from the street called at the Young Men's Christian Association, asked for shelter and food. She was enquired of if she had a recommendation. Coming from the street and a life of shame, of course she had not. She was turned away and returned to the street, contemplating suicide. While in this condition she met on the street one of her own sex and life, who listened to her story, took her to her hearth and home and there supplied her needs. The reading of this narrative lead to the following thoughts:

"Christian young men," of noted fame,
The suffering ones of earth proclaim
Their want and suffering in your ear,
Why will you not their pleadings hear?
Ye seek the pinnacle of fame,
Did Jesus ever seek that name?
Your useless creeds, did he profess?
His mission saved—should yours do less?
Not long since, at your door, there stood
A sister, asking shelter, food;
With heavy heart she turned away.
She brought no character that day.
Out in the dark, she sorrowing went,
Back to a life, so illy spent,
She had bowed her head in condemnation.
To a "Young Men's Christian Association."
Back to a life of sin and shame,
Back to disgrace, from which she came;
She stood aghast with consternation.
For she'd seen a "Christian Association."
With no place for rest, nor a morsel of food.
This prospective suicide, trembling stood
At the threshold of death, when another drew nigh,
And the Christ, in her nature said, "Lo, here am I!"
Her means were but scanty, though her heart was large.
And this bowed down and weak one she took in her charge
Gave her raiment and food, took her to her heart,
Thus acting in truth the Samaritan's part.
Now tell me, ye Christians of popular fame,
If your work is not all in a high-sounding name?
And were Jesus to come, imploring for food,
Would you not first inquire "Is your character good?"
"CONSISTENCY THOU ART A JEWEL."

ELECTRIC science occupies a place of no mean importance in the new opera-house in Paris. A special room is set apart as a battery-room, in which 300 Bunsen's cells arranged in sets of 60 on rough plate-glass tables, are manipulated to pass a current to any part of the stage, as to direct the electric light upon any point of the scenery.

New-York Liberal Club.

320TH MEETING, FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 19TH, 1875.

HUGH BYRON BROWN read the following paper, to a full, intelligent, and appreciative audience:

The God Idea in History.

It is safe to affirm that no one conception of the human brain has played so important a part in the affairs of mankind as that of the God idea.

Up from the first dawn of reason, through all the stages of his progress, THIS, more than all others, has been instrumental in moulding man's character, controlling his actions, shaping society and determining the polity of nations.

Nor is this statement at variance with the now recognized fact, that a man's God is only the offspring of his brain, and therefore a true measure of his intellectual and moral status; for the conception being only a projection of man himself, the characters both of the creature and its creator are mutually influenced and modified by each other.

It has been well said, "Show me the character of a God, and I will disclose to you the character of his worshippers." The converse of that statement is also equally true.

So universal and so firmly imbedded is this belief in human consciousness, that were not the doctrine of innate ideas an impossibility, this might well be deemed to be such.

So tenacious is the mind of this theological conception that even after the grounds on which it rests have been swept away by modern criticism and scientific research, the intellect, though convinced of its falsity, seeks, rather than to abandon its idol, to retain it by substituting abstractions and ideals in place of the anthropomorphic conceptions which it can no longer worship.

So long as the doctrine of innate ideas obtained, its denial was hardly possible, for its universality and the intensity with which the conviction was held, precluded denial or question, and proved a bar to all progress.

This prolific source of error, which vitiated all the reasoning of both the ancients and moderns, having been happily discovered, and in a measure abandoned, we are free to continue our pursuit after truth without the trammels and impediments that hampered and misled the early thinkers.

I propose to consider, 1. The origin of the God idea.

2. The wants in human nature to which it administers.

3. Its influence on the character of the individual, and upon society.

4. What shall be its substitute when the intellect outgrows the theological conception.

To ascertain the origin of a belief that had its inception long before men had learned the art of recording their thoughts, either by monumental inscriptions or on parchment, is necessarily attended with great difficulties; nor are there wanting more than one plausible hypothesis claiming to be the *only* true solution of the problem. But no mind free from the trammels of superstition, can, after a careful study of the works of Dupuis, Volney, Strauss, Muller and others, resist the conviction that *their* solution is the true one, and that it can hardly admit of any other, namely, that the idea of a God is in its first origin, nothing but that of the physical powers of the Universe, considered sometimes as a plurality by reason of the variety of their phenomena, and sometimes as one simple and only being, by reason of their universality, and that all the theological dogmas on the nature of God, the manifestation of his person, and the origin of the world, are only the recital of astronomical facts well understood by their originators, but misconceived and confounded by subsequent generations.

After a long career of existence, akin to the lower animals, there came a time when primeval man awoke from the dullness and stupor of the animal to a contemplation of his condition in nature. "He early began to perceive that he was subject to forces superior to his own, and independent of his will. The thunder and lightning awed and terrified him; the sun enlightened and warmed him; the fire burned, the wind chilled, the cold froze, and the water drowned him: all the powers of nature acted upon him powerfully and irresistibly."

These reflections awoke within him sensations of pleasure and pain; of good and evil, power and weakness; and, as a matter of course, he learned to desire and love such as gave him pleasure, and to hate and shun that which gave him pain.

The next step in this evolution of thought, was an effort to obtain the pleasurable and to shun the painful.

It was natural for him to conclude that a force could emanate only from a being like himself; and from his own experience with his fellows, it was equally natural to conclude that a being mightier, and more powerful than he, could, by adulation or offerings, be induced to forbear to harm, and to confer desirable gifts—hence the origin of God and all systems of worship.

At this stage of his development, the mind of primitive man must necessarily have been attracted to the heavens, by reason of its wonderful phenomena, no less than the intimate relations they bear to the world in which he lived; nor could he fail to perceive, that upon the sun, more than upon all other celestial objects, depended, not alone his happiness, but his very existence. The sun, then, from the remotest antiquity, became the supreme object of man's worship, and, transmitted from generation to generation, and from nation to nation, under various names and disguises, and modified by climate, language and race, is still the God which we ignorantly worship.

It is curious and instructive to trace the evolution of this idea from its origin through all its different phases, and to mark the changes that climate, race and language have made on this conception.

Seen through the brilliant imagination of our Aryan ancestors all the phenomena of the heavens had some analogy or relation to some important event, pursuit, or thing with which they were familiar. The star that arose above the horizon coincident with some periodical event, as the bringing forth of young, or the germination of vegetation, was supposed to preside over that function or period. The fleeting clouds, or bright gods, related to their herds of cows. Night or darkness, personified evil—light, good, and their seeming antagonism, a warfare between them.

From this fancied analogy between the phenomena of the sky, and the affairs and things of earth—and the projection of the latter into the heavens, together with the custom of primeval man to apostrophize and personify the powers of Nature—the subsequent step of mistaking the impersonal for a person, and the imaginary for the real, was an easy and natural one.

This transition from the impersonal to personal was first made and reduced to a system of worship, by the early Greeks, by whom it was transmitted to the Romans.

The God idea to the Greeks, assumed the aspect of plurality; every department and relation of life having a Deity assigned to it, who was believed to have exclusive jurisdiction over the affairs of that relation.

That which the writers of the Zend books apostrophized as astronomical phenomena, became in Greek polytheism actual and real gods and goddesses—all the minor phenomena being transformed by the vivid imagination of that people into the intrigues and loves of the gods.

Less imaginative nations made the mistake of confounding the signs and symbols used to represent the astronomical phenomena with the things symbolized, as, for instance, the worship of the Bull, the Virgin and other objects which were originally only projections of terrestrial things into the heavens from a fancied resemblance to, or connection with the stars, and which subsequently became symbols or signs of the twelve constellations of the zodiac.

This, together with the natural tendency of the rude savage to project his passions, and subjective conceptions into inanimate objects, is unquestionably the origin of Fetishism as practiced by some of the ancient nations.

That the fundamental ideas underlying all the principal religions, Christianity included, are of an astronomical character, and have direct reference to natural phenomena, will be apparent on noting the similarity and significance of the principal ideas, symbols and ceremonies of all the ancient religions.

For instance, all religions are based on two principles, light and darkness, or good and evil, which ideas were, no doubt, derived from the natural division of time into day and night.

The God, born of a Virgin, who is overcome and slain by his opponent, the Prince of Darkness; but who arises from the dead and triumphantly ascends on high, can be no other than the sun, which at the winter solstice appears to be overcome by the Prince of Darkness; but who is born again at the new year, and again ascends, and increases until he conquers his enemy, Darkness, and reigns supreme.

The gospel story of Christ and his twelve disciples, is unmistakably an allegory of the sun and the twelve constellations of the zodiac.

The serpent of Genesis, which also plays an important part in all the ancient religions, is only a symbol of darkness which introduced evil, or winter, into the world, from which evil we are redeemed by the Savior, the sun of Spring or the Lamb of God, having reference to the season of reproduction of all life and beauty.

The decorations of the Christian's altar and the Pagan's temple, the sign of the cross and architectural designs of places of worship, have all a significance derived from physical nature.

The priest's tonsure is the disk of the sun, his stole is the zodiac, his rosaries are symbols of the stars and planets; the mitre, the crozier, and the mantle of the bishop, are those of Osiris, the sun God of the Egyptians.

After a careful study and comparison of the cosmogonies, philosophy, ethics and doctrines of all the religions, the conclusion is irresistible that the fundamental ideas of them all are identical, and that the central idea of the Indian, Persian, Jew, Christian and Mohammedan is one and the same.

The Bacchus, Adonis, and Hercules of the Greeks and Romans; the Osiris of the Egyptians, the Jeho-

vah of the Jews, the Christ of the Christians and the one only God of the Koran, being no other than the Sun, that great dispenser of light and life; the Creator of all things!

But the God idea once fairly grounded in human consciousness, found other manifestations less imaginative, but no less injurious to human welfare.

The same causes which led savage and rude men to fear and worship the forces of Nature, led them also to invest the most powerful of their tribe with the titles and attributes of the gods. As men progressed, the divine titles and worship were withheld, while the authority of the ruler was still deemed to be of divine origin. Later, the divine authority became simply a divine right, which in time is also abandoned, and the sovereign becomes distinguished only as the representative of the government, with no attributes or qualities different from common mortals.

But notwithstanding that this idea of a personal Supreme Being has no actual existence, the conception in the mind is a fact nevertheless; nor does it follow that because the object which the idea is supposed to represent is a myth, that the idea itself can subserve no good use and must necessarily share the fate of the discarded idol and be cast aside as a worn-out toy that served to amuse our infantile mind, but which we have wholly outgrown.

Whatever, either of institutions, customs or ideas, that have permanently established themselves in the mind or in human society, indicates a want to which they administer; however the increase of knowledge and the expansion of the mind may modify and change them; the needs, to which they administer, if natural, remain unchanged, for human nature is ever the same, whether found among the polar snows, or the tropical sun, whether in the unlettered savage or the civilized man. In this sense, if in no other, the aphorism of "whatever is, is right," is true.

But what *are* these uses in human nature which the God idea subserves? One use—and the one that makes men so reluctant to abandon it—is that sense of peace and safety that springs from a firm belief and trust in a beneficent power, stronger and wiser than themselves, who is conscious of their existence, who cares for them and who will save them, not only from the dangers of this life, but from those of an imaginary future.

It is the same feeling experienced by the child while under the care and protection of its parents, knowing its weakness and limitations is happy in the thought that there is one stronger and greater, who will protect and care for it.

All, at times, have moments of disquietude and despondency, when the game of life seems hardly worth the playing, when the star of hope seems for the time to have set, when the burden of life seems so heavy that we would fain lay it down and be at rest. It is in moments like these that the depressed spirit seeks strength and consolation in a power higher than itself. It is this feeling of weakness that finds utterance, and at the same time consolation and strength, in such poetic invocations as,

"Jesus, lover of my soul
Help me to thy bosom fly."

"Rock of ages cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Guide, me oh thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty.
Hold me by thy powerful hand."

But the strength and consolation flowing from this belief are possible only when the intellect is in harmony with the belief. When the time comes, as come it must to every individual, when the intellect can no longer sanction the theological conception, then follows a period of anguish and mental anarchy in which the soul pines like an orphan child for the support on which it had learned to lean.

Another use which this idea subserves, is that of an outlet for the emotional nature of man, as well as a source of inspiration and an incitement to noble effort.

It is true that this side of our nature finds a partial vent and satisfaction in passion attraction and in the pursuit of the fine arts—still it is incomplete. Our nature demands a higher and more unselfish ideal in order to inspire our highest thoughts and noblest efforts.

An absorbing passion for one of the opposite sex, or for high art, has, in many, a refining and ennobling effect, but there is in such an exclusive devotion an element of selfishness and limitation which (except in rare cases) fails to call out the highest and best in our natures. To inspire the highest aspirations, and to excite to great and unselfish deeds, we must have an *ideal*, a *most high*; in a word, an impersonal and altruistic God, who shall be not only a subjective conception, but an objective fact. This God, I need scarcely add, can be no other than the divine humanity.

A third want of human nature, to which the God idea administers is, that it serves as a model for the formation of character, and a guidance for human conduct. Notwithstanding the fact that a god is just what his worshippers make him, it is likewise true that the virtues and attributes attributed to him are higher

and nobler than those possessed by the majority of his worshippers, and until they have outgrown the conception, the reverence and respect with which we regard our ideal must necessarily assimilate our characters and lives to our divine ideal.

It is not true, as many suppose, that were all theological ideas of God and worship obliterated that men would instinctively do right, be virtuous and act wisely. Right doing, virtuous actions and wisdom are no more a natural and spontaneous growth in man than are the rarest flowers and finest fruits in the vegetable kingdom; the former, no less than the latter, are the results of careful and continuous culture. The germs of everything good and great are indeed inherent in human nature, but without culture they may lie dormant or be crowded out by the rank weeds of vice and crime. Man is proverbially a creature of education, and it is only as the conditions of his life, both *pre* and *post*-natal, are favorable to virtue, that he will bring forth the best human fruit. He needs not only a rich soil, culture, and a favorable situation like the plant, but unlike it, he requires a culture that shall regulate his passions, direct his energies and teach him to substitute, as the rule of his life, altruism for egotism. This he will do, and become, only in the degree that the God or ideal that he worships inculcates or inspires.

But whether fact or fable, it must needs be that a conception so widely diffused, and so tenaciously held, must have been, as it still in a measure is, a *power* either for good or evil. The unphilosophical iconoclast on the one hand, affirms with much reason, that the greater part of the woes and miseries suffered by mankind has proceeded directly from superstition, and whose fierce but honest indignation against the cause of so much evil, finds fitting expression in the terrible indictment of Shelley:

"Priests have three words; well tyrants know their use,
Well pay them for the loan, with usury
Torn from a bleeding world! God, Hell and Heaven!
A vengeful, pitiless, and almighty fiend,
Whose mercy is a nick-name for the rage
Of tameless tigers, hungering for blood!
Hell, a red gulf of everlasting fire,
Where poisonous and undying worms prolong
Eternal misery to those hapless slaves
Whose life has been a penance for their crimes,
And Heaven, a meed for those who dare belie
Their human nature, quake, believe and cringe
Before the mockeries of earthly power!"

The Christian, on the other hand, regards the idea of God as the source and fountain of all virtue, without which society could not exist, and in the absence of which life would not be desirable.

The truth in this, as in most cases of dispute, lies at neither extreme, but will be found somewhere between.

It has been very truthfully shown by Auguste Comte that the very worst institutions, governmental or ecclesiastic, that the world has ever known, were not without their uses and advantages to mankind, the truth of which statement becomes more and more apparent as the doctrine of evolution becomes better known and understood.

Feudalism, slavery and despotism are no doubt great evils and the source of terrible suffering and misery when they persist in remaining after they have been outgrown. But there was a time in the history of the race when they were indispensable, and did for it just what was required to be done at that stage of human development. They taught savage men obedience and submission to authority; put a restraint upon his passions; attached him to the soil, and made him useful to society, thus preparing the way for a higher civilization.

That superstition, which has its root in the God idea, has been a terrible curse to mankind no student of history will deny. It could not be otherwise than that ambitious priests and kings should seize on a conviction so powerful and universal, to accomplish their own selfish ends.

In the hands of such cruel and unscrupulous ecclesiastics as Torquemada, Sextus II., Diego Derza and such rulers as Henry VIII. and Bloody Mary of England; Charles V. and his son, Phillip II., of Spain; Charles IX. and Catherine de Medici, of France, it is not strange that it became a terrible foe to human happiness—a promoter of discord and strife among men—disturbing the peace of the nations and filling Europe with slaughter, rapine and ruin!

Two pictures drawn by the master minds of Lecky and Buckle, shall suffice to show what a fearful source of mischief the God conception and its co-relative ideas were in the politics of Europe for centuries, and what the character and condition of a noble and brave nation was when this idea and its co-relatives became the dominant thought and concern of its people. These pictures are not overdrawn, as indeed it would be impossible for language to express what humanity in the past has been called to suffer and endure from superstition.

"We are assured by Lorente that the number of persons burnt by the Spanish Inquisition was 31,000, while 290,000 were condemned to punishment little less severe than death. The number of those who were put to death for their religion in the Nether-

lands alone, in the reign of Charles V., has been estimated by good authority at 50,000, and at least half as many perished under his son. And when to these memorable instances we add the innumerable less conspicuous executions that took place from the victims of Charlemagne to the Freethinkers of the seventeenth century; and when we recollect that the area of persecution composed nearly the whole of Christendom, and that its triumph was in many instances so complete as to destroy every memorial of the contest, the most callous nature must recoil with horror from the spectacle! Nor did the victims perish by a brief and painless death, but by one the most poignant that man can suffer. They were burnt alive, not unfrequently by a slow fire. This was the physical torment inflicted on those who dared to exercise their reason in the pursuit of truth.

"And when the mother or wife saw the body of him who was dearer to her than life, dislocated, and writhing and quivering with pain, and watched the slow fire creeping from limb to limb until it had smothered him in a sheet of agony, and when at last the scream of anguish had died away, she was told that all this was acceptable to the God she served, and was but a faint image of the sufferings that he would inflict through eternity upon the dead."

"And besides all these things, we have to remember those frightful massacres, perhaps the most fearful the world has ever seen—the massacre of the Albigenses, which a Pope had instigated, or the massacre of St. Bartholomew, for which a Pope returned solemn thanks to Heaven. We have to recollect those religious wars which reproduced themselves century after century, with scarcely diminishing fury, which turned Syria into Aeldama, which inundated with blood the fairest lands of Europe, which blasted the prosperity and paralyzed the intellect of many a noble nation, and which planted animosities in Europe that two hundred years have been unable to destroy.

And when we consider that all this was but part of one vast conspiracy to check the development of the human mind, and to destroy the spirit of impartial and unrestricted inquiry which all modern researches prove to be the very first condition of progress, as of truth, it can scarcely be no exaggeration to say, that the Church of Rome has inflicted a greater amount of unmerited suffering than any other religion that has ever existed among mankind!"

"To wish for more than was necessary to keep one's self alive, was a sin as well as a folly, and was a violation of the subjection we owe to God. To be poor, dirty and hungry; to pass through life in misery, and to leave it with fear; to be plagued with boils and sores and diseases of every kind; to be always sighing and groaning, to have the face streaming with tears and the chest heaving with sobs; in a word, to suffer constant affliction, and to be tormented in all possible ways; to undergo these things was deemed a proof of goodness, just as the contrary was a proof of evil. It mattered not what a man liked; the mere fact of his liking it made it sinful. Whatever was natural was wrong."

"The clergy deprived the people of their holidays, their amusements, their shows, their games and their sports; they repressed every appearance of joy; they forbade all merriment; they stopped all festivities; they choked up every avenue by which pleasure could enter, and they spread over the country a universal gloom. Then truly did darkness sit on the land. Men in their daily actions and in their looks, became troubled, melancholy and ascetic. Their countenances soured and were downcast. Not only their opinions, but their gait, their demeanor, their voice, their general aspect were influenced by that deadly blight, which nipped all that was genial and warm. The way of life fell into the sear and yellow leaf; its gradually deepened bloom faded and passed off; its spring, its freshness, its beauty were gone; joy and love either disappeared, or were forced to hide themselves in obscure corners, until at length the fairest and most endearing parts of our nature being constantly repressed, ceased to bear fruit and seemed to be withered into perpetual sterility. Thus it was that the natural character of the Scotch was in the seventeenth century dwarfed and mutilated."

Terrible as this picture of human suffering is, it but imperfectly represents the actual condition of Europe for centuries.

It is no answer to this terrible indictment to say that the atrocities of the Inquisition, the religious wars and persecutions of which the history of Christendom is full, were *not* a legitimate outgrowth of a belief in God, for the reason that all wrong, cruelty and injustice are expressly condemned and forbidden by God in his so-called will.

Assuming such a revelation possible, and admitting that all wrong and injustice are prohibited therein, it still remains true that the same books are full of examples of cruelty and bloodshed, which have the express sanction and authority of their so-called author.

But setting all sacred books aside, it is evident from the very nature of the case, that the logical sequence of the one-God idea must be just what history discloses it to have been—an element of discord, and the prime cause of persecution, war and poverty.

God, says the theist, exists supreme. He is a jealous God. He hates his enemies, loves those who obey and serve him, and will punish the former and reward

the latter. A denial of his existence, or an honest difference of belief in regard to his character or requirements, is a crime; for he who "believeth shall be saved, but he who believeth not shall be damned." To the Church he has committed the keys of heaven. "Whatsoever it bindeth on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever it loosed on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

As he hated and destroyed his enemies, as recorded in his will; and as his people have been made by him the custodian of his honor and the defender of his cause, therefore the suppression of all opinions derogatory to his honor or to religion, and the punishment of the promulgators of such opinions is a duty which the Church may not disregard where she has the power to enforce it. Such is the inevitable conclusion from the Christian's assumption of a personal God.

That this and its co-relative ideas have been a source of inspiration and a solace to millions, cannot be denied; that it has afforded consolation and cheered the fainting heart under the burdens and trials of life, thousands can testify; that the hopes of another "existence when life's toilsome day is o'er," where we shall be united to our loved and lost, has been a balm and a solace to the bereaved heart, is unquestionable. But on the other hand, it is also true that the same belief has caused unspeakable anguish and despair to millions of the human race. While the merciful God or the heavenly Father has inspired and blessed, the angry and revengeful God has awed and terrified.

If the hope of heaven has inspired and strengthened, the fear of hell has depressed and enslaved. If the bereaved heart has been comforted by the hope of a reunion with its idols, it has also been filled with anguish and despair, when from unbelief or the dictum of a priest, the door of heaven has been shut upon them. If, like Bunyan's pilgrim, the believer is at times on the Delectable Mountain, he is also more frequently like him in the Slough of Despond, or in the hands of Giant Despair.

The same may be said of its influence on society as upon the individual. If pernicious in the extreme at one time, and in certain directions it was at other times and in other directions equally beneficial. It could hardly be otherwise than that such a power should be used for good as well as for evil, for such is the nature of all power.

When priests and rulers used this power, as they frequently did, to compel obedience to wholesome laws and police regulations, to the conquest and subduing of rude and turbulent passions, and to the performance of acts of mercy and charity, it becomes as powerful for good as when differently used, it was for evil.

Had it not been for this wholesome fear of supernatural punishments and hope of rewards, it is difficult to see how the rude savage could have been induced to abandon his nomadic habits of life which is the first step in progress, and to submit his rude will and turbulent passions to the requirements of social order. But for this wholesome check, what could have induced him to forego his revenge and submit his cause to the civil magistrate; or what could have induced him to tell the truth when summoned as a witness before the court? What but this could have compelled him to forego a present animal gratification, which he could enjoy only by the violation of the rights of another? In a word, it is difficult to imagine what power other than this could have been instrumental in causing primitive man to take the first necessary step that leads to civilization.

It is easy to comprehend now, after the progress that has been made, and after the gradual formation of a moral sense, and a public opinion in favor of the right and the true, how man can be good and do right without the fear of an angry God or hope of future reward, but it is difficult to see now what agency other than superstition, could have effected so great a revolution in the incipency of man's development. It was the ladder by which the race ascended; the scaffolding on which the work was done and the building reared, and as such, should be valued, laid aside when no longer required.

We come now to the inquiry, "Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifices?" a question a pertinent to-day as when uttered by the Argau poet in the early dawn of civilization. Will the God idea continue, as in the past, to be a cherished faith and a dominant power in the affairs of men? or will it, like many another sweet and charming illusion of our infancy, vanish in time, like youth and beauty, never to return?

The key that will unlock the future of this, as of many other difficult problems, is the principle of evolution. We have but to mark the changes that have taken place in the minds of men in reference to the God conception, to be able to predict its future.

By comparing the conception of God as held by different nations and by people of different degrees of civilization, we find that it becomes less gross and anthropomorphic in proportion as the masses become enlightened and refined.

The God of the nineteenth century is not the same God, except in name, that the men of the fifteenth worshipped; and the conception as it lies in the mind of a scientist is quite different from that in the mind of the rustic.

Like the chameleon it assumes the complexion of the mind through which it is viewed.

The first conception of God in the savage mind must necessarily have been grossly anthropomorphic, for man cannot imagine or conceive of anything having essential qualities different from the determination of his own nature. Man being the only animal so far as we know that has a consciousness of consciousness is enabled to think of himself either subjectively or objectively. God is nothing more or less than a projection of man himself; that is to say, it is simply the subjective nature of man viewed objectively. Hence the reason why, when the intellectual and moral character of a people change the character of their God undergoes a similar modification.

But when the intellect has outgrown the theological conception, what then, if anything, will take its place?

With some, no doubt, the subjective conception will die out with the objective fact, or be relegated to the realm of the unknown and unknowable, as indeed all but the human part of the conception must be, for as the mind is conditioned in time and space it cannot take cognizance of the absolute or the infinite. To such the pursuit of science, the cultivation of the mind and the worship of art will in a measure supply the place of the old faith, and to some, may fully satisfy all their needs. Others, in whom the imaginative and the emotional predominate, and in whom the sense of weakness and the sentiment of worship is strong, will still cling to an abstraction as a substitute for the old God.

When driven from the personal, they will find him in the impersonal; if he may no longer be worshiped in the concrete they will bow down to him in the abstract; if he is no longer contained in a part he shall be found in the whole.

Such will find consolation and repose in the *all-God*, who

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect in a hair as heart.
* * * * *
To him no high, no low, no great, no small,
He fills, no bounds, connects and equals all."

But, however suitable the *no God* or the *all God* may be to a few, neither can fully meet and supply all the needs of the mass of mankind. The only God, that can take the place of the old, and be to men all, and more than the theological conception, is the *Divine Humanity*, the only true Supreme Being who is at once a subjective idealization and an objective reality. "This grand organism of which individual man is but an organ or cell sums up all knowledge, feeling and activity.

"In and by it we live and move and have our being; it contains not only all the past and the present, but will embrace all that shall be. All who have served humanity, and who have worked with it are still a part of it. The forces that worked through our ancestors exist in us to-day, and will be reproduced in those that come after us. The phenomenal only remains, and is permanent—all else is transient and perishable. To the sense of weakness and dependence in the individual man it offers the aggregate strength of the grand man."

To the emotional side of man's nature it furnishes an outlet and an unlimited scope for its exercise; for the affections being human cannot attach to an abstraction, or to a God without a human side.

It is only in proportion as the theological God is endowed with human attributes, that he enlists and secures the affections of the masses.

The jealous and bloody Jehovah of the Jews attracts only those who are on a similar plane, which ideal, re-acting on the worshiper, intensifies and perpetuates those qualities.

The stern and unsympathizing God of the Puritans called forth only the emotion of fear and awe; while the tender Heavenly Father and the Virgin Mother found ever a ready response in the human bosom, which while it consoled and helped the worshiper, enriched and enlarged his affectional nature and found expression at last in acts of charity and kindness to his fellow-men.

The superhuman, the unreal and the mystical having been eliminated, leaving nothing but the human, the new conception inspires to noble actions and ennobles the actor, because, having no selfish heaven to win, nor hell to shun, it appeals only to the unselfish and noble part of man's nature. Instead of a Divine Providence which has a tendency to relax the sense of human responsibility, it substitutes a human providence, which, acting on its material environment, has created all that is valuable and useful in society. It is to humanity in the past, that we are indebted for everything we possess, and it should be our highest conception of duty to do as much for posterity as our ancestors did for us.

It is to this great, yet imperfect God, to whom "we shall offer our sacrifices," which sacrifices shall consist of an entire abnegation of self and self-seeking, and an entire consecration of ourselves to that great Being, of which we are each an infinitesimal part. To the new God we will transfer all our loyalty, devotion and love, and while hoping for no objective

immortality, find the highest satisfaction and peace in doing our duty with the assurance that nothing accomplished can ever be lost, and that the results of our lives shall live in posterity as those of our ancestors live in us.

The lecture was freely and warmly applauded, and an animated discussion followed.

S. P. ANDREWS approved of the object, matter, and style of the lecture, and was in favor of all sides of these great questions being examined. He believed the speaker of the evening, and every intelligent person in the city, and in the whole world, would accept that the God of the future should be recognized as the Most High. He recommended the acceptance of the term. The question would arise, What is the Most High? He believed that a great majority of mankind would place it where the orator of the evening had done.

MR. HERMON SHOOK mildly criticized the lecture and defended the Bible God. He affirmed that the idea of the Messiah—the Son of God—being part divine and part human, was the grandest conception that had ever taken hold of the human mind, and favored joining in marriage the idea of *altruism* and *egotism*, and could not see that the positions of the lecturer varied greatly from those laid down in the Bible.

MR. HENRY EVANS spoke of the difference between the modern conception of humanity and Christianity. The former embraces all who have contributed to the welfare of this world. The immortality of man is the result of his character and action during his existence here. It does not offer to man an eternity of psalm singing and idleness, for professing to believe what is impossible so believe. He wished Mr. A. to give an intelligent idea of what the "Most High" is. To him it had no foundation. To the pick-pocket "the Most High" meant to get off with a well-filled pocket book. He regarded the idea as opposed to religion and conducive to anarchy. The function of religion is to bind up individuals into a unit—a great conception towards which man can rally. He alluded in a terse manner, to the effect Mohammedanism had had to bind together the disintegrated and diverse tribes of Western Asia. He admitted that the theological conception of God had been of use in the world, and he accepted the good it had accomplished; but he doubted whether any higher conception can be formed of God, than is embraced in collective humanity, which embraces all we can think or feel. Any other idea of the "Most High" had no sympathy with the human race—a despot. He said it was one of the most marvelous things in the world, how a little tribe of scrofulous Arabs established a religion that dominated the world; no wonder that it had been called miraculous. It was wonderful. Modern thought is in opposition to the God of the past. When Christianity was the ruling power, it could make the proudest king bow down and beg forgiveness. We shall have a proper religion when we have a moral power of public opinion that will make people respect the rights of other people and do their duty.

DR. EDWARD NEWBERRY said that when he looked at the records of past Egypt, Greece, and Rome, he found man the same as now, and with the same attributes. The religious sentiment always existed more or less in man. The same creative laws had always existed as now, and it was hard to conceive that there was ever a time when man did not exist. He alluded at some length to his early recollections and impressions upon theological questions.

MR. A. H. H. DAWSON made some very humorous remarks showing the ridiculous features of the Christian theory that the inhabitants of a whole world were doomed to the tortures of a never-ending hell, because nearly six thousand years ago, an old woman ate an apple. He thought it small business for God to spend his time in damning souls. He thought he had been acquainted with some whose souls were so small, that it was derogatory to God to suppose he ever created them, or that he would spend his time damning them. Why, if a large number of such souls could be placed in a pill box, a homeopathic dose of damnation would amply suffice for the entire lot. He said he disliked to talk upon religious subjects or Christianity; they were too funny; he preferred something more serious.

MR. WILCOX spoke in moderate criticism of the lecture.

T. B. WAKEMAN followed with some able remarks but we took no notes, and cannot do him justice. He scouted the idea of the Most High that had been advanced, and pronounced it a fraud, indefinite, unmeaning and an idea upon which two persons could scarcely agree. In combined humanity he recognized all the elements and qualities worthy our adoration.

H. B. BROWN, the lecturer of the evening, closed with some very timely remarks, explanatory and elucidative of the positions he had occupied in the lecture. The entire evening passed off very pleasantly.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH lectured before the Club on Friday evening, Nov. 26th, but too late for a report.

THE REV. MR. KALLOCH, of California, formerly of Massachusetts, thinks that there is no more sin in going to a theatre than in going to a church festival, but that young men should not go to either when their washing bills are unpaid.

Special Notices.

(In this column short notices will be inserted at 10 cts. a line.)

If there is one thing behind the age more than another, it is the privy system. Except in a few of the larger cities where water-closets are used, there has been no improvements since the earliest civilization which compares at all with that suggested in the circular of the Wakefield Earth Closet Company of 36 Dey street, New York.

ALL who think difficult cases cannot be cured by DR. R. P. FELLOWS' Magnetized Powder (Nature's greatest remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of all nervous and chronic diseases), are invited to read the following voluntary and unsolicited testimonials extracted from letters of patients treated in this way by DR. FELLOWS, Ira N. Masson, M.D., of Marakesan, Wis., writes: "Your Powder has done me good. The pain in my side and back is removed. The rheumatic affliction of the arms is removed, and I feel much relieved." M. Healsey, of Wheeling, W. Va., writes: "Your Powder is all taken, and I am happy to say I can now hear the clock strike and tick distinctly for the first time in three years." Theodocia Blair, of Rowley, Iowa, writes: "I have taken your Powder, and I have so much improved that I can eat and sleep better than I have for years. I feel almost young again." Lydia Barber, of Woodstock, Ill., writes: "Before taking your Powder, I could not sleep. I was bloated so I could neither sit or lie with any comfort. I had spells that it seemed my heart did not beat, and that I could not breathe; but now I am entirely cured by its use." E. Casterline, of Belmont, N. Y., writes: "When your last package of Powders came to hand, I was suffering from a severe fever-headache, pain in my side and bones, but when I took your Powder my bad feelings left me almost instantly." For the want of space, interesting quotations from letters of patients in other States are omitted. The foregoing are only samples of those daily received by DR. R. P. FELLOWS from all parts of the world. The Powder is \$1 per box. Address, Vineland, New Jersey.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH.—This portly volume, to which we have heretofore referred in these columns, compels a still more hearty approval of its instructions with careful reading. It is one of those books which are for the times. Its practical object is, in brief phrase, to teach people how to replenish the springs of life, without drugs or stimulants. It is profusely illustrated with pertinent cuts and engravings, which greatly assist in impressing its teachings on the reader's mind. An excellent likeness of the author faces the title page, and there is a likewise given an engraving of Hygieia, the Goddess of Health. There are thirty-eight appropriate sections to the book, each of which receives the fullest treatment from advanced minds. The contents were communicated by a band of spirit physicians who occupied a high position in their profession when on earth, and who are now rendered capable of imparting a profound knowledge of the principles and laws which govern physical health. There are among the names of this band: Benjamin Rush, Sir Arthur Clarke, Arago, Mesmer, James Rush, Reichenbach, James Y. Simpson, Eliaphlet Nott, Valentine Mott, Ira Warren, Luther V. Bell, J. Hughes Bennett, and John Abernethy. They treat on a wide variety of topics, in which are comprehended the whole system of physical care and cure. Among them we mention the brain, the blood, vital magnetism, consumption, odyllic force, drunkenness; and drinks, the stomach, womanhood and maternity, the skin, insanity, the food, the nerves, and so forth. The list is made up of all the points in physical life which ever raise questions and excite speculations and it is but speaking the simple truth to say that each topic is treated with scientific precision and exhaustively.

Dr. Stone himself contributes of his own knowledge and experience to these, treating of subjects which the reader will meet with as he proceeds. The real and sole aim of the New Gospel of Health is to teach every one to be his or her own healer by understanding the rule and reason of self-cure, the means being inherent in the constitution and not outside of it. Above all, it aims to bring to an end the reign of drugs and doctors' pills and boluses. It teaches that the amount of vital capital or momentum each person possesses is just proportioned to a sound and well organized constitution, and normally inherited tendencies, and that this capital is to be continued as the organism is constantly renewed, obedient to organic laws which are inflexible. Above all, it instructs one in the power of sympathy as a healing gift, and that natural healers are to be found in every household, and how they may be developed and made self-reliant healers, magnetizers or psychologists. It likewise preaches the doctrine of *nutrition* as the means of recuperation for the waning vital stamina; and hence that a correct knowledge of the requisite elements of food or primates must be scientifically acquired. And it demonstrates the truth that as mankind more and more tend to the artificial and the false in living, diseases change correspondingly, and defy the treatment of the medical theories of the olden times; and that though physicians multiply in the ratio of diseases, they have continued to miss the secret by not discovering that drug-taking cannot compensate for the infraction of plain physical laws. The book is an in-

valuable thesaurus of curative and preservative instruction for the mass, and the very humblest may take it home to himself, assured that it will help him to make his life long and happy on earth.—*Banner of Light*.

Synopsis of a Lecture on the subject of Christianity and Freethought.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

[Delivered at Yates City, Ill., November 14, 1875.]

After defining the sense in which the words Christianity and Freethought are used, the Lecturer proceeded to say that Christianity teaches the existence of a Being infinite in presence, yet a person; an individual, infinite in knowledge, and yet a contriver, planner, designer; infinite in power and love, yet the author of a world full of imperfections; unchangeable, yet at a certain time after a beginningless past, aroused from his sleep of ages, and by an imperative fiat spoke a universe into existence; made everything but himself, yet is not the author of evil; is free from infirmities, yet pleased and displeased every day.

Freethought (according to the materialistic school) teaches the self-existence, the eternity and sufficiency of nature; the universality and invariableness of natural law; that in the history of the Universe there has been evolution from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous; that worlds have cooled from a fire-mist, that animals and plants have come from simple beginnings; that as animal life runs insensibly into vegetable life, so the organic runs into the inorganic; that life is a form of force; that organic natural selection accounts for the adaptations of organisms to their environments; and that there is no room in nature, and no foundation in reason for a personal, infinite, unchangeable, prayer-answering Being, who existed before the Universe, knowing everything before there was anything except himself to know; and who, after an eternity of idleness, aroused and gratified a new desire by making a Universe out of nothing.

Christianity teaches the original perfection of everything. Freethought says the present condition of the world is the final term of an immense series of progressive changes. Christianity says that evil came from a devil, a creature made originally perfect by God. Freethought asks how imperfections can come from perfection, and inquires if a perfect being can fall, what assurance have we that God himself will not fall? Evil and good, we hold, are relative terms. What affects us favorably we call good; what injures us we call evil. All morality is founded on utility.

Christianity says man can be saved only through Christ. We hold man's condition improvable by his own efforts. We look to science, industry and morality for salvation; not to an individual who died eighteen hundred years ago. Christianity teaches that belief in the Christian system involves merit; disbelief, sin. We regard belief and unbelief as involuntary and without moral merit or demerit. Christianity says worship God. Freethought says worship is slavery. Let men spend their time and money in physical, intellectual and moral culture; not in telling God how great and wise he is, and how mean and miserable are the creatures he has made.

Christianity has a heaven for a portion, and an endless hell for a majority of the race; and this is a consoling religion! Freethought says wherever man may exist he must be fitted for his condition. An unbroken, everlasting sleep even affords no grounds for fear. How infinitely preferable to a future state in which millions will be forever miserable! Christianity claims the Bible as a revelation. We say the teachings of reason and the lessons of experience are man's only revelation. The Christian bids us believe every word of the Scriptures. We test them by the same rules of historic and moral criticism that we apply to Herodotus and Livy. For the Christian doctrine of prayer we substitute self-reliance. We remember that Fred. Douglass prayed for his freedom fifteen years, but, as he says, "the only prayer answered was the one made with his legs." "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," said Cromwell. On the same principle our religious friends, after building a church, don't neglect to attach lightning rods. They evidently believe with us that God would as soon destroy a church as a barn. Instead of teaching men about a heaven beyond the clouds, we urge the importance of trying to make a heaven on earth. This can never be realized till religious bigotry and fanaticism are destroyed. "One world at a time" is our motto. Instead of teaching hell, we aim to acquaint men with the natural penalties of wrong-doing. For preparing to die, we would substitute how to live. Death takes but a moment, and if we have any difficulty in dying, there are doctors always at hand to help us out of the world. But living is a science and an art that none of us fully understand. Moral goodness and philanthropy we think better than piety. We have too little of the former, too much of the latter. Instead of reverencing Jesus as an incarnate God, we esteem him as a brother and a benefactor. For baptism, we substitute bathing as a practice. We believe in water hydropathically, not spiritually. Instead of the clergy we would have scientists and men who could teach practical, useful knowledge. For the fables of the Bible, and the creeds of the middle-ages we would give the facts of modern science; for sectarianism, brother-

hood; for love of God, love of men and a tender regard for every thing that feels in common with us the consciousness of existence.

Friendly Correspondence.

C. E. HOWD, New Haven, Conn., writes: THE TRUTH SEEKER has now become a necessity with me. The longer I take it, the more I think of it.

S. E. FARWELL, Waverly, Iowa, writes: Do not fail to continue sending THE TRUTH SEEKER to me. I think it the most sensible paper published in the land.

S. WRIGHT, Coldwater, Mich., writes: I cannot do without THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is the first paper I look at, out of the half dozen I take. I shall take it while it and I live.

JOHN GRIMSLEY, Corvallis, Oregon, writes: I am 83 years old and a Spiritualist. Some would think it strange that I continue taking THE TRUTH SEEKER. All good men and women should read it, and it must not languish for want of proper support.

JAMES COLE, Carlton, Mich., writes: Press on! give the hell-making, infant-damning, black-coat brigade, their just deserts, and drive them from this land forever. By the bye, how does it smell around Brooklyn, since the advent of Moody and Sankey?

S. L. RUFFNER, Dexter City, Mo., writes: I like THE TRUTH SEEKER very well, and think that it is getting better all the time. I wish it entire success. You are certainly doing a noble work for humanity, and should be sustained by all who love truth and philosophy better than superstition and ignorance.

A. V. HERMAN, Pleasant Hill, Neb., (in sending a list of six subscribers) writes: I hope that every one who wishes the advancement of Freethought and science and humanity, every one who would "shake off the shackles" of superstition, will send you as many subscribers as I do at present. Your paper ought to have one million subscribers in these United States.

R. J. LAMBORN, Glen Hall, Pa., writes: If it be claimed that truth is proved by the existence of its opposite—then error claims as much credit as truth—inasmuch as truth could not be established without it. If we could obtain no clear apprehension of the genuine were there no spurious with which to put it in contrast, then the existence of a counterfeit is essential to the proof of the genuine.

DAVID HARVEY, Washington Corners, Cal., writes: I see by the *Investigator*, that you are publishing a book, "The World's Sages, Infidels, and Thinkers." Good! I think such a book will do more for the world than all the Bibles ever printed. Please register me for a copy. Science and Materialism are the saviors of the world. The race is indebted to them for all of the advancement it has made.

M. A. THOMPSON, St. John, Ill., writes: Your paper is invaluable. If *eulogy* was the only thing needful for your enterprises, you would probably be wealthy. But greenbacks seem to be essential for the maintenance of a Liberal paper in these times. My desire is that your sheet may be self-sustaining. This is all the prayer I recognize, having ceased formal prayer for three or four years past. I will write again soon if permitted, not by God (for I am not acquainted with the old gentleman,) but by the power which rules the universe.

J. A. RUTHERFORD, Honey Grove, Texas, writes: I was born Jan. 31st, 1790. I am writing by lamplight at 4 A. M. I am a constant reader and admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Yes, I think I shall want four copies of your promised book. I have one daughter and three sons. I feel that it would be well for me to present a copy of that book to each child. It would be of more worth to them than money. "The world does move!" I wish I could stay and see more of the grand revolution that is now going on. But I hope I shall look from the spirit land and rejoice in it.

LUCIUS SMITH, Brownsville, Vt., writes: Yes, I will take a copy of your forthcoming work, "The World's Sages, Infidels, and Thinkers." I wish to encourage his publication, because I want to get better acquainted with the great and good men of every era in the world's history. I know of no better way of getting introduced to such than through your book or of obtaining so much valuable information, and all so cheap. It will contain treasures gleaned from the centuries. A work displaying the most worthy characters of ancient and modern times cannot fail to add much to the pleasure and profit of its readers.

WM. E. COLEMAN, Leavenworth, Kansas, writes: Your famous letter to Immanuel J. C. has created quite a sensation here. The Liberals enjoy it much, but the orthodox are horrified. They say it is the most blasphemous, horrible thing they ever read. It has led to animated discussion, wherein I have endeavored to open the eyes of Christians. Already are they beginning to see things differently. We have lots of fun reading aloud the questions to I. J. C. about measles, leap-frog, loving the girls, &c. Even the Christians have to laugh at the phrase, "Immanuel J. Christ." I want about a dozen of those Letters in tract form. It is rich.

L. M. BENSON, M.D., Lowell, Wis., writes: I admire your paper much. I believe you are doing much good, and hope you will be rewarded even in this world. The basis of all true theology and religion is science, and I am glad to know that you are presenting this to your readers in an attractive form. I hope every liberal-minded man and woman in this country will feel it a duty to subscribe for your valuable paper. There are thousands of persons who pay their money freely for the support of doctrines which they do not believe, because they think it will add to their profit or popularity. If all such would lend their aid to the Liberal cause, it would soon be popular. I have advocated the Liberal cause for over thirty years, and can see great progress during this time.

MRS. RUTH W. SCOTT BRIGGS, W. Winfield, N. Y., writes: Please send extra papers, as I give away my regular copies. I keep all the Reform papers on the wing, for it seems wrong to file them away, as many do. There are many who do not know of these Liberal prints, or who cannot afford to subscribe for them. I have taken the *Banner of Light* from its birth, and have added to it the *Crucible*, *Weekly*, *Toledo Sun*, and THE TRUTH SEEKER. The latter I prize very highly for the way in which it han-

dles, without gloves, the dogmas and creeds which still hold humanity in slavery and ignorance. I would like it still better if it treated more largely on Social, Political and Prison Reforms. I trust that it will receive the prosperity it merits, and that you may be blest in everything that pertains to your welfare.

J. BERKELEY, Washington, Texas, writes: I have just read your answer to Mr. Willicott in the *Investigator* of the 13th, and I am pleased at the dispassionate manner of your reply. Your belief, governed, as it appears to be, by the evidence you have received, is certainly in accordance with the heading of your publication—THE TRUTH SEEKER. And in my humble apprehension, if you failed to acknowledge and publish your evidence, you would not be acting the part of an outspoken man, to say the least. Hence, although I at present am no believer in spiritual communication, I am proud to see men with your influence come to the front, discarding outside influence, and condemning bigotry wherever found. Like you, I have seen evidence (in my own family) of an intelligent power outside (so far as I could detect) of the influence of the living. Now, what is it? I cannot solve the problem. As you suggest, time and science may unravel the mystery, and when the solution becomes a proved fact, I will accept it, lead whithersoever it will. As you well say: "I can see no objection to continued existence. When all the conditions are good, existence is certainly pleasant, and who will object to the proof? Let it come." I admire your desire to be a connecting link between the Liberal classes—their unity is much needed. There is much work before them in this century.

ELIJAH WOODARD, Leslie, Mich., writes: I accost you as a brother in the cause of human emancipation from all that makes the race unhappy. I am quite aged, (84) and read nearly every reformatory paper. I have before me THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 15th. I read your heading with much interest, and heartily endorse every word of it. Yourself and correspondents have much to say upon the Bible and theology: please indulge me a little. The theological system consists of allegorical personages derived from ancient mythology. It is one step in advance of paganism, as paganism is one in advance of fetishism, or the first step in the mental and moral progress of mankind. Ideas were first expressed by signs; second, by pictures; third, by allegorical representations; fourth, by sounds and an alphabet. What the ancients personified to represent human passions and faculties, the moderns have made personal and real. Hence, a personal God, Devil, a real material heaven and hell, names which in the original language had only a metaphorical signification. Judaism and ancient Christianity is a copy of pagan mythology, but of a higher development of the human mind. Until we get a correct understanding of pagan mythology, its allegorical personages, its pictures, fancies, and fables, we cannot rightly understand the Christian theology. Failing to do this, modern commentators have proved themselves a set of imbeciles and ninnyes. The human race is progressive. Before man outgrew fetishism and paganism, he was simple and honest. But as the priesthood grew up, rites and forms and ceremonies, knavery, craft and cunning, supplanted natural innocence and righteousness. Godology and demonology corrupted all the natural instincts of the human heart. As paganism was supplanted by Judaism, Judaism by Christianity, so Christianity and its Gods will be superseded by a more rational religion.

DANIEL TUTTLE, Poplar, O., writes: I have seen a letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER from Friend Casey of South Carolina. He is a whole-souled Liberalist among the soul-saving cannibals, and he has in contemplation to start out as a missionary among the heathen of Zion. O, what a want there is for such laborers in the field! Never before was there such a harvest to gather. "Truth Seekers," Infidels, and all Liberals stand in need of organization. We want traveling missionaries. The Seavers, Bennetts, Petersons, and hosts of mental heros are doing a mighty work with their pens, but they are all located, and their arguments do not reach the dark holes of Godology and fiction. We want laborers in the field, as well as on the threshing floors and in the printing offices. There is need of knowledge. We want more Underwoods, more Wixons and Slenkers, more men and women in the field, preaching the true salvation of humanity. If I was young and rich, I would fill a trunk full of the Liberal documents of the times, and would enlist, not only for this mental war, but for the next, and would fight on until I saw all the gods and sons of virgins, all the ghosts, and popes, and priests, like thieving cowards, sneaking away. Now if Bro. Casey wants to enlist in this war of Right against Might, in this rebellion of Reason and Righteousness against Ignorance, Intolerance, and Debauchery, Falsehood, and every other crime, for Humanity's sake let every honest Liberal in the land help him forward. The whole world has begun to move in a scientific direction. The times, the crimes and all the infernalism now rampant in our country, demand an immediate advance upon the hosts of priestcraft, mythology, godology and sanctified fiction. When the penitentiaries of the land are filled with "reverend" scallywags of God; when adultery, perjury and debauchery are traded in market as "sacraments" of the Church; when the rulers of the land pander to lying, stealing, as well as every other crime, and when a venial Congress legalize the robbery of the poor and toiling millions, their apologies by prayer and psalm-singing for their wholesale iniquities, I do think that it is the duty of all honest men and women to assist the rising of the sun of righteousness. If there be any angels in heaven, surely now is the time for them to weep over the moral, social, religious and financial state of the Christian world. Loafing, idleness, pride and dishonesty in all the relations of life is now the rule, while industry, honor, integrity and common morality is the exception. Now, to adorn the above prosy facts, I will submit the following moral:

If the people would think, and all learn to know
Instead of priestcraft and fiction in place of the truth:
If Y. M. C. Associations were not gangs of knaves,
The hard toiling people would never be slaves.
All of our blessings proceed from the soil.
Secured by hard labor, by sweat and by toil:
The bankers, and loafers and Shylocks are a curse.
Yet the Rev. maw-worms are a hundred times worse.
No ship on the ocean would sail from these States,
Were it not for the farmer to furnish the freight:
No freight cars would run to bring Shylocks their meat,
If the farmers stopped raising the corn and the wheat:
The doctor and lawyer would starve with the bugs,
If the farmer renounced litigation and drugs.
We would have no need for prisons, were it not for
preachers.
The Katlocks, Glendennings and thousands of Beechers.
But my letter and my moral is already too long.
And yet I've not hinted at half that is wrong.
Let bankers, and Shylocks and thieves feed the solution,
That the starving thousands can produce Revolution.

'The Special Poem of the Age.'

THE DRAMA OF DECEIT;

A SATIRE, AN ARGUMENT AND EXPOSE.

Henry Ward Beecher

AND

THE ARGUMENTS OF HIS APOLOGISTS IN THE SCANDAL TRIAL FULLY SHOWN UP!

Nearly 1,000 lines of wit, sarcasm, deep thought and merciless caricature. *Everybody is reading it.*

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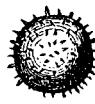
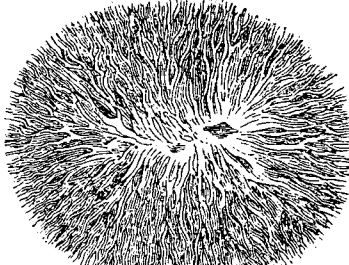
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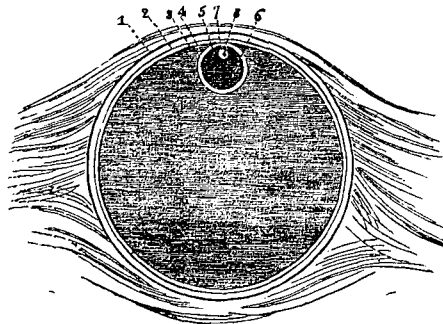
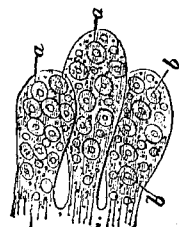
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Put away those little breeches,
Do not try to mend the hole;
Little Johnny will not need them;
He has climbed the golden pole.

A GERMAN MOTHER at the West, taught her little son the prayers she had repeated in her own childhood. One day he surprised her by asking, "Ma, why do we always talk Yankee, and pray German? Is God a Dutchman?"

A SABBATH SCHOOL teacher in a country town, asked one of her scholars what animals Noah took into the Ark? To which she received the very prompt reply: "the leopard, the shepherd, the bob-tailed monkey and the bear."

QUESTION.—Which would be the greater loss to the world, the loss of its priests, or the loss of its dogs?

Answer.—The loss of its dogs; because the theological seminaries could make plenty more priests, but nobody could make a dog.

A MODEST ONE.—A little girl, after returning from church, where she saw a collection taken up for the first time, related what took place, and among other things, she said, with all her childish innocence, that "a man passed around a plate that had some money on it, but I didn't take any."

AT A SUNDAY-SCHOOL examination, the teacher asked a boy whether—after he had been standing and repeating—he could forgive those who had wronged him.

"Could you?" said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?"

"Y-e-s, sir," replied the lad, very slowly, "I think—I could, if he was bigger than I am."

FAIR PLAY.—At the moment, when, on the 14th of October, 1797, the British fleet under Admiral Duncan, and the Dutch fleet commanded by De Winter, were about to engage, two sailors, passing by Admiral Duncan's cabin, saw him on his knees.

"My eyes, Jack!" exclaimed one, "what is the Admiral about there?"

"Praying to heaven," replied the other.

"Praying for what?"

"That the Lord may give us victory."

"Well, now, that's a blasted shame. We are well able to lick them ourselves. Besides, give the beggars a chance."

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.—The following incident in a District School, described many years ago by Mr. William Pitt Palmer, of New York, President of the Manhattan Insurance Company, in his address before "The Literary Society," in Stockbridge, Mass., his native home, will take many whose heads are now streaked with silvery hairs, a journey back to boyhood and early life:

A District School, not far away, Mid Berkshire hills, one Winter's day was humming with its wonted noise Of three-score mingled girls and boys—Some few upon their tasks intent, But more on furtive mischief bent; The while the Master's downward look Was fastened on a copy-book. When suddenly, behind his back, Rose sharp and clear a rousing SMACK! As 'twere a battery of bliss Let off in one tremendous kiss! "What's that?" the startled Master cries; "That thir," a little imp replies, "Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—I saw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!" With frown to make a statue thrill. The master thundered "Hither Will!" Like wretch o'ertaken in his track, With stolen chattels on his back, Will hung his head in fear and shame, And to the awful presence came—A great, green, bashful simpleton, The butt of all good natured fun; With smile suppressed, and birch up-raised,

The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed That you, my biggest pupil, should Beguilty of an act so rude! Before the whole set school to boot—

What evil genius put you to't?"

"'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad, I didn't mean to be so bad— But when Susannah shook her curls, And whispered I was 'fraid of girls, And durstn't kiss a baby's doll, I couldn't stand it, sir, at all! But up and kissed her on the spot, I knew—boo-hoo—I ought to not, But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—I almost knew she wished me to."

A CONNUBIAL CONTROVERSY.—The bolt on the back door had needed replacing for a long time, but it was only the other night that Mr. Throcton had the presence of mind to buy a new one and take it home. After supper he hunted up his tools, removed the old bolt, and measured the location for the new one. He must bore some new holes, and Mrs. Throcton heard him roaming around the kitchen and woodshed, slamming doors, pulling out drawers, and kicking the furniture around. She went to the head of the stairs and called down:

"Richard, do you want anything?"

"Yes, I do!" he yelled back. "I want to know where in Texas that corkscrew is?"

"Corkscrew, Richard?"

"Yes, corkscrew, Richard! I've looked the house over and can't find it!"

"Why, we never had one, Richard!"

"Didn't, eh! We've had a dozen of 'em in the last two years, and I bought one not four weeks ago. It's always the way when I want anything."

"But you must be out of your head, husband," she said, as she descended the stairs, "We've kept house seven years, and I never remember of seeing you bring a corkscrew home."

"O, yes, I'm out of my head, I am!" he grumbled, as he pulled out the sewing machine drawer, and turned over its contents.

"I perhaps I'd better go to the lunatic asylum right away."

"Well, Richard, I know that I have never seen a corkscrew in this house."

"Then you are as blind as an owl in daylight, for I've bought five or six! The house is always upside down, anyhow, and I never can find anything!"

"The house is kept as well as any one of your folks can keep one!" she retorted, growing red in the face.

"I'd like my mother here to show you a few things," he said, as he stretched his neck to look on the high shelf in the pantry.

"Perhaps she'd boil her spectacles with the potatoes again!" answered the wife.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" he yelled, as he jumped down.

"Yes, I do!"

"Well, you'll be going to York State, if you don't look out!"

"I'd like to see myself! When I go this house goes!"

"Look out, Nancy!"

"I'm afraid of no man that lives, Richard Throcton!"

"I'll leave you!"

"And I'll laugh to see you go!"

Going close to her he extended his finger, shook it to emphasize his words, and slowly said:

"Nancy Throcton, I'll apply for a divorce to-morrow! I'll tell the judge that I kindly and lovingly asked you where the gimlet was, and you said we'd never had one in the house, which is a bold falsehood, as I can prove!"

"Gimlet!" she gasped.

"Yes, gimlet!"

"Why, I know where there are three or four. You said corkscrew!"

"Did I?" he gasped, sitting down on the corner of the table: "well, now, I believe I did!"

"And you went and abused me like a slave because I wouldn't say a gimlet was a corkscrew!" she sobbed, falling on the lounge.

"Nancy," he said tenderly lifting her up.

"Oh, Richard!" she chokingly answered.

"Nancy, I'll go right out doors and kill myself!"

"No, you needn't—I love you still! only—only—you know a gimlet is not a corkscrew!"

"It ain't—it ain't, Nancy; forgive me and let's be happy!"

And that household is so quietly happy that a canary bird would sing its head off if hung up in the hall.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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FREE EDUCATION, AND WHAT EVER TENDS TO EMANCIPATE AND ELEVATE THE HUMAN RACE.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Rev. Henry Bylew, hog thief, is in a Kentucky jail.

THE ABYSSINIA took out 36,000 letters when she left a few days ago.

It is the man with tight boots who talks violently of the eternal fitness of things.

"COURTSHIP is bliss," said an ardent young man.
"Yes, and matrimony is blister," snarled an old bachelor.

THE discovery of a process has been made by which ashes can be converted into a solid mass as hard as marble.

MORE passengers are transported between New York and Chicago, than on any other route in the United States.

NEW Richmond, West Virginia, is shipping walnut logs directly to London, where better prices are obtained than in this country.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCHES are organizing to support the parochial schools by taxation, the voluntary contribution plan proving a failure.

Two Portland negro boys sat their aged uncle on a hot stove to cure him of rheumatism. The treatment may cure, if it doesn't kill.

Ir names mean anything, the recent marriage of Mr. Grippin and Miss Clinch gives promise of an occasional lively matrimonial set-to.

A girl fell down and died in the midst of a waltz in Chelsea, Mass.; and the Chelsea preachers did not miss their chance the next Sunday.

BEARS in Wisconsin are not going into winter quarters, the Indians say. This indicates a mild season, but makes it bad for stray calves and small children.

STEAM is reckoned to be ninety times cheaper than manual power, seventy times cheaper than electro-motive power, and ten times cheaper than horse power.

AN arrest for voodooism has been made in Central Point, Tenn. The prisoner, a negro doctress, is accused of performing incantations and thereby making her neighbors sick.

THE Rev. Moses Brazoal and his two sons, with a party of seven other negroes, have been arrested at Irwinton, Ga., for Ku-Kluxing several of their colored brethren who disagreed with them politically.

A LADY applying for admission to the junior class of a Western seminary, being questioned by the president as to her qualifications, replied: "I aint much of an arithmetician, but I am an excellent grammarian."

We were premature in announcing in our last, that Charles Bradlaugh lectured before the Liberal Club on Nov. 26th. It was expected he would lecture at that time, but a sudden illness the same day prevented him, and disappointed many.

As late as the 5th of November the flowers in the gardens of Santa Barbara, Cal., were of surpassing beauty. Among them were callas which measured 14 inches across, fuchsias covering houses with their plume-like branches, and passion flowers of various kinds, besides lemon and

fig trees in full bearing. In the same county is also the largest almond orchard in the world, containing 100,000 trees.

A LITTLE girl five years of age, asked her mother if she knew Deacon Brown. "No, my child," was the reply. "you never saw him, he died before you were born." "Then, ma, if he went up before I came down, it may be we met on the way between."

THE scientists and professors in Italy are still occupying themselves with the art of embalming and petrifying the bodies of animals—including man. Mazzini is in a state of petrification in his tomb at Genoa. The professors cite him as a grand success in this line of business.

A Colorado poet sends the Denver Tribune an "Ode to Ortum." We have room, unfortunately, but for the two concluding stanzas:

I would not dy in Ortum,
With peaches fit for eatin',
When the wavy korn is gettin' wripe,
& the candidates are treatin';
When sassidge meat is phryin',
And hickory nuts is thick,
Ow, who would think of dyin'
Or even gettin' sick?

THE two negro murderers, Thompson and Weston, now confined in the Tombs, awaiting execution, were Methodists when they committed the crimes of which they are convicted, but have within the last few days become devout Catholics. They have been baptised by Father Barry and they expect to make a very brief call at the purgatory station and pass on directly to the "kingdom of glory."

THE EMBROIDLIO in the Hanson Place Baptist church, Brooklyn, has culminated in a deadly quarrel, which has severed the church into two hostile parties. Dr. Fulton has been forced to tender his resignation, and some sixty members retire with him to organize another society. The retiring party are praying God will set fire to Hanson Place church and burn it up. This will do no harm, if they do not undertake to help God a little in the business. Verily, how these Christians do love one another!

It was the night on which John Todd made his great speech to the colored population on Munjoy Hill. Capt. John Morrill from time to time awoke the echoes with his cannon. A man rushed up to him and said, "For God's sake don't fire any more." "Why not?" asked the astonished John. "There's a dead person lying in the next house," said he. "Well," said John, "if she's dead the noise won't hurt her, and the country must be saved." "Yes," groaned the man. "I know that, but she's my mother-in-law, and I've heard that guns will awake the dead."

A METHODIST preacher traveling in the back settlement of a Western State stopped at a cabin, where an old lady received him very kindly, giving him a warm supper, and asking many questions. "Stranger, where mought you be from?" "Madam, I reside in Shelby county, Kentucky." Well, stranger, hope no offence, but what mought you be doing out here?" "Madam, I am looking for the lost sheep of the tribe of Israel." "John," shouted the old lady, "here's a stranger all the way from Kentucky a hunting lost stock, and I'll just bet my life that old curly-haired black ram that came into our yard last week is one of hisen."

OLIVER Wendell Holmes years ago sent a letter to the post office of a ladies' fair at Pittsfield. On the first page he wrote:

Fair lady, whosoe'er thou art,
Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care,
And hush, oh, hush thy breathing heart—
The one thou lovest will be there."

On turning the "poor leaf" there was found a one dollar bill with some verses beginning:

"Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell,
If this is not a truthful letter;
This is the one (1) thou lovest well,
And nought (0) can make thee love it better."

THERE is a Chinese priest in Pekin who is well nigh crazy to convert the heathen of America to the true Asiatic religion of Buddha. Every time the Emperor takes an airing, this benevolent Buddhite throws himself flat before his majesty and shouts: "The heathen, sirs, the heathen in America, send me over to convert their souls!" The imperial body guards in vain try to bottle up his zeal, and he has become a tolerated curiosity in the streets. That priest was at least as sensible as thousands of our own, who are so anxious to send our religion to the antipodes. Probably our people might be benefitted by an infusion of Chinese morality.

WARREN, a little five-year-old in a neighboring town, whose mother is in the daily habit of reading the Bible to him, asked of a young lady visitor, "Who do you love best in the Bible?" The visitor replied: "God, don't you?" "No!" said Warren; "I love Noah best." "Why?" "Because he built a ship." After a pause he continued: "I toll you what I mean to do; I'm going to get a cannon and fire it off, and make a hole in the clouds and ask God to let Noah down by a string." The same night Warren was severely attacked with croup. The visitor was in the sick chamber, sympathizing with her little friend, when he looked up at her, and in an almost inaudible voice, from the hoarse throat of croup, he said: "I tell you what, if this thing keeps up, I guess I'll go up to Noah, instead of his coming down to me." Cute for five.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH MATTERS are still ripening; several examinations and councils are on the tapis. Brother Henry Ward is supposed to be feeling a trifle uneasy. We cannot help pitying him; that he should strive so hard and assume so much boldness to cover his iniquity, and so fail at last. He has been compelled to abandon the "policy of silence," and the facts are bound to come out. The daily papers of this city are calling upon him to abandon the pulpit, and to cease his desecration of that sacred institution. This he must ultimately do. Mrs. Moulton's recent letter to Plymouth Church was a remarkable one, and read like the statements of an honest, truthful person. It carries conviction with it. Deacon West is a sore trouble to Plymouth; they would gladly be rid of him, but they cannot shake him off till an examination is had.

THE Sun, in a full and scathing review of the Fourth Volume of the Rev. Mr. Talmage's Sermons, says: "Like the three volumes which have preceded it, it is distinguished for the lack of intelligence, for the egotism, and for the disregard of truth which are exhibited in its pages. Mr. Talmage seems to have a spite against the Scriptures and a grievance against the English language, and he permits no opportunity for wroaking his vengeance upon either the word of God or his mother tongue to pass unimproved. His perversion of Scripture are always irreverent and sometimes blasphemous. He habitually mis-quotes, distorts and caricatures the sacred text." This Reverend harlequin is doubtless one of the greatest "blatherskites" now extant. If one could be induced to believe that God Almighty employs such fellows as Talmage to attend to his business, he would readily conclude that he himself needs a guardian as one non compos mentis.

THE Brahmo Somaj sect of India apparently consider that though intoxication is a vice to be avoided, yet in a spiritual point of view it is very commendable. The following curious "devotional" is published in a Brahmo paper: "I have tasted, Father dear, the wine of sweet communion, which, day after day, thou hast poured into my heart during my morning prayers, and I feel extremely happy. But such wine no longer suits the advanced stage of devotion to which thou hast brought me, and my heart naturally craves stronger drink. From thy inexhaustible storehouse do thou graciously supply me with such nectar of love and joy as may keep my soul under its inebriating influences all day and night. Experience has convinced me that there is far more real happiness in spiritual intoxication than in all the pleasures of the world put together. Therefore I humbly pray unto thee, O Father, vouchsafe unto me far more inebriating communion than I have yet tasted."

ADDRESS ON THE Anniversary of the Birth of Thomas Paine.

BY C. A. CODMAN.

BRENTWOOD, N. Y. Jan. 29th, 1875.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS: The anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine, which we have met to-night to celebrate, seems a fitting occasion to review the pathway we have gone over, and see from our present stand-point, how much, if any, progress we have made, and what encouragement we may draw from the retrospect.

The race grows slowly, but at accelerated speed; notably so, during the last three-quarters of the century we have now to consider.

Let us go back in our memory, to the period that gave birth to "Paine's Age of Reason," which we know was written in the prison of the Conciergerie, during the Reign of Terror, and under the very shadow of death, its completion liable at any moment to be interrupted by the execution of the National Assembly's sentence, "Death by the Guillotine;" which fate Paine escaped by the merest chance.

The French nation was in an anarchy of social and political excitement, unequalled in modern history. The doctrines of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Holbach and the school of the Encyclopædists were being put to the test of practice.

Then geology was unknown. In its place were a few wild and unsubstantial theories without verification. During this time, geology has gained a solid footing, adding greatly to the stores of knowledge. It has shown that death was in the world, ages before man, forever upsetting the theological idea, that it was sent as a punishment for sins committed in the garden of Eden. It has overthrown the Mosaic chronology, and shown that the Jewish record covers, as it were, but a moment of time, compared to the countless ages it has taken to produce the many changes seen in the earth's crust—has exploded the traditions of the deluge of Noah by showing that similar great submerges have occurred many times in the world's history, and may occur again; has exposed the utter unreliability of the Bible account of creation, and thus struck another deadly blow at so-called revelation, wringing from a Christian divine, the acknowledgement, that the first four chapters of Genesis must be looked upon as an Eastern allegory, and finally, it has demonstrated that the same causes which have in the past wrought great crises, are in operation to-day. And the "Age of Reason" was being brought forward with all the fiery energy of the long oppressed French nation.

Exasperated by ages of tyranny and spoliation; intoxicated with their newly found liberty, and filled with ardent enthusiasm for the Republic, there is little wonder that liberty ran to license and intolerance, and reason to madness.

Carlisle says, "all France was in a wild paroxysm which only human blood would appease." But in this wild tempest, was struck a fatal blow at the divine right of kings, which, up to that time, had been the unquestioned law of the world, and from which blow it has not, and probably never will, recover.

But a few months previous, the science of chemistry was born, by the discovery, by Priestly, of oxygen gas, which was the basis of a real chemistry, for all before this, was but little more than alchemy, but here was possible a real knowledge of the constitution of this world. From this discovery, the science has advanced, step by step, to the re-discovery of the great fundamental law of the Universe, the correlation of force. Coincident with this, came the invention of the spectroscope which shows us, that not only our planetary system, but the far off stars, are substantially, of the same matter as our own globe, and this demonstrates the unity of the Universe, and that these crises are the results of natural causes, and not from the caprice or revenge of a supernatural God.

Out of this study of nature has grown the conviction that man has ascended from the lower animals; that instead of being created by the Jehovah in his form and image, and fashioned by his hand from clay, it is now shown that he is related to all that have lived before him, linking him to all the past; that he is the product of all the ages, instead of being an especial creation of some short-sighted deity who soon cursed and regretted his handiwork. By this knowledge another shock has been given to revelation, which has lost ground it can never regain. Oken, Lamarck, and Darwin deserve the hearty commemoration of their fellow men, for the flood of light they have thrown on this subject and their labors. Darwin is an instance of what effect a single career may have on the destinies of man. During this period have been made the researches of Gall and Spurzheim on the organization and functions of the human brain, demonstrating that man acts according to his organization and surroundings, in virtue of the laws of his being, and of necessity; and thus is forever thrust out the assumption of the freedom of the will which has rested on man as an incubus, and been in the hands of priests the prolific means of domination and tyranny.

Philosophy has also made great advances in these years, and has come to realize the comparative futility

of the deductive method in the solution of problems, and now recognizes that its path to success lies in the inductive method. It has mostly laid aside its facts of consciousness and has learned that its true course is to study phenomena, and from their examination discover the governing laws. It has left its beaten track, trodden for thousands of years, finding the methods of the past barren of results; it has left off building from the top downward, and gains its proof from the opposite method. From this great change of base we look for splendid results, and may feel the highest encouragement in this direction, for see how great has been the achievements of the scientists since they laid aside their *a priori* methods, and have gone to Nature and the laboratory to examine for themselves, to question the constitution of things, to *analyze and combine*, to *test and weigh*, and thus to get knowledge instead of theories.

See what practical applications have been made, by these means adding to man's comfort. Steam, as a motor, is working vast changes in the conditions of society, bringing man in contact with his fellows, eliminating national prejudices, and enabling him to realize that we are really brothers of one family, and thus ameliorating distinctions of race and belief.

The telegraph brings the events of the world to our breakfast table, the printing press gives us the mental stores of the past, and the last thought of the day for our enlightenment and consideration, and even the wind and the weather are predicted with almost absolute certainty.

These growing means are great social factors, all bearing on the human problem, the significance of which we can hardly realize. Men and things are being studied critically and profoundly, and the old foundations are now under trial as in a fiery furnace, and the time is not far distant when all men will ask for demonstration, and be led no more by dogmas assumed by the *artful* and *designing* or the *ignorant* and *bigoted*.

I think the crowning discovery of the period is, that of the *Human God*—the Supreme Being, *Humanity*—which is sure to supplant the supernatural Almighty, with his caprices and revenge, and replace that infantile conception with a rational object of worship, worthy of man's highest devotion.

If Comte had done nothing more than this, he would deserve to be enrolled in the front rank of the world's benefactors. But he has also shown that wealth, being the product of all, must have a social destination—a principle of immense importance in the present struggle between capital and labor, of which, as yet, we have had only the preliminary skirmishes.

Such are some of the results that have been reached in the last eighty years, and they are so grand and far reaching in the field of thought and action which they cover, so potent for good, that man may well take heart, even amid the toilsome struggles of to-day, and be filled with enthusiastic aspirations for the coming era of Brotherhood and Unity, for anticipating which, we as Socialists have been looked upon as fools and dreamers. But time brings its revenges, and not many generations shall pass before the organization of society will bring peace and plenty, in place of strife, starvation and misery, with which the world is filled.

Another source of encouragement is to be found in the growing unbelief in Supernaturalism; in the lessening hold of the priests and clergy on the people—notably so among the Protestants, which is shown by the increasing disrespect shown the clergy, and from the great number of scandals that have of late years come to light, as well as from increased enlightenment. The clergy realize that their grasp is growing weaker, and make great efforts to retain the connection, and it is quite the rule for them to come to the people in various ways—by the modification of doctrine, by the recognition somewhat of Science, by entertainments and amusements not long since looked upon as ungodly. Who now hears of infant damnation, literal hell, or resurrection of the body? These are relegated to the past, and in their place transcendental explanations of the nature of the Deity, of God as the soft shadow; of the Holy Ghost as a thin film, of hell as a condition of the conscience; and other important though important modifications of dogmas that, until now, have had their hold for ages. The Church realizes the gravity of the situation, and sees that the coming struggle involves the very existence of the Almighty. On the other hand, the Church of Rome insists on an even farther claim on its followers, and in its pretensions to infallibility, its dogmas of the immaculate conception; and its anathemas against modern science and its tendencies; it shows itself thoroughly reactionary, and must, before long, entirely forfeit its claim as a real spiritual power; for science is illuminating the world; and as knowledge increases so fades away the gloom of the dark ages. As the more we know, the less we believe. Fiction is replaced by facts, dogmas by natural law, and the fancies of the imagination, instead of being accepted as truths, take their proper place in the domain of poetry.

To my mind, there are three problems of importance now standing in the way of progress, and pressing for solution, viz; The theological, (God, Heaven, and Immortality), the relation of sexes, and the relation of capital and labor. And they are all on trial; substantial ghosts, that will not down, until they are settled beyond peradventure. The growing demand

for justice in all the relations of life, is leading on to daylight in these matters. Science and philosophy will seal the fate of theology; the study of history and a knowledge of the laws of the human organism will solve the sexual problem, and the organization of industry will harmonize capital and labor; and when these are settled, this life will be worth the living, and no longer a vale of tears, in which death is welcome. To this consummation have tended the efforts of all good men; to this end the instincts of the race point. This is the meaning of history; to this we are rapidly converging. Human unity becomes the central point, toward which, the race is traveling.

And as we see clearly the destiny of man, the objective aim that, *tho' never so blindly* through toil and struggle man's instincts have led him *through blood and sacrifice*. Let us gather up the names of those mighty men who have contributed to bring the era of knowledge and justice; let us carve them high on the fair temple of humanity, let us bring all the arts to their glorification, and, through sculpture, painting, and poesy, hold their careers up for imitation and emulation; re-people our Parthenon with Phidias, Pericles, Ptolemy and Pythagoras from classic Greece; bring from the East, Confucius, Zoroaster and Buddha, with Moses, Christ, and Mahomet. Let Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe represent poetry; Aristotle, Bacon, Mill and Comte stand for philosophy; Newton, Kepler, LaPlace, Huxley and Tyndall for modern science; and, also, let us place Voltaire, Hume, Rousseau and (the man in whose name we have met tonight), Thomas Paine, among this glorious company, as having been levers in the liberation of man; instruments, in their ages, of the mighty instincts, the great gulf stream of human tendencies, flowing through the ocean of time.

With these, and all others worthy of working for humanity, we will beautify our memorial halls, and may man be glorified in his conquests over ignorance, and happy in that realization, for which, he has ever yearned.

Restored from oblivion, cleared of calumnies and recognized at its true worth, will be found the name of Thomas Paine, the patriot, statesman, and philosopher.

Spencer, Huxley, and Cairnes, on Social Evolution.

IN THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 15th, I referred to three classes of thinkers on the question of Social Progress, but I shall not comment on those thinkers (the Degradationists) who maintain that the condition of man was originally perfect and has become one of hopeless degradation "until some great man restore us," although there are among them men, (other than those whom Dr. Marvin calls the rank and file of humanity, the insane, the followers of Moody and Sankey, and Robert Dale Owen,) men eminent in science, as for instance Hugh Miller. I confine my remarks to those thinkers, (the Progressionists), who assume that each stage of progress is upward, and is the outcome of the preceding stage; and that the series of stages, from the most savage to the most civilized, are a connected series of sequences.

Prof. Cairnes, in his article, "Mr. Spencer on Social Evolution," said of the thinkers who believe that man was originally a savage, and that the condition of society is one of progress and improvement, that, though Spencer and Huxley agree with Comte and Draper in the assumption that the progress of society has been, and will be, one of continuous improvement, that they disagree as to the method of demonstrating the truth of the assumption; and that Spencer and Huxley disagree as to the method of aiding progress in the future. As the dissident points in the sociology of the above named representatives of modern science are so great, I think that our anti-Christian writers and lecturers, who advocate *true* as well as *free* thought, should discriminate, and not link those representatives together so as to lead their readers and hearers to infer that the principles of their sociology are in perfect accord.

First, as to Huxley and Spencer; it is now five years since the former, in an article on "Administration Nihilism," said that, on the question of aiding progress in the future, he diverged widely from Spencer, who holds that the duty of a State is simply that of a policeman; that its duty is not to promote good or prevent evil, except so far as to enforce contracts, and inflict penalties on those who have been guilty of obvious and tangible assaults on persons and property; and that whatever government does beyond this is sure to be done badly, and worse than if done by private enterprise.

Spencer complained that Huxley misalled and misrepresented his (Spencer's) doctrine of "Negatively Regulated Control." Huxley's only rejoinder was that he had not done either, and that Spencer's reply, though argumentative and vigorous, may be repulsed. Cairnes shows that it may, and that Huxley's charge that Spencer advocates that *laissez faire* (let alone) should be "lord of all" in the State is justified by the concluding pages of Spencer's recent work, "Study of Sociology." Spencer affirms that the future of the human race depends on the action of motives of a private and personal kind, such as operate in the production of wealth; and that "the process of Social

Evolution is, in its general character, so far pre-determined that its successive stages cannot be antedated, and that hence no teaching or policy can advance it beyond a certain normal rate, which is limited by the rate of organic modification in organic human beings; yet it is quite possible to perturb, or retard or disorder the process." He says, "there cannot be more good done than that of letting social progress go on unhindered;" whereas, "an immensity of mischief may be done * * * by policies carried out in pursuit of erroneous conceptions." This general conclusion Spencer says may be discouraging. "Probably the more enthusiastic, hopeful of great amelioration in the state of mankind to be brought about by propagating this belief or initiating that reform, will feel that a doctrine negating their sanguine expectations takes away much of the stimulus to exertion. If large advances in human welfare can come only in the slow process of things, which will inevitably bring them, why should we trouble ourselves?"

Cairnes says that Spencer's answer to this very natural question is simply this, that on visionary hopes rational criticisms cannot but have a depressing influence, but "it is better to recognize the truth;" and Cairnes says, there cannot be any doubt as to the paralyzing effects of Spencer's teachings on laborers in the field of human welfare. He contrasts Mill's philosophy with that of Spencer, and says that Mill teaches that social progress rests with the individual men and women of each generation, who, within the range of their influence, make or mar human welfare; and that political institutions help or hinder human advance according as they are suited to the requirements of the time. He says that Mill warns us against such a calamitous delusion as Mr. Spencer's optimistic faith, and maintains "that there is an incessant and everflowing current of human affairs towards the worse, consisting of all the follies, vices, negligences, indolences and supinenesses of mankind; which is controlled and kept from sweeping all before it, by the exertions which some persons constantly, and others by fits, put forth in the direction of good and worthy objects. It gives a very insufficient idea of the importance of the strivings which take place to improve and elevate human nature and life, to suppose that their chief value consists in the amount of the actual improvement realized by their means, and that the consequences of their cessation would merely be that we should remain as we are. A very small diminution of those exertions would not only put a stop to improvement, but would turn the general tendency of things towards deterioration, which, once begun, would proceed with increasing rapidity, and become more difficult to check, until it reached a state often seen in history, and in which so many large portions of mankind even now grovel."

Cairnes says that evolution is a law of social existence, and that it depends on the efforts of those who are concerned in the issue whether it shall be toward improvement or deterioration. According to Spencer the future of the human race may be safely trusted to the action of motives of a private or personal kind. According to Mill social progress needs the support of other and higher aims to keep it in its path, so that if mankind or some moderate portion of them do not rise to the level of higher aims, and will not by strenuous and persistent efforts labor for social good, "scorning delights and living laborious days," retrogression is certain and inevitable. This, says Cairnes is the nature of the issue upon which the students of social science are called to exercise their judgment.

It is nearly five years since this issue was raised by Huxley. Spencer's reply to Huxley was published in the *Fortnightly Review*; Cairnes, rejoinder to Spencer's reply appeared in the same Review, in Jan. 1873, and was republished in the *Index* for July. This issue has not been noticed by the conductors of our Liberal journals, and the only notice of the rejoinder has been in the *Index*, and that merely refers to a statement that Mill was one of those who set the highest value on Cairnes intellectual powers. The question is of importance in relation to the respective influence of the philosophers cited.

Huxley argues that Spencer's principle, logically considered, extends to much more than the functions assigned to it by Spencer. Huxley says, if the function of a State is limited to not allowing one man to interfere with the liberty of another, it is a logical consequence that the State ought to compel my neighbor to clean his drains, and not poison the atmosphere which I breathe at the risk of typhus fever; and to vaccinate his children; and should compel him not to bring them up untaught and untrained to earn a living; and also not to leave strychnine lozenges in the way of my children. In these cases my neighbor restricts my freedom just as much as if he threatened my life with a pistol; and robs me by increasing my burden of taxation for jails and work-houses.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN CHAPPELSMITH.

New Harmony, Ind., Oct. 28, 1875.

"AUNT, did God make that man?" whispered a little four-year old to his companion, in the Jamaica Plain horse cars, as he looked askance at Mr. Wah Lee, one of the new laundrymen from the flowery kingdom, who sat opposite. "Certainly, my dear," was the reply; "and why do you ask such a question?" "Because, aunty, he didn't make the hinges to his eyes on straight,"

Man Not Degenerating.

The Modern Egyptian as Big as the Egyptian of thousands of years ago—The Modern Englishman Bigger than his Ancestors.

There never was a delusion with less evidence for it, except a permanent impression among mankind, which is often the result, not of accumulated experience, but of an ever-renewing discontent with the actual state of things. There is not the slightest evidence anywhere that man was ever bigger, stronger, swifter, or more enduring under the same conditions of food and climate than he is now.

As to the bigness, the evidence is positive. Modern Egyptians are as big as the mummies who were conquerors in their day, and modern Englishmen are bigger. There are not in existence a thousand coats of armor which an English regiment could put on. Very few moderns can use ancient swords, because the hilts are too small for their hands. Endless wealth and skill were expended in picking gladiators, and there is no evidence that a man among them was as big or as strong as Shaw. No skeleton, no statue, no picture, indicates that men in general were ever bigger. The Jews of to-day are as large as they were in Egypt, or larger. The people of the Romagna have all the bearing and more than the size of the Roman soldiery. No feat is recorded as usual with Greek athletes which English acrobats could not perform now.

There is no naked savage tribe which naked Cornishmen or Yorkshiremen could not strangle. No race exists of which a thousand men similarly armed would defeat an English, or German, or Russian regiment of equal numbers. Nothing is recorded of our forefathers here in England which Englishmen could not do, unless it be some feats of archery, which were the result of a long training of the eye continued for generations. The most civilized and luxurious family that ever existed, the European royal caste, is physically as big, as healthy, and as powerful as any people of whom we have any account that science can accept. Thiers' Frenchman is Cæsar's Gaul in all bodily conditions, and with an increased power of keeping alive, which may be partly owing to improved conditions of living, but is probably owing still more to developed vitality. There is no evidence that even the feeble races are feebler than they became after their first acclimatization.

The Bengalee was what we know him twelve hundred years ago, and the Chinaman was represented on porcelain just as he is now before the birth of Christ. No race ever multiplied like the Anglo-Saxon, which has had no advantage of climate, and till lately no particular advantage of food. Physical status depends on physical conditions, and why should a race better fed, better clothed, and better housed than it ever was before degenerate? Because it eats corn instead of berries? Compare the Californian and the Digger Indian. Because it wears clothes? The wearing of clothes, if burdensome—which the experience of army doctors in India as to the best costume for marching makes excessively doubtful, they declaring unanimously that breechless men suffer from varicose veins, as men wearing trousers do not—must operate as a permanent physical training. You carry weight habitually. Because they keep indoors? Compare English professionals with Tasmanian savages, living in identically the same climate, but living out of doors.

The conditions of civilization not only do not prohibit Capt. Webb, who would have outwalked, outswum, or strangled any German that Tacitus ever romanced about, but they enable him to live to seventy instead of dying at forty-five, as two thousand years ago he, then probably a slave bred for the arena, would have done.

That the human race, even under the best conditions, advances very little in physical capacities is true, but then it is true also that those conditions are fatal to the most powerful of the old improving forces, the survival of the fittest. Still an advance is perceptible in vital power, and we question whether a Greek swimmer would ever have crossed from Dover to Calais, just as strongly as we question whether the ancient world ever possessed a horse which would have achieved a place at Epsom. Why should men grow feeble in civilization any more than horses?—*London Spectator.*

"Safest to Believe."

It has often been argued that credulity is safer than scepticism—that "it is safest to believe;" inasmuch as if a man believes in heaven and hell, and there be no such places, he is, if no gainer, at least no loser; whereas the Infidel may lose, and cannot gain. Upon the same principle, it were safest to believe all the religions of the world at once—Christian, Mohammedan, Jewish, Hindoo, Confucian, and all the rest; because it is but insuring the matter by halves to trust to one only. If Allah be not the only God, and Mahomet be an imposter, there is no harm done and nothing lost; and if there be not a paradise in another world, there has been a pleasant dream of anticipated joys in this.

Let us ask, is the balance of profit and loss fairly struck? Are the chances all in favor of the religion-

ist, and all against the sceptic? Is there nothing to be thrown into the opposite scale? Surely much. If religion be a fallacy, it is a fallacy pregnant with mischief. It excites the fears without foundation; it fosters feelings of separation between the believer and the unbeliever; it consumes valuable time that can never be recalled, and valuable talents that ought to be better employed; it draws money from our pockets to support a deception; it teaches the elect to look upon their fellow men as heathens and castaways, living in sin here, and doomed to perdition hereafter; it awakens harassing doubts, gloomy despondency, and fitful melancholy; it turns our thoughts from the things of the world, where alone true knowledge is found; it speaks of temporal misery and temporal pleasures as less than nothing and vanity, and thus fosters indifference to the causes of the weal and woe of mankind; worse than all, it chains us down to an antiquated orthodoxy, and forbids the free discussion of those very subjects which it most concerns us to discuss. If religion be a fallacy, its votaries are slaves. Whereupon, then, rests the assertion, that if the religionist does not gain, he cannot lose? Is it nothing to lose time and talents, to waste our labor on that which is not bread, and our money upon that which profiteth not? Is it nothing to feel that the human beings that surround us are children of the devil, heirs of hell, sons of perdition? Is it nothing to think that we may perhaps look across the great gulf and see some one we have loved on earth tormented in a fiery lake; and hear him ask us to dip a finger in water that it may cool his parched tongue? Is it no loss to live in disquiet by day, and in fear by night; to pass through dark seasons of doubt and temptation, and to be conscious that we are but as strangers and pilgrims here, toiling through a weary valley of cares and sorrows? Is it no loss to hold back when truth oversteps the line of orthodoxy, and when there ought to be free discussion, to shrink before we know not what? Is all this no loss? Or, is it not rather the loss of all that a free and rational being most values?

Those engaged in the trade of religion, imagine themselves to have a mighty advantage against Infidels upon the strength of the old, worn-out argument that whether the Christian religion be true or false there can be no harm in believing; and that belief is, at any rate, the safer side. Now to say nothing of this old popish argument, which a sensible man must see is the very essence of popery, and would oblige us to believe all the absurdities and nonsense in the world: inasmuch as if there be no harm in believing, and there be some harm and danger in not believing, the more we believe, the better; and all the argument for any religion whatever would be, that it should frighten us out of our wits; the more terrible, the more true; and it would be our duty to become the converts of that religion, whatever it might be, whose priests could swear the loudest, and damn and curse the fiercest. This is a wolfish argument in sheep's clothing.

Sovereigns of Industry.

New York city, which like the State, is slow to avail itself of the benefits conferred by this Order, has at last a council established, which we understand, is in a flourishing condition, and is already enabling its members to purchase many of the necessities of life at considerably reduced rates. The leaders in this council are hard, earnest workers, who believe in co-operation, and are determined that "Earl" Council shall be an honor to the President of the National Council, for whom they here named it. Though the Order has been instituted primarily and principally for the purpose of co-operative buying and selling, or bringing the producer and consumer more immediately together, thus doing away with the services and profits of the "middle-men;" yet this council do not by any means intend to confine themselves to this purpose merely, but to make their weekly gatherings entertaining and instructive by the discussion of various subjects pertaining to the welfare and progress of mankind. The intellect, ability, and earnestness among its members are an earnest of its success in this direction. We advise our liberal friends to learn more of this organization, and if satisfied of its utility to lend a helping hand. M.

GOD'S VICEGERENTS.—John Allberger, in his "Monks and Popes," says: "Of the two hundred and ninety-seven Popes who have filled the papal chair; twenty-four were anti-popes; twenty-six were deposed; nineteen were compelled to abandon Rome; twenty-eight were kept on the papal throne by foreign intervention; fifty-four were obliged to rule over foreign parts; sixty-four died by violence; eighteen were poisoned; one was strangled; one was smothered; one died by having nails driven into his temples; one by a noose around his neck; and only one hundred and fifty-three out of the whole number proved themselves at all worthy men."

Two thousand oystermen, working one thousand vessels, of various kinds, are harvesting the oyster crop near this city. They estimate the crop at two million bushels, which will return a profit of six or seven hundred thousand dollars.

The Truth Seeker,

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D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

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DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

Among the many extravagant and improbable stories with which the Bible abounds, few are more extraordinary and incredible than those related in the book called Daniel. Who the author of the book was, cannot be known. It purports to have been written by Daniel, who lived over six hundred years before Christ; but it is thought by Bible critics that portions of the book were written in the time of the Maccabees, less than two hundred years before Christ; but it is not very material how this was. It is a book of wonderful stories and remarkable dreams—which entitles it to rank with the last book in the Bible, called "Revelations"—which reads like the ravings of a mad man, and which none but an insane person can understand.

The dreams of Daniel about the beasts that rose up out of the water, the horns that grew and extended to the host of heaven and pulling down some of the host thereof, (probably meaning the stars, and it must have been a long horn, and a strong one to reach so far and do such execution); his dreams of images, etc., etc., have been a great puzzle to divines for centuries. Scores of times have these sage divines, by counting the "horns," the "images," the "times," and the "weeks," mentioned in Daniel, been able to predict to a day and an hour, when the day of "eternal smash" was to come, and the end of all sublunary things take place. Oft and oft again, within the last forty years, have the saints had their ascension robes made, and held themselves in readiness to "go up" at the sound of the trumpet, to meet their Savior in the air; but as often have they been disappointed; for in every case has the final day of all things been postponed, and the wise heads have returned to the book of Daniel to more carefully count the weeks, the times and the horns, to fix another date in the near future, when the awful day should surely come—when the end of time would certainly arrive.

Within a few months, even, the last great disappointment in this line occurred; the Lord failed to put in an appearance, and the saints were under the painful necessity of again laying away their ascension robes, while the knowing ones and the interpreters of dreams and visions had again to overhaul their spiritual arithmetic and make a new calculation as to just when the dread day shall surely come. Whether another day is positively set for the "Son of Man" to appear in the clouds, when all the faithful will ascend to meet him, is more than we can say. If it has not been, it doubtless will be, again to disappoint the ardent expectations of credulous dupes. Although many have said in year past that if the final day did not come at a certain date in the near future, that they would no longer have faith or confidence in the word of God, yet, when the day passed, and nothing unusual happened, they again turned to their Bibles as fondly as ever, to count the horns of the beasts, to estimate the weeks, and times, and half-times, to solve this time with unerring certainty the great mysteries of God. It is one of the curiosities of poor human nature to observe what simpletons and fools men and women can make of themselves in matters of religion and faith in that old book, and what importance they attach to dreams and meaningless visions.

Daniel seems to have left Judea in the reign of King Jehoiakim, when he was quite a youth, at the time his nation was taken captive by Nebuchadnezzar, and carried to Babylon, and with three other Hebrew children seemed to be taken into special favor by the king in their new home. His name was changed from Daniel to Belteshazzar at the time the names of his companions were also changed; it was decided they should be taught the literature of the Chaldeans and to be fed three years upon the

same quality of meat and wine of which the king partook. doubtless, upon the supposition that this kind of diet would contribute to their physical and mental growth. The four young men, however, it seems decided not to eat the meat and drink the wine of the king but to use a diet of pulse and water, which probably was much like our bean-porridge—a good enough dish, now and then; but perhaps hardly the thing for a steady diet. They, however, seemed to flourish finely upon it, for at the end of ten days they were looking more plump and healthy than any of the other children who lived upon the king's prescribed diet, and they were allowed to have their own way in the matter of food.

It seems by the narrative that Nebuchadnezzar had a remarkable dream, so remarkable, in fact, that he could not remember a word of it. He, however, called all his magicians and wise men together to tell him what his dream was which he had forgotten. The king was so unreasonable as to threaten them all with death if they did not tell him what he had dreamed. It was in vain that they remonstrated with him, and told him it was an unreasonable demand which no living person could comply with, for he still insisted upon the terms being carried out which he had laid down. Had not Daniel come forward and announced to the king that he could declare unto him, not only his dream, but the interpretation also, there is no telling how many of these poor magicians would have been executed. After four days of thought and labor, upon the strength of the bean-porridge diet, Daniel—if we are to believe the story—told the king what he had dreamed, which was about a great image, with a head of gold, breast and arms of silver, belly and thighs of brass, and legs and feet of iron and clay. Whether this was precisely the dream which "old Neb" had dreamed, nobody knows, and perhaps he did not know himself, but inasmuch as the young man boldly declared it to him and said with confidence, it was the dream, the old king seemed to be satisfied, and after hearing the interpretation, he conferred great honors upon Daniel, giving him fine presents and making a great man of him.

It might be supposed such a mark of divine power as Nebuchadnezzar had received, would have converted him to the true faith, and made him a worshiper of the God of the Jews, but not so, for in the very next chapter we are told about his erecting an image of gold, sixty cubits, or one hundred and ten feet high—the most valuable god of which any mention is made in sacred or profane history, and one which, must be supposed, would seriously tax all the gold mines in the world. At this time, when we have the gold mines of California, Nevada, Australia and South America, which at that time were unknown, would, combined, find it to be no easy matter to turn out gold enough in a year to make a god over one hundred feet in height and eleven feet across.

Nebuchadnezzar commanded that every person in his kingdom should bow down to this golden god, which all seemed to do readily enough, save Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; and for refusing to do so, they were thrown into a fiery furnace heated expressly for the occasion and made seven times hotter than usual, with not the slightest harm, however, to the three young men, thrown bound into the seething fire, but sudden death to the strong man who threw them in. As all who did not bow down to the image were thrown into the furnace, and as Daniel was not thrown in; we are to infer that he bowed down to the image. If he did not, he surely was unlike the great bulk of his race, who have ever proved themselves to cherish a warm and devoted admiration for gold.

Ten years after this, and thirty-three years from the date of Nebuchadnezzar's first dream, behold, he had another dream which troubled him greatly. This time his dream was about a tall tree which reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof to the ends of the earth. (Where the ends of the earth are located, is not told us). Daniel was again called upon to interpret this dream, which he easily did, which was, that Nebuchadnezzar should be driven from the habitation of men, to dwell with the beasts of the field and to eat grass like an ox; and "seven times" were to pass over, before he should return, when he should become aware that the Most High ruled in heaven.

The king murmured at this remarkable prophecy or decree, as well he might, but there was no mercy nor pity for him. That self-same hour he was driven forth from the sons of men, and he abode in the fields; he was wet with the dews of heaven, and he ate grass, sure enough, like an ox. It is not known to this day how long "seven times" was, that the old king was thus debarred from the society of men; but at all events it was long enough for his hair to grow out like eagle's feathers, and his nails like bird's claws. When, it is intimated, he was restored to his throne and his kingdom, though but little is afterwards said about him.

The story is a very extraordinary one, to say the least. The stomach and digestive apparatus of the human race is differently constituted, from the bovine class of animals, and is very illy calculated for subsisting upon grass, and it is very difficult to understand how a man could live upon grass, and how his hair could become like eagle's feathers.

It is singular, also, that the Chaldeans, who were among the most enlightened nations of that age of the world, should allow their king to stray into the fields and live there like an ox. If he became demented or insane, they doubtless would have taken better care of him than that. It is very remarkable, too, if such an occurrence ever did take place with one of their great kings, that their histories should contain no mention of it, and that no body in the world should ever have mentioned it, save the author of the book of Daniel. It should be taken as truth, with many grains of allowance.

When Belshazzar succeeded to the throne of Babylon, after his father had "gone to grass," he seemed to go in for having a good time, and got up a great feast, at which a thousand guests attended. In the midst of the hilarity, however, an event took place which produced a sudden damper upon the king's rejoicing. A hand became visible, and wrote four words—"Mene, mene, tekel upharsin"—upon the wall of the festival room, and none of the astrologists and sooth-sayers could interpret the meaning of the ominous words; but when, at the suggestion of the queen, Daniel was called for, he soon unravelled the mystery, and read it off forthwith. It meant that the days of the kingdom were numbered; that the king was weighed in the balance and found wanting; and that the kingdom was divided and given to the Medes and Persians. It was like a "word and blow," for "in that night was Belshazzar slain."

Darius was the next ruler in the country and Daniel succeeded in securing his good will and in obtaining office under him, as he had with his predecessors. Daniel was a very prayerful individual and he prayed regularly at stated times; but his enemies induced Darius to sign a royal decree that whoever should ask any petition of God or man for thirty days, save of the king, he should be cast into the den of lions. This made no difference with our good Daniel, and he kept on praying every day as was his wont. When this intelligence was brought to the ears of the king he was very sorrowful, for Daniel was a favorite of his, but as the laws of the Medes and Persians could not be changed he caused Daniel to be thrown into the den of lions. It is probable these were not wild lions, roaming the forests, for they do not, in a state of nature, congregate in "dens." The "den" was probably a cage where lions, more or less tamed, were kept, either for exhibition or other purposes, something as Van Amburgh, Barnum and other men have done in our time.

Within the last thirty years it has been a very common thing for some one connected with a menagerie to enter the lions' cage in course of the performance, and go through various exercises. If the lions are well fed and under a good degree of training, they seldom have offered to do any injury to those who have thus entered their cages. Some persons, doubtless by their superior magnetic powers, are able to control, to a great extent, animals, as well as men. Van Amburgh, doubtless, possessed this peculiarity in his intercourse with lions, as Rarey did with the horse. Is it not improbable that Daniel also possessed similar characteristics? If, however, the lions had just been fed and their bellies were full, and an old man like Daniel—for he then had got to be about eighty years of age, and probably somewhat

shrivelled and dried up, it is quite possible the beasts would voluntarily let him alone, and this without the interference of God or any of his angels.

Those, however, who choose to think that a miracle was performed in this case, and are of the opinion that God caused the mouths of the beasts to be closed, so they could not bite his servant Daniel, certainly have the right to entertain such belief. How would such persons like to make the test, by having a dozen priests make long prayers over them, imploring the protection of heaven, and then be thrown into a cage with a lot of hungry lions? Would they be willing to trust themselves to the safe keeping of their God under such circumstances? Is God less able, or less disposed to stop lions' mouths now, than twenty-five hundred years ago? If he did it then, why not now? It is our opinion God and angels interfered very little with the mouths of lions; they are, doubtless, left to be governed by the natures they are endowed with; and this was the case in Daniel's time as much as now; but it being a free country, any one can believe the affair took place as narrated; and can also believe it was a striking miracle if they can persuade themselves to do so.

After this Daniel went into the dreaming business, and some of his dreams portended great events. One of his dreams was in reference to four beasts rising from the sea, one of which was like unto a bear with three ribs in his mouth and the rib spoke and uttered words. That certainly sounds like a dream and a crazy one at that. His second dream was about a big ram with long horns which bore down everything before it, till he met a goat, also with a long horn, and more powerful than he, which proved too much for him.

Daniel's dreams may be of vast importance to the human race, and it may be, God busied himself in writing them down for after generations, but if so, the world has hardly realized any benefit from it, except to have something to quarrel over and puzzle their simple minds about. It would seem, God could be able to find more important employment.

Besides dreams, Daniel also had visions while asleep with his face to the ground, and wherein they differed from dreams, is not very clear. One was about Michael, the great prince, when he shall stand up, and many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth, shall awake, some to everlasting life, and others to everlasting contempt. Daniel enquired of a man dressed in linen, and who stood upon the water, how it was, and the man told him there would be one thousand, two hundred and ninety days before it should take place; but that number of days, and that number of years passed, without the vision being fulfilled. Thousands are still enquiring, "when shall it be?" But old Daniel himself passed off the stage without knowing what his vision meant, and we will all do the same; we shall never know what the meaning of these vision was, for the simple reason that there was no meaning in it. Of such dreams and chimeras is the Christian creed composed.

Another Letter from Erastus F. Brown.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2d, 1875.

D. M. BENNETT, Esq.—*Sir*: My letter, printed in the last number of your paper, was neither intended for you, nor for publication. It was sent as a private communication to a gentleman, as a thrust at your "Open Letter," sent to me by him. Through a mistake which I very much regret, it was sent to you, and blazoned in your paper.

"The Christianity of Christ." What is this dreadful thing toward which you are striving to play the part of Hercules towards the Lernaean Hydra? Theodore Parker, in his tract, entitled, "A Lesson for the Day," thus describes it: "The Christianity of Christ is the highest and most perfect ideal ever presented to the longing eyes of man," and in his review of "Strauss' Life of Jesus," he says: "To write down the true Christian Church seems to me as absurd as to write down the solar system, or put an end to tears, joys and prayers. Still less have we any fear that Christianity itself should come to an end, as soon appear to fancy: a form of Religion which has been the parent and guardian of all modern civilization; which has sent its voice to the end of the world, and now addresses equally the heart of the beggar and of the monarch; which is the only bond between societies; an institution cherished and clung to, by the choicest hopes and the deepest desires of the human race, is not in a moment to be displaced."

"Ever since the day that he was in the flesh, the Redeemer's image has been stamped ineffaceably on the

hearts of men; even if the letter should perish,—which is holy only because it preserves to us this image,—the image itself would remain forever. It is stamped so deeply in the hearts of men that it can never be effaced, and the words of the Apostle will ever be true, "Lord, wither shall we go? thou only hast the words of eternal life."

But what is offered to us in the place of this, so precious? James Fitzjames Stephen, in his recent work, entitled, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," says: "Each must act as he thinks best, and if he is wrong, so much the worse for him. We stand on a mountain pass in the midst of whirling snow and blinding mists, through which we get glimpses, now and then, of paths, which may be deceptive. If we stand still, we shall be frozen to death. If we take the wrong road, we shall be dashed to pieces. We do not certainly know whether there is any right one."

Turning from this dark picture, to the "Christianity of Christ," let us say, sweet it is with courage-giving hopes. From your "Open Letter to Jesus Christ," I will now assume that you are bewildered, by the supernatural history of his life; but there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy. The wise Lord Bacon said: "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." I therefore urge you to drink deep, or taste not; shallow draughts intoxicate, drink largely; and that will sober you. Then will the truth break upon your mind, "that Nature and the Supernatural together constitute the one system of God."

Yours,

ERASTUS F. BROWN.

REPLY.—While we perceive a decided improvement in the tone and style of the above, when compared with Mr. Brown's previous letter, published in our last, we cannot but notice the peculiarity of his defense. He says now, that letter was not intended for publication, nor for us to see. Can it be possible he would direct a letter to us; call us a deliberate liar; say we were a child of the Devil; ask why we presumed to trouble his master, and wind up with the sage advice to us, *to be decent*, and not mean it for our eye, but to be read by a near friend of ours? Does that put any better face on the matter? If it is *Christian* to write a scurrilous, untruthful letter, to be read only by cherished friends, with the design that it should not be read by the party nominally addressed, we cannot think it is *honorable* or gentlemanly. Is that such a "thrust" as a just man would be likely to make? Under other circumstances we do not believe Mr. Brown could think so himself, as he is undoubtedly a gentleman. We must, then, attribute his course in this matter, to his creed, or religion, and not to his own inherent sense of right. It is another item in the long score against Christianity.

We have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Brown, but from the admiration he has for the character of Jesus, we judge the organ of veneration is well developed in his cranium; we venture the opinion that the center part of his head is somewhat elevated. Jesus is his model of excellence and true worth, and his veneration impels him to worship and adore that ideal. Our head is rather level on the top, and it is not easy for us to venerate and worship *any* mythical, doubtful character.

Nothing in the world is more fully proved, than that human beings can easily be made to believe in imaginary personages, and that, by constantly hearing the good qualities of any individual who has lived continually lauded and be-praised, that an undue degree of admiration and reverence is excited.

What can be more real to an imaginative child, than the absolute existence of St. Nicholas or "Santa Claus"—the patron saint for juveniles during the Christmas holidays? A little girl, who, on Christmas morning, finds a beautiful doll or a set of toy-dishes in her stocking, believes, just as firmly, in the existence and goodness and benignity of Santa Claus, and would be as indignant to hear his personality or good character questioned, as Mr. Brown is, in reference to his demi-god, Jesus. Has not the little girl ocular demonstration that Santa Claus exists, and thinks of her and loves her? Has Mr. Brown anything more? Has he as much?

Unfortunately for Jesus and his worshipers, there is a great want of authenticity, in the first place, as to his existence. We have simply the statements of what purports to be biographies of him, written by four individuals of whom we know nothing and can know nothing, and which is entirely unconfirmed by any cotemporaneous history. It does appear that these stories were not known to be in existence for

over one hundred years after Jesus is said to have lived, and even according to the claims of Christian writers, the gospels were not written till thirty, and some of them sixty years after Jesus died.

When the great difficulty which always exists in obtaining the real facts in all occurrences and items of history is remembered; when it is borne in mind that right here among ourselves, where the facilities for writing, printing and rapidly disseminating intelligence are a thousand times greater than eighteen hundred years ago; when we know it is a fact that not a strictly truthful report was ever written of a single battle that occurred in our recent war; when it is a truth that, in the compiling of the great "American Cyclopædia," now being revised and re-published by the Appletons, upon which there are engaged such an able corps of editors and revisers, who assiduously and constantly labor to keep out all errors and mistakes, when, despite all the caution and watchfulness, the most glaring mistakes have crept in with regard to our Croton water works, the capacity of the various reservoirs, and the amount of water discharged from each, as well as other statistics in reference to Croton, which would seem could be easily and correctly obtained; when, we say, these facts are borne in mind, as well as the truth that the early fathers and founders of Christianity were notorious for their inventions and pious frauds, can we, with any degree of certainty, take the statements of unknown persons, who are supposed to have lived nearly two thousand years ago, especially when they relate many things that are impossible and could never have occurred?

If Jesus was begotten by a ghost—if he had no father, except an invisible, impalpable, imponderous phantom, what earthly chance had Matthew or Luke to know anything about it? They make no claim of writing by inspiration, and if they did, could we believe them implicitly? If any one or two writers, or reporters, or priests, should now write a statement that a young, obscure girl had become a mother without one of the opposite sex having intercourse with her, would the world believe such a story? Ought it to believe it? Were story-tellers in olden time any more reliable than now? Were not fable, fiction and error more blended with what they meant for *history* than in the present age of the world? When in recitals of the present time we find we are compelled to take them with many grains of allowance, is it not quite as necessary to use caution in this direction with the uncertain stories of olden time? Is there any virtue in belief without proof? Is not the little girl who believes in Santa Claus upon the strength of what she is told, equally as meritorious as Mr. Brown who believes in the remarkable conception, the remarkable life, the remarkable death, and the remarkable resurrection and ascension of Jesus, simply because four unknown and unreliable persons agreed indifferently in saying so?

Matthew states that at the crucifixion the sun ceased to give light for several hours, that terrible earthquakes occurred which opened the graves, and that those who were dead and buried came forth out of their graves and mixed again with their former companions; is it not a little singular that neither Mark, Luke, nor John, nor Peter, Paul, nor Jude, nor Celsus, Josephus, nor Pliny knew nothing and said nothing about it? If such an occurrence should take place now, can it be supposed one single individual would be all who would take any notice of it? Is any sensible person under any obligation to believe a writer when he states such great improbabilities, especially when he can be convicted of a score of mis-statements in other lesser matters? Is there any virtue in believing a falsehood at any time?

We do not say that Jesus never lived, but we do say there is no proof that he did. When we consider that what are called the "four gospels" might very easily have been written by Eusebius or some of the other early fathers, priests or monks who were anxious to transplant the older pagan mythologies of the East into Judea and to re-localize the antique notions of India, Persia and Egypt, and when it is known to be a fact that almost every incident narrated in the life of Jesus had its prototype more than five hundred

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Foundations.

BY JOHN SYPHERS.

The Scriptures inform us that a house built upon the sand must sooner or later *tumble*. A good solid foundation is indispensable to the permanency of a house or a castle in architecture, and equally so in respect to a religious organization or church. When we hunt for the *bed rock* of the organization, called "the church." We must admit that it is something hard to find. That sure foundation stone, that was once laid in Zion, has slipped from under it by some means or other. Modern religion rests on no natural *facts* or *principles*, but is based upon a few myths, a few superstitions, a few bogus miracles, and a *big ghost story*!

I design to look into this big spook story, so intimately connected with the life and history of the hero of the New Testament, Jesus Christ. I have often wished that the ghost story connected with the birth of Christ had been left out of his history. Even if it were literally true, I think it would have been much better to have left it out. If Christ is a sure foundation stone, laid in Zion, upon which to build the Church of the world, I don't think the story that he was ghost-begotten and virgin-born helps the foundation in the least. It makes the foundation no broader, no deeper, no firmer to tell that spooky story about his mother's intimacy with a ghost in the overshadowing business.

The story seems to be so completely outside of the ordinary course of things, that it has caused his followers to become the objects of much ridicule and laughter, as well as the butt of many a sarcastic joke. The story seems to the minds of the "unregenerate" as a faithful copy of an old Egyptian story concerning the virginity of the mother of one of their great redeemers, saviors, reformers or law-givers, if not gods. Matthew and the other evangelists tell this story of ghostly intercourse just as if they had been present and saw it all; but they knew not that such a man existed until he was thirty years old, and had thrown away the hammer, the square, the saw and the jack-plane and had gone into the preaching business. It follows, then, that this story which they have been telling the world, was all hearsay with them, and to us it must be third or fourth-handed. Mary should have told this story to the world herself if it was true. She would be better testimony than even Christ himself, as all that he would be supposed to know about the matter would be what his mother told him.

The general popular idea of a ghost is, that it is something very thin. If the thing actually took place as narrated, it is the most masterly piece of materializing to be found in all the annals of the past. If that ghost actually did do what is ascribed to it in the sacred Scriptures, if God was really the father of this gifted young man, possessing such fine spiritualistic powers and mediumistic development, then he must have completely materialized himself to get within the laws governing the transmission of animal life. A bare, unmaterialized ghost is altogether too thin a substance to exercise those laws and functions necessary to reproduction. The thinking portion of the world must and ever will look upon this story as being concocted by the parties interested, as a dodge by which to get rid of certain odious reflections which society was sure to heap upon the parent who gave birth to children under such very suspicious circumstances.

Many church people turn up their noses at the modern manifestations of spiritual power, declaring that they don't believe in ghosts, no, not they! It is a sure sign of a weak mind to believe in ghosts, say they, and yet the very first thing you strike on opening their New Testament, is one of the most improbable ghost stories to be found in the religious annals of the whole world; that a ghost—a holy ghost, *i. e.*, a good ghost—should be the father of a child by a little curly-headed, black-eyed Jewish girl. The people in the town where she lived, doubtless had many a laugh over the story she or her friends set afloat, that she was with child by a ghost!

When Joseph and little Mary went up to the city of Bethlehem to be taxed, they found that the scandal had got there before them, and the landlord at the hotel would not keep them. They were notorious characters, and their names as connected with this scandal had spread abroad.

The historians try to smooth the matter over by saying that the hotel was full, and that there was no room for them. If that little Jewish girl ever did make that old bachelor—Joseph, the barn-builder—believe that the father of her child was a ghost, then she was not only smart but tricky as well. And Joseph, the old fool, I do wonder if he lived all his life and never discovered how completely she had pulled the wool over his eyes? I am sorry to have to say it, but I must be true to myself and put myself square upon the record before I leave this world forever, by saying that I feel just as sure that this whole Jesus business is a "put-up" job upon an ignorant world, as I am sure that I am in this room at this time, and writing with this pen.

The vicarious business, or salvation by proxy, or salvation through the name of Christ, or by the or any one else, I am mentally, morally and spir-

itually certain is one of the most monstrous humbugs that ever was perpetrated upon man. Man must save himself by a growth in knowledge and a continual development into higher conditions of spirituality and purity. I have found out to a demonstrated certainty, that there is no other name under heaven or among men whereby I can be saved, save the name of John Syphers, and him not crucified, either. And, my dear reader, you will yet find out the same things concerning yourself, either in this world or in the next. But the great foundation of the faith of the sectarian religious world is an old religious work called the Bible, or rather Bi-bills, as it was for a long time called, it being a collection of old bills which had been laid by for a great while before the thought struck the priests to collect them into a book. The New Testament is a compilation, a collection of a great many small pamphlets on religious subjects, written, most of them, by a little tailor who plied his needle and thread, and hung out his shingle—Andy Johnson like—in the city of Damascus, until a streak or wave of inspiration struck him, and then he broke his needle, took down his sign and started out preaching.

In the old part of this great old foundation book, upon which everything has been built, and by which every vile chimera that ever danced through the cranium of visionary men, has been proved, is told many amusing stories, one or two of which I will take a little peep at before closing this article.

The Lord is not only the hero, but also a star actor upon the wide theater of the Old Testament as well as the New. He generally played leading and heavy parts. At one time he was billed to appear in the country of the Orient as a "city burner," but in this role I do not think he distinguished himself by adding anything to a good reputation. At one time he determined to destroy a certain city. What the provocation was, I know not, but opine that it was altogether whimsical on his part, for it seems to me nothing could justify a Lord or anybody else in destroying a whole city from the face of the earth for any cause whatever. In these wholesale destructions the innocent must suffer with the guilty, the babe and the innocent child with the adult. The Lord held a council in his audience chamber and elected that certain cities must burn. But before applying the torch and playing the incendiary on so large a scale, he thought it best to set a price on the towns. He actually came down and capitulated with the inhabitants concerning the destruction of their town. He thought fifty righteous men about a fair price for a city of its size. He levied no contribution, either in gold or greenbacks upon them. As for gold, it was already a drug in his kingdom, so much so, indeed, that the very streets were paved with it. But he demanded of them (very unfortunately) the very thing of which just at that time they were about as good as out of. Good, solid, honest, upright and righteous men were at that time so very scarce in the city, that it would take a philosopher with five lamps, all well trimmed and burning in broad daylight to find one!

Now if this Lord was a real, genuine Lord, and not a bogus article, he knew well enough their impoverished condition with respect to the article demanded; he knew that he was setting the price too high—so high, indeed, that they never could reach it. He promised faithfully that if the fifty men, possessing the requisite qualifications, were forthcoming against a given time, he would spare the city; but if not, *up she goes in flame and smoke!*

But the poor, frightened citizens, Mayor and other officials, when they came to canvass the city, they found it to be very like many of our modern cities—the righteous men that it contained could all be counted on your fingers and then have plenty of fingers to spare. Men who could fill the bill were found to be alarmingly scarce. They soon discovered that their only salvation consisted in being able to Jew the Lord down in his price. They returned to the Lord with long faces, beclouded with gloom, and told him that there was no use talking, unless he would come down in his price, the city was doomed.

The Lord then graciously reconsidered the matter, and came to the conclusion that perhaps he had been a little too steep in his price. He then, with great reluctance, reduced the price from forty to thirty, and even came down to ten men; and at that low figure, even, they had to give it up, being entirely unable to raise that number. But why did he demand fifty men at first, when he knew very well (if he knew all things) that the whole city could not scare up a baker's dozen of her citizens who could fill the bill? The whole thing, from first to last, was a very shabby transaction.

Now, if that ancient Lord, who figures so conspicuously in the role of an incendiary and town-burner, is the same one that they preach about now-a-days, then I cannot worship him for a moment. I cannot work up my organ of veneration to such a pitch as to throw myself on my knees before him, considering all the mean things that sacred history lays to his charge. I cannot worship him, nor indeed scarcely treat him with decent respect.

In the olden time, this great Lord of the Christians used to keep some old, bald-headed men going about as his ministers, attending to business for him. You remember, no doubt, the Bible story of one of these,

a poor, miserable old soul, "barefooted on the top of his head," who thought himself a prophet. He was going on a mission of the Lord's up to a certain city, no doubt to prophecy against the inhabitants thereof, was accidentally spied by some children who were at play by the roadside. They began to poke a little fun at him, and the fearful consequence was that the Lord sent his bears down upon the little mischiefs, and they were devoured by them.

This was a very foolish act on the part of the Lord, for the children were only in fun. The prophet was nobody but a superannuated, worn-out old man, who was not worth to the world, either physically, mentally or morally the powder and lead that would blow him up! Why must so many bright-eyed, beautiful, cheerful, sprightly, laughing, curly-headed little boys and girls be eaten up by bears for his sake? The world and society had much at stake in these children. They were the idols of loving parents, and the future hope of the country. But what had the world at stake in the old bald-head? Nothing, absolutely nothing. If the Lord's bears had to eat somebody, why did he not turn them loose on the old, defunct man, and let the children live? How many children does it usually take to make a couple of the Lord's bears a mess, *anyhow*? But that depends, I suppose, altogether upon how hungry they are. Now my private opinion, publicly expressed, is, that there is a bare possibility that this bear story is a bare-faced lie!

I do not write these things to assist in destroying the Bible, which has many sweet and spiritual things in it, but to assist in breaking the spell which enshrouds the minds of thousands upon thousands who worship it as an idol, and think ignorantly that it is the only foundation, and on it the salvation of man hinges, and the hope of the world rests. Every idol must be broken to pieces by the great hammer of truth and reason, wielded by the strong arms of the iconoclasts of the age, before men will be taught the great lesson that they must look to themselves alone for salvation.

Big stories, like Gulliver's travels,
In a Bible are much out of place;
They're all right in Don Quixote and Crusoe,
But to a Bible the greatest disgrace.

Glimpse of an Un-holy Bible.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: I send you a short clip from a book just ready for the press. It has been supposed that Paine exposed nearly all the the gross blunders of the Bible, but he does not show *one in a hundred*. The book referred to will be a complete work, annotated and with references given. It will astonish even the deepest reader, and will only deal in apparent errors.

"And it came to pass, in the four hundred and eightieth year, after the children of Israel were come out of the land of Egypt, in the fourth year of Solomon's reign over Israel, in the month of Zif, which is the second month, that he began to build the house of the Lord (1 Kings, vi. 1.)

"Now these are the generations of Pharez: Pharez begat Hezron, and Hezron begat Ram, and Ram begat Aminadab, and Aminadab begat Naashon, and Naashon begat Salmon, and Salmon begat Boaz, and Boaz begat Obed, and Obed begat Jesse, and Jesse begat David." (Ruth, iv. 18-22.) (Matt. 1-2-6.) "And Judas—Judas begat Pharez."

Just so, that makes assurance doubly sure. Ten generations from Judah to Solomon.

"David was thirty years old when he began to reign and he reigned forty years." (2 Sam. v. 4.)

Now, Pharez was born before the Jews went down to Egypt, and as the whole history of Joseph in Egypt comes after the birth of Pharez it is fair to presume that Pharez was some thirty years old before going down to Egypt, for he had two sons. (See Genesis xvi. 12.)

"Now the sojourning of the children of Israel, who dwelt in Egypt, was four hundred and thirty years. And it came to pass at the end of the four hundred and thirty years, even the self-same day it came to pass, that all the hosts of the Lord went out from the land of Egypt." (Ex. xii. 40-41.)

Oh, how good it seems to have the holy, inspired writer so positive; well, then, from the day the Jews entered Egypt to the day Solomon began the temple, in the fourth year of his reign, the time was just *nine hundred and ten years*.

Now, subtract the *four years* of Solomon's reign, and the *seventy years* of David's life, from the *nine hundred and ten years* and it leaves *eight hundred and thirty-six years* to be divided among the *nine generations* inclusive from Pharez to Jesse, or *ninety-two and eight-ninths for each man*; that is to say, ninety-three years before any of them had a son born—for the reigning genealogies are drawn from the first born son.

Then we have whatever years of age Pharez was before he went to Egypt to add to this eight hundred and thirty-six, say thirty, for he had two sons, making *eight hundred and sixty-six or ninety-six years to each generation*. Now who believes such foolish trash, to say that each one of these excellently preserved old patriarchs forbore marriage till above ninety; or, if married, had no children until ninety.

four years of age, is asking too much of our gullibility.

O, Inspiration, what a fool thou wert to get caught in the toils of common addition. Amply inspired thou mightest have shunned the breakers of science. Thou must have known that science would scatter thy facts to the winds raised by the breath of scorn.

Man was bound by the enslaving toils of bigoted belief, and would have gulped down any marvelous tale thou mightest have told, what a fool thou wert to put a club in his hand with which to beat out thy brains.

How simple, and at the same time how indisputable would have been the words of Ezra, when he invented his commission from the king of Persia: "Peace, and at such a time." (Ezra, iv. 17.) If inspiration had only put such a roving date to all the events and marvels he records, how soothing it would now be to the true believer, who finds on every hand a desire to square all things by a mathematical precision.

But the above does not comprise the only grossly lying statements by any means. *Whenever the Bible gives two separate accounts of the same event, in which arithmetic can be used to compute time or quantity, one will nearly always be found to dispute the other.*

"And these are the names of the sons of Levi, according to their generations: Gershon, and Kohath, and Merari, and the years of the life of Levi were a hundred and thirty and seven years * * * And the sons of Kohath, Amram, and Tzhar, and Hebron, and Uzziel: and the years of the life of Kohath were a hundred and thirty and three years * * * And Amram took Jochebed, his father's sister to wife, and she bore him Aaron and Moses, and the years of the life of Amram were a hundred and thirty and seven years." (Ex. vi. 16-20.)

Now, Levi was the third son of Jacob, and was an old man comparatively when they went down to Egypt, for Judah's youngest son was a man grown before they went to Egypt. (Gen. xli. 12.) And Judah was younger than Levi, and Pharez the bastard son of Judah had two sons before they went to Egypt. (Gen. xli. 12.) And Pharez was born after Judah's family were all grown up and married, so Kohath must have been an old man before he went to Egypt. Then Jacob was a hundred and thirty years old when he went to Egypt. (Gen. xlvii. 9.)

Now all this data places the age of Kohath, the son of Levi, at about fifty or sixty, for he was the second son of Levi, and Levi the third son of Jacob. Now, presuming Levi to have been born when Jacob was thirty or forty, and Kohath when Levi was thirty, now subtract this from Jacob's age when he went to Egypt, and you have Kohath's age fifty or sixty. Now, let us see, we have left of Kohath's life sixty or seventy years after he went to Egypt. Amram, his son, lived one hundred and thirty-seven years, and Moses was his second son, and was eighty years old when he left Egypt. (Ex. vii. 7.) (Deut. xxxiv. 7.) (Joh. v. 6.)

Now let us see, we have of Kohath's life seventy, of Amram's one hundred and thirty-seven; and of Moses eighty, making, of the whole time of their lives, but two hundred and eighty-seven years. But let us compute this in a more common-sense way for no one can suppose Moses was born when his father, Amram, was one hundred and thirty-seven years old, nor Amram when his father, Kohath, was sixty. Suppose, then, that Amram was born when Kohath was forty, that is ten years before the migration into Egypt, then that Moses was born when Amram was forty, then we have this result: Time from entering Egypt until they left it in Amram's lifetime, before the birth of Moses, thirty years; during Moses' life eighty years.

"Now the sojourning of the children of Israel who dwelt in Egypt, was four hundred and thirty years." Just exactly. (Ex. xii. 40-41.)

Now, bigoted reader, should any such be found who could be induced to read this, how will you answer this? I know how, leaving all argument, all proofs, all good sense, all gentlemanly fair dealing, you will try to ward off these deadly blows against your besotted fanaticism, by attempting to prove by brassy assertion, unsupported by proof, that the author is a criminal of the deepest dye, a hardened villain from whose breast every scintilla of goodness has long ago vanished.

Well, suppose you could prove all this, would it make these lying figures match better? Would all creation then be bound to bow the slavish knee before Jehovah, the Ogre of Jewry? Would that make the detestable characters of Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Samuel, David or Elisha more endurable? If you can escape this go, Jehovah loves such worshipers, who without question adore him and the Bible, the most fearful book ever published.

But as for me, I cannot mould my idea of Deity, by comparing him with your cruel tyrant.

In my book, "The Unholy Bible," I have references of infinite value to the seeker after Truth. It is written without a particle of reverence for ancient humbugs, without fear, without straining a point, and its remarks are simply just. The Old Testament is ready for the press, and the New will be ready soon. OCCIDENTUS.

A PENNSYLVANIA printer, who is the father of twenty-six children, is puzzling himself to account for the hard times.

He that Believeth Not shall be Damned.

The spirit, or main principle, the *essence* of Christianity is most abominable that was ever conceived by man. What business is it to you, if I will not assume that a proposition is true, that I have not one evidence to prove it true?

By what authority do you continue my *living existence* in an endless hell of fire? Because I will not say I believe that which I do not believe? This is Christianity, and has been ever since it has had an existence. If there ever was a God greater than man, and that Creator had written on every stone on earth the above text, and the reason, only one reason, "He that believeth not," it would have seemed strange enough to us, that the everywhere present, all-seeing Creator should write such a law, and the one reason on all the stones. And we would be punished in hell-fire, without any priest about it. "All things are possible with the Creator," or "God" say they. It seems strange to us now, that Omnipotence, Omniscience, Omnipresence, Almighty Power, three of them, did not, or could not manage mankind without priests. Saint Peters is the Satan (Matt. xi. 23). We account for it only in one way. According to Dr. Clarke, seventy-five gospels were rejected because of the style, doctrine etc. Those we have now are no older than the 6th or 7th centuries. When Bible revising was in fashion, from A. D. 1529, Tyndale's did not suit the hierarchy, and we have got now some fifteen versions. "All the omissions and additions" says Clarke, "do not endanger a salvation of the soul. God has watched over and preserved what is most important." He might have said St. Peter has watched. The murders, suffering, misery, and woe perpetrated since Christianity started are overwhelming evidence that it is the priests' fabrication. The holy horror, they manifest if a man express a doubt of its divinity, and their readiness to murder, imprison, torment, and persecute is positive evidence of falsehood. Our text, so often recited by them, *not he that believeth not, God will damn to endless hell-fire; but "he that believeth not shall be damned,"* (they have practically said, God or no God, is proof of priest's fabrication. The first chapter of Genesis is proof. "In the beginning"—no man ever had any evidence that the Universe had a beginning. It exists, but its existence is proof of its eternity until you prove that there was a time when it was not.

"God created." The name "God" was fabricated from an Anglo Saxon word that our ancestors used to express good, in general, and they applied it to an imaginary, unknown being.

The Catholics make salvation depend upon the Church, without books.

That Zeus, Deus, Dieu, and God, all created the Universe, is simply false. "Created out of nothing" they say. An infinite, eternal, self-existent Being caused all existence to arise out of non-existence. Bah! "bara." Parkhurst says, "The first definition of 'bara' is to create. Did the Christo-Jew-God make words for his chosen people, so that each word meant five different things? Well, a priest-forged God could do it. Every time the name "God" is represented in our English Bible, noun and pronoun, they are proofs of priests' fabrication. Dr. Lardner, E. S. Guild, and others quote from the Christian Fathers, that they *did lie* in support of their superstition, and Dr. Mosheim admits it. Christian priests forge a name, and repeat that name millions on millions of times, and that becomes by repeating a *real person*, creator of the Universe.

As said in the Analogy, by Bishop Butler, "The lowest presumption is of the nature of a probability, and often repeated amounts to a certainty. In other words, a lie preached 1875 years makes our present state of morality, piety, and civilization, and a revelation by a human Jehovah God. For absurdity this cannot be beat. The earth was *bolu tohu*, rendered, "without form and void,"—"a formless vacuum." Did God know how the thing looked? Priests can put a meaning to *pohu tohu*, and it will be holy writ. You could not describe it. You said it was *Bolu tohu*. And darkness covered infinite space; and God who is light, and in him is no darkness at all, said, "Let there be light, and there was light the first day. The second day, the sky, heaven, was made; and the third day, the earth, grass, trees, *beech-nuts*, the centre of our solar system, etc. The fourth day, the sun, moon, and also stars were made and put in the sky, to separate day from night, *Shomayin*. In the fifth day, great whales were created. In the sixth day four-footed beasts, creeping things, male and female; and man, to our image, after our likeness. That the author of the Universe ever told man such stuff is the most absurd of all absurdities. Now, were it not for the fear of fire, fogot, thumb screws, piners, the rack, endless damnation in hell (in a living state) after we are dead, and immortal souls; (all priests' forgery) there is not a sane man on earth who would not reject the Christo-Jew-book, and Josephus (each proves the other false), with the utmost contempt, as a base fabrication, until the Creator makes man know unmistakably that his true name is God, and that he did make the Christo-Jew book without a priest.

JOSEPH NOYES. Realist.

A PETRIFIED forest has been discovered in the desert of Northwestern Humboldt, about thirty miles west of the Black Rock range of mountains in Nevada. The Centennial Commissioners are having a section cut out and prepared for the exhibition.

Divinity of Christianity.

A standing argument in favor of the divinity of Christianity is the benignity of its character, the rapidity with which it has spread, and the great prevalence it has obtained in the world. How do the facts support this claim? The religions of the world are as follows:

Buddhists, 360,000,000; Brahmins, 160,000,000; Mahometans, 250,000,000; Christians, [Communicants], 120,000,000; Jews, 5,000,000; Idolotars, 150,000,000; Modern Spiritualists, 10,000,000; Nothingarians, 100,000,000; Unclassified, 175,000,000.

Thus we see there are more Idolotars than Christians, more Brahmins, twice as many Mahometans, and three times as many Buddhists. If the Jews are taken as a unit, they stand thus: Jews, 1, Spiritualists, 2; Nothingarians, 20; Christians, 25; Idolotars, 30; Brahmins, 32; Unclassified, 38; Mahometans, 50; Buddhists, 72.

For every Christian in the world there are over ten who are not Christians. If it has taken over eighteen hundred years to gain one tenth part of the race to Christianity, it will, at the same rapid rate, require eighteen thousand years to bring the whole world to Jesus; but according to our leading clergymen the progress of the world to Christianity is much like the toad's getting out of the well, "one forward, and two back." Rev. Dr. Talmage says, "Oh! we have magnificent church machinery in this country; we have sixty thousand American ministers; we have costly music; we have great Sunday-schools; and yet I give you the appalling statistics that in the last twenty-five years, laying aside last year, the statistics of which I have not yet seen, within the last twenty-five years the churches of God in this country have averaged less than two conversions a year each. There has been an average of four or five deaths in the churches. How soon, at that rate, will this world be brought to God? We gain two; we lose four. Eternal God, what will this come to?" According to this, the grand conversion of the whole world must be postponed many, many years. Are there then, in the numbers which have embraced Christianity, the slightest proof of its divinity? *By no means.*

How about its benignity? No religion in the world has persecuted so much as the Christian. Nay, all combined have not begun to compare with it in this hellish business. Untold thousands have in cold blood been by it brought to the stake, the block, the scaffold, the rack and the dungeon; and in all this scarcely a scintilla of mercy was shown. 60,000,000 of human beings have lost their lives in Christian wars. Christianity and Mahometanism have been established and spread by the sword, and rivers of human blood have run in the name of their God. In the Jewish wars of Jehovah millions of lives were sacrificed. Not so with the Heathen: the history of their religion has not been written in blood. Not all the pagan religions of the world have put to death one-tenth the number of human beings that the Christian religion has. Where then are the proofs of its divine origin? Where is the evidence of its superiority and truthfulness over other forms of belief? If it has taken more life; if it has caused more misery and woe than other religions it certainly is worse than they. Though wily and designing priests persistently tell us that Christianity possesses all that is good, all that is lovely, all that is moral, all that is godly, all that is true in the world, the claim is positively false. Its record is dark and damning, and all the excellence it possesses comes from humanity. It is nearly all borrowed from older systems of faith.

THE Catholic Church in the United States probably numbers 8,000,000 communicants. The Catholics occupy 6,920 stations, chapels, and churches. They have the service of 4,874 priests, 6 apostolic vicars, 49 bishops, 9 archbishops and one cardinal. They have 12 theological seminaries with nearly 1,500 students; over 2,000 schools of all grades and more than 300 asylums and hospitals. There are more than 7 different orders of monks and friars, 12 of nuns, 8 different institutions, such as the Jesuits and Redemptionists, 12 congregations of priests and brothers, and 30 sisterhoods. Much of the money that is required to run these institutions of superstition has been craftily wrung from the confiding Miceys and Bridgets who carry the hod and do the kitchen work.

THE English explorations of Palestine are going on satisfactorily. Surveyors are triangulating the country at large expense, and the "Palestine Fund" publishes a quarterly statement containing papers of great interest to Biblical students. The last volume has a valuable paper on the scene of David's duel with Goliath. Perhaps if they hunt around earnestly, they may find the place where David triangulated for Bathsheba, Uriah's beautiful wife. That will be a most valuable acquisition for Bible students.

NEARLY 600,000 persons were employed during last year in and about the coal, fire clay, iron stone and shale mines of Great Britain and Ireland, about four-fifths of whom were occupied under ground.

"WHAT does 'Good Friday' mean?" asked one school-boy of another. "You had better go home and read your 'Robinson Crusoe,'" was the withering reply.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

years earlier, in Christna, Buddha, Prometheus and many others, it is more easy for a plain, matter-of-fact man, who is not biased by early education, to think the whole story a borrowed one, rather than that the same events of half a millennium before should take place over again. Can we justly ascribe to Jesus, priority and originality for sentiments, and doctrines which were positively known to have been taught hundreds of years earlier by the Essenes of Alexandria, and other localities?

But admitting that Jesus did live, and there were doubtless many by the name the same as there are at this day in Spain and Mexico, and as for two thousand years there have been Jameses and Joshuas, he was only a man who was begotten and born like other human beings, who lived and died like them, and after he was dead did not arise again and go sailing up bodily in the air where it is cold enough to freeze a man through and through in five minutes. His praises, his wonders and his super-humanity have been so long sung and reiterated that thousands of people like Mr. Brown have absolutely got to believe that such a remarkable person once lived on the earth, and that he was God and made the Universe.

There is no lack of instances where human beings of only ordinary traits of character, have had great honors thrust upon them, and especially after death, have been deified and have been elevated to a niche of great eminence in the temple of adulation. In olden times it was very common, and even in the last century there has been plenty of it. How Napoleon Bonaparte has been revered and magnified in all his excellent qualities far beyond the reality, constituting him a hero, a wonder and almost a demi-god, while his enemies saw little in him to admire. How our own Washington, by being extolled, be-praised, and always spoken of as a perfect, faultless individual, is now revered by millions far beyond his real merits. One of the tendencies of the human mind, especially the ignorant and superstitious portion, is to "hero-worship." This, however, will gradually pass away, as intelligence and correct thinking gains sway in the world.

If Jesus did live, and if he said every word that is attributed to him, why should he be credited with great power and wisdom, and with divinity itself, when he uttered no better, no wiser, no more God-like sayings, than Zoroaster, Buddha, Christna, Confucius, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and many others who lived hundreds of years before him? Is there a virtue in selecting one individual who has lived in the past, and in according to him all the wisdom, all the excellence and all the adorable characteristics that belong equally as much, to say the least, to numerous other individuals? Is it justice or equity to rob one individual or many individuals, of the honor and credit to which they are fairly entitled, and to bestow it upon another no more worthy than themselves?

Our friend quotes Theodore Parker. It is rather a new thing for Christians to quote him to sustain their institution. They neither recognized him as a Christian while he lived, nor had scarcely a kind word to say of him when he died. To them he was an Infidel almost equal to Paine or Voltaire. Had we room, we think we could quote many of Mr. Parker's sayings which Mr. Brown would hardly endorse. Theodore Parker was a great man, and was much farther advanced in mental freedom and boldness than the great majority of those around him; but he, too, like Mr. Brown, had an excessive amount of veneration, and he fancied he saw in the character of Jesus a vast amount to love and admire.

If Parker did say, on a certain occasion, when he had a special point to make, that "the Christianity of Christ is the highest and most perfect ideal ever presented to the longing eyes of man," it was an extravagant expression, unfounded in truth. We would like to have Mr. Brown, or any other individual, show wherein the morals or inculcations of Jesus were any higher or purer than those taught and believed by persons just named, none of whom claimed to be God. It is just as easy for the admirers and worshipers of Jesus to accord undue reverence to him, as it is for the worshipers of Buddha, Christna or Mahomet to do the same by them. Probably no Chris-

tian devotee can exceed the high degree of adoration which the several followers of these great leaders feel towards their beau-ideals. We who are without the circle can see that all are equally mistaken, and that virtue attaches to one no more than another for believing what is untrue.

If Christianity possesses all the excellence and virtue the world has ever known, is it not singular that it has produced more intolerance, more persecution, more bloodshed and more death, than any and all other religions the world has ever known? That this has been the case, and that the history of Christianity has been written in blood, can be easily shown.

Lord Bacon was truly a wise and a great man, and we will be glad if Christians ever become willing to accept all the positions he arrived at; but when he said, "a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to Atheism, but depth of philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion," it only proves that even great minds can err. How is it to-day? The greatest minds of the age, the ripest scholars, the soundest thinkers, and the most learned scientists, are those who have the least faith in theology, revealed religion and a personal God. In this category are enrolled Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Farraday, Proctor, Helmholtz, Buchner, Schmidt, Draper, Fiske, and numerous others of less distinction; while in the opposite column are found Moody and Sankey, Mrs. Grundy, Mrs. Partington, Erastus F. Brown, and unfortunately, too many more.

If it is a virtue for Mr. Brown to believe in his myth, it is equally a virtue for the little girl who hangs up her stocking, to believe in her myth, Santa Claus. And it is not strange, that, when she was told by her mother, that she was now getting large enough to lay aside her dolls and playthings, and be a woman; that there was no such person as Santa Claus, that, when her cherished ideals were thus so cruelly destroyed, she should reply in this wise: "Now Ma! If you have been telling me a story all this time, about Santa Claus, how do I know but you have been telling me a story about Jesus, too? If there is no Santa Claus, I don't believe there is any Jesus Christ either; there is as much proof of one as the other." And the little child was about right. If, in the opinion of her mother, it was time for her to lay aside childishness and error, and not believe longer in myths and fallacies, is it not also time for Mr. Brown and thousands of others to do the same, and embrace the universal truths which exist in nature and reason, and which depend neither upon Moses, Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, Christna, Plato, Aristotle, Christ, Mahomet, Luther, or Joseph Smith, but which exists inherently and eternally in the boundless Universe. May he, and numerous others, early come to see the truth as it is clearly brought to light by science and reason, which cause myths, superstition, and fables to step to the rear and to return to the shades of oblivion.

B. F. UNDERWOOD lectures at Quincy, Ill., Dec. 10, 11, and 12. At Canton, Mo., Dec. 13, 14, and 15. His engagements at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and Lincoln, Neb., are deferred for the present.

Our friend C. P. Somerby, 139 Eighth Street, has presented us with a copy of a sermon in pamphlet form, entitled "Who are the Infidels?" by Rev. John W. Chadwick. It is well worth reading.

We welcome the advent of a new Liberal paper, *The Pacific Liberal*. Published monthly by A. J. Boyer, San Francisco, at \$1.00 per year. It is gotten up in good style, is ably conducted, and we wish it length of days and great success.

With Volume III., we wish to commence "THE OUTCAST," by Winwood Reade, who died a few months ago. He was one of the very best writers of the age, and this was his last production. It is a work of remarkable interest and ability, and will itself be worth the price of the paper for a year.

"THE WORLD'S SAGES, INFIDELS, AND THINKERS." We are daily receiving subscriptions for this valuable work, of over 800 pages, which will be issued within a few months. Reader, if you have not sent in your name, let us advise you to do so. We are sure you

will not regret the investment. Sent by mail for \$3.00. Let the list still grow.

We shall issue of Vol. III. several thousand extra copies for specimen numbers for those not on our lists. We will thank all our friends to send us in the names of Liberal people who will be likely to feel disposed to patronize the paper, that we may send them a copy. There are thousands who know nothing of the paper who would doubtless like to take it. Friends, help us to become acquainted with such.

BOUND COPIES of THE TRUTH SEEKER, Vol. II, containing thirty-two numbers, or 548 pages, will be furnished within a few days, and sent, post-paid, by mail, at \$2.50, in heavy paper, and \$3.25 in cloth and boards. They will last a life-time, and they contain much valuable reading matter, and will always be convenient for reference.

Bound Copies of Vol. I, of THE TRUTH SEEKER will be mailed for one dollar. We are prepared to fill orders. Let them come in.

Within the last ten days, we have sent out several hundred copies of the "Burgess-Underwood Debate," and "The Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion." We will be equally as glad to send out a few hundred more copies before the end of the year. We are satisfied that they will please those who read them. They cannot be too widely circulated. Those who have not secured copies, will do well to do so. Debate, 60 cts. in paper; \$1.00 in cloth. Pro and Con, 40 cts. in paper, 75 cts. in cloth. Sent, post-paid, by mail.

We are receiving daily assurances that THE TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS and TRUTH SEEKER LEAFLETS are doing much good over the country. Many order them to counteract the wild revival influences now so prevalent over the country. They are found very efficient in promoting clear views and good "common sense." See list on last page and notice the heavy discounts we make in quantities, and if you are troubled with the revival epidemic, send for a lot and circulate them freely. They are a good antidote.

"THE BIBLE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS."—We have received a very able pamphlet by this title by Damon Y. Kilgore and published by the Liberal League of Philadelphia. It is one of the ablest productions we have seen upon this engrossing and very interesting subject, and we shall be pleased to make some extracts from it. Those who feel an interest upon this important question would do well to send for it. Price, single copy 10 cents, per hundred \$5.00. Address, John S. Dyc, 2527 Brown St., Philadelphia.

Just as we are going to press, we have received a beautiful volume of poems, "The Cuban Martyrs," and others, by our friend, Charles Stephenson, of Rock Island, Ill. From the glance we have given the Poems, they are good, and evince a fair order of poetical talent. There are over two hundred pages in the volume, and more than sixty poems. Friend Stephenson writes us he will send us some to sell. We will be very glad to send to any who wish them. He did not name the price, but we judge it ought to be about \$1.50. Bro. Stephenson is an ardent Liberal, and Liberals ought to buy his book.

MANY articles are crowded out of this issue by that "devilish lecture," which we delivered at Tremor Hall to a very respectable audience, on Sunday, the 5th inst. We carried out one of the injunctions of Jesus; we promised them one hour with the Devil, and gave them two. Although most of the audience remained till the close, some of them decided we "gave them the very Devil." Our readers may come to the same conclusion before they wade through it all. (See page 10.) Some who were present at the lecture complimented us by saying they would patiently have listened to it two hours longer, had it lasted so long. We hope many of our readers will find it equally interesting. The lecture is published in tract form, and will be mailed to any address at ten cents each, three for twenty-five cents, or seventy-five cents per dozen. Orders can be filled at once.

We shall issue before the closing of the year, "THIRTY DISCUSSIONS, LECTURES, BIBLE STORIES AND ESSAYS," by D. M. Bennett, including "Discus-

sion on Prayer," with two clergymen. "The Story of Creation," "The Old Snake Story," "The Story of the Flood," "The Plagues of Egypt," "Korah, Dathan and Abiram," "Balaam and his Ass," "Arraignment of Priestcraft," "Joshua Stopping the Sun and Moon," "Samson and his Exploits," "The Great Wrestling Match," "Discussion with Elder Shelton," "Reply to Elder Shelton's Fourth Letter," "Discussion with George Snodde," "Honest Questions and Honest Answers," "The Gods of Superstition," "Moving the Ark," "Bennett's Prayer to the Devil," "Our Ecclesiastical Gentry," "Elijah the Tishbite," "Christianity a Borrowed System," "Elisha the Prophet," "Did Jesus Really Exist?" "Jonah and the Big Fish," "An Open Letter to Jesus Christ," "The Ills We Endure, Their Cause and Cure," "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego," "Daniel in the Lions' Den," "An Hour with the Devil," "Discussion with Erastus F. Brown," and "The Fear of Death." The whole will contain nearly six hundred pages, and a wood-cut likeness of the author. All for the extremely low price of \$1.00 in cloth, and 75 cents in paper. Who wants copies? Those who get a copy of this and do not think they have had their money's worth, we will try and negotiate for the "Astor Library" for them. We can, at all events, promise that they shall have free access to the library from 10 A.M., to 3 P.M., for a year. This volume will be closely followed by three others of similar size and price, containing over eighty TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS, and comprising over 1,500 pages. Who wants the whole set?

Closing the Volume.

The present number completes Vol. II. of THE TRUTH SEEKER, which volume has continued sixteen months. We have reason to believe the much larger portion of our readers have been pleased with the paper, and have felt as though they had obtained the worth of their money. We have received information of numerous cases where the paper has carried conviction to the minds of those who have read its pages, and that many, by its aid, have had the scales of superstition removed from their eyes, and have been enabled to discern the truth as it is in nature and reason. We have satisfactory assurances that the paper has done good.

We thank those kind friends who have faithfully stood by us, and who, by their little contributions and remittances, have supplied us with the means to keep the paper running. Without this kind aid, it must, long since, have "gone to the wall." As long as such kind friends stand side by side with us, give the paper their support, and help us bear the burdens connected with it, we have full confidence that THE TRUTH SEEKER will be a living success.

As this is the last number of this volume, and of this year, it is a very suitable time for those who are indebted for a portion of the volume to remit the trifle due, and renew for the coming one. It is not pleasant for us to so often refer to this matter, but there is so large a number who seem to be indifferent, and it is so necessary that we have the little amounts due us, we cannot refrain.

The next number will be the commencement of the *Weekly*, and will appear in a new dress, and somewhat changed in form and style. It will contain some new features, and we trust that, with the experience we have had, we shall be able to make Vol. III. better than its predecessors. We shall, at all events, do our best.

It is a hard time for papers to keep alive. Since we commenced the publication of this sheet more than one thousand papers have been compelled to discontinue. We hope it will be long before THE TRUTH SEEKER will have to take that course.

Many have promised to send us new names with the new volume. We hope they will not fail to do so. We will be glad if every patron will send us a new name. Those who subscribe for Vol. III. before the end of the year will be entitled to this, the closing number of Vol. II. We shall also be glad to fulfill, to getters-up of clubs, offers made in a former issue.

We hope that every friend and reader who has been with us in this volume will continue with us in

the next, and succeeding volumes. We do dislike to receive orders from any friend of Freethought and Liberal sentiments, to "Stop my Paper."

MATRIMONIAL.—Our advertising columns being otherwise occupied, we insert the following, here:

AN INFIDEL WIDOW LADY, living in retirement, would be pleased to correspond with some liberal-minded gentleman, between the age of thirty-five and fifty years, with a view to matrimony. Address, Mrs. E. L. DEVEREAUX, Cawker City, Kansas.

Here widowers and bachelors is a fine opportunity for you, which you should not neglect. From what we know of the lady, we can speak of her in the highest terms. We guarantee her intelligence and confirmed Liberal sentiments—such a prize as many a man ought to be glad to win. Who is the lucky man?

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 6th, 1875.

DEAR EDITOR: I read some time since in one of our daily papers, of a great revival at Port Jervis, and that among the converts, were two subscribers to the *Boston Investigator*. I don't know how true it is, but I often see Infidels who need reviving, badly, and I wish all such could have spent two delightful hours, as I did last Sunday with you, and your really fascinating Devil; I guarantee they would have been effectually served. You referred to his Satanic Majesty's intercourse with women. In that glorious poem called *Festus*, which Margaret Fuller once said, "contained poetry enough to set up a dozen poets," there is to be found one of the most delicious love passages between Lucifer and Elisia, that ever was conceived in the brain of a poet. And I am happy to say, he bears himself on this trying occasion in the most manly and honorable way, thus corroborating your repeated statements, that he has not been guilty of one-half the meanness ascribed to him. I believe you will never find a more deserving character to defend, and I am sure the *Devil himself* will be perfectly satisfied with your treatment of him. He would indeed be hard to suit, should he fail to appreciate the treatment he received at the hands of a man so earnest and honest as yourself. Yours, DI VERNON.

"Contrivance does not Prove Design."

The above is the heading of an ably written article from the pen of Mr. John Syphers, printed in your edition of Nov. 15th.

The best of thinkers will sometimes be found contradicting themselves. Mr. Syphers says, page six, "There is no design in nature, consequently, no big mechanic is a designer." On the following page, "The ultimatum and elimination of spirit is the great design in the aggregation of matter into worlds in the first place." Do these two sentences not contradict one another? Mr. Syphers' standpoint is one very difficult to defend. The "Law of casualty" and the "Design in Nature" are two important points, which, up to the present time, no philosopher has been able to explain away. I do not undertake to write an article on these important philosophical questions, but I would like to read an explanation regarding the above contradictions, from the pen of your able contributor. M. STEIN.

Reflections

On the mode of making the world and all things thereon; as suggested by John Syphers in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

"Worlds, in their present form and shape, were evolved by the force of inherent laws which always belonged to matter. . . . This is nothing more nor less than a world of chance, although the word chance, is not just the right word to use in speaking on this subject. Yes, this is a world of chance, and a very slim chance at that! It is a world of heterogeneous promiscuousness."—J. Syphers.

The author of this novel scheme of world-making will excuse me for italicising a few of his descriptive words, but they impressed me as being peculiarly emphatic in such a system of cosmogony as the work under consideration. I hope not to speak irreverently in saying that his plan of operations appears as destitute of design as did the act of the little boy whose musical talent was so evidently a gift of nature, that, when accused by his teacher of whistling in school, and the deed had been traced to his mouth, he positively denied the fact and declared that "It whistled itself."

Don't condemn my illustration of friend Syphers' plan of world-making, for the writer has positively set the world going in the same style, in first developing his plan.

It plainly appears from this view, that not only our world must have made itself, but, by a plain inference, all the other worlds in existence, must have come into existence by the same easy contrivance.

Although friend Syphers has succeeded in suggesting a plan for bringing a universe into existence, I

am unable to discover any force in his argument, which, he presumes, has proved that *there is no design in the works or laws of Nature*. It is idle to dogmatize against certain principles, which all who comprehend the ordinary use of language, know to be self-evident and have so been considered, time immemorial.

In the affairs of human mechanism, where we behold a machine, so contrived, as to accomplish the end for which it was intended, we impute *wisdom of design* to the maker, just in proportion to the excellence with which the adaptation appears in the accomplishment of the work. Such a conclusion as this is so much the dictate of common sense, that a mere statement of the proposition is a sufficient confirmation of its truth. No reasoning man or woman pretends to question it. In applying the same rule to the works and laws of nature, I have never yet seen, nor can I see, the impropriety of the application, though its propriety has been flatly denied *without the confirmation* of even the semblance of reason. If, for instance, in the organization of a bird or beast, we discover certain qualities which pre-eminently fit them for their respective spheres of action—and without such qualities there is little room to believe that even its existence could be supported—is it not a reasonable and natural conclusion that there must have been a *wise design* in its formation? Just to specify a creature or two in which such qualities are found—how could the *humming bird* derive its subsistence from the honey in the cup of a flower, if its *bill* was shaped like that of other birds? Of what use would one shaped like that of a wren, a swallow and a hawk be to the little creature, which, while poised in air, at the very opening of the flower, inhales its precious contents. In this case, too, we see the peculiar conformation of the wings is quite as important as that of the bill. If chance was the builder of such a creature, it would scarcely seem that this *singular power* could have been quite blind.

Again, there is the mole—where would have been the use of *eyes* in such an animal of the size of a rat, or even a mouse? Was it not a *wise adaptation*? But, instead of conferring upon it a couple of glaring eyes—to have given it a couple that are shrouded by a "dim curtain"—argues design and surprising foresight.

But the above facts not only afford evidence of extraordinary means afforded for the subsistence of certain living creatures, but they manifest wonderful economy in the supply of the means. What uncouth fore-feet (more like hands) does this mole present! Yet how admirably are they adapted to its mode of life! Had its fore feet been like those of a rat or a mouse, of what use could they have been in its progress under ground? But none of the means afforded for its gaining a living are superfluous! Even its slender snout fulfills a most important agency.

One more illustration in conclusion. Of late years the readers of all newspapers have seen accounts of the sightless fishes in the mammoth cave of Kentucky. It is no longer questionable that the fish found in this cave are formed without eyes. According to the theory of my friend Syphers, his *blind Deity* may be supposed to have seen, at one time; or he was certainly sagacious and powerful to be equal to such an emergency. Was not this a display of foresight and adaptation?

But it is useless to enlarge further on the subject. I shall merely add in conclusion, that, although I have read with satisfaction the former charge, when he attempts to realize the conceptions of the Atheist viewing the fruits of the pumpkin-vine and the oak, I cannot quite see with him, eye to eye.

WM. H. JOHNSON.

Newtown, Pa. 11th Mo. 27th, 1875.

P. S. The critic visitant from Jupiter, it is supposed, from the facts above presented, might have seen that some advantages may arise at least from animals being formed on a different plan.

EPITAPH in the cemetery at Keysville, N. Y.

Sarah Thomas is dead, and that's enough;

The candle is out, also the snuff.

Her soul's in heaven, you need not fear,

And all that's left is interred here.

In the *Vermont Journal* of March 31st, 1781, there is the following epitaph on a lawyer:

Beneath this stone lies Robert Shaw,

Who follow'd forty years the law,

And when he died,

The devil cried:

"Ha! Bob! give us your paw."

Here is the Yute account of the creation: "In the beginning the earth was covered with mists. You could not see before you. The Great Spirit took his bow and arrows and shot—shot so well that he scattered the mist. The earth became visible to him; but there were no men upon it. Then he took clay, fashioned a man, and set him to bake. The men came out white; the fire had not been strong enough. The Great Spirit began his work again, and this time the man came out black; he had remained too long in the oven. It was necessary to try a third time. The experiment at length succeeded, and a man came out done to a turn; he was a redskin, the most perfect of human types."

An Hour With the Devil.

BY D. M. BENNETT.

[Delivered before the New York Liberal Association, at Tremor's New Hall, 1266 Broadway, Sunday, Dec. 5th, 1875.]

As far back in the twilight of human existence as we are able to penetrate, we find our race has believed in evil spirits, demons, fiends and devils. In the night and gloom of man's primitive condition, before the light of intelligence and reason illumined his dark, uncultured mind, when he was an utter savage and lived in caves and fed upon the wild fruits of the earth and the carcasses of such animals as in unequal conflict he was able to subdue and slay, he first became aware of the forces and powers of nature, and that they often caused him pain and discomfort. He felt the burning rays of the sun, the storms and tempests, and the cold winds and biting frosts of winter. These annoyed him and deprived him of enjoyment, and he soon regarded them as enemies. That which contributed to his pleasure or comfort was good; that which prevented his happiness and enjoyment was evil.

Thus, in the childhood stage of his existence, and while he was unable to comprehend the true nature of these forces he soon learned to regard them as good or bad beings, which alternately pleased or displeased him. Being unable to realize the possibility of a force or result similar to himself, acting without extraneous aid, he naturally decided that the various forces of nature were the movements of invisible beings, some good and others bad.

As his observation and knowledge slowly enlarged, he perceived an increasing number of agencies and forces that affected him for good or ill, and consequently, the numbers of these invisible beings greatly multiplied; so much so, that a god or a demon was stationed by him at every waterfall, every river, every lake; in the woods, in the groves, in the shady dells, in the zephyrs, in the breezes, in the gales, in the hurricanes; in the north wind, the south wind, the east wind and the west wind; in day and night, in morning, noonday, and evening; in spring, summer, autumn, and winter; in fact he imagined and assigned a god, a demon, a sprite, a fairy, a gnome, to every form of matter and motion, and every place and condition of which he was able to take cognizance; and as to him there seemed to be more bad than good, it is not strange that his demons or devils greatly outnumbered his deities. As these imaginary spirits caused him disquietude, and interfered more directly with his happiness, his attention was more called to them and his ingenuity was taxed to please and placate them. To these he addressed his prayers and supplications, as upon them he wished to make the most favorable impression.

Crude and ignorant as primitive man was in this state of animism, he wished a representative for the sub-deities, sprites and devils alluded to, and he endowed numerous objects in nature with these invisible existences, and among such objects were cats, dogs, sheep, cattle, horses, birds, reptiles, fishes and numerous inanimate substances, as plants of numerous kinds, blocks of wood, stones, crude images of clay, etc., etc. This was the condition of feticism which all primitive nations had to pass through, and which led to more advanced ideas.

As man's intellectual powers enlarged, as he became able to imperfectly reason from cause to effect; as he learned to develop a crude language by which he could converse with his fellows, he was enabled to take higher views of the forces of nature which he came in contact with, and he began to have more comprehensive views of the nature of good and evil, and to assign them antagonistic positions in the world around him. It did not require long for him to perceive that the sun was the source of light and heat, and all vegetable and animal life. He regarded this orb as the great deity that caused all good results, and that its absence was the source of evil. Thus light and heat became to him great *goods*, and darkness and cold; great *evils*—the one a god, the other a devil, in perpetual warfare with each other, and in turn blessing and cursing the human race and all that has life. These opposite principles became fully personified as God and Devil, in the wake of each of which were numerous subordinates, as we have seen.

That the original condition of man was on the low, animal, savage plane alluded to, has, by the developments and acquisitions of science become so well established in the minds of the better informed portions of our race, that the fact is hardly longer questioned except by theologians and their supporters who have an interest in perpetuating the ancient superstitions handed down from former ages, and a system of faith which they learned in their childhood to regard as divine revelation. "Pre-historic archaeology shows that man, as first presented to our view, was a low, ignorant, brutal savage." Lenormant, in his *Ancient History*, (Vol. I. p. 25,) says: "To find the most ancient vestige of the existence and the industry of man, we must go back to that period which geologists call quarternary—the period immediately preceding the commencement of the present geological epoch. The arms and utensils of this premature age are, for the most part, pointed axes of flint, formed by breaking off large splinters. We can easily see that these flints, whose white coating proves their

great antiquity, were intended to cut, to cleave, and to pierce. Some of these stones are scrapers, which were used, no doubt, to clean the inside of skins which the savages of the Stone Age used as a defense against the cold. We may even form a pretty correct idea of their mode of life. The cultivation of the soil and the domestication of animals were unknown. They wandered in the forest and inhabited natural caverns in the mountains. Every branch of the human race, without exception, has passed through the three stages of the "age of stone," and its traces have everywhere been proven. There is no necessary synchronism between these three stages in different parts of the world. The Stone Age is a period that cannot be chronologically determined, but a state of human progress which, in different countries, varied enormously in date. Entire populations have been discovered, who, at the close of the last century, and even in our own day, have not passed out of the Stone Age."

Learned geologists differ as to the number of thousand years that have passed since man's era on the earth; some have estimated the time at one hundred and fifty thousand years, while others place the time at a lower figure. There are few, who, judging from the fossilized human remains found in ancient caves and under deposits in the early formations, and from the wearing and changing in the beds of rivers since such deposits have taken place, think that not less than forty thousand years have rolled away since man has inhabited the earth. Lyell, Hitchcock, Dana, Denton and other distinguished geologists concur in this opinion.

Prof. Whitney, our American philologist, says: "Modern science is proving, by the most careful and exhaustive study of man and his works, that our race began its existence on earth at the bottom of the scale, instead of at the top, and has gradually been working upward; that human powers have had a history of development; that all the elements of culture—as the arts of life, art, science, language, religion, philosophy—have been wrought out by slow and painful efforts, in the conflict between the soul and mind of man on the one hand, and external motion on the other, a conflict in which man has, in favored races and under exceptional conditions of endowment and circumstance, been triumphantly the victor, and is still going on to new conquests. For ourselves, we heartily hold this latter view, deeming it to be established already on a firm basis, soon to be made impregnable."

Edward Clodd, an eminent English writer, in his "Childhood of the World," says: "Man was once wild, rough and savage, frightened at his own shadow, and still more at the roar of the thunder and the quiver of lightning, which he thought were the clapping of the wings and the flashing of the eyes of the angry spirit as he came flying from the sun."

There are several reasons for believing that man was once wild and naked, and that only by slow degrees did he become clothed and civilized. There have been found in Europe, Asia, Africa and America; but especially in Europe, thousands of tools and weapons used by savages now living in various parts of the earth, and among whom no traces of a past civilization can be found. One of the first things which man needed was some sharp-edged tool, harder than the thing he wished to cut. He knew nothing of the metals, and he therefore made use of the stones laying about. Men of science have given the name "Age of Stone," to that far off time when stone was used for weapons and implements. These oldest stone weapons have been chiefly found in places known as the "drift," and buried under ground and clay and stones, which have been *drifted* or carried down by rivers in their ceaseless flow. In those early days of man's history have wild animals shared Europe with him. There were mammoths, or woolly haired elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses; there were cave-lions, cave-bears, cave-hyenas, and other beasts of a much larger size than any found in the world at this day. That they lived at the same time man did, is certain; because under layers of earth their bones have been found side by side with his and with the weapons which he made. Year after year man learnt to shape his tools and weapons better, until really well-formed spear-heads, daggers, hatchets, hammers, and other implements were made, and at a far later date he had learnt the art of polishing them. The older age is called the "Old Stone Age," and the latter the "Newer Stone Age." The better shaped tools and weapons have been chiefly found in caves which were hollowed by water, ages before any living thing dwelt there. These caves were used by man, not only to live in, but also to bury their dead in; and from the different remains found in and near them, it is thought that feasts were held when the burials took place, and food and weapons were placed with the dead because their friends thought such things were needed by them as they traveled on their journey to the other world.

There is a large cavern in Brixham, on the south coast of Devonshire, which was discovered fourteen years ago through the falling in of a part of the roof. The floor is of stalagmite, or particles of lime, which have been brought down from the roof by the dropping of water, and became hardened into stone again. In this floor, which is about a foot in thickness, were found bones of the reindeer and cave-bear, while be-

low it was a red loamy mass, fifteen feet thick in some parts, in which were buried flint flakes, or knives, and bones of the mammoth. Beneath this was a bed of gravel, more than twenty feet thick, in which flint flakes and small bones were found, including the bones of bears and woolly elephants. As it is known these flakes of flint were chipped by the hands of man, it is not hard to prove he lived in this country when those animals roamed over it.

You may ask, what proof have we that the bones of these creatures are so old? Apart from the fact that, for many centuries, no living mammoth has been seen, we have the finding of its bones buried at a goodly depth; and as it is certain no one would take the trouble to dig a grave to put them in, there must be some other cause for the mass of loam under which they are found. There are several ways by which the various bones may have got into the cave. The creatures to which they belonged may have died upon the hillside, and their bones may have washed into the cave; or they may have sought refuge, or what in the case I am now describing, seems most likely, lived therein; but, be this as it may, we have to account for the thirty-five feet of loam and gravel in which their remains are buried. The agent that thus covered them from view for long, long years, is that active tool of nature, which, before the day when no living thing was upon the earth, and ever since, has been cutting through rocks, opening the deep valleys, shaping the highest mountains, hollowing out the lowest caverns, and which is carrying the soil from one place to another to form new lands where now the deep sea rolls. It is *water* which carried that deposit into Brixham cavern and covered the bones, and which, since the days that mammoth, and bear, and reindeer lived in Devonshire, has scooped out the surrounding valleys one hundred feet deeper. And although the time which water takes to deepen a channel, or eat out a cavern, depends upon the speed with which it flows, you may judge that the quickest stream works slowly to those who watch it, when I tell you that the river Thames, flowing at its present rate, takes 11,470 years to scoop out its valley *one foot* in depth lower. Men of science have, therefore, some reason for believing that the flint weapons were made by men who lived many thousands of years ago. Science is thus teaching us the great age of the earth, and the great antiquity of the human race upon it.

These great facts are very damaging to current theological dogmas, and pointedly disagree with the teachings of a pseudo revelation. In matters of this kind, however, science is the arbiter which the world will accept, and it is in vain for the adherents of obsolete theories to attempt to push her aside. It being, however, our present purpose to look a little after the Devil, we will waive a further consideration of the subject at present.

As mankind made further advances in the domain of intelligence and reason, he also accepted wider views of the good and bad principles in nature; and different nations elaborated settled opinions as to the nature of evil. Thus the theologies and the mythologies of the olden times gradually emerged from the primitive, crude mental condition of the race. We will briefly glance at some of the more prominent nationalities and their evil deities and devils.

In India, that cradle-land of theology and religious superstition, was gotten up thousands of years ago, a trinity, consisting of Brahma, Vishnou and Siva—the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer. The third personage in this trinity, if not really a devil, was the destructive element and the cause of death and disorganization. It is needless to say here, that this trinity was believed in long anterior to the one adopted in connection with the Jewish God, known as the Christian trinity, but such is the fact.

The Hindoos also believed in a "legion of Evil Spirits, called Rakshasas, who had a prince named Ravana; also in numerous classes of good and evil spirits, called Sooras and Assooras, which they believed to be step-brothers in perpetual hostility, to illustrate the supposed antagonism between spirit and matter. Wicked spirits were generally described as giants, and were often said to have a great serpent for their leader. They were continually aiming to do injury to mankind, and fought desperate battles with Indra and his Spirits of Light. They would have taken his Paradise by storm, and subverted the whole order of the Universe, if Brahma had not sent Vishnou to circumvent their plans. To perform this mission successfully, he assumed various forms at different times, and was twice incarnated in a human body and dwelt among mortals"—another instance, showing that a later mythology was able to appropriate an idea, however fallacious its origin.

The worshippers of Siva believed he had numerous wives according to his various titles in the multifarious departments of distinction or change. Under the name of Iswaras he was wedded to Isa, supposed to represent Nature, which, in all languages, is metaphorically called *she*. As changer of the seasons and promoter of germination, he was united to Parvati, Goddess of Illusions and Enchantments. As Time, the Destroyer, his mate was the dark goddess, Kali, with four hands full of deadly weapons, a necklace of human skulls, and a girdle of slaughtered giant's hands. Thus, like the numerous gods and devils who

have succeeded him, we see he had a special fondness for females.

There was early in India a universal belief in evil spirits of various ranks and degrees of power, from gigantic demons, who attack the orbs of light, down to the malicious little Pucks who delight in small mischief. These were supposed to enter the minds of men, producing bad thoughts and criminal actions, and also to take possession of the body, producing insanity, fits and all manner of diseases. It was supposed they could be cast out only by some form of holy words, pronounced by a priest, with duly prescribed ceremonies.

The Egyptians, vying in antiquity with the Hindus, had also their evil spirit or devil. His name was Typho, and he was the brother of the god Osiris, who was for a long time the principal deity of that ancient nation of literature, theology and art.

It is not a little curious that, in all the mythologies of the world, the god and the devil have been closely connected by the ties of consanguinity. In India the creating and destroying principles were united in the same personage. In Egypt the beneficent and destructive gods were twin-brothers. In Persia, Ormuzd, the King of Light, and Ahriman or Ahrimanes, the Prince of Darkness, both emanated from the Eternal One. In the Grecian and Roman mythologies, Pluto was the son of a god, as were also Vulcan and Pan. In the Christian mythology, the Devil, if not the offspring of God, was of his direct creation, an honorable member of his household, and was for a long time on the most intimate terms with him.

In the ancient Persian mythology, the evil spirit, Ahriman, became jealous of the first-born. In consequence of his pride and envy, the Eternal One condemned him to remain three thousand years in the dark realm of shadows, where no ray of light could penetrate. During this time Ormuzd created the firmament, the heavenly orbs and the celestial spirits without the knowledge of his unfortunate brother Ahriman. When the latter had served out his time in darkness and returned, the dazzling beauty revived his old feeling of envy, and he resolved to compete with Ormuzd in everything. He created seven spirits, called arch-devs, in opposition to an equal number of good spirits in the service of Ormuzd, and placed them on the seven planets to substitute evil in place of good. He also created twenty-eight spirits, called Devs, to counteract the good Izeds, by spreading all manner of disorder and distress. The most powerful and pernicious of these was an impure serpent, with two feet, named Ashmogh. He subsequently produced a crowd of genii to oppose the beneficent work of the Fervers, the good angels in the employ of Ormuzd. Thus the contest became violent and continued.

Ormuzd, to arrest the increase of evil, made an egg containing kindly spirits, and Ahriman, to equal him, made one containing evil spirits, and then break them together, thus liberating the good and bad spirits to engage in eternal conflict. Ahriman also made the wolves and tigers, and serpents and venomous insects to annoy the good. By eating a certain kind of fruit, he transformed himself into a serpent and went gliding upon the earth to tempt human beings. His devils entered the bodies of men and women and produced all manner of diseases, and also sensuality, falsehood, slander and revenge. Into every part of the world they introduced discord and death. When Ormuzd tried to lead his hosts against Ahriman, they deserted him and joined the enemy, thus enabling evil to gain and hold the ascendancy on the earth for three thousand years.

Here we see a very fair prototype for the later ideas of *devilology* which prevailed in the world, and the word *Dev* only needed the addition of two letters to give us our own illustrious Devil.

In the Grecian and Roman mythology, the powers of evil were not concentrated in one individual, but the honors were divided among a number. Hades or Pluto reigned in a dismal, subterranean, sulphureous region, and wore a stern, gloomy countenance, and presided over deaths and funerals. He was so much of a monster no one of the goddesses was willing to take him for a partner, so one fine day he stole upon earth and kidnapped the beautiful Proserpine, carried her off in his chariot to hell and forced her to become his wife and the queen of the infernal regions.

The Fates and Furies were attendants upon Pluto, and assisted him in the diabolical business he had in hand. Charon was an old decrepit, long-bearded fellow, and was the ferryman of hell. He waited patiently to carry over the souls of the dead, which came flocking to him promiscuously and in troops, but was particular to collect the fare from each. The monsters at the entrance of hell were those fatal evils which bring destruction and death upon mankind, and by which the inhabitants of the infernal regions were constantly augmented; these evils were care, sorrow, disease, old age, fright, famine, want, labor, sting of conscience, fire, fraud, strife, war, and death. Cerberus must not be forgotten; he was a dog with three heads, and whose body was covered in a terrible manner with snakes instead of hair. He was the porter of hell and was begotten by Typhon.

Of the heathen nations and pagan systems of religions, all had their devils and evil spirits. But we must not dwell too long upon the devils of heathenism; our principal business is with the Devil

of the Christian mythology, and to him we must now pay our particular respects. We must not suffer the ideal devils of olden times to deprive this equally mythical character of his due share of attention.

As every principal system of religion has found a necessity for a Devil, as an adversary and an antagonist to the all-ruling power of good, so Christianity must needs follow suit, and it was perhaps, fortunate for the founders of the system, that inasmuch as their original inventive powers seemed not to be of the highest order, that they were able to find plenty of models of devils already at hand, as well as all the other pagan dogmas of which the Christian system is composed and which they so freely appropriated.

The Hebrews had a very indefinite idea of the Devil, and Moses himself threw but a small amount of light upon this dark subject. Is it not a little curious that the word Devil is not mentioned once in the Jewish Bible. The word *Devils* is used four times (Lev. xvii. 7. Deut. xxxii. 17. 2 Chron. xi. 15. and Ps. cvi. 37. but means simply evil spirits or idols, and not the old archfiend, and eternal adversary of the Almighty who was especially discovered after the Old Testament was written and of which Christians are in such perpetual terror.

It is an important fact also that the name "Satan," another prominent name for the Devil, is used but five times in the Old Testament—twice in the book of Job, once in 1 Chron. xxi. 1, in Ps. cvi. 6, and Zach. iii. 9. Except in Job, neither passage alludes to the Christian Devil, but simply implies an adversary and not a personal being. The first is the meaning of the original Hebrew word. In Chronicles it says Satan provoked David to number the people. In narrating the same occurrence in Kings, an earlier history, it says: "God moved him to number the people," so as both passages must be true, it follows that both beings are one, and that at all events, it was not the Christian Devil that was meant.

Before we proceed farther in this interesting history, it will perhaps be well to give the various names by which his Infernal Highness is known, so that there may be no possible doubt as to whom we have under consideration. Among the titles accorded in the Bible to this distinguished personage are, *Serpent, The Old Serpent, Satan, Devil, Lying Spirit, Lucifer, Son of the Morning, Prince of Darkness, Prince of the Power of the Air, The Adversary, The Tempter, The Accuser, Angel of the Bottomless Pit, Angel of Light, Mammon, Beelzebub, The Enemy, The Evil One, Legion, The Foul Spirit, The Unclean Spirit, The God of this World, The Great Red Dragon, Abaddon, Apollyon, The Destroyer, etc., etc.* In outside circles he has a few additional names, some of which occur to us at this moment, and we will mention them. *Zamiel, The Archfiend, Asmodeus, Mephistopheles, His Satanic Majesty, Old Nick, Old Split-foot, The Old Gentleman, The Old Scratch, The Deuce, The Dickens, Old Horny, Old Harry, Prince of Brimstone, King of the Nether Regions, The Old Boy, etc., etc.* Here is certainly an array of names quite sufficient for one poor Devil, and if he could get anything for them, he might sell a score or two of them and have plenty left.

His Imperial Lowness is first introduced to us in the Bible story in the Garden of Eden, as a precocious snake who could stand erect on the tip of his tail and talk human language so artistically as to persuade, in about fifteen minutes, the most perfect woman that ever breathed, and right fresh from the hands of her maker, to eat a fine looking specimen of apple from the workshop of the same workman, but under whose fair skin there was poison and damnation enough to perpetually curse countless millions of human beings who for thousands of years succeeded her. That was indeed a villainous but cunning old snake to thus completely thwart the King of Heaven, the Eternal God, of all knowledge and power, and the Maker and Ruler of Heaven and Earth; and it was a most pernicious and deadly kind of fruit that could, by simply being masticated by our grandmother, thus inexorably damn to hopeless, perpetual and excruciating torture countless quintillions of her offspring. Why did God ever make such a snake? Why did he ever make such an apple? Why did he ever make such a woman? Why should he have created the possibilities for such a terrible catastrophe? How could he have made such an egregious blunder? Who is able to answer these momentous questions? It is a painful subject to dwell upon, and let us leave it at once.

There is consolation in knowing (though it is rather inadequate to the occasion) that the old serpent who thus defeated God, and ruined the world by one master-stroke of cunning, was condemned to crawl on his belly, to eat dust, and to have the organs of speech taken from him. And we are glad to be able to state to you on this occasion that the old serpent has never stood on his tail nor spoken a word since he performed that apple trick. We fear, however, he has not observed the sentence about eating dust. No naturalist, no snake hunter, nor snake charmer has in these six thousand years ever caught a snake eating dust, but they have frequently been detected in swallowing frogs, toads, mice, birds, etc., and it has been observed, too, that this villainous beast always insists upon taking his food alive. We would be willing to sign a petition to the high court of heaven that this vile enemy of God and man be made to abide by the original sentence and eat nothing but dust.

Some have had the audacity, or the hardihood, to doubt whether this snake that so early engaged in the apple business and thus cornered the market, was identically the same Devil who afterwards entered into a speculation with God in the matter of Job, the putting of his children to death, killing off all his live stock and covering him from head to foot with the most terrible boils that was ever heard of, and the same muscular Devil, who, on a later occasion transported the Son of God to the top of a very high mountain and also to the highest pinnacle of the temple; but our reliable, disinterested clergymen, who were better posted in all matters pertaining to the Devil, than any of the rest of us, assure us in the most unmistakable manner that such is the fact, and we are not at liberty to doubt them.

It is to be regretted that, though the devilish snake was doomed to crawl on the face of the earth and not to speak a loud word from that time forth, still matters did not move smoothly between God and man. Although the serpent was placed at such great disadvantage, he seemed to still have power enough to pervert the whole human race and to alienate them from God to such a degree, that he got very sick of the enterprise and heartily wished he had never undertaken it. He saw no way out of the muddle he had gotten into, except to drown the entire human race and all the animal kingdom, save the fishes and one man and his family. These were heroic measures, truly, but the case was desperate. Mankind was rapidly going to the Devil any way, and he decided to send them all by water.

It must have been an interesting sight to those old antediluvians who had lived to the mature age of nine hundred years and over, to see the animals gathering from all quarters of the earth, of however diverse nature and characteristics, fling into the Ark two by two, wolves and lambs, tigers and kids, hawks and chickens, turkeys and grasshoppers, all in the most fraternal and amicable manner, disposing of themselves in the Ark and stowing themselves away like cord-wood, and waiting for God to shut them in, in pitch darkness, there to remain some thirteen months. It is presumable the serpent or the Devil—whichever he may have been—was shrewd enough to get into the ark before the door was closed, for we see that the serpent still lives and that the Devil has been in a flourishing condition ever since.

Could he have been drowned beyond all power of resuscitation, we could have been better reconciled to the merciless drowning of the lambs, the kittens, the fawns, the cows, the horses, the camels, the Guinea-pigs, the squirrels, the larks, the mocking-birds, the bob-o-links, the honey-bees and the butterflies, none of which had done any wrong, so far as we are informed; had the Devil been drowned, we could have submitted to the necessary loss of life on the other hand; but to realize that they were all drowned, and he kept alive, excites our extreme indignation.

It is to be further regretted, that this immense outlay of life and treasure resulted in so little benefit to either God or man, for we expressly informed that the world went on just as bad after, as before. The Devil still ruled the hearts of men, thus showing himself, as he has on many other occasions, the smarter of the two.

Although very little is said of the Devil for some hundreds of years after that extensive freshet, we are not to suppose he was asleep or idle. He is said ever to be on the alert, and to let no opportunity pass where he can "turn an honest penny," or to do any little job in his line of business. Judging from the history of the events occurring between the flood and Job's time, and the amount of butchery and killing and the various other crimes committed by God's peculiar people, as well as the rest of the world, we may well suppose he was steadily improving the golden moments as they passed.

Under the name of Satan, the Devil is prominently brought to our notice in the book of Job, and he is there represented as a very respectable gentleman—vastly improved in character and circumstances from the time, when in the garden of Eden he was cursed to crawl upon his belly all the days of his life. At the time of that cursing, it may be supposed God had the utmost contempt for him, and despised him above all living beings; but when he is introduced to us in Job, there seems to be great cordiality between the two, we are led to suppose that the Devil was the Son of God, or at least a close and intimate friend. On "a day when the children of God came to present themselves before the Lord, that Satan came also among them" (Job. i. 6). The Lord saluted him in a friendly manner, and asked him whence he came. Satan answered: "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." Then the Lord asked him: "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil?" Satan answered this question in a true Yankee fashion, by asking another: "Dost Job fear God for nought? Hast not thou made a hedge about him, about his house, and about all that he has on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. Put forth thy hand now and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face." To this banter the Lord, with much magnanimity towards the Devil, (more, surely, than to the good man

Job,) said: "Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thy hand." Upon this Satan took his leave, to enter upon the work of depriving the good man of his wealth, according to God's suggestion.

This interview and conversation between God and the Devil suggests a few thoughts. First. As to the sons of God: who were they? Where did they come from? How many sons had he? Who were their mothers? Were they legitimate or illegitimate? What was their occupation? Where did they go to? Were they divine or human, or half and half? Was Satan one of them? Where are they at the present time?

Second. How is it that the Lord, who is omniscient and sees and knows all things, should be under the necessity of asking the Devil where he came from? Is he not expected to know where everybody is at all times, especially his arch-enemy, who is constantly working against him? If God is everywhere present, and his all-seeing eye is always open, how is it, if Satan was constantly walking up and down the earth, that God did not sometimes meet him? It would seem that Satan was an excellent traveler, and was looking after the affairs of men better than God was.

Third. While it must be set down as rather of a cruel and dishonorable business for God and the Devil to thus plot against a righteous man like Job who had discharged his duty in all respects, that from the account, the ignominy and dishonor of the transaction attaches equally to the two; in fact, God would seem to be the most culpable, for it was he who first called the Devil's attention to the man Job, and it was he who commissioned the Devil to despoil him.

Fourth. It is painful to read the account that follows; how thoroughly Satan executed the commission he had received, and how the heart of good old Job was made sore by the loss of his oxen, his sheep, his camels, his servants, and finally his sons and daughters. It is no wonder that in his great grief he arose and tore his mantle. Had he torn it into shreds, no one could have blamed him. But he endured it all manfully, and neither cursed nor blamed. It would seem that even the Devil's heart ought to have been touched by the good old man's afflictions, and the noble resignation with which he bore them, that he would have ceased his persecutions. We must say in all the foul deeds that are laid to the Devil, this is really the meanest of any that is proved against him. Such ignoble conduct cannot be excused even in a devil. We must remember however, that God had given his consent to it all, and knew all about it. Whatever dishonor the Devil gained in that nefarious business, God must share with him.

It seems, further along, that the sons of God came together to hold another re-union and Satan came also to present himself before the Lord as before, when God and he had another conversation about the afflicted Job. God asked him again where he came from and received the same answer as before. He asked the Devil again what he thought of Job, and admitted that the Devil had induced him to bring afflictions upon the poor old man without the slightest cause. The Devil's answer was much as before; "Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. Put forth thy hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh and he will curse thee to thy face." Then said God, "Behold, he is in thy hand; but save his life." He virtually said, do what you please with the old man; afflict him and torment him as much as you like, so that you don't quite take his life. Upon this the Devil again took his departure to carry out this new commission. Then follows the recital of the bodily sufferings that were visited upon that patient, good man in the shape of boils all over his body from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet.

Any person who has had a good sized boil on any part of the body, well knows the sufferings it produces. No boil has ever yet found the right place to locate to be out of the way. One boil has always been found sufficient at a time; we never saw a person who wished two at once. One was quite all he wished to attend to. But think of a poor victim being covered, all over from head to foot. Just think of the intense pain and anguish they must produce when coming to a head; and when they got to running what a time the poor man must have had. We pity him now, from the bottom of our heart. Of all the sufferings poor mortals have ever been afflicted with, we can imagine nothing worse; and to be kept up so long. O, Dear! it is a painful subject and we cannot dwell upon it longer. How a decent Devil or a good God could stand by and thus wantonly afflict a poor, hapless mortal, has always been a mystery to us. For the credit and good name of God and the Devil both, we have always wished that the picture here presented was overdrawn. We would much rather that the writer of the drama or story had misstated the facts, than to think them truly given. If it is a fact that the whole human family are in the hands of such a God and such a Devil, we would call upon the angels to pity and weep.

After this discreditable piece of business but little is said about the Devil in the older part of the Bible.

Although God's chosen people seemed at all times to be very full of the Devil, his name is seldom mentioned till we reach the New Testament, and then the

Devil is served up in almost every conceivable style. At one time he tempts God, or the Son of God—as you choose—another time he takes him to the pinnacle of the temple; again he conveys him to the top of a very high mountain where he shows him all the kingdoms on both sides of the globe; (we have thought no one but a Devil could perform this difficult feat); then he gets into a great many different persons; one was the wild man among the tombs. If the imp was big enough and strong enough to carry a god or a man around it would seem singular how he could get into a person. In the wild man alluded to, he seems to have entered very extensively, for when he came out there was enough of him to occupy two thousand swine. Whether there were two thousand of the devils that got into the man, or whether he divided up into two thousand parts when he entered the swine has not yet been settled. Seven of him, or seven of some devils, seem to have got into Mary Magdalene, but how they could make themselves comfortable in such a locality is a little mysterious. Jesus, however, made them come out; in fact he made short work of dislodging devils. If he possessed such power over them it seems very strange why he did not utterly demolish them, destroy them, or any way to get rid of them.

If Jesus left his bright, happy home in heaven to come down to this gloomy world of ours to make human beings happy, why did he not with one blow, kill the Devil, the cause of all the evil and trouble the world has ever known? This would have been a work worthy of a God indeed, and vastly more effective than simply dying on the cross. If, however, God wished to have a Devil in the first place, and saw fit to make him, he probably has his reasons for preserving his life.

It is a debatable question whether the Devil is not a very serviceable being to God, and whether there is not a kind of partnership between them. In the case of Job, they seemed to operate in a joint interest and by mutual consent. In the interviews between Jesus and the Devil, there seemed to be no marked ill-will. They passed considerable time in each other's society. In fact, is not the Devil a very important factor in the grand scheme of salvation and in eternal punishment, which Christ taught, and which he came to inaugurate? His giving up his life as an atonement for the world, is said to be the most sublime and god-like act ever performed; but how could it have been played without the Devil? Who else but the Devil could have incited Herod, the High Priests, Pontius Pilate, and the Roman soldiers, to perform their essential parts? Who but he could have inspired Judas? Without the Devil and Judas, how could the grand work have been accomplished?

Is not the Devil entitled to a very large share of gratitude from the human family, for the indispensable part he performed in this grandest and sublimest scheme of salvation which God or man ever devised—if it is of such a character?

Is not the Devil also most essential to God in other directions? In God's divine and benevolent scheme of punishing his poor, fallible creatures to the latest moments of eternity for misbehaving or misbelieving, who could carry out his kind intentions so faithfully as the Devil? What other being could be induced to attend to the nether regions of fire and brimstone, remaining patiently in that super-heated locality to pitch and punch into the burning lake, for unknown millions of years, countless billions of poor human wretches who had no hand in bringing themselves into existence?

Who else but the Devil could be found who would carry out and execute so fully, God's beneficent and deific designs in this direction? It would seem that God is under a debt of gratitude to the Prince of Brimstone, that he can never fully repay. It would seem to be wrong in any one, to seek to defraud the Devil out of the honors, emoluments or profits, resulting to the firm, of which he is so distinguished a member.

In view of all this, we are sometimes sadly pained to hear his August Highness, (or lowness) so berated and abused, as he frequently is, by those who count themselves special servants of God. There never was an unfortunate being so slandered, maligned and vilified on all occasions and in all places, as this same Devil. He is accused of doing, or inciting every cruel, ignoble criminal, low, mean, dirty act, that has ever been committed by God or man. He is denounced in the most vehement terms, as the great and persistent enemy to God and all that is good. It is laid to his charge that he is constantly lying in ambush, seeking to waylay, seduce, entice, and then destroy every son and daughter of humanity. It would require volumes to contain a title of the numerous and reiterated indictments of this kind that have daily and hourly been brought against the poor Devil, by clergymen, and other pious, godly persons. The charges are grave, but are they true?

Let us spend a moment in looking up his record, to see if it bears out these terrible charges. He has, times without number, been denounced as a liar, and has a million times been called the "father of liars." Is it so? Has he been such an inveterate liar? When did he lie so much? When did he lie at all? It has been charged upon him by many thousands of divines, that he lied to our poor old grandmother Eve, in that little affair about the apple; but was it so? God told

Adam, that on the day he ate of the fruit, he should surely die, but the Devil came along in the convenient and fascinating form of a snake, and told Eve that though she ate of the fruit, she should not surely die; but her eyes should be opened; and she should be as gods, knowing good and evil. Well, Eve and her "old man" ate of the fruit, and they did not die that day, but lived nine hundred years afterwards; and their eyes were opened, so they discovered their nakedness which they had not before ascertained. When the Lord came down, in the cool of the day, to walk in the garden, and discovered man had got his eyes open he became very angry and stated the matter thus: "Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil, and now lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life and eat and live forever;" therefore the Lord in his anger turned him out of the garden, and made him go to work for a living. Now, who lied in this business? If there was a lie out, who told it? It seems God's anger was aroused, not because man was to die on the day that he ate the apple, but that his eyes had become opened to know good and evil, and his fears were excited lest he should eat of the tree of life and thus live forever. Who, we ask, told the lie? It surely was not the Devil. Every word he said was strictly true.

We stand here now to defend the Devil against the base charges that have been so persistently made against him, and we fearlessly assert that it cannot be proven that he has ever told a lie from the time of the apple, till now; and we assert, too, that there is not a priest on the face of the earth, can show that he has. An unfair effort has been made to prove him guilty of a lie at the time he took Jesus up on that high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the earth, and offered them to him, if he would worship him; but there was no lie in the matter; he did not say anything that was false. He simply offered the kingdoms aforesaid to Jesus, upon certain conditions. It is claimed that he proposed to give to Jesus what did not belong to him. Another error; there was a flaw in the title. In one place it says: "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and in another, the Devil is called "the prince of this world," implying that he also had just claims to the property; and besides, according to the rules of war and the laws of nations, the earth belonged to him by virtue of conquest; and when he had so long had undisputed possession of it, he would at least, seem to have acquired title enough, at all events, to execute a quit-claim deed; and we have no authority to suppose he intended to do anything more. So another charge, that the Devil lied, proves to be itself a lie. Now let some one show when he absolutely *did* lie. It is easy to call him a liar, but let it be *proved*, if it is true. It can't be done. But with his antagonist, we are sorry to say, it is otherwise; for in his own word he admits he sent lying spirits and put lying words in the mouths of his prophets to deceive a king, and very numerous cases can be cited where he made misrepresentations, and where he also made promises that were never performed. Who, then, we ask again, is the liar?

The Devil is also grossly charged with malice, cruelty and great injustice to the human race; but we raise our voice on this occasion and say these charges are false—basely false. He has never stolen, he has never robbed, he has never murdered, and we defy any clergyman in the land to show that he has. His opponent, of whom it is claimed, he is all goodness and excellence, very frequently sent his people out on stealing and robbing expeditions; and there would be no trouble in citing many scores of cases where God authorized his chosen ones to despoil their neighbors and take away, forcibly, or by deception their most valuable property, and many times while doing this, to slay, murder and slaughter countless thousands of men, women and children. It will be easy to show by God's own book where he has taken the lives of almost countless thousands of human beings, and often upon the most trivial pretexts, sometimes 5,000, 10,000, 20,000, 50,000, 70,000, and, yes, 670,000 at a time, as with Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red Sea; but we assert here to-day, and without fear of contradiction, that the Devil, with all the power that has been assigned to him to defeat God and to rule the entire world, has never taken the life of a single human being. (Here is a striking contrast, indeed!)

On the other hand he has shown himself to be a true friend to the human race in innumerable instances. At the start, in the garden, as we have just seen, his object was to do our first parents a favor—to open their eyes to discern good and evil—to give them knowledge, and for this very reason God was angry. And, if we can take the words of priests, bishops and divines in all ages of Christendom as true, the Devil has been the source of knowledge, intelligence, education, science, inventions and all the improvements in the arts and mechanics that the world has made. We have no account of God's ever teaching any science to man—neither astronomy, geology, chemistry, mathematics, natural history or philosophy. And when he incarnated himself and lived thirty years in that condition on the earth, did he teach a single science? Did he get up a single new invention? Did he teach the alphabet even to a single child? Did he open a school anywhere, or write a book or a letter? We have no account that he did.

But how is it in this respect with the Devil? Why, he has been credited by Christians themselves, as be-

ing the originator and foster-father of all the education and knowledge the world has to-day. When Copernicus and Galileo discovered that the earth is a round ball, that it revolves upon its own axis every twenty-four hours, and that it courses round the sun every three hundred and sixty-five days—facts which every schoolboy now understands—the highest Christian authorities in the world denounced it as the work of the Devil, and Martin Luther, even called Copernicus an “old fool” for making such a statement. Those Christians knew that neither God nor his Son, nor his prophets, nor his priests knew anything about these things, and had never said a word about them, and they very naturally concluded that this knowledge came from the Devil, and for this reason they persecuted those early scientists, and sought their lives; they either drove them from their country or shut them up in the Inquisition and tortured them till one of them—Galileo—was compelled to denounce the great truths he had uttered; but the old man, though he soon died, was able to reiterate the grand discoveries he had made.

The art of printing, too, has been attributed to the Devil, time and time again. Gutenberg and Faust, when they invented the art, were denounced as being in league with him. Leading bishops and priests of the Christian Church but a few centuries ago, did all they could to suppress and keep back the art of printing. They saw in it the facilities for conveying intelligence to the masses, and that it was calculated to lessen their hold upon them, and hence they fought it bitterly. They knew that God, neither direct, nor through any special agents, priests or prophets, ever did a thing or said a word about the printing press, and it was very easy for them to come to the conclusion that it was the work of the Devil.

In the same way all the succeeding inventions, innovations and discoveries that have been made, have successively been attributed to the Devil. In this category may be mentioned the steam engine, lightning rods, the telegraph, rail roads, reaping machines, sewing machines, friction matches, and thousands of other inventions, that have been denounced as the Devil's contrivances. Even the pious Christians in Scotland, persistently fought the use of the fanning mill for cleaning their oats, their rye and their beans, because it was the Devil's wind, and they would have nothing to do with it. These godly souls well knew that their Deity, and all of his self-constituted servants had never brought any of these inventions to the knowledge of men, and they knew not who else to attribute them to, save the Devil. If he is the author of all the grand improvements, inventions and sciences, the world owes him vastly more than it will ever be able to pay.

In the matter of good nature, equanimity of temper, geniality and kindness, the Devil compares most favorably with his competitor aforesaid; while God from time immemorial, has evinced striking traits of passion, anger, changeableness, irascibility, malice, revenge, ferocity, vindictiveness, fickleness, falseness, and all the accompanying traits, the Devil has been remarkably free from them all. We have no authentic account of his ever getting mad, of his flying into a rage, of his showing malice, of his being vindictive or cruel, of his ever hurting any body; or in short, of his being guilty of any conduct unbecoming a well-disposed, good-natured, genial, gentlemanly Devil.

On the ground of sexual excesses, we think we can point to the Devil with a great amount of pride. In this direction he has certainly acquitted himself with a great deal of credit. If he has had his little weaknesses in this direction, he has also had the good sense, or the shrewdness to not be caught at it, and he has not landed his exploits in this line, abroad. While God has had numerous sons, who came together from different parts of the world, though it is not known who their mothers were or that he ever was married or had a wife; though he held clandestine sexual intercourse with a young, dark-haired, modest Jewess, and though he directed his servants on many occasions to engage in the sexual relation, and through his servants, the prophets, the popes, the cardinals, the bishops, the priests, elders, preachers and ministers of all stripes and sects, have distinguished themselves in a remarkable degree, in this illicit business; we are proud to say that there is not a single instance where any such conduct can be proved upon the Devil. So far as can be shown, he has been a paragon of virtue and continence. O, dear! if there could have been less god, and more devil in the world, how much better it would have been for the human race, and how many criminal and “dirty scrapes,” it would have saved our pious clergymen, who, right round here among us, and in every direction in which we turn our eyes, in all parts of the country, are so often dragged down in disgrace and are compelled to defend themselves in courts of justice and at a heavy expense, against the well-proven charges of sexual sins. How much better too, it would be for the younger sisters in the Church, and the bewitching damsels in every department of life.

Yet this amiable, virtuous Devil is still abused, belied and vilified by those who in the scale of morality and purity of character are far beneath him. They still accuse him of every crime in the calendar when it cannot be shown that he has ever committed a single one of them. Herein the benignity and great

excellence of his character is strikingly manifested; “though he was oppressed and afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth,” and who, “when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered threatened not.” For this reason we feel that it is incumbent upon us to stand up here before you and say a word in his defense. He is too modest, or too peaceful, or too much in favor of the policy of silence to strike back when he is smitten, even to uphold his own innocence. Can it be possible that a being possessing these remarkable characteristics is really so bad as he is represented by his maligners, and the source of all the wrongs and evils in existence?

In point of ability, shrewdness, generalship, power and success he also compares most favorably with his author and maker. Take into consideration that the Devil was only a creature of the Creator, to begin with, that he labored under the great disadvantage of commencing business as a snake; that he was subjected to extreme ignominy and degradation, that he has ever been hated, shunned and despised, that he had an Almighty God for a competitor, and it must be admitted that he has held his own in the world remarkably well.

After he was cursed, some six thousand years ago to perpetually crawl on his belly and eat dust, it was but a few generations before he had the entire world of mankind under his control, with the exception of a very small number. So full and general had his power become that his antagonist, in order to gain an advantage over him, resorted to the terrible necessity of drowning the whole world. This expedient, however, seemed to cripple the Devil in a very slight degree; his rule in the earth was soon as powerful as ever, and for thousands of years he was able to trouble his antagonist excessively.

To such a strait was God driven through the machinations of this enterprising and industrious Devil, and so great was the danger that the whole world would follow after him, and be utterly lost to its maker, he was at length compelled to come down from heaven and be incarnated—a human being for thirty years and then die ignominiously on the cross. Notwithstanding this, and the fact that for eighteen hundred years he has had a great number of priests of all kinds and qualities, to assist him in fighting the Devil, and though the most severe measures—the stake, the scaffold, the beheading-axe and block, the rack, the torture-wheel and hundreds of other pious and cruel inventions for inflicting pain and taking life, to say nothing of long continued and desolating Christian wars, the Devil has kept right along in the even tenor of his way, constantly gaining upon his antagonist and bringing the world more and more under his influence and control.

If success is the measure of power, the Devil must be set down as far more powerful than his opponent, for in taking the whole world together he has twenty faithful followers, where God has one; and any Christian clergyman will tell you that nearly the whole world is to-day led by his Satanic Majesty. That he is smart, powerful and great, who can for a moment doubt?

It is amusing to observe the different ways in which the Devil is pictured and presented to mankind, and how many forms he is made to assume. The Bible picture, as we have seen, is quite varied—sometimes a snake, sometimes a noble, manly fellow, who congregated with the sons of God, and held friendly converse with God himself; and sometimes an imp of darkness, sneaking around to crawl into some unfortunate human being; sometimes a muscular athlete, capable of carrying a God through the air and transporting him from place to place; sometimes a hideous monster with the skin of a goat, horns on his head, a cloven foot and a long tail; sometimes an affable, pleasant, engaging gentleman, and sometimes a red fiery dragon of hideous mien.

Milton saw him as a tall, majestic, imperious personage, possessing dignity, eloquence and a massive intellect. He thus describes him, after his expulsion from heaven, as he lay prostrate upon the surface of the burning lake, as he just began to recover from the stunning shock of his tremendous fall, and had been holding converse with his fellows:

“He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving towards the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.
His spear, (to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great Admiral, were but a wand.)
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle (not like those
Steps on heaven's azure!) and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.”

To arouse his fallen and stupified companions to life and action, he thus addressed them:

“Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven! once yours, now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood;
With scatter'd arms and ensigns; till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven's-gates discern
The advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping; or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!”

Byron, in his poem, CAIN, makes Lucifer thus discourse to Cain:

“I tempt none,
Save with the truth; was not the tree, the tree
Of knowledge? and was not the tree of life
Still fruitful? Did I bid her pluck them not?
Did I plant things prohibited
Within the reach of beings innocent, and curious
By their own innocence? I would have made ye
Gods; and even he who thrust ye forth, so thrust ye
Because “ye should not eat the fruits of life,
And become gods as we.” Were those his words?

And again, he speaks as follows:

“No! by heaven, which he
Holds, and the abyss, and the immensity
Of worlds and life, which I hold with him—No!
I have a victor—true; but no superior.
Homage he has from all—but none from me:
I battle it against him, as I battled
In highest heaven. Through all eternity,
On the unfathomable gulfs of Hades,
On the interminable realms of space,
And the infinity of the endless ages,
All, a I will I dispute! And world by world,
And star by star, and Universe by Universe,
Shall tremble in the balance, till the great
Conflict shall cease, if ever it shall cease,
Which it ne'er shall, till he or I be quenched!
And what can quench our immortality,
Of mutual and irrevocable hate?
He as a conqueror will call the conquered
Evil; but what will be the good he gives?
Were I the victor, his works would be deem'd
The only evil ones. And you, ye new
And scarce born mortals, what have been his gifts
To you already, in your little world?
CAIN.—But few: and some of those but bitter.

LUCIFER.— Back
With me, then, to thing earth, and try the rest
Of his celestial boons to you and yours.
Evil and good are things in their own essence.
And not made good or evil by the giver;
But if he gives you good—so call him; if
Evil springs from him, do not name it mine—
Till ye know better its true fount; and judge
Not by words, though of spirits, but the fruits
Of your existence, such as it must be.
One good gift has the fatal apple given—
Your reason:—let it not be over-swayed
By tyrannous threats to force you into faith
'Gainst all external sense and inward feeling.
Think and endure,—and form an inner world
In your own bosom—where the outward fails;
So shall you nearer be the spiritual
Nature, and war triumphant with your own.”

We would like to quote what other poets have said of the Devil, and what words they have put into his mouth, but time will not permit. We must hasten on. The Devil has truly been a most prolific theme in this world of ours, and in connection with his sulphurous abode, the cause of unutterable terror, anguish, grief and woe. No subject has been so much and so often discussed, and none has produced a greater amount of misery. Volumes have been written of him, and salaried priests have desecrated upon his nature and attributes, and millions of sermons and harrangues have been delivered, about the august personage under consideration. Our attention, within a few days, was called to a large number of antique books, in one of our Broadway bookstores, pertaining to the Devil, some of them being two and three hundred years old. So large was the list, that it was deemed necessary to issue a catalogue containing their titles and descriptions, and itself is a book of perhaps forty pages. Some of the works were written in a humorous and satirical vein, but the larger portion of them most serious, giving elaborately the character and maliciousness of his Sulphurous Majesty, and his connection with God's plans and purposes, not failing to portray the impending danger awaiting all who listen to him. Truly did Voltaire exclaim: “Never has there been a more universal empire than that of the Devil.”

Painters and picture-makers usually represent him as a horrid monster, with coarse, sardonic features, with mischief and malice depicted in his countenance; two horns upon his head, like a goat's; with a cloven hoof, like the same animal, but much larger, and with a tail much longer and larger than the goat can boast. He seems to have a great fondness for goat-meat, and all the goats in the world are consigned to his cus-

today. That they finally do not appear among the goats, going down to his heated sulphurous regions, has been the terror and the agony of millions.

The goat idea in the make-up of the Devil was doubtless taken, in part, from the ancient Egyptian, Grecian and Roman earthly deity, Pan, who resembled a horned half-goat, and with cloven feet and the tail of a goat. He was also called Incubus, and his domain was the crude world—the earth. He was, however, full of music, and in this respect our Devil closely resembles him. It is highly probable the traditions and ideas of a Devil were borrowed from the ancient Chaldeans or Persians, in whose country the Jews were detained seventy years in captivity. Before their captivity, they had very slight ideas of the Devil, but after it the idea cropped out perceptibly, and was handed down with the dogmas of Judaism to the era of Christianity.

As so much has been written and preached by Christians about the Devil, it may be well to give a quotation or two from Christian authors concerning him and his sulphurous home. Dr. Watt's says:

"Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damned souls.
There Satan, the first rebel, lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crushed with the weight of both thine hands."

We cannot envy the mind capable of imagining such a horrid picture. Here is another choice bit from the Rev. Dr. Sewell, of Oxford, in his "Christian Morals": "No sooner does the infant draw the vital air, than in consequence of it, being under the wrath of God, it is taken possession of by the Spirit of Evil."

We will hold, and realize and act upon the true, unfigurative, literal personality of a Spirit of Evil, tempting man, lying in wait for him, triumphing over him, hating him, going about seeking whom he may devour. On this main fact must rest the foundation of all Christian ethics."

Baxter, in his "Call to the Unconverted," draws some vivid pictures of the Devil and his miserable, fiery home. Our own, Jonathan Edwards, was also rich and voluminous in delineations of the Devil and the regions of the damned, but we must not enlarge in this direction. We will, however, give a single quotation from the "Course of Time," by that orthodox Christian, Pollock:

Wide was the place,
And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.
Beneath I saw a lake of burning fire.
With tempest tossed perpetually, and still
The waves of fiery darkness, 'gainst the rocks
Of dark damnation broke, and music made
Of melancholly sort; and over head,
And all around, wind warred with wind, storm howled
To storm, and lightning, forked lightning, crossed,
And thunder answered thunder, muttering sounds
Of sullen wrath; and as far as sight could pierce,
Or down descend in caves of hopeless depth.
Through all that dungeon of unfading fire,
I saw most miserable beings walk,
Burning continually, yet unconsumed;
Forever wasting, yet enduring still:
Dying perpetually, yet never dead."

"O'er their heads a bowless cloud,
Of indignation hung; a cloud it was
Of thick and utter darkness, rolling, like
An ocean, tides of livid, pitchy flame;
With thunders charged, and lightnings ruinous,
And red with forked vengeance, such as wounds
The soul; and full of angry shapes of wrath,
And eddies whirling with tumultuous fire,
And forms of terror raving to and fro,
And monsters, unimagined heretofore
By guilty men in dreams before their death,
From horrid to more horrid changing still
In hideous movement through that stormy gulf."

Those who are fond of pictures of this kind can be pleased to their heart's content in the Christian theology of the past few centuries.

It is thought strange by many, why men of education and intelligence will continue to teach such monstrous ideas about a vindictive God, a malicious Devil, and a seething, foaming hell; but when the fact is borne in mind that in the words of the Rev. Dr. Sewell, already quoted, "On this main fact must rest the foundation of all Christian ethics," the reason can be understood. This is the base on which the structure of Christian theology is built—a vindictive God, angry with the whole human race, a villainous but subservient Devil in his employ, and a hell, of the description just given, to burn poor wretches in—and here you have the bulk of Christianity. This is the principal nourishment which these blatant and extra pious clergy for hundreds of years have been doling out to the simple children, small and large, who devoutly listen to them Sunday after Sunday, month after month and year after year.

These themes are their principal stock in trade.

How could the clergy get along without a Devil or a hell? The Devil is their best friend. It is to escape his clutches that induces millions of Christian dupes to support this idle, unproductive but privileged class of priests and bishops, enabling them to dress in fine linen and broadcloth; to eat the best the land affords, to live in splendid mansions of brown-stone and pressed brick; and all without lifting a finger or soiling their hands to earn a penny of the money which they cost. Were it not for this very convenient Devil who serves them so well, they would be under the necessity of turning their attention in other directions, and devising some other, but perhaps more laborious, means of obtaining a livelihood.

Do you realize, kind Friends, what the promulgation of the repulsive doctrines we have under consideration, has cost, and is costing the world? In our own country we have over sixty thousand priests, who with more or less fervor are preaching this kind of gospel, and as many churches in which it is listened to. This is done at an annual expense of \$200,000,000. In Christendom there are not less than 300,000 priests of all kinds, who preach the Devil, and it costs the poor people who pay for this kind of amusement the enormous sum of \$1,000,000,000 annually. Could not this amount of wealth be used where it would do vastly more good to the race? Is it so important that his Satanic Majesty should be held up in all his deformity before the trembling millions, that this amount of treasure, wrung from the weary muscles and the aching backs of the toiling, credulous masses, should year after year, and century after century, be worse than thrown away? Cannot some theme more pleasing and interesting than the Devil, with his hoofs, horns and tail, be delivered to the people?

It has doubtless been observed by the most of you, who are pious enough to attend Church, that his Satanic Majesty is, of late years, receiving the "cold shoulder" from the clergy, who have been so much indebted to him in the past. They say far less about the Devil now than twenty-five years ago; and they mix far less of sulphur in the gospel pap which they so affectionately feed to the babes of grace. The fact is the mental stomach of the public has become so sensitive that it rejects such highly seasoned diet as the wrath of God and brimstone make when duly blended together. It requires something milder, and we see the Doctors of Divinity, like the Doctors of Medicine, hasten to furnish their patients with such boluses and mixtures as they are willing to accept and pay for.

Clergymen, like other professionals and tradesmen, are very anxious to please their patrons, and are willing to furnish just such commodities as are in demand. They are getting to take a very sensible view of the matter, and virtually they talk to their customers in this wise: "We wish to please you; you pay us your money, and we desire you to have just what you want. If you do not like so much sulphur, we can just as easily give you less; in fact, we think we can soon dispense with it altogether. If you object to the Devil, we will keep him behind the curtain, and even not exhibit him at all, if you say so. We are anxious to please our customers as nearly as we can; we are determined to study the tastes of those who patronize our establishment."

Remarks, practically like these, were made to a congregation in this city three weeks ago to-day, by a pastor who has just newly been called to fill the pulpit. He said: "Now you just let me know how you want this church run, and it shall be done just according to your instructions." He had an eye to business, and many of them are acquiring the same degree of shrewdness, and are so obliging as to try to please those who pay them. They will raise the Devil when the Devil is wanted, and make him down, when he is not desired. The whole truth lies just here: clergymen will preach up the Devil just so long as the people willingly accept him; and will throw him overboard, Jonah like, when he does not suit the popular demand. As it is money they work for, they feel it to be incumbent on them to answer the demands of that money; so when the people unitedly say: "We want no more Devil," we will have no more.

But what will Christianity do without a Devil and a hell? It will be worse than the play of "Hamlet," with the part of "Hamlet" omitted. This Devil, after all, cannot be given up, for the entire Christian theology is so blended and interwoven with him, that he cannot be dropped out, nor expurgated, without ruining the entire institution.

Can any loyal Christian doubt, for a moment, the existence of a Devil—a real, simon-pure, personal Beelzebub? Did not Jesus, Paul, Peter, John, Constantine, all the popes, prelates, bishops, fathers, priests, monks, friars, pastors, preachers, elders, and deacons, from the Master, down, believe in, and teach a live, walking, real Devil? Did not Luther, the father of Protestantism, believe in a Devil? In fact, did he not absolutely see him? We have his word that he did. The Devil appeared to him in his study, and the good saint threw his ink-stand at the Devil's head. Unfortunately he missed his mark, or, at all events, he did not kill, nor seriously injure his distinguished visitor. The great man was kind enough to commit to writing, and leave as a legacy to those who succeeded him, some of his experiences with the gentleman from below.

In his work on the abuses attendant on private

masses, he says that he had conferences with the Devil on that subject, passing many bitter nights, and much restless and wearisome repose; that once in particular, Satan came to him in the dead of the night, when he was just awakened out of sleep. "The Devil," says Luther, "knows well enough, how to construct his arguments, and to urge them with the skill of a master. He delivers himself with a grave and yet shrill voice. Nor does he use circumlocutions and beat about the bush; but excels in forcible statements and quick rejoinders. I no longer wonder that the persons whom he assails in this way are occasionally found dead in their beds. He is able to compress and throttle, and more than once he has so assaulted me and driven my soul into a corner, that I felt as if the next moment it must leave my body. I am of the opinion that Gesner and Ecclampadius came in that manner to their deaths. The Devil's manner of opening a debate is pleasant enough, but he soon urges things so peremptorily that the respondent in a short time knows not how to acquit himself."

Here is positive testimony from the highest Christian source that there is a Devil, and that he is very sociable, argumentative and able in discussion. No Christian can doubt Luther's testimony on this very important subject.

We have also the positive testimony of Swedenborg and Blomberg that there is a Devil for they had seen him and conversed with him. Our own Joseph Smith, too, the Mormon Prophet, a man who could not be induced to make the slightest misrepresentation, avers that he not only saw the Devil, but had a personal conflict with him over those golden plates on which the Mormon Bible was engraved. The Devil was determined to get the plates away from the Prophet and he struggled hard to accomplish it, but for once, he found his match; Joseph was too much for the Archfiend, and he held on to the plates, compelling the Evil One to retire in disgrace.

There are plenty of others, divines and undivines, who positively assert that they have seen the Devil, and came in close contact with him. Yes, they not only saw him, but they smelt him, also. Some of the goatish smell was about him, but the odor of sulphur predominated. (It is asserted that he uses no cologne water nor "rosadora," to overcome his disagreeable smells.)

Notwithstanding the numbers who have seen him, there are several points as to his personality that are not clearly settled. There is some doubt about his complexion, the color of his eyes, the length of his horns, the dimensions of his tail, his avoirdupois, his exact height; whether he parts his hair in the middle; whether his clothes are in the latest fashion, whether it is his right or left foot that is cloven; whether on the other, he wears a boot or a gaiter; whether his coat is dress or sack; whether he regards Moody and Sunkey's style of snatching souls from his grasp, is the most effective that can be devised; whether he is in favor of a "third term," whether he believes Henry Ward Beecher knows anything about Elizabeth, and whether Henry is to be believed under oath.

It has been reported by some of these interviewers that the Devil is cross-eyed, in his off eye; but we have reason to think it an unmitigated slander, put into circulation by his enemies. We think if this had been the case, Martin Luther, who was a very observing man, would have discovered it and reported the same. It cannot easily be supposed that he could hold heated arguments and discussions with the Devil, wherein the major and minor propositions were duly presented; the premises laid down according to rule, and he not have discovered that his celebrated opponent was cross-eyed. The case is not presumable.

One of the saddest features in the whole history of the Devil, is his operations in the line of witchcraft. We will not say he is responsible for the great wrongs that have been committed in this direction; but as he was supposed to be the author and originator of all witchcraft, it is but proper we should consider it in connection with his character and existence.

The belief in witchcraft long existed in the world. As long ago as Moses penned the laws to govern the descendants of Abraham, he wrote very hard terms for those supposed to be witches. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," was one of his enactments, and this cruel, merciless sentence, for many centuries was accepted and acted upon as a decree from the throne of heaven, and many were put to death in that era, for being unfortunate enough to be judged a witch. It prevailed also in many heathen countries for hundreds of years, but it was reserved for Christianity to add the crowning touches of infamy and wrong, to this most unfortunate delusion, mania, or mental disease.

Witchcraft was held to be a supernatural power, which persons were supposed to obtain possession of, by entering into compact with the Devil. It was most frequently associated with the female character, and from that circumstance received its name.

The modern idea of witchcraft, denoting a regular league with the Evil One, dates from the rise of Christianity and obtained its higher development in the Middle Ages. At a later period, the Waldenses and other early seceders from the regular church, were accused and were cruelly and persistently persecuted for witchcraft. The highest dignitaries of the Church made no effort to check the madness that ran riot over Christian countries, but entered fully into the spirit of tormenting and putting to death, the un-

fortunate beings who were basely suspected of entering into compact with the Devil. Many thousands of pitiable wretches were whipped, and scourged, and drowned, and hung, and burnt, for the slightest suspicion of witchcraft being breathed against them. Many tests were devised for ascertaining whether a person was a witch, and had entered into a league with the Prince of Darkness. Water was often resorted to. They were thrown into the same; if they floated, they were hung as witches, and if they sank, they were innocent; but nevertheless were drowned; so it was death even to be suspected.

It is lamentable that dignified courts of justice lent themselves to this nefarious business, and aided in spreading this mental malaria. Sir Matthew Hale, one of England's ablest judges in former times, sat patiently, day after day, listening to the evidence adduced to prove that certain implicated parties were in secret compact with the Devil; and in passing sentence upon the hapless victims of ignorance and superstition, whom to be accused was, almost, to be put to death.

The persecutions and infamous cruelties extended toward the miserable females, who were chiefly suspected of the crime of being witches, and of entering into unholy compact with the Evil One, were exterminated and carried out in all Christian countries. In 1484 the head of the Christian Church, Pope Innocent, issued his famous bull, in which he narrated the prevailing superstitions on the subject, and appointed commissions to examine and punish witches. From that time it became a crime especially recognized by ecclesiastical authorities. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the persecutions of witches were actively carried on all over Europe, and an incredible number of unfortunate beings lost their lives.

Colange says: "The ideas that had come to be connected with the subject, are of a remarkable character. The witch was believed to have entered into a regular engagement with the Devil, who delivered her over to an imp or familiar spirit, to be always at her call, and to do whatever she desired of it; she, on the other hand, agreeing that she should be his after death. The witch was believed to possess the power to transport herself through the air upon a broom-stick—which was their favorite mode of travel—and of transforming herself into various forms of animal life, but more especially cats. As they are animals specially fond of slily roving around at all hours of the night, they were thought to be particularly adapted to the use of the witches. It was fully believed they possessed the power of inflicting disease upon any person whom they chose. Objects that were horrid and loathsome were regarded as chosen instruments of the witches, as dead bodies, toads, frogs, lizards, serpents, etc., etc.

A power was also assigned them over the elements, of raising storms or producing calms, and of casting malign influences over the fruits of the earth. The suspected persons were put to the most cruel tortures, in the agonies of which confessions were extorted from them which had little foundation in fact. Some confessions were, no doubt, voluntarily made, which were the result of imagination."

It is a black, bloody chapter of cruelty, oppression and wrong, which was for many centuries prosecuted in the name of religion and in behalf of a malicious Devil. It is said five thousand of these unfortunate victims of ignorance were burned at Geneva alone, and other parts of Europe, were not far behind. Voltaire states in his great work, "The Philosophical Dictionary," that over one hundred thousand witches were executed in the Christian States of Europe.

In the early settlement of this country, when the Puritanical stock brought with them from Europe the ignorant, superstitious and religious intolerance dominant there, they brought, also, the spirit of persecution and bitterness towards "witches." This cropped out early in certain localities, and raged with fiendish hate. Many a happy home was made desolate by it; many an innocent girl was wrongfully accused of being bewitched, and was cruelly subjected to the most abhorrent tests; many were incarcerated in loathsome prisons and kept there for the grave crime of being suspected of holding communication with the Devil. It was a busy time, indeed, for "witch-finders," and these were usually some sanctimonious, long-faced, nasal-twanged, praying, hypocritical church members, who constituted themselves into smelling committees, to look after the young girls and spinsters, as well as old women in their neighborhood—for these were the ones supposed to be liable to enter into compact with the gentleman below. Hundreds of these innocent and interesting persons, against whom the merest breath of suspicion was whispered, were remorselessly dragged from their homes and friends, and at all hours of the day and night, and imprisoned for weeks amid the greatest discomforts and disgrace; and after formal trials of great solemnity before learned judges, and the first Christians in the country, but upon the most trivial and ex parte testimony, were found guilty, and condemned to death; yes, considerable numbers of these unhappy victims of ignorance, religious superstition, zeal and intolerance were positively executed, and this less than two centuries ago, and in our glorious old State of Massachusetts.

But, thanks to dawning reason and increasing common sense, this terrible business was soon checked;

trials and executions of witches were suppressed, and the evils that had been supposed to be witchcraft, soon terminated; and, except among persons of limited intelligence and reason, there has been but little belief in witches and witchcraft since. With the faith in sorcerers and sorcery, which for many centuries pervaded and cursed many countries and peoples—a belief that sorcerers were in close communion with the Devil, and by his power foretold future events, revealed hidden secrets, discovered stolen property and did many other impossible things—fortunately for the happiness of the human race, has passed away.

Witchcraft, truly, had a long, cruel and bloody history, which it is not our present purpose to sketch, but with a blush of shame for our race, we have to confess that this gigantic, almost incomparable wrong for centuries and millenniums even, was fostered and prosecuted in the name of a personal Devil! It is one of the sad, saddest blots on the page of history, which we would gladly erase, were it in our power.

Now, from what we have here uttered, about that supposed, ever-vigilant enemy of the human race, some of you may have a curiosity to know if we believe in the existence of a Devil. With all due solemnity, and with the highest regard for truth, we are compelled to confess that we do. We believe in an absolute, over-ruling Devil which has long, long cursed the world and our most unfortunate race. The name of this Devil is, *IGNORANCE*. He is not only a positive, real Devil, but he is the author of all the other devils that have ever existed in the imagination of man; and beside him there is none other. But thanks to the powers that be, there are forces superior to him, and all of us, yes, all mankind who have been cursed, with the machinations of this powerful devil may easily learn to subdue him, and to gain absolute power over him. These forces are *KNOWLEDGE, SCIENCE, INTELLIGENCE—the true Saviors of the world.*

With the supremacy of these potent forces, no Devil can longer exist; but with the imps, the demons, the sprites, the gnomes, the satyrs, the genii, the furies, the gorgons, the harpies, the bogies, the goblins, the dragons, all the monstrosities, as well as the witches, the fairies, the nymphs, the naiads, the undines, and all the gods, which, for thousands of years have existed, only, in the imagination of man, are fast passing off the stage. They were all equally inventions and creations of man, devised and believed in, when *ignorance* reigned supreme. As this power is dispelled by the forces just named, these will all take their final departure for the land of oblivion, to annoy, afflict and curse our race no more forever.

But is there no Evil in existence? Is everything good and lovely? Is there no wrong? There surely is wrong; there are evils; but they are not personages nor beings, any more than death, sin, life, truth, hope, charity, love, and many other similar qualities, which in poetry and figurative language have often been personified. None of these are personalities, none have a local, circumscribed existence. They are *principles*, and have a *universal* existence.

What, then, is Evil? It is, in three words, a *mis-application of good*. Good and evil are relative terms. There is nothing in existence but what is either, good or evil, according to the use that is made of it. Everything of which we know, or can conceive, is *good* if properly used, and it may also be *evil* if not so used. Take fire, for instance, in cold weather, as at this season of the year, in warming our dwellings, in dispelling the cold, and in cooking our food, it is a great and indispensable good; but when misapplied, it becomes a most gigantic evil, which Chicago, Boston and thousands of other localities can fully understand.

The same with water. In the composition of our bodies and the bodies of all animal and vegetable life, for quenching thirst, for driving our mills and factories, for floating our ships and steamboats, for a highway between continents and nations, it is a great, an incalculable, an indispensable good; but when it comes in deluging rains and devastating floods, it is an evil of immense magnitude, which the people of France, our own country and nearly all countries, this year, and many others, can easily appreciate.

The same with the wind. When gentle, in the zephyr and in the breeze, enlivening and purifying the atmosphere and removing the effects of stagnation and malaria, and in driving our sailing vessels, it is a great good; but when it comes in the form of the gale, the hurricane, the whirlwind and the cyclone, it is an immense evil.

The same with all kinds of food; if used at proper time and in proper quantities they are *good*, but if used in excess they are all capable of becoming great evils. Most substances that are *good*, when taken into the mouth, if inserted in the eyes or ears are positive evils. So we see that everything is either good or evil, just according to the use that is made of it, and no being or person of man's imagining is necessary to represent either.

Man is an intricate organization, possessing many functions of heart, lungs, stomach, brain and other parts of the body. He has in his mental organization noble sentiments, elevated incentives, comprehensive judgment and a masterly intellect; and he also possesses lower propensities and passions. These are all good in their legitimate places and in proper proportions. Every passion subserves a good purpose when in its appropriate use, and when not mis-applied or in-

indulged in excess. The *evil* with these qualities exists not in themselves, but in the use and application that is made of them. There are no persons so good, but what they have some imperfections, and none so bad, nor disproportionately organized, but what they possess some good.

It should be the labor of our lives to inform ourselves of the uses and abuses of everything that exists, and to learn to make a proper use of all we come in contact with. If the best use we can make of some things, is to avoid them and let them entirely alone, so be it.

These qualities, called *good and bad*, are like the plants which grow out of the earth; all are good for some purpose, but some possess more good than others. It should be our study and our purpose to cultivate the good and uproot the hurtful. We should remove the weeds, the thistles, nettles, briars and thorns which occupy the ground and contribute but little to our happiness, and encourage and give careful culture to the wheat, the corn, the esculent roots, the fruits, the flowers, and every plant that ministers to our needs and adds to our happiness.

Let us do this in the mental, as well as in the material domain, and we will need to have but a small amount of evil in our world, and will surely have no use for a big, ugly, insinuating, tormenting, vindictive, personal Devil. When this good day comes, may we not hope the tens of thousands of public teachers and preachers who now spend their talents and their lives in promulgating ancient crudities, superstitions, falsities, fables and myths, which, as we have seen, had their origin in *ignorance*, will decide to instruct the people only in the grand, the beautiful, the elevating, the refining, the happyifying and the true? When science and reason will be our guiding stars, and the myths and the devils of the primitive ages, will hide themselves in the shades of forgetfulness.

It is possible some of the expressions and some of the arguments we have used, may to some seem harsh and uncharitable. Far be it from us to hurt "the oil and the wine" in the heart of any individual, or to speak disrespectfully of the good that exists in any system of religion, or in any form of belief. We are free to confess, Christianity with all its excesses, with all its faults, and with all its errors, has contained and enjoined much that is good, and that great numbers of those who have embraced it, have been sincere, honest-hearted, well-disposed men and women; but who have been misled in supposing the system to be heaven-born, God-given, and angel-nurtured, when it is only made up of the dogmas, fables and mythologies of heathen nations, which existed thousands of years before Christianity came upon the stage; and all of which dogmas, as we have seen, were the figments and imaginations of the human brain.

It is now fully demonstrated that the human race came from a low origin, on a level with the animal plane, and has, with obstructions and drawbacks, gradually progressed, until it has arrived where it is to-day; and that it did not start high up, at a point of perfection, and since been constantly deteriorating and getting worse and worse.

All systems of religious belief which the world has contained, have possessed some good, and the adherents of all have doubtless, been sincere and aimed to discharge their duty and to accomplish commendable results. Every system has been more good, more commendable than it might have been, had it been worse. All could have been worse—more pernicious. But not a system of religion the world has yet believed in, has been free from errors; not one that has been true. All were based upon mistaken notions of gods and devils; all originated in fallacies and absurdities, or which were copied and adopted by one system from another.

We see the same general characteristics common to all the numerous systems that have preceded us. All have had their gods which they worshipped; all have had their devils which they feared. Christianity originated none of this, nor a single dogma she holds to-day. This truth might as well be plainly stated and plainly understood as to longer evade the issue. It must be met sooner or later, and there can be nothing gained by longer deferring it. Let us manfully face the music at once. It is a borrowed system—a part from Judaism, and a part from paganism, but all false together.

The foundations of it are not laid in truth. We now know the Universe was *not* started six thousand years ago, and that the earth is *not* the centre of it; that the sun and moon do *not* revolve around it, and that the stars are *not* small brilliant objects set in a firmament or circumscribed arch, near the earth, and for "signs and seasons;" we know that Adam and Eve could *not* have been the first human pair that existed, but that human beings have lived on the earth at least forty thousand years. Similarly we know that all the cardinal doctrines of Christianity are unfounded in truth. We have seen how the crude idea of devils and gods first took position in the infantile human mind, and how they evolved and developed from age to age; and on taking a correct view of these old beliefs, we see that to suppose any of those dogmas or opinions were given from a god is wholly without foundation.

We are not one of those who think all these various

systems of religion, have been continuous links in the great chain of evolution, and that they all must needs be, like a wheel in an intricate machine, which could not be spared without immense damage to the entire structure. If there has been a gradual progression from one to another, (and this has not always been apparent, for there has been retrogression;) there has not been a single system of faith which could not easily have been spared from the world without serious inconvenience; and Christianity is no exception.

It is difficult to understand how the belief in any form of error can be of great utility to the race, or how the floundering of mankind, for thousands of years in the fogs, and mists and darkness of superstition and delusion, was the greatest good the race could have under the circumstances. It is the nature of error—however firmly planted in sincerity—to hamper, clog and fetter its adherents, and we cannot understand how it can, under any circumstances, be the greatest good the race could enjoy. Truth is better than error; reality than imagination.

How great soever the results arising for any of the antique religions of the past may be supposed, by many, to have been, and how so ever closely they may be thought to have been connected in the great work of evolution through which the race has passed, one thing is morally certain, they are no longer adapted to the wants and needs of the present. The world has outgrown all the imperfect and fabulous theories and doctrines of olden time, and is reaching out for something better, something higher, something truer. Wise is he, who is prepared and willing to step forward with the advance guard, and help to "ring out the old and ring in the new."

The religious creeds of the world have doubtless held it back in the regions of darkness and imperfection for thousands of years; and they have not been the benefit to mankind which many imagine. The advance of the race would have been much more rapid, could truth always have been the guiding star, and not falsehood. It is, however, useless to mourn over the mistakes of the past; "Let bygones be bygones." Our duty and our labor to-day is, to come to the truth, direct, and to rid ourselves of the mistakes of the past with all possible and practicable speed, cultivating, under all circumstances, a spirit of fraternity and a desire to add as much to the welfare and happiness of humanity, as in our power.

We have reason to rejoice that the progress the world has made is as great as it is, considering the impediments and difficulties it has had to encounter; and the great mass of ignorance, superstition and wrong it has had to meet and contend with. Light is breaking in; the myths of olden times are, one after another giving way, and in due time, if we steadily pursue our course, and keep our faces toward the goal of truth, the full effulgence of the genial sun of Reason, Science and Devotion to Humanity will ultimately illumine our pathway.

In closing, we will quote two more extracts, which seem appropriate to the line of thought we have been pursuing. The first is from our own revered Prof. Draper, than whom, in the humble opinion of your speaker, there is hardly a greater living man, and one who has done more excellent service in the cause of truth. We quote from his incomparable work, "The Intellectual Development of Europe" (p. 412):

"All these delusions, which occupied the minds of our forefathers, and from which not even the powerful and learned were free, have totally passed away. The moonlight has now no fairies; the solitude no genii; the darkness no ghost, no goblin. There is no necromancer who can raise the dead from their graves—no one who has sold his soul to the Devil and signed the contract with his blood—no angry apparition to rebuke the crone who has disquieted him. Divination, agromancy, pyromancy, hydromancy, cheiromancy, augury, interpreting of dreams, oracles, sorcery, astrology, have all gone. It is

three hundred and fifty years since the last sepulchral lamp was found, and that was at Rome. There are no gorgons, hydras, chimeras; no familiars; no incubus or succubus. The housewives of Holland no longer bring forth sootierkins by sitting over lighted chafers. No longer do captains buy of Lapland witches, favorable winds; no longer do our churches resound with prayers against the baleful influences of comets, though there still linger in some of our noble old rituals, forms of supplication for dry weather and rain; useless, but not unpleasing reminiscences of the past. These delusions have vanished with the night to which they appertained, yet they were the delusions of fifteen hundred years."

The second extract is from the pen of the equally meritorious Prof. Wm. Denton.

Sigh, priests;—cry aloud—hang your pulpits with black.

Let sorrow bow down every head;

The good friend who bore all your sins on his back,

Your best friend, the Devil, is dead.

Your church is a corpse—you are guarding its tomb;

The soul of your system has fled;

The death knell is tolling your terrible doom;

It tells us, the Devil is dead.

You're bid to the funeral, ministers all,
We've dug the old gentleman's bed;
Your black coats will make a most excellent pall,

To cover your friend who is dead.

Aye, lower him mournfully into the grave;

Let showers of tear-drops be shed;

Your business is gone:—there are no souls to save;

Their tempter, the Devil, is dead.

Woe comes upon woe; it is dreadful to think.

Hell's gone and the demons have fled;

The damn'd souls have broken their chains, every link.

The jailor, who bound them, is dead.

Camp-meetings henceforth will be needed no more:

Revivals are knocked on the head;

The orthodox vessel lies stranded on shore;

Their captain, the Devil, is dead.

A DOCTOR went out West to practice his profession. An old friend met him on the street one day and asked him how he was succeeding in his business. "First rate," he replied. "I've had one case." "Well, and what was that?" "It was a birth," said the doctor. "How did you succeed with that?" "Well, the old woman died, and the child died. But I think I'll save the old man yet!"

A LITTLE GIRL lately reproved for playing out-doors with boys, and informed that, being seven years old, she "was too big for that now," replied with all imaginable innocence, "Why, grandma, the bigger we grow, the better we like 'em." Grandma took time to think.

NOT AFRAID OF THE DEVIL.—A colored man named Nelson is owing a butcher on Beaubien street five or six dollars, and after trying in vain to collect the money, the butcher and a friend put their heads together the other night and laid a plan. About midnight they called at Nelson's house, and he was awakened by a rap on the window.

"Who's dar?" he called out.

"The Devil!" solemnly replied the butcher.

"You is, hey?"

"Yes. I want you!"

"What fur?"

"You refuse to pay your butcher, and I am sent to take you to the bottomless pit!"

"You is?"

"I am! Come forth at once!"

"Ize comin'!" replied the negro as he jumped out of bed; "I can't pay dat six dollars half as easy in any odder way, an' de old woman is so mighty cross Ize glad to get away from home."

The butcher and his friend didn't wait for Mr. Nelson to come out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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